Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/physiologyofmarr0000geor

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY J.D.A.

THE
WORKS OF
HONORÉ
DE BALZAC

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE
PETTY TROUBLES OF MARRIED LIFE
REPERTORY

With Introductions by
GEORGE SAINTSBURY

AVIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

COPYRIGHTED 1901
BY
John D. Avil
All Rights Reserved

DEDICATION.

Notice the words (page 38): *The man of distinction to whom this book is dedicated.* Need I say : "You are that man."—THE AUTHOR.

THE woman who may be induced by the title of this book to open it, can save herself the trouble; she has already read the work without knowing it. A man, however malicious he may possibly be, can never say about women as much good or as much evil as they themselves think. If, in spite of this notice, a woman will persist in reading the volume, she ought to be prevented by delicacy from despising the author, from the very moment that he, forfeiting the praise which most artists welcome, has in a certain way engraved on the title page of his book the prudent inscription written on the portal of certain establishments : *Ladies must not enter.*

CONTENTS

PART I

PAGE

INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - - v

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE - - - - - 1

PETTY TROUBLES OF MARRIED LIFE - - - 331

PART II

REPERTORY - - - - - - - - - 1

INTRODUCTION

The two Analytical Studies, *Physiology of Marriage* and *Petty Troubles of Married Life*, belong quite apart from the action of the *Comédie Humaine*, and can only be included therein by virtue of a special dispensation on the part of their author, who made for them an eighth division therein, thus giving them a local habitation and a name. Although they come far down in the list of titles, their creation belongs almost to the formative era. Balzac had just shaken his skirts clear of the immature dust of the *Œuvres de Jeunesse*, and by the publication, in 1829, of *The Chouans*, had made his first real bow to his larger public. In December of that same year appeared the *Physiology of Marriage*, followed eleven months later by a few papers belonging to *Petty Troubles of Married Life*. Meanwhile, between these two Analytical Studies, came a remarkable novelette, *At the Sign of the Cat and Racket*, followed soon after by one of the most famous stories of the entire *Comédie*, *The Magic Skin*.

We are thus particular to place the two Analytical Studies in time and in environment, that the wonderful versatility of the author may become apparent—and more: that Balzac may be vindicated from the charge of dullness and inaccuracy at this period. Such traits might have been charged against him had he left only the Analytical Studies. But when they are preceded by the faithful though heavy scene of military life, and succeeded by the searching and vivid philosophical study,

their faults and failures may be condoned for the sake of their company.

It is hard to determine Balzac's full purpose in including the Analytical Studies in the *Comédie*. They are not novels. The few, lightly-sketched characters are not connected with those of the *Comédie,* save in one or two remote instances. They must have been included in order to make one more room in the gigantic mansion which the author had planned. His seventh sense of subdivision saw here fresh material to classify. And so these grim, almost sardonic essays were placed where they now appear.

In all kindness, the Balzac novitiate is warned against beginning an acquaintance with the author through the medium of the Analytical Studies. He would be almost certain to misjudge Balzac's attitude, and might even be tempted to forsake his further cultivation. The mistake would be serious for the reader and unjust to the author. These studies are chiefly valuable as outlining a peculiar—and, shall we say, forced?—mood that sought expression in an isolated channel. All his life long, Balzac found time for miscellaneous writings—critiques, letters, reviews, essays, political diatribes and sketches. In early life they were his "pot-boilers," and he never ceased writing them, probably urged partly by continued need of money, partly through fondness for this sort of thing. His *Physiology* is fairly representative of the material, being analysis in satirical vein of sundry foibles of society. This class of composition was very popular in the time of Louis Philippe.

The *Physiology of Marriage* is couched in a spirit of pseudo-seriousness that leaves one in doubt as to Balzac's faith with the reader. At times he seems honestly to be trying to analyze

a particular phase of his subject; at other times he appears to be ridiculing the whole institution of marriage. If this be not the case, then he would seem unfitted for his task—through the ignorance of a bachelor—and adds to error the element of slander. He is at fault through lack of intimate experience. And yet the flashes of keen penetration preclude such a charge as this. A few bold touches of his pen, and a picture is drawn which glows with convincing reality. While here and there occur paragraphs of powerful description or searching philosophy which proclaim Balzac the mature, Balzac the observant.

On the publication of *Petty Troubles of Married Life* in *La Presse,* the publishers of that periodical had this to say: "M. de Balzac has already produced, as you know, the *Physiology of Marriage,* a book full of diabolical ingenuity and an analysis of society that would drive to despair Leuwenhoech and Swammerdam, who beheld the entire universe in a drop of water. This inexhaustible subject has again inspired an entertaining book full of Gallic malice and English humor, where Rabelais and Sterne meet and greet him at the same moment."

In *Petty Troubles* we have the sardonic vein fully developed. The whole edifice of romance seems but a card house, and all virtue merely a question of utility. We must not err, however, in taking sentiments at their apparent value, for the real Balzac lies deeper; and here and there a glimpse of his true spirit and greater power becomes apparent. The bitter satire yields place to a vein of feeling true and fine, and gleaming like rich gold amid baser metal. Note "Another Glimpse of Adolphus" with its splendid vein of reverie and quiet inspiration to higher living. It is touches like this which save the book and reveal the author.

Petty Troubles of Married Life is a pendant or sequel to

Physiology of Marriage. It is, as Balzac says, to the *Physiology* "what Fact is to Theory, or History to Philosophy, and has its logic, as life, viewed as a whole, has its logic also." We must then say with the author, that "if literature is the reflection of manners, we must admit that our manners recognize the defects pointed out by the *Physiology of Marriage* in this fundamental institution;" and we must concede for *Petty Troubles* one of those "terrible blows dealt this social basis."

The *Physiologie du Mariage, ou Meditations de philosophie éclectique sur le bonheur et le malheur conjugal* is dated at Paris, 1824-29. It first appeared anonymously, December, 1829, dated 1830, from the press of Charles Gosselin and Urbain Canel, in two octavo volumes with its present introduction and a note of correction now omitted. Its next appearance was signed, in 1834, in a two-volume edition of Ollivier. In 1846 it was entered, with its dedication to the reader, in the first edition of *Études Analytiques*—the first edition also of the *Comédie Humaine*—as Volume XVI. All the subsequent editions have retained the original small division heads, called Meditations.

Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale is not dated. Its composition was achieved piecemeal, beginning shortly after its predecessor appeared. But it was not till long after—in 1845-46—that its present two-part form was published in a single octavo volume by Chlendowski. A break had ensued between the first and second parts, the latter having appeared practically in full in *La Presse* of December, 1845. The subheadings have remained unchanged since the original printing.

J. Walker McSpadden.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE;

OR,

THE MUSINGS OF AN ECLECTIC PHILOSOPHER ON THE HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS OF MARRIED LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

"MARRIAGE is not an institution of nature. The family in the east is entirely different from the family in the west. Man is the servant of nature, and the institutions of society are grafts, not spontaneous growths of nature. Laws are made to suit manners, and manners vary.

"Marriage must therefore undergo the gradual development towards perfection to which all human affairs submit."

These words, pronounced in the presence of the Conseil d'État by Napoleon during the discussion of the civil code, produced a profound impression upon the author of this book; and perhaps unconsciously he received the suggestion of this work, which he now presents to the public. And indeed at the period during which, while still in his youth, he studied French law, the word ADULTERY made a singular impression upon him. Taking, as it did, a prominent place in the code, this word never occurred to his mind without conjuring up its mournful train of consequences. Tears, shame, hatred, terror, secret crime, bloody wars, families without a head, and social misery rose like a sudden line of phantoms before him when he read the solemn word ADULTERY! Later on, when he became acquainted with the most cultivated circles of society, the author perceived that the rigor of marriage laws was very generally modified by adultery. He found that the number of unhappy homes was larger than that of happy marriages. In fact, he was the first to notice that of all human sciences that which relates to marriage was the least progressive. But this was the observation of a young man; and with him, as with so many others, this thought, like a pebble flung into the bosom of a lake, was lost in the abyss of his tumultuous thoughts. Nevertheless, in spite of himself the author was compelled to investigate, and eventually there

was gathered within his mind, little by little, a swarm of conclusions, more or less just, on the subject of married life. Works like the present one are formed in the mind of the author with as much mystery as that with which truffles grow on the scented plains of Perigord. Out of the primitive and holy horror which adultery caused him and the investigation which he had thoughtlessly made, there was born one morning a trifling thought in which his ideas were formulated. This thought was really a satire upon marriage. It was as follows: A husband and wife found themselves in love with each other for the first time after twenty-seven years of marriage.

He amused himself with this little axiom and passed a whole week in delight, grouping around this harmless epigram the crowd of ideas which came to him unconsciously and which he was astonished to find that he possessed. His humorous mood yielded at last to the claims of serious investigation. Willing as he was to take a hint the author returned to his habitual idleness. Nevertheless, this slight germ of science and of joke grew to perfection, unfostered, in the fields of thought. Each phase of the work which had been condemned by others took root and gathered strength, surviving like the slight branch of a tree which, flung upon the sand by a winter's storm, finds itself covered at morning with white and fantastic icicles, produced by the caprices of nightly frosts. So the sketch lived on and became the starting point of myriad branching moralizations. It was like a polypus which multiplies itself by generation. The feelings of youth, the observations which a favorable opportunity led him to make, were verified in the most trifling events of his after life. Soon this mass of ideas became harmonized, took life, seemed, as it were, to become a living individual and moved in the midst of those domains of fancy, where the soul loves to give full rein to its wild creations. Amid all the distractions of the world and of life, the author always heard a voice ringing in his ears and mockingly revealing the secrets of things at the very moment he was watching a woman as she danced, smiled or talked. Just as Mephistopheles pointed out to Faust in that

terrific assemblage at the Brocken, faces full of frightful augury, so the author was conscious in the midst of the ball of a demon who would strike him on the shoulder with a familiar air and say to him: "Do you notice that enchanting smile? It is a grin of hatred." And then the demon would strut about like one of the captains in the old comedies of Hardy. He would twitch the folds of a lace mantle and endeavor to make new the fretted tinsel and spangles of its former glory. And then like Rabelais he would burst into loud and unrestrainable laughter, and would trace on the street-wall a word which might serve as a pendant to the "Drink!" which was the only oracle obtainable from the heavenly bottle. This literary Trilby would often appear seated on piles of books, and with hooked fingers would point out with a grin of malice two yellow volumes whose title dazzled the eyes. Then when he saw he had attracted the author's attention he spelt out, in a voice alluring as the tones of an harmonica, *Physiology of Marriage!* But, almost always he appeared at night during my dreams, gentle as some fairy guardian; he tried by words of sweetness to subdue the soul which he would appropriate to himself. While he attracted, he also scoffed at me; supple as a woman's mind, cruel as a tiger, his friendliness was more formidable than his hatred, for he never yielded a caress without also inflicting a wound. One night in particular he exhausted the resources of his sorceries, and crowned all by a last effort. He came, he sat on the edge of the bed like a young maiden full of love, who at first keeps silence but whose eyes sparkle, until at last her secret escapes her.

"This," said he, "is a prospectus of a new life-buoy, by means of which one can pass over the Seine dry-footed. This other pamphlet is the report of the Institute on a garment by wearing which we can pass through flames without being burnt. Have you no scheme which can preserve marriage from the miseries of excessive cold and excessive heat? Listen to me! Here we have a book on the *Art* of preserving foods; on the *Art* of curing smoky chimneys; on the *Art* of making

good mortar; on the *Art* of tying a cravat; on the *Art* of carving meat."

In a moment he had named such a prodigious number of books that the author felt his head go round.

"These myriads of books," says he, "have been devoured by readers; and while everybody does not build a house, and some grow hungry, and others have no cravat, or no fire to warm themselves at, yet everybody to some degree is married. But come look yonder."

He waved his hand, and appeared to bring before me a distant ocean where all the books of the world were tossing up and down like agitated waves. The octodecimos bounded over the surface of the water. The octavos as they were flung on their way uttered a solemn sound, sank to the bottom, and only rose up again with great difficulty, hindered as they were by duodecimos and works of smaller bulk which floated on the top and melted into light foam. The furious billows were crowded with journalists; proof-readers, paper-makers, apprentices, printers' agents, whose hands alone were seen mingled in confusion among the books. Millions of voices rang in the air, like those of schoolboys bathing. Certain men were seen moving hither and thither in canoes, engaged in fishing out the books, and landing them on the shore in presence of a tall man, of a disdainful air, dressed in black, and of a cold, unsympathetic expression. The whole scene represented the libraries and the public. The demon pointed out with his finger a skiff freshly decked out with all sails set and instead of a flag bearing a placard. Then with a peal of sardonic laughter, he read with a thundering voice: *Physiology of Marriage.*

The author fell in love, the devil left him in peace, for he would have undertaken more than he could handle if he had entered an apartment occupied by a woman. Several years passed without bringing other torments than those of love, and the author was inclined to believe that he had been healed of one infirmity by means of another which took its place. But one evening he found himself in a Parisian drawing-room

where one of the men among the circle who stood round the fireplace began the conversation by relating in a sepulchral voice the following anecdote:

A peculiar thing took place at Ghent while I was staying there. A lady ten years a widow lay on her bed attacked by mortal sickness. The three heirs of collateral lineage were waiting for her last sigh. They did not leave her side for fear that she would make a will in favor of the convent of Beguins belonging to the town. The sick woman kept silent, she seemed dozing and death appeared to overspread very gradually her mute and livid face. Can't you imagine those three relations seated in silence through that winter midnight beside her bed? An old nurse is with them and she shakes her head, and the doctor sees with anxiety that the sickness has reached its last stage, and holds his hat in one hand and with the other makes a sign to the relations, as if to say to them: "I have no more visits to make here." Amid the solemn silence of the room is heard the dull rustling of a snow-storm which beats upon the shutters. For fear that the eyes of the dying woman might be dazzled by the light, the youngest of the heirs had fitted a shade to the candle which stood near the bed so that the circle of light scarcely reached the pillow of the death-bed, from which the sallow countenance of the sick woman stood out like the figure of Christ imperfectly gilded and fixed upon a cross of tarnished silver. The flickering rays shed by the blue flames of a crackling fire were therefore the sole light of this sombre chamber, where the dénouement of a drama was just ending. A log suddenly rolled from the fire onto the floor, as if presaging some catastrophe. At the sound of it the sick woman quickly rose to a sitting posture. She opened two eyes, clear as those of a cat, and all present eyed her in astonishment. She saw the log advance, and before any one could check an unexpected movement which seemed prompted by a kind of delirium, she bounded from her bed, seized the tongs and threw the coal back into the fireplace. The nurse, the doctor, the relations rushed to her

assistance; they took the dying woman in their arms. They put her back in bed; she laid her head upon her pillow and after a few minutes died, keeping her eye fixed even after her death upon that plank in the floor which the burning brand had touched. Scarcely had the Countess Van Ostroem expired when the three co-heirs exchanged looks of suspicion, and thinking no more about their aunt, began to examine the mysterious floor. As they were Belgians their calculations were as rapid as their glances. An agreement was made by three words uttered in a low voice that none of them should leave the chamber. A servant was sent to fetch a carpenter. Their collateral hearts beat excitedly as they gathered round the treasured flooring, and watched their young apprentice giving the first blow with his chisel. The plank was cut through.

"My aunt made a sign," said the youngest of the heirs.

"No; it was merely the quivering light that made it appear so," replied the eldest, who kept one eye on the treasure and the other on the corpse.

The afflicted relations discovered exactly on the spot where the brand had fallen a certain object artistically enveloped in a mass of plaster.

"Proceed," said the eldest of the heirs.

The chisel of the apprentice then brought to light a human head and some odds and ends of clothing, from which they recognized the count whom all the town believed to have died at Java, and whose loss had been bitterly deplored by his wife.

The narrator of this old story was a tall spare man, with light eyes and brown hair, and the author thought he saw in him a vague resemblance to the demon who had before this tormented him; but the stranger did not show the cloven foot. Suddenly the word ADULTERY sounded in the ears of the author; and this word like a bell woke up in his imagination the most mournful countenances of that procession which before this had streamed by on the utterance of the magic

syllables. From that evening he was haunted and persecuted by dreams of a work which did not yet exist; and at no period of his life was the author assailed with such delusive notions about the fatal subject of this book. But he bravely resisted the fiend, although the latter referred the most unimportant incidents of life to this unknown work, and like a custom-house officer set his stamp of mockery upon every occurrence.

Some days afterwards the author found himself in the company of two ladies. The first of them had been one of the most refined and the most intellectual women of Napoleon's court. In his day she occupied a lofty social position, but the sudden appearance of the Restoration caused her downfall; she became a recluse. The second, who was young and beautiful, was at that time living at Paris the life of a fashionable woman. They were friends, because, the one being forty and the other twenty-two years old, they were seldom rivals on the same field. The author was considered quite insignificant by the first of the two ladies, and since the other soon discovered this, they carried on in his presence the conversation which they had begun in a frank discussion of a woman's lot.

"Have you noticed, dear, that women in general bestow their love only upon a fool?"

"What do you mean by that, duchess? And how can you make your remark fit in with the fact that they have an aversion for their husbands?"

"These women are absolute tyrants!" said the author to himself. "Has the devil again turned up in a mob cap?"

"No, dear, I am not joking," replied the duchess, "and I shudder with fear for myself when I coolly consider people whom I have known in other times. Wit always has a sparkle which wounds us, and the man who has much of it makes us fear him perhaps, and if he is a proud man he will be capable of jealousy, and is not therefore to our taste. In fact, we prefer to raise a man to our own height rather than to have to climb up to his. Talent has great successes for us to share in, but the fool affords enjoyment to us; and we would sooner

hear say 'that is a very handsome man' than to see our lover elected to the Institute."

"That's enough, duchess! You have absolutely startled me."

And the young coquette began to describe the lovers about whom all the women of her acquaintance raved; there was not a single man of intellect among them.

"But I swear by my virtue," she said, "their husbands are worth more."

"But these are the sort of people they choose for husbands," the duchess answered gravely.

"Tell me," asked the author, "is the disaster which threatens the husband in France quite inevitable?"

"It is," replied the duchess, with a smile; "and the rage which certain women breathe out against those of their sex, whose unfortunate happiness it is to entertain a passion, proves what a burden to them is their chastity. If it were not for fear of the devil, one would be Lais; another owes her virtue to the dryness of her selfish heart; a third to the silly behavior of her first lover; another still—"

The author checked this outpour of revelation by confiding to the two ladies his design for the work with which he had been haunted; they smiled and promised him their assistance. The youngest, with an air of gaiety, suggested one of the first chapters of the undertaking, by saying that she would take upon herself to prove mathematically that women who are entirely virtuous were creatures of reason.

When the author got home he said at once to his demon:

"Come! I am ready; let us sign the compact."

But the demon never returned.

If the author has written here the biography of his book he has not acted on the prompting of fatuity. He relates facts which may furnish material for the history of human thought, and will without doubt explain the work itself. It may perhaps be important to certain anatomists of thought to be told that the soul is feminine. Thus although the author made a resolution not to think about the book which he was

forced to write, the book, nevertheless, was completed. One page of it was found on the bed of a sick man, another on the sofa of a boudoir. The glances of women when they turned in the mazes of a waltz flung to him some thoughts; a gesture or a word filled his disdainful brain with others. On the day when he said to himself, "This work, which haunts me, shall be achieved," everything vanished; and like the three Belgians, he drew forth a skeleton from the place over which he had bent to seize a treasure.

A mild, pale countenance took the place of the demon who had tempted me; it wore an engaging expression of kindliness; there were no sharp pointed arrows of criticism in its lineaments. It seemed to deal more with words than with ideas, and shrank from noise and clamor. It was perhaps the household genius of the honorable deputies who sit in the centre of the Chamber.

"Wouldn't it be better," it said, "to let things be as they are? Are things so bad? We ought to believe in marriage as we believe in the immortality of the soul; and you are certainly not making a book to advertise the happiness of marriage. You will surely conclude that among a million of Parisian homes happiness is the exception. You will find perhaps that there are many husbands disposed to abandon their wives to you; but there is not a single son who will abandon his mother. Certain people who are hit by the views which you put forth will suspect your morals and will misrepresent your intentions. In a word, in order to handle social sores, one ought to be a king, or a first consul at least."

Reason, although it appeared under a form most pleasing to the author, was not listened to; for in the distance Folly tossed the coxcomb of Panurge, and the author wished to seize it; but, when he tried to catch it, he found that it was as heavy as the club of Hercules. Moreover, the curé of Meudon adorned it in such fashion that a young man who was less pleased with producing a good work than with wearing fine gloves could not even touch it.

"Is our work completed?" asked the younger of the two feminine assistants of the author.

"Alas! madame," I said, "will you ever requite me for all the hatreds which that work will array against me?"

She waved her hand, and then the author replied to her doubt by a look of indifference.

"What do you mean? Would you hesitate? You must publish it without fear. In the present day we accept a book more because it is in fashion than because it has anything in it."

Although the author does not here represent himself as anything more than the secretary of two ladies, he has in compiling their observations accomplished a double task. With regard to marriage he has here arranged matters which represent what everybody thinks but no one dares to say; but has he not also exposed himself to public displeasure by expressing the mind of the public? Perhaps, however, the eclecticism of the present essay will save it from condemnation. All the while that he indulges in banter the author has attempted to popularize certain ideas which are particularly consoling. He has almost always endeavored to lay bare the hidden springs which move the human soul. While undertaking to defend the most material interests of man, judging them or condemning them, he will perhaps bring to light many sources of intellectual delight. But the author does not foolishly claim always to put forth his pleasantries in the best of taste; he has merely counted upon the diversity of intellectual pursuits in expectation of receiving as much blame as approbation. The subject of his work was so serious that he is constantly launched into anecdote; because at the present day anecdotes are the vehicle of all moral teaching, and the anti-narcotic of every work of literature. In literature, analysis and investigation prevail, and the wearying of the reader increases in proportion with the egotism of the writer. This is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a book, and the present author has been quite aware of it. He has therefore so arranged the topics of this long essay as to afford rest-

ing places for the reader. This method has been successfully adopted by a writer, who produced on the subject of Taste a work somewhat parallel to that which is here put forth on the subject of Marriage. From the former the present writer may be permitted to borrow a few words in order to express a thought which he shares with the author of them. This quotation will serve as an expression of homage to his predecessor, whose success has been so swiftly followed by his death:

"When I write and speak of myself in the singular, this implies a confidential talk with the reader; he can examine the statement, discuss it, doubt and even ridicule it; but when I arm myself with the formidable WE, I become a professor and demand submission."—Brillat-Savarin, Preface to the *Physiology of Taste.*

DECEMBER 5, 1829.

FIRST PART.

A General Consideration.

We will declaim against stupid laws until they are changed, and in the meantime blindly submit to them.—Diderot, *Supplement to the Voyage of Bougainville.*

MEDITATION I.

The Subject.

Physiology, what must I consider your meaning?

Is not your object to prove that marriage unites for life two beings who do not know each other?

That life consists in passion, and that no passion survives marriage?

That marriage is an institution necessary for the preservation of society, but that it is contrary to the laws of nature?

That divorce, this admirable release from the misfortunes of marriage, should with one voice be reinstated?

That, in spite of all its inconveniences, marriage is the foundation on which property is based?

That it furnishes invaluable pledges for the security of government?

That there is something touching in the association of two human beings for the purpose of supporting the pains of life?

That there is something ridiculous in the wish that one and the same thoughts should control two wills?

That the wife is treated as a slave?

That there has never been a marriage entirely happy?

That marriage is filled with crimes and that the known murders are not the worst?

That fidelity is impossible, at least to the man?

That an investigation if it could be undertaken would prove that in the transmission of patrimonial property there was more risk than security?

That adultery does more harm than marriage does good?

That infidelity in a woman may be traced back to the earliest ages of society, and that marriage still survives this perpetuation of treachery?

That the laws of love so strongly link together two human beings that no human law can put them asunder?

That while there are marriages recorded on the public registers, there are others over which nature herself has presided, and they have been dictated either by the mutual memory of thought, or by an utter difference of mental disposition, or by corporeal affinity in the parties named; that it is thus that heaven and earth are constantly at variance?

That there are many husbands fine in figure and of superior intellect whose wives have lovers exceedingly ugly, insignificant in appearance or stupid in mind?

All these questions furnish material for books; but the books have been written and the questions are constantly reappearing.

Physiology, what must I take you to mean?

Do you reveal new principles? Would you pretend that it is the right thing that woman should be made common? Lycurgus and certain Greek peoples as well as Tartars and savages have tried this.

Can it possibly be right to confine women? The Ottomans once did so, and nowadays they give them their liberty.

Would it be right to marry young women without providing a dowry and yet exclude them from the right of succeeding to property? Some English authors and some moralists have proved that this with the admission of divorce is the surest method of rendering marriage happy.

Should there be a little Hagar in each marriage establishment? There is no need to pass a law for that. The provision of the code which makes an unfaithful wife liable to a penalty in whatever place the crime be committed, and that

other article which does not punish the erring husband unless his concubine dwells beneath the conjugal roof, implicitly admits the existence of mistresses in the city.

Sanchez has written a dissertation on the penal cases incident to marriage; he has even argued on the illegitimacy and the opportuneness of each form of indulgence; he has outlined all the duties, moral, religious and corporeal, of the married couple; in short his work would form twelve volumes in octavo if the huge folio entitled *De Matrimonio* were thus represented.

Clouds of lawyers have flung clouds of treatises over the legal difficulties which are born of marriage. There exist several works on the judicial investigation of impotency.

Legions of doctors have marshaled their legions of books on the subject of marriage in its relation to medicine and surgery.

In the nineteenth century the *Physiology of Marriage* is either an insignificant compilation or the work of a fool written for other fools; old priests have taken their balances of gold and have weighed the most trifling scruples of the marriage consciences; old lawyers have put on their spectacles and have distinguished between every kind of married transgression; old doctors have seized the scalpel and drawn it over all the wounds of the subject; old judges have mounted to the bench and have decided all the cases of marriage dissolution; whole generations have passed unuttered cries of joy or of grief on the subject, each age has cast its vote into the urn; the Holy Spirit, poets and writers have recounted everything from the days of Eve to the Trojan war, from Helen to Madame de Maintenon, from the mistress of Louis XIV. to the woman of their own day.

Physiology, what must I consider your meaning?

Shall I say that you intend to publish pictures more or less skillfully drawn, for the purpose of convincing us that a man marries:

From ambition—that is well known;

From kindness, in order to deliver a girl from the tyranny of her mother;

From rage, in order to disinherit his relations;

From scorn of a faithless mistress;

From weariness of a pleasant bachelor life;

From folly, for each man always commits one;

In consequence of a wager, which was the case with Lord Byron;

From interest, which is almost always the case;

From youthfulness on leaving college, like a blockhead;

From ugliness,—fear of some day failing to secure a wife;

Through Machiavelism, in order to be the heir of some old woman at an early date;

From necessity, in order to secure the standing to *our* son;

From obligation, the damsel having shown herself weak;

From passion, in order to become more surely cured of it;

On account of a quarrel, in order to put an end to a lawsuit;

From gratitude, by which he gives more than he has received;

From goodness, which is the fate of doctrinaires;

From the condition of a will when a dead uncle attaches his legacy to some girl, marriage with whom is the condition of succession;

From custom, in imitation of his ancestors;

From old age, in order to make an end of life;

From *yatidi*, that is the hour of going to bed and signifies amongst the Turks all bodily needs;

From religious zeal, like the Duke of Saint-Aignan, who did not wish to commit sin?*

But these incidents of marriage have furnished matter for thirty thousand comedies and a hundred thousand romances.

Physiology, for the third and last time I ask you—What is your meaning?

So far everything is commonplace as the pavement of the street, familiar as a crossway. Marriage is better known than the Barabbas of the Passion. All the ancient ideas which it calls to light permeate literature since the world is the world, and there is not a single opinion which might serve to the

*The foregoing queries came in (untranslatable) alphabetic order in the original.—J. W. M.

advantage of the world, nor a ridiculous project which could not find an author to write it up, a printer to print it, a bookseller to sell it and a reader to read it.

Allow me to say to you like Rabelais, who is in every sense our master:

"Gentlemen, God save and guard you! Where are you? I cannot see you; wait until I put on my spectacles. Ah! I see you now; you, your wives, your children. Are you in good health? I am glad to hear it."

But it is not for you that I am writing. Since you have grown-up children that ends the matter.

Ah! it is you, illustrious tipplers, pampered and gouty, and you, tireless pie-cutters, favorites who come dear; day-long pantagruellists who keep your private birds, gay and gallant, and who go to tierce, to sexts, to nones, and also to vespers and compline and never tire of going.

It is not for you that the *Physiology of Marriage* is addressed, for you are not married and may you never be married. You herd of bigots, snails, hypocrites, dotards, lechers, booted for pilgrimage to Rome, disguised and marked, as it were, to deceive the world. Go back, you scoundrels, out of my sight! Gallows birds are ye all—now in the devil's name will you not begone? There are none left now but the good souls who love to laugh; not the snivelers who burst into tears in prose or verse, whatever their subject be, who make people sick with their odes, their sonnets, their meditations; none of these dreamers, but certain old-fashioned pantagruellists who don't think twice about it when they are invited to join a banquet or provoked to make a repartee, who can take pleasure in a book like *Pease and Lard* with commentary of Rabelais, or in the one entitled *The Dignity of Breeches*, and who esteem highly the fair books of high degree, a quarry hard to run down and redoubtable to wrestle with.

It no longer does to laugh at a government, my friend, since it has invented means to raise fifteen hundred millions by taxation. High ecclesiastics, monks and nuns are no longer so rich that we can drink with them; but let St. Michael come,

he who chased the devil from heaven, and we shall perhaps see the good time come back again! There is only one thing in France at the present moment which remains a laughing matter, and that is marriage. Disciples of Panurge, ye are the only readers I desire. You know how seasonably to take up and lay down a book, how to get the most pleasure out of it, to understand the hint in a half word—how to suck nourishment from a marrow-bone.

The men of the microscope who see nothing but a speck, the census-mongers—have they reviewed the whole matter? Have they pronounced without appeal that it is as impossible to write a book on marriage as to make new again a broken pot?

Yes, master fool. If you begin to squeeze the marriage question you squirt out nothing but fun for the bachelors and weariness for the married men. It is everlasting morality. A million printed pages would have no other matter in them.

In spite of this, here is my first proposition: marriage is a fight to the death, before which the wedded couple ask a blessing from heaven, because it is the rashest of all undertakings to swear eternal love; the fight at once commences and victory, that is to say liberty, remains in the hands of the cleverer of the two.

Undoubtedly. But do you see in this a fresh idea?

Well, I address myself to the married men of yesterday and of to-day; to those who on leaving the Church or the registration office indulge the hope of keeping their wives for themselves alone; to those whom some form or other of egotism or some indefinable sentiment induces to say when they see the marital troubles of another, "This will never happen to me."

I address myself to those sailors who after witnessing the foundering of other ships still put to sea; to those bachelors who after witnessing the shipwreck of virtue in a marriage of another venture upon wedlock. And this is my subject, eternally new, yet eternally old!

A young man, or it may be an old one, in love or not in

love, has obtained possession by a contract duly recorded at the registration office in heaven and on the rolls of the nation, of a young girl with long hair, with black liquid eyes, with small feet, with dainty tapering fingers, with red lips, with teeth of ivory, finely formed, trembling with life, tempting and plump, white as a lily, loaded with the most charming wealth of beauty. Her drooping eyelashes seem like the points of the iron crown; her skin, which is as fresh as the calyx of a white camelia, is streaked with the purple of the red camelia; over her virginal complexion one seems to see the bloom of young fruit and the delicate down of a young peach; the azure veins spread a kindling warmth over this transparent surface; she asks for life and she gives it; she is all joy and love, all tenderness and candor; she loves her husband, or at least believes she loves him.

The husband who is in love says in the bottom of his heart: "Those eyes will see no one but me, that mouth will tremble with love for me alone, that gentle hand will lavish the caressing treasures of delight on me alone, that bosom will heave at no voice but mine, that slumbering soul will awake at my will alone; I only will entangle my fingers in those shining tresses; I alone will indulge myself in dreamily caressing that sensitive head. I will make death the guardian of my pillow if only I may ward off from the nuptial couch the stranger who would violate it; that throne of love shall swim in the blood of the rash or of my own. Tranquillity, honor, happiness, the ties of home, the fortune of my children, all are at stake there; I would defend them as a lioness defends her cubs. Woe unto him who shall set foot in my lair!"

Well now, courageous athlete, we applaud your intention. Up to the present moment no geographer has ventured to trace the lines of longitude and latitude in the ocean of marriage. Old husbands have been ashamed to point out the sand banks, the reefs, the shallows, the breakers, the monsoons, the coasts and currents which have wrecked their ships, for their shipwrecks brought them shame. There was no pilot, no compass for those pilgrims of marriage. This work is intended to supply the desideratum.

Without mentioning grocers and drapers, there are so many people occupied in discovering the secret motives of women, that it is really a work of charity to classify for them, by chapter and verse, all the secret situations of marriage; a good table of contents will enable them to put their finger on each movement of their wives' heart, as a table of logarithms tells them the product of a given multiplication.

And now what do you think about it? Is not this a novel undertaking, and one which no philosopher has as yet approached, I mean this attempt to show how a woman may be prevented from deceiving her husband? Is not this the comedy of comedies? Is it not a second *speculum vitae humanae?* We are not now dealing with the abstract questions which we have done justice to already in this Meditation. At the present day in ethics as in exact science, the world asks for facts for the results of observation. These we shall furnish.

Let us begin then by examining the true condition of things, by analyzing the forces which exist on either side. Before arming our imaginary champion let us reckon up the number of his enemies. Let us count the Cossacks who intend to invade his little domain.

All who wish may embark with us on this voyage, all who can may laugh. Weigh anchor; hoist sail! You know exactly the point from which you start. You have this advantage over a great many books that are written.

As for our fancy of laughing while we weep, and of weeping while we laugh, as the divine Rabelais drank while he ate and ate while he drank; as for our humor, to put Heraclitus and Democritus on the same page and to discard style or premeditated phrase—if any of the crew mutiny, overboard with the doting cranks, the infamous classicists, the dead and buried romanticists, and steer for the blue water!

Everybody perhaps will jeeringly remark that we are like those who say with smiling faces, "I am going to tell you a story that will make you laugh!" But it is the proper thing to joke when speaking of marriage! In short, can you not

understand that we consider marriage as a trifling ailment to which all of us are subject and upon which this volume is a monograph?

"But you, your bark or your work starts off like those postilions who crack their whips because their passengers are English. You will not have galloped at full speed for half a league before you dismount to mend a trace or to breathe your horses. What is the good of blowing the trumpet before victory?"

Ah! my dear pantagruellists, nowadays to claim success is to obtain it, and since, after all, great works are only due to the expansion of little ideas, I do not see why I should not pluck the laurels, if only for the purpose of crowning those dirty bacon faces who join us in swallowing a dram. One moment, pilot, let us not start without making one little definition.

Reader, if from time to time you meet in this work the terms virtue or virtuous, let us understand that virtue means a certain labored facility by which a wife keeps her heart for her husband; at any rate, that the word is not used in a general sense, and I leave this distinction to the natural sagacity of all.

MEDITATION II.

Marriage Statistics.

The administration has been occupied for nearly twenty years in reckoning how many acres of woodland, meadow, vineyard and fallow are comprised in the area of France. It has not stopped there, but has also tried to learn the number and species of the animals to be found there. Scientific men have gone still further; they have reckoned up the cords of wood, the pounds of beef, the apples and eggs consumed in Paris. But no one has yet undertaken either in the name of marital

honor or in the interest of marriageable people, or for the advantage of morality and the progress of human institutions, to investigate the number of honest wives. What! the French government, if inquiry is made of it, is able to say how many men it has under arms, how many spies, how many employes, how many scholars; but, when it is asked how many virtuous women, it can answer nothing! If the King of France took into his head to choose his august partner from among his subjects, the administration could not even tell him the number of white lambs from whom he could make his choice. It would be obliged to resort to some competition which awards the rose of good conduct, and that would be a laughable event.

Were the ancients then our masters in political institutions as in morality? History teaches us that Ahasuerus, when he wished to take a wife from among the damsels of Persia, chose Esther, the most virtuous and the most beautiful. His ministers therefore must necessarily have discovered some method of obtaining the cream of the population. Unfortunately the Bible, which is so clear on all matrimonial questions, has omitted to give us the rule for matrimonial choice.

Let us try to supply this gap in the work of the administration by calculating the sum of the female sex in France. Here we call the attention of all friends to public morality, and we appoint them judges of our method of procedure. We shall attempt to be particularly liberal in our estimations, particularly exact in our reasoning, in order that every one may accept the result of this analysis.

The inhabitants of France are generally reckoned at thirty millions.

Certain naturalists think that the number of women exceeds that of men; but as many statisticians are of the opposite opinion, we will make the most probable calculation by allowing fifteen millions for the women.

We will begin by cutting down this sum by nine millions, which stands for those who seem to have some resemblance to women, but whom we are compelled to reject upon serious considerations.

Let us explain:

Naturalists consider man to be no more than a unique species of the order bimana, established by Duméril in his *Analytic Zoölogy,* page 16; and Bory de Saint Vincent thinks that the ourang-outang ought to be included in the same order if we would make the species complete.

If these zoölogists see in us nothing more than a mammal with thirty-two vertebræ possessing the hyoid bone and more folds in the hemispheres of the brain than any other animal; if in their opinion no other differences exist in this order than those produced by the influence of climate, on which are founded the nomenclature of fifteen species whose scientific names it is needless to cite, the physiologists ought also to have the right of making species and sub-species in accordance with definite degrees of intelligence and definite conditions of existence, moral and pecuniary.

Now the nine millions of human creatures which we here refer to present at first sight all the attributes of the human race; they have the hyoid bone, the coracoid process, the acromion, the zygomatic arch. It is therefore permitted for the gentlemen of the Jardin des Plantes to classify them with the bimana; but our Physiology will never admit that women are to be found among them. In our view, and in the view of those for whom this book is intended, a woman is a rare variety of the human race, and her principal characteristics are due to the special care men have bestowed upon its cultivation,—thanks to the power of money and the moral fervor of civilization! She is generally recognized by the whiteness, the fineness and softness of her skin. Her taste inclines to the most spotless cleanliness. Her fingers shrink from encountering anything but objects which are soft, yielding and scented. Like the ermine she sometimes dies for grief on seeing her white tunic soiled. She loves to twine her tresses and to make them exhale the most attractive scents; to brush her rosy nails, to trim them to an almond shape, and frequently to bathe her delicate limbs. She is not satisfied to spend the night excepting on the softest down, and excepting

on hair-cushioned lounges; she loves best to take a horizontal position. Her voice is of penetrating sweetness; her movements are full of grace. She speaks with marvelous fluency. She does not apply herself to any hard work; and, nevertheless, in spite of her apparent weakness, there are burdens which she can bear and move with miraculous ease. She avoids the open sunlight and wards it off by ingenious appliances. For her to walk is exhausting. Does she eat? This is a mystery. Has she the needs of other species? It is a problem. Although she is curious to excess she allows herself easily to be caught by any one who can conceal from her the slightest thing, and her intellect leads her to seek incessantly after the unknown. Love is her religion; she thinks how to please the one she loves. To be beloved is the end of all her actions; to excite desire is the motive of every gesture. She dreams of nothing excepting how she may shine, and moves only in a circle filled with grace and elegance. It is for her the Indian girl has spun the soft fleece of Thibet goats, Tarare weaves its airy veils, Brussels sets in motion those shuttles which speed the flaxen thread that is purest and most fine, Bidjapour wrenches from the bowels of the earth its sparkling pebbles, and the Sevres gilds its snow-white clay. Night and day she reflects upon new costumes and spends her life in considering dress and in plaiting her apparel. She moves about exhibiting her brightness and freshness to people she does not know, but whose homage flatters her, while the desire she excites charms her, though she is indifferent to those who feel it. During the hours which she spends in private, in pleasure, and in the care of her person, she amuses herself by caroling the sweetest strains. For her France and Italy ordain delightful concerts and Naples imparts to the strings of the violin an harmonious soul. This species is in fine at once the queen of the world and the slave of passion. She dreads marriage because it ends by spoiling her figure, but she surrenders herself to it because it promises happiness. If she bears children it is by pure chance, and when they are grown up she tries to conceal them.

These characteristics taken at random from among a thousand others are not found amongst those beings whose hands are as black as those of apes and their skin tanned like the ancient parchments of an *olim;* whose complexion is burnt brown by the sun and whose neck is wrinkled like that of a turkey; who are covered with rags; whose voice is hoarse; whose intelligence is nil; who think of nothing but the bread box, and who are incessantly bowed in toil towards the ground; who dig; who harrow; who make hay, glean, gather in the harvest, knead the bread and strip hemp; who, huddled among domestic beasts, infants and men, dwell in holes and dens scarcely covered with thatch; to whom it is of little importance from what source children rain down into their homes. Their work it is to produce many and to deliver them to misery and toil, and if their love is not like their labor in the fields it is at least as much a work of chance.

Alas! if there are throughout the world multitudes of trades-women who sit all day long between the cradle and the sugar-cask, farmers' wives and daughters who milk the cows, unfortunate women who are employed like beasts of burden in the manufactories, who all day long carry the loaded basket, the hoe and the fish-crate, if unfortunately there exist these common human beings to whom the life of the soul, the benefits of education, the delicious tempests of the heart are an unattainable heaven; and if Nature has decreed that they should have coracoid processes and hyoid bones and thirty-two vertebræ, let them remain for the physiologist classed with the ourang-outang. And here we make no stipulations for the leisure class; for those who have the time and the sense to fall in love; for the rich who have purchased the right of indulging their passions; for the intellectual who have conquered a monopoly of fads. Anathema on all those who do not live by thought. We say Raca and fool to all those who are not ardent, young, beautiful and passionate. This is the public expression of that secret sentiment entertained by philanthropists who have learned to read and can keep their own carriage. Among the nine millions of the proscribed,

the tax-gatherer, the magistrate, the law-maker and the priest doubtless see living souls who are to be ruled and made subject to the administration of justice. But the man of sentiment, the philosopher of the boudoir, while he eats his fine bread, made of corn, sown and harvested by these creatures, will reject them and relegate them, as we do, to a place outside the genus Woman. For them, there are no women excepting those who can inspire love; and there is no living being but the creature invested with the priesthood of thought by means of a privileged education, and with whom leisure has developed the power of imagination; in other words that only is a human being whose soul dreams, in love, either of intellectual enjoyments or of physical delights.

We would, however, make the remark that these nine million female pariahs produce here and there a thousand peasant girls who from peculiar circumstances are as fair as Cupids; they come to Paris or to the great cities and end by attaining the rank of *femmes comme il faut;* but to set off against these two or three thousand favored creatures, there are one hundred thousand others who remain servants or abandon themselves to frightful irregularities. Nevertheless, we are obliged to count these Pompadours of the village among the feminine population.

Our first calculation is based upon the statistical discovery that in France there are eighteen millions of the poor, ten millions of people in easy circumstances and two millions of the rich.

There exist, therefore, in France only six millions of women in whom men of sentiment are now interested, have been interested, or will be interested.

Let us subject this social élite to a philosophic examination.

We think, without fear of being deceived, that married people who have lived twenty years together may sleep in peace without fear of having their love trespassed upon or of incurring the scandal of a lawsuit for criminal conversation.

From these six millions of individuals we must subtract about two millions of women who are extremely attractive,

because for the last forty years they have seen the world; but since they have not the power to make any one fall in love with them, they are on the outside of the discussion now before us. If they are unhappy enough to receive no attention for the sake of their amiability, they are soon seized with ennui; they fall back upon religion, upon the cultivation of pets, cats, lap-dogs, and other fancies which are no more offensive than their devoutness.

The calculations made at the Bureau of Longitudes concerning population authorize us again to subtract from the total mentioned two millions of young girls, pretty enough to kill; they are at present in the A B C of life and innocently play with other children, without dreading that these little hobbledehoys, who now make them laugh, will one day make them weep.

Again, of the two millions of the remaining women, what reasonable man would not throw out a hundred thousand poor girls, humpbacked, plain, cross-grained, rickety, sickly, blind, crippled in some way, well educated but penniless, all bound to be spinsters, and by no means tempted to violate the sacred laws of marriage?

Nor must we retain the one hundred thousand other girls who become sisters of St. Camille, Sisters of Charity, monastics, teachers, ladies' companions, etc. And we must put into this blessed company a number of young people difficult to estimate, who are too grown up to play with little boys and yet too young to sport their wreath of orange blossoms.

Finally, of the fifteen million subjects which remain at the bottom of our crucible we must eliminate five hundred thousand other individuals, to be reckoned as daughters of Baal, who subserve the appetites of the base. We must even comprise among these, without fear that they will be corrupted by their company, the kept women, the milliners, the shop girls, saleswomen, actresses, singers, the girls of the opera, the ballet-dancers, upper servants, chambermaids, etc. Most of these creatures excite the passions of many people, but they would consider it immodest to inform a lawyer, a mayor, an

ecclesiastic or a laughing world of the day and hour when they surrendered to a lover. Their system, justly blamed by an inquisitive world, has the advantage of laying upon them no obligations towards men in general, towards the mayor or the magistracy. As these women do not violate any oath made in public, they have no connection whatever with a work which treats exclusively of lawful marriage.

Some one will say that the claims made by this essay are very slight, but its limitations make just compensation for those which amateurs consider excessively padded. If any one, through love for a wealthy dowager, wishes to obtain admittance for her into the remaining million, he must classify her under the head of Sisters of Charity, ballet-dancers, or hunchbacks; in fact we have not taken more than five hundred thousand individuals in forming this last class, because it often happens, as we have seen above, that the nine millions of peasant girls make a large accession to it. We have for the same reason omitted the working-girl class and the hucksters; the women of these two sections are the product of efforts made by nine millions of female bimana to rise to the higher civilization. But for its scrupulous exactitude many persons might regard this statistical meditation as a mere joke.

We have felt very much inclined to form a small class of a hundred thousand individuals as a crowning cabinet of the species, to serve as a place of shelter for women who have fallen into a middle estate, like widows, for instance; but we have preferred to estimate in round figures.

It would be easy to prove the fairness of our analysis: let one reflection be sufficient.

The life of a woman is divided into three periods, very distinct from each other: the first begins in the cradle and ends on the attainment of a marriageable age; the second embraces the time during which a woman belongs to marriage; the third opens with the critical period, the ending with which nature closes the passions of life. These three spheres of existence, being almost equal in duration, might be employed for the

classification into equal groups of a given number of women. Thus in a mass of six millions, omitting fractions, there are about two million girls between one and eighteen, two million women between eighteen and forty and two millions of old women. The caprices of society have divided the two millions of marriageable women into three main classes, namely: those who remain spinsters for reasons which we have defined; those whose virtue does not reckon in the obtaining of husbands, and the million of women lawfully married, with whom we have to deal.

You see then, by this exact sifting out of the feminine population, that there exists in France a little flock of barely a million white lambs, a privileged fold into which every wolf is anxious to enter.

Let us put this million of women, already winnowed by our fan, through another examination.

To arrive at the true idea of the degree of confidence which a man ought to have in his wife, let us suppose for a moment that all wives will deceive their husbands.

On this hypothesis, it will be proper to cut out about one-twentieth, viz., young people who are newly married and who will be faithful to their vows for a certain time.

Another twentieth will be in ill-health. This will be to make a very modest allowance for human infirmities.

Certain passions, which we are told destroy the dominion of the man over the heart of his wife, namely, aversion, grief, the bearing of children, will account for another twentieth.

Adultery does not establish itself in the heart of a married woman with the promptness of a pistol-shot. Even when sympathy with another rouses feelings on first sight, a struggle always takes place, whose duration discounts the total sum of conjugal infidelities. It would be an insult to French modesty not to admit the duration of this struggle in a country so naturally combative, without referring to at least a twentieth in the total of married women; but then we will suppose that there are certain sickly women who preserve their lovers while they are using soothing draughts, and that there

are certain wives whose confinement makes sarcastic celibates smile. In this way we shall vindicate the modesty of those who enter upon the struggle from motives of virtue. For the same reason we should not venture to believe that a woman forsaken by her lover will find a new one on the spot; but this discount being much more uncertain than the preceding one, we will estimate it at one-fortieth.

These several rebates will reduce our sum total to eight hundred thousand women, when we come to calculate the number of those who are likely to violate married faith. Who would not at the present moment wish to retain the persuasion that wives are virtuous? Are they not the supreme flower of the country? Are they not all blooming creatures, fascinating the world by their beauty, their youth, their life and their love? To believe in their virtue is a sort of social religion, for they are the ornament of the world, and form the chief glory of France.

It is in the midst of this million we are bound to investigate:

The number of honest women;

The number of virtuous women.

The work of investigating this and of arranging the results under two categories requires whole meditations, which may serve as an appendix to the present one.

MEDITATION III.

Of the Honest Woman.

The preceding meditation has proved that we possess in France a floating population of one million women reveling in the privilege of inspiring those passions which a gallant man avows without shame, or dissembles with delight. It is then among this million of women that we must carry our lantern of Diogenes in order to discover the honest women of the land.

This inquiry suggests certain digressions.

Two young people, well dressed, whose slender figures and rounded arms suggest a paver's tool, and whose boots are elegantly made, meet one morning on the boulevard, at the end of the Passage des Panoramas.

"What, is this you?"

"Yes, dear boy; it looks like me, doesn't it?"

Then they laugh, with more or less intelligence, according to the nature of the joke which opens the conversation.

When they have examined each other with the sly curiosity of a police officer on the lookout for a clew, when they are quite convinced of the newness of each other's gloves, of each other's waistcoat and of the taste with which their cravats are tied; when they are pretty certain that neither of them is down in the world, they link arms and if they start from the Théâtre des Variétés, they have not reached Frascati's before they have asked each other a roundabout question whose free translation may be this:

"Whom are you living with now?"

As a general rule she is a charming woman.

Who is the infantryman of Paris into whose ear there have not dropped, like bullets in the day of battle, thousands of words uttered by the passer-by, and who has not caught one of those numberless sayings which, according to Rabelais, hang frozen in the air? But the majority of men take their way through Paris in the same manner as they live and eat, that is, without thinking about it. There are very few skillful musicians, very few practiced physiognomists who can recognize the key in which these vagrant notes are set, the passion that prompts these floating words. Ah! to wander over Paris! What an adorable and delightful existence is that! To saunter is a science; it is the gastronomy of the eye. To take a walk is to vegetate; to saunter is to live. The young and pretty women, long contemplated with ardent eyes, would be much more admissible in claiming a salary than the cook who asks for twenty sous from the Limousin whose nose with inflated nostrils took in the perfumes of beauty. To saunter

is to enjoy life; it is to indulge the flight of fancy; it is to enjoy the sublime pictures of misery, of love, of joy, of gracious or grotesque physiognomies; it is to pierce with a glance the abysses of a thousand existences; for the young it is to desire all, and to possess all; for the old it is to live the life of the youthful, and to share their passions. Now how many answers have not the sauntering artists heard to the categorical question which is always with us?

"She is thirty-five years old, but you would not think she was more than twenty!" said an enthusiastic youth with sparkling eyes, who, freshly liberated from college, would, like Cherubin, embrace all.

"Zounds! mine has dressing-gowns of batiste and diamond rings for the evening!" said a lawyer's clerk.

"But she has a box at the Français!" said an army officer.

"At any rate," cried another one, an elderly man who spoke as if he were standing on the defence, "she does not cost me a sou! In our case—wouldn't you like to have the same chance, my respected friend?"

And he patted his companion lightly on the shoulder.

"Oh! she loves me!" said another. "It seems too good to be true; but she has the most stupid of husbands! Ah!—Buffon has admirably described the animals, but the biped called husband—"

What a pleasant thing for a married man to hear!

"Oh! what an angel you are, my dear!" is the answer to a request discreetly whispered into the ear.

"Can you tell me her name or point her out to me?"

"Oh! no; she is an honest woman."

When a student is loved by a waitress, he mentions her name with pride and takes his friends to lunch at her house. If a young man loves a woman whose husband is engaged in some trade dealing with articles of necessity, he will answer, blushingly, "She is the wife of a haberdasher, of a stationer, of a hatter, of a linen-draper, of a clerk, etc."

But this confession of love for an inferior which buds and blows in the midst of packages, loaves of sugar, or flannel

waistcoats is always accompanied with an exaggerated praise of the lady's fortune. The husband alone is engaged in the business; he is rich; he has fine furniture. The loved one comes to her lover's house; she wears a cashmere shawl; she owns a country house, etc.

In short, a young man is never wanting in excellent arguments to prove that his mistress is very nearly, if not quite, an honest woman. This distinction originates in the refinement of our manners and has become as indefinite as the line which separates *bon ton* from vulgarity. What then is meant by an honest woman?

On this point the vanity of women, of their lovers, and even that of their husbands, is so sensitive that we had better here settle upon some general rules, which are the result of long observation.

Our one million of privileged women represent a multitude who are eligible for the glorious title of honest women, but by no means all are elected to it. The principles on which these elections are based may be found in the following axioms:

APHORISMS.

I.

An honest woman is necessarily a married woman.

II.

An honest woman is under forty years old.

III.

A married woman whose favors are to be paid for is not an honest woman.

IV.

A married woman who keeps a private carriage is an honest woman.

V.

A woman who does her own cooking is not an honest woman.

VI.

When a man has made enough to yield an income of twenty thousand francs, his wife is an honest woman, whatever the business in which his fortune was made.

VII.

A woman who says "letter of change" for letter of exchange, who says of a man, "He is an elegant gentleman," can never be an honest woman, whatever fortune she possesses.

VIII.

An honest woman ought to be in a financial condition such as forbids her lover to think she will ever cost him anything.

IX.

A woman who lives on the third story of any street excepting Rue de Rivoli and Rue de Castiglione is not an honest woman.

X.

The wife of a banker is always an honest woman, but the woman who sits at the cashier's desk cannot be one, unless her husband has a very large business and she does not live over his shop.

XI.

The unmarried niece of a bishop when she lives with him can pass for an honest woman, because if she has an intrigue she has to deceive her uncle.

XII.

An honest woman is one whom her lover fears to compromise.

XIII.

The wife of an artist is always an honest woman.

By the application of these principles even a man from Ardèche can resolve all the difficulties which our subject presents.

In order that a woman may be able to keep a cook, may be finely educated, may possess the sentiment of coquetry, may have the right to pass whole hours in her boudoir lying on a sofa, and may live a life of soul, she must have at least six thousand francs a year if she lives in the country, and twenty thousand if she lives at Paris. These two financial limits will suggest to you how many honest women are to be reckoned on in the million, for they are really the mere product of our statistical calculations.

Now three hundred thousand independent people, with an income of fifteen thousand francs, represent the sum total of those who live on pensions, on annuities and the interest of treasury bonds and mortgages.

Three hundred thousand landed proprietors enjoy an income of three thousand five hundred francs and represent all territorial wealth.

Two hundred thousand payees, at the rate of fifteen hundred francs each, represent the distribution of public funds by the state budget, by the budgets of the cities and departments, less the national debt, church funds and soldier's pay, (*i. e.,* five sous a day with allowances for washing, weapons, victuals, clothes, etc.).

Two hundred thousand fortunes amassed in commerce, reckoning the capital at twenty thousand francs in each case, represent all the commercial establishments possible in France.

Here we have a million husbands represented.

But at what figure shall we count those who have an income of fifty, of a hundred, of two, three, four, five, and six hundred francs only, from consols or some other investment?

How many landed proprietors are there who pay taxes amounting to no more than a hundred sous, twenty francs, one hundred francs, two hundred, or two hundred and eighty?

At what number shall we reckon those of the governmental leeches, who are merely quill-drivers with a salary of six hundred francs a year?

How many merchants who have nothing but a fictitious capital shall we admit? These men are rich in credit and have not a single actual sou, and resemble the sieves through which Pactolus flows. And how many brokers whose real capital does not amount to more than a thousand, two thousand, four thousand, five thousand francs? Business!—my respects to you!

Let us suppose more people to be fortunate than actually are so. Let us divide this million into parts; five hundred thousand domestic establishments will have an income ranging from a hundred to three thousand francs, and five hundred thousand women will fulfill the conditions which entitle them to be called honest women.

After these observations, which close our meditation on statistics, we are entitled to cut out of this number one hundred thousand individuals; consequently we can consider it to be proven mathematically that there exist in France no more than four hundred thousand women who can furnish to men of refinement the exquisite and exalted enjoyments which they look for in love.

And here it is fitting to make a remark to the adepts for whom we write, that love does not consist in a series of eager conversations, of nights of pleasure, of an occasional caress more or less well-timed and a spark of *amour-propre* baptized by the name of jealousy. Our four hundred thousand women are not of those concerning whom it may be said, "The most beautiful girl in the world can give only what she has." No, they are richly endowed with treasures which appeal to our ardent imaginations, they know how to sell dear that which they do not possess, in order to compensate for the vulgarity of that which they give.

Do we feel more pleasure in kissing the glove of a grisette than in draining the five minutes of pleasure which all women offer to us?

Is it the conversation of a shop-girl which makes you expect boundless delights?

In your intercourse with a woman who is beneath you, the

delight of flattered *amour-propre* is on her side. You are not in the secret of the happiness which you give.

In a case of a woman above you, either in fortune or social position, the ticklings of vanity are not only intense, but are equally shared. A man can never raise his mistress to his own level; but a woman always puts her lover in the position that she herself occupies. "I can make princes and you can make nothing but bastards," is an answer sparkling with truth.

If love is the first of passions, it is because it flatters all the rest of them at the same time. We love with more or less intensity in proportion to the number of chords which are touched by the fingers of a beautiful mistress.

Biren, the jeweler's son, climbing into the bed of the Duchesse de Courlande and helping her to sign an agreement that he should be proclaimed sovereign of the country, as he was already of the young and beautiful queen, is an example of the happiness which ought to be given to their lovers by our four hundred thousand women.

If a man would have the right to make stepping-stones of all the heads which crowd a drawing-room, he must be the lover of some artistic woman of fashion. Now we all love more or less to be at the top.

It is on this brilliant section of the nation that the attack is made by men whose education, talent or wit gives them the right to be considered persons of importance with regard to that success of which people of every country are so proud; and only among this class of women is the wife to be found whose heart has to be defended at all hazard by our husband.

What does it matter whether the considerations which arise from the existence of a feminine aristocracy are or are not equally applicable to other social classes? That which is true of all women exquisite in manners, language and thought, in whom exceptional educational facilities have developed a taste for art and a capacity for feeling, comparing and thinking, who have a high sense of propriety and politeness and who actually set the fashion in French manners, ought to be true also in the case of women whatever their nation and what-

ever their condition. The man of distinction to whom this book is dedicated must of necessity possess a certain mental vision, which makes him perceive the various degrees of light that fill each class and comprehend the exact point in the scale of civilization to which each of our remarks is severally applicable.

Would it not be then in the highest interests of morality, that we should in the meanwhile try to find out the number of virtuous women who are to be found among these adorable creatures? Is not this a question of marito-national importance?

MEDITATION IV.

Of the Virtuous Woman.

The question, perhaps, is not so much how many virtuous women there are, as what possibility there is of an honest woman remaining virtuous.

In order to throw light upon a point so important, let us cast a rapid glance over the male population.

From among our fifteen millions of men we must cut off, in the first place, the nine millions of bimana of thirty-two vertebræ and exclude from our physiological analysis all but six millions of people. The Marceaus, the Massénas, the Rousseaus, the Diderots and the Rollins often sprout forth suddenly from the social swamp, when it is in a condition of fermentation; but, here we plead guilty of deliberate inaccuracy. These errors in calculation are likely, however, to give all their weight to our conclusion and to corroborate what we are forced to deduce in unveiling the mechanism of passion.

From the six millions of privileged men, we must exclude three millions of old men and children.

It will be affirmed by some one that this subtraction leaves a remainder of four millions in the case of women.

This difference at first sight seems singular, but is easily accounted for.

The average age at which women are married is twenty years and at forty they cease to belong to the world of love.

Now a young bachelor of seventeen is apt to make deep cuts with his penknife in the parchment of contracts, as the chronicles of scandal will tell you.

On the other hand, a man at fifty-two is more formidable than at any other age. It is at this fair epoch of life that he enjoys an experience dearly bought, and probably all the fortune that he will ever require. The passions by which his course is directed being the last under whose scourge he will move, he is unpitying and determined, like the man carried away by a current who snatches at a green and pliant branch of willow, the young nursling of the year.

XIV.

Physically a man is a man much longer than a woman is a woman.

With regard to marriage, the difference in duration of the life of love with a man and with a woman is fifteen years. This period is equal to three-fourths of the time during which the infidelities of the woman can bring unhappiness to her husband. Nevertheless, the remainder in our subtraction from the sum of men only differs by a sixth or so from that which results in our subtraction from the sum of women.

Great is the modest caution of our estimates. As to our arguments, they are founded on evidence so widely known, that we have only expounded them for the sake of being exact and in order to anticipate all criticism.

It has, therefore, been proved to the mind of every philosopher, however little disposed he may be to forming numerical estimates, that there exists in France a floating mass of three million men between seventeen and fifty-two, all perfectly alive, well provided with teeth, quite resolved on biting,

in fact, biting and asking nothing better than the opportunity of walking strong and upright along the way to Paradise.

The above observations entitle us to separate from this mass of men a million husbands. Suppose for an instant that these, being satisfied and always happy, like our model husband, confine themselves to conjugal love.

Our remainder of two millions do not require five sous to make love.

It is quite sufficient for a man to have a fine foot and a clear eye in order to dismantle the portrait of a husband;

It is not necessary that he should have a handsome face nor even a good figure;

Provided that a man appears to be intellectual and has a distinguished expression of face, women never look where he comes from, but where he is going to;

The charms of youth are the unique equipage of love;

A coat made by Brisson, a pair of gloves bought from Boivin, elegant shoes, for whose payment the dealer trembles, a well-tied cravat are sufficient to make a man king of the drawing-room;

And soldiers—although the passion for gold lace and aiguillettes has died away—do not soldiers form of themselves a redoubtable legion of celibates? Not to mention Eginhard —for he was a private secretary—has not a newspaper recently recorded how a German princess bequeathed her fortune to a simple lieutenant of cuirassiers in the imperial guard?

But the notary of the village, who in the wilds of Gascony does not draw more than thirty-six deeds a year, sends his son to study law at Paris; the hatter wishes his son to be a notary, the lawyer destines his to be a judge, the judge wishes to become a minister in order that his sons may be peers. At no epoch in the world's history has there been so eager a thirst for education. To-day it is not intellect but cleverness that promenades the streets. From every crevice in the rocky surface of society brilliant flowers burst forth as the spring brings them on the walls of a ruin; even in the caverns there droop from the vaulted roof faintly colored tufts of green vegetation. The sun of education permeates all. Since this vast develop-

ment of thought, this even and fruitful diffusion of light, we have scarcely any men of superiority, because every single man represents the whole education of his age. We are surrounded by living encyclopædias who walk about, think, act and wish to be immortalized. Hence the frightful catastrophes of climbing ambitions and insensate passions. We feel the want of other worlds; there are more hives needed to receive the swarms, and especially are we in need of more pretty women.

But the maladies by which a man is afflicted do not nullify the sum total of human passion. To our shame be it spoken, a woman is never so much attached to us as when we are sick.

With this thought, all the epigrams written against the little sex—for it is antiquated nowadays to say the fair sex—ought to be disarmed of their point and changed into madrigals of eulogy! All men ought to consider that the sole virtue of a woman is to love and that all women are prodigiously virtuous, and at that point to close the book and end their meditation.

Ah! do you not remember that black and gloomy hour when lonely and suffering, making accusations against men and especially against your friends, weak, discouraged, and filled with thoughts of death, your head supported by a fevered pillow and stretched upon a sheet whose white trellis-work of linen was stamped upon your skin, you traced with your eyes the green paper which covered the walls of your silent chamber? Do you recollect, I say, seeing some one noiselessly open your door, exhibiting her fair young face, framed with rolls of gold, and a bonnet which you had never seen before? She seemed like a star in a stormy night, smiling and stealing towards you with an expression in which distress and happiness were blended, and flinging herself into your arms!

"How did you manage it? What did you tell your husband?" you ask.

"Your husband!"—Ah! this brings us back again into the depths of our subject.

XV.

Morally the man is more often and longer a man than the woman is a woman.

On the other hand we ought to consider that among these two millions of celibates there are many unhappy men, in whom a profound sense of their misery and persistent toil have quenched the instinct of love;

That they have not all passed through college, that there are many artisans among them, many footmen—the Duke of Gèvres, an extremely plain and short man, as he walked through the park of Versailles saw several lackeys of fine appearance and said to his friends, "Look how these fellows are made by us, and how they imitate us"—that there are many contractors, many tradespeople who think of nothing but money; many drudges of the shop;

That there are men more stupid and actually more ugly than God would have made them;

That there are those whose character is like a chestnut without a kernel;

That the clergy are generally chaste;

That there are men so situated in life that they can never enter the brilliant sphere in which honest women move, whether for want of a coat, or from their bashfulness, or from the failure of a mahout to introduce them.

But let us leave to each one the task of adding to the number of these exceptions in accordance with his personal experience—for the object of a book is above all things to make people think—and let us instantly suppress one-half of the sum total and admit only that there are one million of hearts worthy of paying homage to honest women. This number approximately includes those who are superior in all departments. Women love only the intellectual, but justice must be done to virtue.

As for these amiable celibates, each of them relates a string of adventures, all of which seriously compromise honest women. It would be a very moderate and reserved computation to attribute no more than three adventures to each celibate; but if some of them count their adventures by the dozen, there are many more who confine themselves to two or three incidents of passion and some to a single one in their

whole life, so that we have in accordance with the statistical method taken the average. Now if the number of celibates be multiplied by the number of their excesses in love the result will be three millions of adventures; to set against this we have only four hundred thousand honest women!

If the God of goodness and indulgence who hovers over the worlds does not make a second washing of the human race, it is doubtless because so little success attended the first.

Here then we have a people, a society which has been sifted, and you see the result!

XVI.

Manners are the hypocrisy of nations, and hypocrisy is more or less perfect.

XVII.

Virtue, perhaps, is nothing more than politeness of soul.

Physical love is a craving like hunger, excepting that man eats all the time, and in love his appetite is neither so persistent nor so regular as at the table.

A piece of bread and a carafe of water will satisfy the hunger of any man; but our civilization has brought to light the science of gastronomy.

Love has its piece of bread, but it has also its science of loving, that science which we call coquetry, a delightful word which the French alone possess, for that science originated in this country.

Well, after all, isn't it enough to enrage all husbands when they think that man is so endowed with an innate desire to change from one food to another, that in some savage countries, where travelers have landed, they have found alcoholic drinks and ragouts?

Hunger is not so violent as love; but the caprices of the soul are more numerous, more bewitching, more exquisite in their intensity than the caprices of gastronomy; but all that the poets and the experiences of our own life have revealed to us on the subject of love, arms us celibates with a terrible

power: we are the lion of the Gospel seeking whom we may devour.

Then, let every one question his conscience on this point, and search his memory if he has ever met a man who confined himself to the love of one woman only!

How, alas! are we to explain, while respecting the honor of all the peoples, the problem which results from the fact that three millions of burning hearts can find no more than four hundred thousand women on which they can feed? Should we apportion four celibates for each woman and remember that the honest women would have already established, instinctively and unconsciously, a sort of understanding between themselves and the celibates, like that which the presidents of royal courts have initiated, in order to make their partisans in each chamber enter successively after a certain number of years?

That would be a mournful way of solving the difficulty!

Should we make the conjecture that certain honest women act in dividing up the celibates, as the lion in the fable did? What! Surely, in that case, half at least of our altars would become whited sepulchres!

Ought one to suggest for the honor of French ladies that in the time of peace all other countries should import into France a certain number of their honest women, and that these countries should mainly consist of England, Germany and Russia? But the European nations would in that case attempt to balance matters by demanding that France should export a certain number of her pretty women.

Morality and religion suffer so much from such calculations as this, that an honest man, in an attempt to prove the innocence of married women, finds some reason to believe that dowagers and young people are half of them involved in this general corruption, and are liars even more truly than are the celibates.

But to what conclusion does our calculation lead us? Think of our husbands, who to the disgrace of morals behave almost all of them like celibates and glory *in petto* over their secret adventures.

Why, then we believe that every married man, who is at all attached to his wife from honorable motives, can, in the words of the elder Corneille, seek a rope and a nail; *foenum habet in cornu.*

It is, however, in the bosom of these four hundred thousand honest women that we must, lantern in hand, seek for the number of the virtuous women in France! As a matter of fact, we have by our statistics of marriage so far only set down the number of those creatures with which society has really nothing to do. Is it not true that in France the honest people, the people *comme il faut,* from a total of scarcely three million individuals, namely, our one million of celibates, five hundred thousand honest women, five hundred thousand husbands, and a million of dowagers, of infants and of young girls?

Are you then astonished at the famous verse of Boileau? This verse proves that the poet had cleverly fathomed the discovery mathematically propounded to you in these tiresome meditations and that his language is by no means hyperbolical.

Nevertheless, virtuous women there certainly are:

Yes, those who have never been tempted and those who die at their first child-birth, assuming that their husbands had married them virgins;

Yes, those who are ugly as the Kaifakatadary of the Arabian Nights;

Yes, those whom Mirabeau calls "fairy cucumbers" and who are composed of atoms exactly like those of strawberry and water-lily roots. Nevertheless, we need not believe that!

Further, we acknowledge that, to the credit of our age, we meet, ever since the revival of morality and religion and during our own times, some women, here and there, so moral, so religious, so devoted to their duties, so upright, so precise, so stiff, so virtuous, so—that the devil himself dare not even look at them; they are guarded on all sides by rosaries, hours of prayer and directors. Pshaw!

We will not attempt to enumerate the women who are virtuous from stupidity, for it is acknowledged that in love all women have intellect.

In conclusion, we may remark that it is not impossible that there exist in some corner of the earth women, young, pretty and virtuous, whom the world does not suspect.

But you must not give the name of virtuous woman to her who, in her struggle against an involuntary passion, has yielded nothing to her lover whom she idolizes. She does injury in the most cruel way in which it can possibly be done to a loving husband. For what remains to him of his wife? A thing without name, a living corpse. In the very midst of delight his wife remains like the guest who had been warned by Borgia that certain meats were poisoned; he felt no hunger, he ate sparingly or pretended to eat. He longed for the meat which he had abandoned for that provided by the terrible cardinal, and sighed for the moment when the feast was over and he could leave the table.

What is the result which these reflections on the feminine virtue lead to? Here they are; but the last two maxims have been given us by an eclectic philosopher of the eighteenth century.

XVIII.

A virtuous woman has in her heart one fibre less or one fibre more than other women; she is either stupid or sublime.

XIX.

The virtue of women is perhaps a question of temperament.

XX.

The most virtuous women have in them something which is never chaste.

XXI.

"That a man of intellect has doubts about his mistress is conceivable, but about his wife!—that would be too stupid."

XXII.

"Men would be insufferably unhappy if in the presence of women they thought the least bit in the world of that which they know by heart."

The number of those rare women who, like the Virgins of the Parable, have kept their lamps lighted, will always appear very small in the eyes of the defenders of virtue and fine feeling; but we must needs exclude it from the total sum of honest women, and this subtraction, consoling as it is, will increase the danger which threatens husbands, will intensify the scandal of their married life, and involve, more or less, the reputation of all other lawful spouses.

What husband will be able to sleep peacefully beside his young and beautiful wife while he knows that three celibates, at least, are on the watch; that if they have not already encroached upon his little property, they regard the bride as their destined prey, for sooner or later she will fall into their hands, either by strategem, compulsive conquest or free choice? And it is impossible that they should fail some day or other to obtain victory!

What a startling conclusion!

On this point the purist in morality, the *collets montés* will accuse us perhaps of presenting here conclusions which are excessively despairing; they will be desirous of putting up a defence, either for the virtuous women or the celibates; but we have in reserve for them a final remark.

Increase the number of honest women and diminish the number of celibates, as much as you choose, you will always find that the result will be a larger number of gallant adventures than of honest women; you will always find a vast multitude driven through social custom to commit three sorts of crime.

If they remain chaste, their health is injured, while they are the slaves of the most painful torture; they disappoint the sublime ends of nature, and finally die of consumption, drinking milk on the mountains of Switzerland!

If they yield to legitimate temptations, they either compromise the honest women, and on this point we re-enter on the subject of this book, or else they debase themselves by a horrible intercourse with the five hundred thousand women of whom we spoke in the third category of the first Meditation,

and in this case, have still considerable chance of visiting Switzerland drinking milk and dying there!

Have you never been struck, as we have been, by a certain error of organization in our social order, the evidence of which gives a moral certainty to our last calculations?

The average age at which a man marries is thirty years; the average age at which his passions, his most violent desires for genesial delight are developed, is twenty years. Now during the ten fairest years of his life, during the green season in which his beauty, his youth and his wit make him more dangerous to husbands than at any other epoch of his life, he finds himself without any means of satisfying legitimately that irresistible craving for love which burns in his whole nature. During this time, representing the sixth part of human life, we are obliged to admit that the sixth part or less of our total male population and the sixth part which is the most vigorous is placed in a position which is perpetually exhausting for them, and dangerous for society.

"Why don't they get married?" cries a religious woman.

But what father of good sense would wish his son to be married at twenty years of age?

Is not the danger of these precocious unions apparent to all? It would seem as if marriage was a state very much at variance with natural habitude, seeing that it requires a special ripeness of judgment in those who conform to it. All the world knows what Rousseau said: "There must always be a period of libertinage in life either in one state or another. It is an evil leaven which sooner or later ferments."

Now what mother of a family is there who would expose her daughter to the risk of this fermentation when it has not yet taken place?

On the other hand, what need is there to justify a fact under whose domination all societies exist? Are there not in every country, as we have demonstrated, a vast number of men who live as honestly as possible, without being either celibates or married men?

Cannot these men, the religious woman will always ask, abide in continence like the priests?

Certainly, madame.

Nevertheless, we venture to observe that the vow of chastity is the most startling exception to the natural condition of man which society makes necessary; but continence is the great point in the priest's profession; he must be chaste, as the doctor must be insensible to physical sufferings, as the notary and the advocate insensible to the misery whose wounds are laid bare to their eyes, as the soldier to the sight of death which he meets on the field of battle. From the fact that the requirements of civilization ossify certain fibres of the heart and render callous certain membranes, we must not necessarily conclude that all men are bound to undergo this partial and exceptional death of the soul. This would be to reduce the human race to a condition of atrocious moral suicide.

But let it be granted that, in the atmosphere of a drawing-room the most Jansenistic in the world, appears a young man of twenty-eight who has scrupulously guarded his robe of innocence and is as truly virginal as the heath-cock which gourmands enjoy. Do you not see that the most austere of virtuous women would merely pay him a sarcastic compliment on his courage; the magistrate, the strictest that ever mounted a bench, would shake his head and smile, and all the ladies would hide themselves, so that he might not hear their laughter? When the heroic and exceptional young victim leaves the drawing-room, what a deluge of jokes bursts upon his innocent head! what a shower of insults! What is held to be more shameful in France than impotence, than coldness, than the absence of all passion, than simplicity?

The only king of France who would not have laughed was perhaps Louis XIII.; but as for his roué of a father, he would perhaps have banished the young man, either under the accusation that he was no Frenchman or from a conviction that he was setting a dangerous example.

Strange contradiction! A young man is equally blamed if he passes life in Holy Land, to use an expression of bachelor life. Could it possibly be for the benefit of the honest women that the prefects of police, and mayors of all time have

ordained that the passions of the public shall not manifest themselves until nightfall, and shall cease at eleven o'clock in the evening?

Where do you wish that our mass of celibates should sow their wild oats? And who is deceived on this point? as Figaro asks. Is it the governments or the governed? The social order is like the small boys who stop their ears at the theatre, so as not to hear the report of the firearms. Is society afraid to probe its wound or has it recognized the fact that evil is irremediable and things must be allowed to run their course? But there crops up here a question of legislation, for it is impossible to escape the material and social dilemma created by this balance of public virtue in the matter of marriage. It is not our business to solve this difficulty; but suppose for a moment that society in order to save a multitude of families, women and honest girls, found itself compelled to grant to certain licensed hearts the right of satisfying the desires of the celibates; ought not our laws then to raise up a professional body consisting of female Decii who devote themselves for the republic, and make a rampart of their bodies round the honest families? The legislators have been very wrong hitherto in disdaining to regulate the lot of courtesans.

XXIII.

The courtesan is an institution if she is a necessity.

This question bristles with so many ifs and buts that we will bequeath it for solution to our descendants; it is right that we shall leave them something to do. Moreover, its discussion is not germane to this work; for in this, more than in any other age, there is a great outburst of sensibility; at no other epoch have there been so many rules of conduct, because never before has it been so completely accepted that pleasure comes from the heart. Now, what man of sentiment is there, what celibate is there, who, in the presence of four hundred thousand young and pretty women arrayed in the splendors of fortune and the

graces of wit, rich in treasures of coquetry, and lavish in the dispensing of happiness, would wish to go—? for shame!

Let us put forth for the benefit of our future legislature in clear and brief axioms the result arrived at during the last few years.

XXIV.

In the social order, inevitable abuses are laws of nature, in accordance with which mankind should frame their civil and political institutes.

XXV.

"Adultery is like a commercial failure, with this difference," says Chamfort, "that it is the innocent party who has been ruined and who bears the disgrace."

In France the laws that relate to adultery and those that relate to bankruptcy require great modifications. Are they too indulgent? Do they sin on the score of bad principles? *Caveant consules!*

Come now, courageous athlete, who have taken as your task that which is expressed in the little apostrophe which our first Meditation addresses to people who have the charge of a wife, what are you going to say about it? We hope that this rapid review of the question does not make you tremble, that you are not one of those men whose nervous fluid congeals at the sight of a precipice or a boa constrictor! Well! my friend, he who owns soil has war and toil. The men who want your gold are more numerous than those who want your wife.

After all, husbands are free to take these trifles for arithmetical estimates, or arithmetical estimates for trifles. The illusions of life are the best things in life; that which is most respectable in life is our futile credulity. Do there not exist many people whose principles are merely prejudices, and who not having enough force of character to form their own ideas of happiness and virtue accept what is ready made for them by the hand of legislators? Nor do we address those Manfreds who having taken off too many garments wish to raise all the curtains, that is, in moments when they are tortured by a sort

of moral spleen. By them, however, the question is boldly stated and we know the extent of the evil.

It remains that we should examine the chances and changes which each man is likely to meet in marriage, and which may weaken him in that struggle from which our champion should issue victorious.

MEDITATION V.

Of the Predestined.

Predestined means destined in advance for happiness or unhappiness. Theology has seized upon this word and employs it in relation to the happy; we give to the term a meaning which is unfortunate to our elect of which one can say in opposition to the Gospel, "Many are called, many are chosen."

Experience has demonstrated that there are certain classes of men more subject than others to certain infirmities; thus Gascons are given to exaggeration and Parisians to vanity. As we see that apoplexy attacks people with short necks, as butchers are liable to carbuncle, as gout attacks the rich, health the poor, deafness kings, paralysis administrators, so it has been remarked that certain classes of husbands and their wives are more given to illegitimate passions. Thus they forestall the celibates, they form another sort of aristocracy. If any reader should be enrolled in one of these aristocratic classes he will, we hope, have sufficient presence of mind, he or at least his wife, instantly to call to mind the favorite axiom of Lhomond's Latin Grammar: "No rule without exception." A friend of the house may even recite the verse—

"Present company always excepted."

And then every one will have the right to believe, *in petto*, that he forms the exception. But our duty, the interest which we take in husbands and the keen desire which we have to

preserve young and pretty women from the caprices and catastrophes which a lover brings in his train, force us to give notice to husbands that they ought to be especially on their guard.

In this recapitulation first are to be reckoned the husbands whom business, position or public office calls from their houses and detains for a definite time. It is these who are the standard-bearers of the brotherhood.

Among them, we would reckon magistrates, holding office during pleasure or for life, and obliged to remain at the Palace for the greater portion of the day; other functionaries sometimes find means to leave their office at business hours; but a judge or a public prosecutor, seated on his cushion of lilies, is bound even to die during the progress of the hearing. There is his field of battle.

It is the same with the deputies and peers who discuss the laws, of ministers who share the toils of the king, of secretaries who work with the ministers, of soldiers on campaign, and indeed with the corporal of the police patrol, as the letter of Lafleur, in the *Sentimental Journey*, plainly shows.

Next to the men who are obliged to be absent from home at certain fixed hours, come the men whom vast and serious undertakings leave not one minute for love-making; their foreheads are always wrinkled with anxiety, their conversation is generally void of merriment.

At the head of these unfortunates we must place the bankers, who toil in the acquisition of millions, whose heads are so full of calculations that the figures burst through their skulls and range themselves in columns of addition on their foreheads.

These millionaires, forgetting most of the time the sacred laws of marriage and the attention due to the tender flower which they have undertaken to cultivate, never think of watering it or of defending it from the heat and cold. They scarcely recognize the fact that the happiness of their spouses is in their keeping; if they ever do remember this, it is at table, when they see seated before them a woman in rich array,

or when the coquette, fearing their brutal repulse, comes, gracious as Venus, to ask them for cash—Oh! it is then, that they recall, sometimes very vividly, the rights specified in the two hundred and thirteenth article of the civil code, and their wives are grateful to them; but like the heavy tariff which the law lays upon foreign merchandise, their wives suffer and pay the tribute, in virtue of the axiom which says: "There is no pleasure without pain."

The men of science who spend whole months in gnawing at the bone of an antediluvian monster, in calculating the laws of nature, when there is an opportunity to peer into her secrets, the Grecians and Latinists who dine on a thought of Tacitus, sup on a phrase of Thucydides, spend their life in brushing the dust from library shelves, in keeping guard over a commonplace book, or a papyrus, are all predestined. So great is their abstraction or their ecstasy, that nothing that goes on around them strikes their attention. Their unhappiness is consummated; in full light of noon they scarcely even perceive it. O happy men! a thousand times happy! Example: Beauzee, returning home after session at the Academy, surprises his wife with a German. "Did not I tell you, madame, that it was necessary that I shall go," cried the stranger. "My dear sir," interrupted the academician, "you ought to say, that I *should* go!"

Then there come, lyre in hand, certain poets whose whole animal strength has left the ground floor and mounted to the upper story. They know better how to mount Pegasus than the beast of old Peter, they rarely marry, although they are accustomed to lavish the fury of their passions on some wandering or imaginary Chloris.

But the men whose noses are stained with snuff;

But those who, to their misfortune, have a perpetual cold in their head;

But the sailors who smoke or chew;

But those men whose dry and bilious temperament makes them always look as if they had eaten a sour apple;

But the men who in private life have certain cynical habits,

ridiculous fads, and who always, in spite of everything, look unwashed;

But the husbands who have obtained the degrading name of "hen-pecked";

Finally the old men who marry young girls,

All these people are *par excellence* among the predestined.

There is a final class of the predestined whose ill-fortune is almost certain, we mean restless and irritable men, who are inclined to meddle and tyrannize, who have a great idea of domestic domination, who openly express their low ideas of women and who know no more about life than herrings about natural history. When these men marry, their homes have the appearance of a wasp whose head a schoolboy has cut off, and who dances here and there on a window pane. For this sort of predestined the present work is a sealed book. We do not write any more for those imbeciles, walking effigies, who are like the statues of a cathedral, than for those old machines of Marly which were too weak to fling water over the hedges of Versailles without being in danger of sudden collapse.

I rarely make my observations on the conjugal oddities with which the drawing-room is usually full, without recalling vividly a sight which I once enjoyed in early youth:

In 1819 I was living in a thatched cottage situated in the bosom of the delightful valley l'Isle-Adam. My hermitage neighbored on the park of Cassan, the sweetest of retreats, the most fascinating in aspect, the most attractive as a place to ramble in, the most cool and refreshing in summer, of all places created by luxury and art. This verdant country-seat owes its origin to a farmer-general of the good old times, a certain Bergeret, celebrated for his originality; who among other fantastic dandyisms adopted the habit of going to the opera, with his hair powdered in gold; he used to light up his park for his own solitary delectation and on one occasion ordered a sumptuous entertainment there, in which he alone took part. This rustic Sardanapalus returned from Italy so passionately charmed with the scenery of that beautiful country that, by a sudden freak of enthusiasm, he spent

four or five millions in order to represent in his park the scenes of which he had pictures in his portfolio. The most charming contrasts of foliage, the rarest trees, long valleys, and prospects the most picturesque that could be brought from abroad, Borromean islands floating on clear eddying streams like so many rays, which concentrate their various lustres on a single point, on an Isola Bella, from which the enchanted eye takes in each detail at its leisure, or on an island in the bosom of which is a little house concealed under the drooping foliage of a century-old ash, an island fringed with irises, rose-bushes, and flowers which appears like an emerald richly set. Ah! one might rove a thousand leagues for such a place! The most sickly, the most soured, the most disgusted of our men of genius in ill health would die of satiety at the end of fifteen days, overwhelmed with the luscious sweetness of fresh life in such a spot.

The man who was quite regardless of the Eden which he thus possessed had neither wife nor children, but was attached to a large ape which he kept. A graceful turret of wood, supported by a sculptured column, served as a dwelling place for this vicious animal, who being kept chained and rarely petted by his eccentric master, oftener at Paris than in his country home, had gained a very bad reputation. I recollect seeing him once in the presence of certain ladies show almost as much insolence as if he had been a man. His master was obliged to kill him, so mischievous did he gradually become.

One morning while I was sitting under a beautiful tulip tree in flower, occupied in doing nothing but inhaling the lovely perfumes which the tall poplars kept confined within the brilliant enclosure, enjoying the silence of the groves, listening to the murmuring waters and the rustling leaves, admiring the blue gaps outlined above my head by clouds of pearly sheen and gold, wandering fancy free in dreams of my future, I heard some lout or other, who had arrived the day before from Paris, playing on a violin with the violence of a man who has nothing else to do. I would not wish for my worst enemy to hear anything so utterly in discord with the sub-

lime harmony of nature. If the distant notes of Roland's Horn had only filled the air with life, perhaps—but a noisy fiddler like this, who undertakes to bring to you the expression of human ideas and the phraseology of music! This Amphion, who was walking up and down the dining-room, finished by taking a seat on the window-sill, exactly in front of the monkey. Perhaps he was looking for an audience. Suddenly I saw the animal quietly descend from his little dungeon, stand upon his hind feet, bow his head forward like a swimmer and fold his arms over his bosom like Spartacus in chains, or Catiline listening to Cicero. The banker, summoned by a sweet voice whose silvery tone recalled a boudoir not unknown to me, laid his violin on the window-sill and made off like a swallow who rejoins his companion by a rapid level swoop. The great monkey, whose chain was sufficiently long, approached the window and gravely took in hand the violin. I don't know whether you have ever had as I have the pleasure of seeing a monkey try to learn music, but at the present moment, when I laugh much less than I did in those careless days, I never think of that monkey without a smile; the semi-man began by grasping the instrument with his fist and by sniffing at it as if he were tasting the flavor of an apple. The snort from his nostrils probably produced a dull harmonious sound in the sonorous wood and then the orang-outang shook his head, turned over the violin, turned it back again, raised it up in the air, lowered it, held it straight out, shook it, put it to his ear, set it down, and picked it up again with a rapidity of movement peculiar to these agile creatures. He seemed to question the dumb wood with faltering sagacity and in his gestures there was something marvelous as well as infantile. At last he undertook with grotesque gestures to place the violin under his chin, while in one hand he held the neck; but like a spoiled child he soon wearied of a study which required skill not to be obtained in a moment and he twitched the strings without being able to draw forth anything but discordant sounds. He seemed annoyed, laid the violin on the window-sill and snatch-

ing up the bow he began to push it to and fro with violence, like a mason sawing a block of stone. This effort only succeeded in wearying his fastidious ears, and he took the bow with both hands and snapped it in two on the innocent instrument, source of harmony and delight. It seemed as if I saw before me a schoolboy holding under him a companion lying face downwards, while he pommeled him with a shower of blows from his fist, as if to punish him for some delinquency. The violin being now tried and condemned, the monkey sat down upon the fragments of it and amused himself with stupid joy in mixing up the yellow strings of the broken bow.

Never since that day have I been able to look upon the home of the predestined without comparing the majority of husbands to this orang-outang trying to play the violin.

Love is the most melodious of all harmonies and the sentiment of love is innate. Woman is a delightful instrument of pleasure, but it is necessary to know its trembling strings, to study the position of them, the timid keyboard, the fingering so changeful and capricious which befits it. How many monkeys—men, I mean—marry without knowing what a woman is! How many of the predestined proceed with their wives as the ape of Cassan did with his violin! They have broken the heart which they did not understand, as they might dim and disdain the amulet whose secret was unknown to them. They are children their whole life through, who leave life with empty hands after having talked about love, about pleasure, about licentiousness and virtue as slaves talk about liberty. Almost all of them married with the most profound ignorance of women and of love. They commenced by breaking in the door of a strange house and expected to be welcomed in this drawing-room. But the rudest artist knows that between him and his instrument, of wood or of ivory, there exists a mysterious sort of friendship. He knows by experience that it takes years to establish this understanding between an inert matter and himself. He did not discover, at the first touch, the resources, the caprices, the deficiencies, the excellencies of his instrument. It did not become a living

soul for him, a source of incomparable melody until he had studied for a long time; man and instrument did not come to understand each other like two friends, until both of them had been skillfully questioned and tested by frequent intercourse.

Can a man ever learn woman and know how to decipher this wondrous strain of music, by remaining through life like a seminarian in his cell? Is it possible that a man who makes it his business to think for others, to judge others, to rule others, to steal money from others, to feed, to heal, to wound others—that, in fact, any of our predestined, can spare time to study a woman? They sell their time for money, how can they give it away for happiness? Money is their god. No one can serve two masters at the same time. Is not the world, moreover, full of young women who drag along pale and weak, sickly and suffering? Some of them are the prey of feverish inflammations more or less serious, others lie under the cruel tyranny of nervous attacks more or less violent. All the husbands of these women belong to the class of the ignorant and the predestined. They have caused their own misfortune and expended as much pains in producing it as the husband artist would have bestowed in bringing to flower the late and delightful blooms of pleasure. The time which an ignorant man passes to consummate his own ruin is precisely that which a man of knowledge employs in the education of his happiness.

XXVI.

Do not begin marriage by a violation of law.

In the preceding meditations we have indicated the extent of the evil with the reckless audacity of those surgeons, who boldly induce the formation of false tissues under which a shameful wound is concealed. Public virtue, transferred to the table of our amphitheatre, has lost even its carcass under the strokes of the scalpel. Lover or husband, have you smiled, or have you trembled at this evil? Well, it is with malicious delight that we lay this huge social burden on the conscience

of the predestined. Harlequin, when he tried to find out whether his horse could be accustomed to go without food, was not more ridiculous than the men who wish to find happiness in their home and yet refuse to cultivate it with all the pains which it demands. The errors of women are so many indictments of egotism, neglect and worthlessness in husbands.

Yet it is yours, reader, it pertains to you, who have often condemned in another the crime which you yourself commit, it is yours to hold the balance. One of the scales is quite loaded, take care what you are going to put in the other. Reckon up the number of predestined ones who may be found among the total number of married people, weigh them, and you will then know where the evil is seated.

Let us try to penetrate more deeply into the causes of this conjugal sickliness.

The word love, when applied to the reproduction of the species, is the most hateful blasphemy which modern manners have taught us to utter. Nature, in raising us above the beasts by the divine gift of thought, has rendered us very sensitive to bodily sensations, emotional sentiment, cravings of appetite and passions. This double nature of ours makes of man both an animal and a lover. This distinction gives the key to the social problem which we are considering.

Marriage may be considered in three ways, politically, as well as from a civil and moral point of view: as a law, as a contract and as an institution. As a law, its object is a reproduction of the species; as a contract, it relates to the transmission of property; as an institution, it is a guarantee which all men give and by which all are bound: they have father and mother, and they will have children. Marriage, therefore, ought to be the object of universal respect. Society can only take into consideration those cardinal points, which, from a social point of view, dominate the conjugal question.

Most men have no other views in marrying, than reproduction, property or children; but neither reproduction nor property nor children constitutes happiness. The command, "Increase and multiply," does not imply love. To ask of a

young girl whom we have seen fourteen times in fifteen days, to give you love in the name of law, the king and justice, is an absurdity worthy of the majority of the predestined.

Love is the union between natural craving and sentiment; happiness in marriage results in perfect union of soul between a married pair. Hence it follows that in order to be happy a man must feel himself bound by certain rules of honor and delicacy. After having enjoyed the benefit of the social law which consecrates the natural craving, he must obey also the secret laws of nature by which sentiments unfold themselves. If he stakes his happiness on being himself loved, he must himself love sincerely: nothing can resist a genuine passion.

But to feel this passion is always to feel desire. Can a man always desire his wife?

Yes.

It is as absurd to deny that it is possible for a man always to love the same woman, as it would be to affirm that some famous musician needed several violins in order to execute a piece of music or compose a charming melody.

Love is the poetry of the senses. It has the destiny of all that which is great in man and of all that which proceeds from his thought. Either it is sublime, or it is not. When once it exists, it exists forever and goes on always increasing. This is the love which the ancients made the child of heaven and earth.

Literature revolves round seven situations; music expresses everything with seven notes; painting employs but seven colors; like these three arts, love perhaps founds itself on seven principles, but we leave this investigation for the next century to carry out.

If poetry, music and painting have found infinite forms of expression, pleasure should be even more diversified. For in the three arts which aid us in seeking, often with little success, truth by means of analogy, the man stands alone with his imagination, while love is the union of two bodies and of two souls. If the three principal methods upon which we rely for the expression of thought require preliminary study

in those whom nature has made poets, musicians or painters, is it not obvious that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to be initiated into the secrets of pleasure? All men experience the craving for reproduction, as all feel hunger and thirst; but all are not called to be lovers and gastronomists. Our present civilization has proved that taste is a science, and it is only certain privileged beings who have learned how to eat and drink. Pleasure considered as an art is still waiting for its physiologists. As for ourselves, we are contented with pointing out that ignorance of the principles upon which happiness is founded, is the sole cause of that misfortune which is the lot of all the predestined.

It is with the greatest timidity that we venture upon the publication of a few aphorisms which may give birth to this new art, as casts have created the science of geology; and we offer them for the meditation of philosophers, of young marrying people and of the predestined.

CATECHISM OF MARRIAGE.

XXVII.

Marriage is a science.

XXVIII.

A man ought not to marry without having studied anatomy, and dissected at least one woman.

XXIX.

The fate of the home depends on the first night.

XXX.

A woman deprived of her free will can never have the credit of making a sacrifice.

XXXI.

In love, putting aside all consideration of the soul, the heart of a woman is like a lyre which does not reveal its secret, excepting to him who is a skillful player.

XXXII.

Independently of any gesture of repulsion, there exists in the soul of all women a sentiment which tends, sooner or later, to proscribe all pleasures devoid of passionate feeling.

XXXIII.

The interest of a husband as much as his honor forbids him to indulge a pleasure which he has not had the skill to make his wife desire.

XXXIV.

Pleasure being caused by the union of sensation and sentiment, we can say without fear of contradiction that pleasures are a sort of material ideas.

XXXV.

As ideas are capable of infinite combination, it ought to be the same with pleasures.

XXXVI.

In the life of man there are no two moments of pleasure exactly alike, any more than there are two leaves of identical shape upon the same tree.

XXXVII.

If there are differences between one moment of pleasure and another, a man can always be happy with the same woman.

XXXVIII.

To seize adroitly upon the varieties of pleasure, to develop them, to impart to them a new style, an original expression, constitutes the genius of a husband.

XXXIX.

Between two beings who do not love each other this genius is licentiousness; but the caresses over which love presides are always pure.

XL.

The married woman who is the most chaste may be also the most voluptuous.

XLI.

The most virtuous woman can be forward without knowing it.

XLII.

When two human beings are united by pleasure, all social conventionalities are put aside. This situation conceals a reef on which many vessels are wrecked. A husband is lost, if he once forgets there is a modesty which is quite independent of coverings. Conjugal love ought never either to put on or to take away the bandage of its eyes, excepting at the due season.

XLIII.

Power does not consist in striking with force or with frequency, but in striking true.

XLIV.

To call a desire into being, to nourish it, to develop it, to bring it to full growth, to excite it, to satisfy it, is a complete poem of itself.

XLV.

The progression of pleasures is from the distich to the quatrain, from the quatrain to the sonnet, from the sonnet to the ballad, from the ballad to the ode, from the ode to the cantata, from the cantata to the dithyramb. The husband who commences with dithyramb is a fool.

XLVI.

Each night ought to have its *menu*.

XLVII.

Marriage must incessantly contend with a monster which devours everything, that is, familiarity.

XLVIII.

If a man cannot distinguish the difference between the pleasures of two consecutive nights, he has married too early.

XLIX.

It is easier to be a lover than a husband, for the same reason that it is more difficult to be witty every day, than to say bright things from time to time.

L.

A husband ought never to be the first to go to sleep and the last to awaken.

LI.

The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher or an imbecile.

LII.

The husband who leaves nothing to desire is a lost man.

LIII.

The married woman is a slave whom one must know how to set upon a throne.

LIV.

A man must not flatter himself that he knows his wife, and is making her happy unless he sees her often at his knees.

It is to the whole ignorant troop of our predestined, of our legions of snivelers, of smokers, of snuff-takers, of old and captious men that Sterne addressed, in *Tristram Shandy*, the letter written by Walter Shandy to his brother Toby, when this last proposed to marry the widow Wadman.

These celebrated instructions which the most original of English writers has comprised in this letter, suffice with some few exceptions to complete our observations on the manner in which husbands should behave to their wives; and we

offer it in its original form to the reflections of the predestined, begging that they will meditate upon it as one of the most solid masterpieces of human wit.

"My dear Brother Toby,

"What I am going to say to thee is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

"Had it been the good pleasure of Him who disposes of our lots, and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipped the pen this moment into the ink instead of myself; but that not being the case—Mrs. Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed—I have thrown together without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

"In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair—though I perceive from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprise, whether it be in the morning or in the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that He may defend thee from the evil one.

"Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, thro' absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time—how much by Trim.

" 'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

"Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a sure maxim, Toby—

"'*That women are timid:*' And 'tis well they are—else there would be no dealing with them.

"Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

"A just medium prevents all conclusions.

"Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain: For this cause, if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

"Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend there to: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over, it will be well: but suffer her not to look into *Rabelais,* or *Scarron,* or *Don Quixote.*

"They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

"Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlor.

"And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sofa with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it—thou canst not lay thy hand upon hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canst, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose—thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

"*Avicenna,* after this, is for having the part anointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges—and I believe rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer—nor even foal's flesh by any means; and

carefully abstain—that is, as much as thou canst,—from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers and water-hens.

"As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of Vervain and the herb Hanea, of which Ælian relates such effects; but if thy stomach palls with it—discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purslane, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the stead of them.

"There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at present—

"Unless the breaking out of a fresh war.—So wishing everything, dear Toby, for the best,

"I rest thy affectionate brother,

"Walter Shandy."

Under the present circumstances Sterne himself would doubtless have omitted from his letter the passage about the ass; and, far from advising the predestined to be bled he would have changed the regimen of cucumbers and lettuces for one eminently substantial. He recommended the exercise of economy, in order to attain to the power of magic liberality in the moment of war, thus imitating the admirable example of the English government, which in time of peace has two hundred ships in commission, but whose shipwrights can, in time of need, furnish double that quantity when it is desirable to scour the sea and carry off a whole foreign navy.

When a man belongs to the small class of those who by a liberal education have been made masters of the domain of thought, he ought always, before marrying, to examine his physical and moral resources. To contend advantageously with the tempest which so many attractions tend to raise in the heart of his wife, a husband ought to possess, besides the science of pleasure and a fortune which saves him from sinking into any class of the predestined, robust health, exquisite tact, considerable intellect, too much good sense to make his superiority felt, excepting on fit occasions, and finally great acuteness of hearing and sight.

If he has a handsome face, a good figure, a manly air, and yet falls short of all these promises, he will sink into the class of the predestined. On the other hand, a husband who is plain in features but has a face full of expression, will find himself, if his wife once forgets his plainness, in a situation most favorable for his struggle against the genius of evil.

He will study (and this is a detail omitted from the letter of Sterne) to give no occasion for his wife's disgust. Also, he will resort moderately to the use of perfumes, which, however, always expose beauty to injurious suspicions.

He ought as carefully to study how to behave and how to pick out subjects of conversation, as if he were courting the most inconstant of women. It is for him that a philosopher has made the following reflection:

"More than one woman has been rendered unhappy for the rest of her life, has been lost and dishonored by a man whom she has ceased to love, because he took off his coat awkwardly, trimmed one of his nails crookedly, put on a stocking wrong side out, and was clumsy with a button."

One of the most important of his duties will be to conceal from his wife the real state of his fortune, so that he may satisfy her fancies and caprices as generous celibates are wont to do.

Then the most difficult thing of all, a thing to accomplish which superhuman courage is required, is to exercise the most complete control over the ass of which Sterne speaks. This ass ought to be as submissive as a serf of the thirteenth century was to his lord; to obey and be silent, advance and stop, at the slightest word.

Even when equipped with these advantages, a husband enters the lists with scarcely any hope of success. Like all the rest, he still runs the risk of becoming, for his wife, a sort of responsible editor.

"And why!" will exclaim certain good but small-minded people, whose horizon is limited to the tip of their nose, "why is it necessary to take so much pains in order to love, and why is it necessary to go to school beforehand, in order to be happy

in your own home? Does the government intend to institute a professional chair of love, just as it has instituted a chair of law?"

This is our answer:

These multiplied rules, so difficult to deduce, these minute observations, these ideas which vary so as to suit different temperaments, are innate, so to speak, in the heart of those who are born for love; just as his feeling of taste and his indescribable felicity in combining ideas are natural to the soul of the poet, the painter or the musician. The men who would experience any fatigue in putting into practice the instructions given in this Meditation are naturally predestined, just as he who cannot perceive the connection which exists between two different ideas is an imbecile. As a matter of fact, love has its great men although they be unrecognized, as war has its Napoleons, poetry its André Chéniers and philosophy its Descartes.

This last observation contains the germ of a true answer to the question which men from time immemorial have been asking: Why are happy marriages so very rare?

This phenomenon of the moral world is rarely met with for the reason that people of genius are rarely met with. A passion which lasts is a sublime drama acted by two performers of equal talent, a drama in which sentiments form the catastrophe, where desires are incidents and the lightest thought brings a change of scene. Now how is it possible, in this herd of bimana which we call a nation, to meet, on any but rare occasions, a man and a woman who possess in the same degree the genius of love, when men of talent are so thinly sown and so rare in all other sciences, in the pursuit of which the artist needs only to understand himself, in order to attain success?

Up to the present moment, we have been contented with making a forecast of the difficulties, to some degree physical, which two married people have to overcome, in order to be happy; but what a task would be ours if it were necessary to unfold the startling array of moral obligations which spring

from their differences in character? Let us cry halt! The man who is skillful enough to guide the temperament will certainly show himself master of the soul of another.

We will suppose that our model husband fulfills the primary conditions necessary, in order that he may dispute or maintain possession of his wife, in spite of all assailants. We will admit that he is not to be reckoned in any of the numerous classes of the predestined which we have passed in review. Let us admit that he has become imbued with the spirit of all our maxims; that he has mastered the admirable science, some of whose precepts we have made known; that he has married wisely, that he knows his wife, that he is loved by her; and let us continue the enumeration of all those general causes which might aggravate the critical situation which we shall represent him as occupying for the instruction of the human race.

MEDITATION VI.

Of Boarding Schools.

If you have married a young lady whose education has been carried on at a boarding school, there are thirty more obstacles to your happiness, added to all those which we have already enumerated, and you are exactly like a man who thrusts his hands into a wasp's nest.

Immediately, therefore, after the nuptial blessing has been pronounced, without allowing yourself to be imposed upon by the innocent ignorance, the frank graces and the modest countenance of your wife, you ought to ponder well and faithfully follow out the axioms and precepts which we shall develop in the second part of this book. You should even put into practice the rigors prescribed in the third part, by manifesting an active surveillance, a paternal solicitude at all hours, for the very day after your marriage, perhaps on the evening of your wedding day, there is danger in the house.

I mean to say that you should call to mind the secret and profound instruction which the pupils have acquired *de naturâ rerum*,—of the nature of things. Did Lapeyrouse, Cook or Captain Parry ever show so much ardor in navigating the ocean towards the Poles as the scholars of the Lycée do in approaching forbidden tracts in the ocean of pleasure? Since girls are more cunning, cleverer and more curious than boys, their secret meetings and their conversations, which all the art of their teachers cannot check, are necessarily presided over by a genius a thousand times more infernal than that of college boys. What man has ever heard the moral reflections and the corrupting confidences of these young girls? They alone know the sports at which honor is lost in advance, those essays in pleasure, those promptings in voluptuousness, those imitations of bliss, which may be compared to the thefts made by greedy children from a dessert which is locked up. A girl may come forth from her boarding school a virgin, but never chaste. She will have discussed, time and time again at secret meetings, the important question of lovers, and corruption will necessarily have overcome her heart or her spirit.

Nevertheless, we will admit that your wife has not participated in these virginal delights, in these premature deviltries. Is she any better because she has never had any voice in the secret councils of grown-up girls? No! She will, in any case, have contracted a friendship with other young ladies, and our computation will be modest, if we attribute to her no more than two or three intimate friends. Are you certain, that after your wife has left boarding school, her young friends have not there been admitted to those confidences, in which an attempt is made to learn in advance, at least by analogy, the pastimes of doves? And then her friends will marry; you will have four women to watch instead of one, four characters to divine, and you will be at the mercy of four husbands and a dozen celibates, of whose life, principles and habits you are quite ignorant, at a time when our meditations have revealed to you the certain coming of a day when you will have your hands full with the people whom you married

with your wife. Satan alone could have thought of placing a girl's boarding school in the middle of a large town! Madame Campan had at the least the wisdom to set up her famous institution at Écouen. This sensible precaution proved that she was no ordinary woman. There, her young ladies did not gaze upon the picture gallery of the streets, the huge and grotesque figures and the obscene words drawn by some evil-spirited pencil. They had not perpetually before their eyes the spectacle of human infirmities exhibited at every barrier in France, and treacherous book-stalls did not vomit out upon them in secret the poison of books which taught evil and set passion on fire. This wise school-mistress, moreover, could only at Écouen preserve a young lady for you spotless and pure, if, even there, that were possible. Perhaps you hope to find no difficulty in preventing your wife from seeing her school friends? What folly! She will meet them at the ball, at the theatre, out walking and in the world at large; and how many services two friends can render each other! But we will meditate upon this new subject of alarm in its proper place and order.

Nor is this all; if your mother-in-law sent her daughter to a boarding school, do you believe that this was out of solicitude for her daughter? A girl of twelve or fifteen is a terrible Argus; and if your mother-in-law did not wish to have an Argus in her house I should be inclined to suspect that your dear mother-in-law belonged undoubtedly to the most shady section of our honest women. She will, therefore, prove for her daughter on every occasion either a deadly example or a dangerous adviser.

Let us stop here!—The mother-in-law requires a whole Meditation for herself.

So that, whichever way you turn, the bed of marriage, in this connection, is equally full of thorns.

Before the Revolution, several aristocratic families used to send their daughters to the convent. This example was followed by a number of people who imagined that in sending their daughters to a school where the daughters of some great

nobleman were sent, they would assume the tone and manners of aristocrats. This delusion of pride was, from the first, fatal to domestic happiness; for the convents had all the disadvantages of other boarding schools. The idleness that prevailed there was more terrible. The cloister bars inflame the imagination. Solitude is a condition very favorable to the devil; and one can scarcely imagine what ravages the most ordinary phenomena of life are able to leave in the soul of these young girls, dreamy, ignorant and unoccupied.

Some of them, by reason of their having indulged idle fancies, are led into curious blunders. Others, having indulged in exaggerated ideas of married life, say to themselves, as soon as they have taken a husband, "What! Is this all?" In every way, the imperfect instruction, which is given to girls educated in common, has in it all the danger of ignorance and all the unhappiness of science.

A young girl brought up at home by her mother or by her virtuous, bigoted, amiable or cross-grained old aunt; a young girl, whose steps have never crossed the home threshold without being surrounded by chaperons, whose laborious childhood has been wearied by tasks, albeit they were profitless, to whom in short everything is a mystery, even the Seraphin puppet show, is one of those treasures which are met with, here and there in the world, like woodland flowers surrounded by brambles so thick that mortal eye cannot discern them. The man who owns a flower so sweet and pure as this, and leaves it to be cultivated by others, deserves his unhappiness a thousand times over. He is either a monster or a fool.

It is now time to inquire whether there be any method of marrying so well as to be able to put off indefinitely a resort to those precautions, a summary of which will be presented in the second and third parts; but have we not sufficiently proved that it is much easier to read the *École des Femmes* behind closed doors, than to arrive at a knowledge of the character, habits and mental capacity of a marriageable young lady?

Do not most men marry exactly as they buy stocks on the Bourse?

And if in the preceding Meditation we have succeeded in proving to you that by far the greater number of men live in the most absolute indifference to their personal honor, in the matter of marriage, is it reasonable to believe that any considerable number of them are sufficiently rich, sufficiently intellectual, sufficiently penetrating to waste, like Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield,* one or two years in studying and watching the girls whom they mean to make their wives, when they pay so little attention to them after conjugal possession during that period of time which the English call the honey-moon, and whose influence we shall shortly discuss?

Since, however, we have spent some time in reflecting upon this important matter, we would observe that there are many methods of choosing more or less successfully, even though the choice be promptly made.

It is, for example, beyond doubt that the probabilities will be in your favor:

I. If you have chosen a young lady whose temperament resembles that of the women of Louisiana or the Carolinas.

To obtain reliable information concerning the temperament of a young person, it is necessary to put into vigorous operation the system which Gil Blas prescribes, in dealing with chambermaids, a system employed by statesmen to discover conspiracies and to learn how the ministers have passed the night.

II. If you choose a young lady who, without being plain, does not belong to the class of pretty women.

We regard it as an infallible principle that great sweetness of disposition united in a woman with plainness that is not repulsive, form two indubitable elements of success in securing the greatest possible happiness to the home.

But would you learn the truth? Open your Rousseau; for there is not a single question of public morals whose trend he has not pointed out in advance. Read:

"Among people of fixed principles the girls are careless, the women severe; the contrary is the case among people of no principle."

To admit the truth enshrined in this profound and truthful remark is to conclude, that there would be fewer unhappy marriages if men wedded their mistresses. The education of girls requires, therefore, important modifications in France. Up to this time French laws and French manners instituted to distinguish between a misdemeanor and a crime, have encouraged crime. In reality the fault committed by a young girl is scarcely ever a misdemeanor, if you compare it with that committed by the married woman. Is there any comparison between the danger of giving liberty to girls and that of allowing it to wives? The idea of taking a young girl on trial makes more serious men think than fools laugh. The manners of Germany, of Switzerland, of England and of the United States give to young ladies such rights as in France would be considered the subversion of all morality; and yet it is certain that in these countries there are fewer unhappy marriages than in France.

LV.

"Before a woman gives herself entirely up to her lover, she ought to consider well what his love has to offer her. The gift of her esteem and confidence should necessarily precede that of her heart."

Sparkling with truth as they are, these lines probably filled with light the dungeon, in the depths of which Mirabeau wrote them; and the keen observation which they bear witness to, although prompted by the most stormy of his passions, has none the less influence even now in solving the social problem on which we are engaged. In fact, a marriage sealed under the auspices of the religious scrutiny which assumes the existence of love, and subjected to the atmosphere of that disenchantment which follows on possession, ought naturally to be the most firmly-welded of all human unions.

A woman then ought never to reproach her husband for the legal right, in virtue of which she belongs to him. She ought

not to find in this compulsory submission any excuse for yielding to a lover, because some time after her marriage she has discovered in her own heart a traitor whose sophisms seduce her by asking twenty times an hour, "Wherefore, since she has been given against her will to a man whom she does not love, should she not give herself, of her own free-will, to a man whom she does love." A woman is not to be tolerated in her complaints concerning faults inseparable from human nature. She has, in advance, made trial of the tyranny which they exercise, and taken sides with the caprices which they exhibit.

A great many young girls are likely to be disappointed in their hopes of love!—But will it not be an immense advantage for them to have escaped being made the companions of men whom they would have had the right to despise?

Certain alarmists will exclaim that such an alteration in our manners would bring about a public dissoluteness which would be frightful; that the laws, and the customs which prompt the laws, could not after all authorize scandal and immorality; and if certain unavoidable abuses do exist, at least society ought not to sanction them.

It is easy to say, in reply, first of all, that the proposed system tends to prevent those abuses which have been hitherto regarded as incapable of prevention; but, the calculations of our statistics, inexact as they are, have invariably pointed out a widely prevailing social sore, and our moralists may, therefore, be accused of preferring the greater to the lesser evil, the violation of the principle on which society is constituted, to the granting of a certain liberty to girls; and dissoluteness in mothers of families, such as poisons the springs of public education and brings unhappiness upon at least four persons, to dissoluteness in a young girl, which only affects herself or at the most a child besides. Let the virtue of ten virgins be lost rather than forfeit this sanctity of morals, that crown of honor with which the mother of a family should be invested! In the picture presented by a young girl abandoned by her betrayer, there is something imposing, something indescrib-

ably sacred; here we see oaths violated, holy confidences betrayed, and on the ruins of a too facile virtue innocence sits in tears, doubting everything, because compelled to doubt the love of a father for his child. The unfortunate girl is still innocent; she may yet become a faithful wife, a tender mother, and, if the past is mantled in clouds, the future is blue as the clear sky. Shall we not find these tender tints in the gloomy pictures of loves which violate the marriage law? In the one, the woman is the victim, in the other, she is a criminal. What hope is there for the unfaithful wife? If God pardons the fault, the most exemplary life cannot efface, here below, its living consequences. If James I. was the son of Rizzio, the crime of Mary lasted as long as did her mournful though royal house, and the fall of the Stuarts was the justice of God.

But in good faith, would the emancipation of girls set free such a host of dangers?

It is very easy to accuse a young person for suffering herself to be deceived, in the desire to escape, at any price, from the condition of girlhood; but such an accusation is only just in the present condition of our manners. At the present day, a young person knows nothing about seduction and its snares, she relies altogether upon her weakness, and mingling with this reliance the convenient maxims of the fashionable world, she takes as her guide while under the control of those desires which everything conspires to excite, her own deluding fancies, which prove a guide all the more treacherous, because a young girl rarely ever confides to another the secret thoughts of her first love.

If she were free, an education free from prejudices would arm her against the love of the first comer. She would, like any one else, be very much better able to meet dangers of which she knew, than perils whose extent had been concealed from her. And, moreover, is it necessary for a girl to be any the less under the watchful eye of her mother, because she is mistress of her own actions? Are we to count as nothing the modesty and the fears which nature has made so powerful in

the soul of a young girl, for the very purpose of preserving her from the misfortune of submitting to a man who does not love her? Again, what girl is there so thoughtless as not to discern, that the most immoral man wishes his wife to be a woman of principle, as masters desire their servants to be perfect; and that, therefore, her virtue is the richest and most advantageous of all possessions?

After all, what is the question before us? For what do you think we are stipulating? We are making a claim for five or six hundred thousand maidens, protected by their instinctive timidity, and by the high price at which they rate themselves; they understand how to defend themselves, just as well as they know how to sell themselves. The eighteen millions of human beings, whom we have excepted from this consideration, almost invariably contract marriages in accordance with the system which we are trying to make paramount in our system of manners; and as to the intermediary classes by which we poor bimana are separated from the men of privilege who march at the head of a nation, the number of castaway children which these classes, although in tolerably easy circumstances, consign to misery, goes on increasing since the peace, if we may believe M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, one of the most courageous of those savants who have devoted themselves to the arid yet useful study of statistics. We may guess how deep-seated is the social hurt, for which we propound a remedy, if we reckon the number of natural children which statistics reveal, and the number of illicit adventures whose existence in high society we are forced to suspect. But it is difficult here to make quite plain all the advantages which would result from the emancipation of young girls. When we come to observe the circumstances which attend a marriage, such as our present manners approve of, judicious minds must appreciate the value of that system of education and liberty, which we demand for young girls, in the name of reason and nature. The prejudice which we in France entertain in favor of the virginity of brides is the most silly of all those which still survive among us. The Orientals take their

brides without distressing themselves about the past and lock them up in order to be more certain about the future; the French put their daughters into a sort of seraglio defended by their mothers, by prejudice, and by religious ideas, and give the most complete liberty to their wives, thus showing themselves much more solicitous about a woman's past than about her future. The point we are aiming at is to bring about a reversal in our system of manners. If we did so we should end, perhaps, by giving to faithful married life all the flavor and the piquancy which women of to-day find in acts of infidelity.

But this discussion would take us far from our subject, if it led us to examine, in all its details, the vast improvement in morals which doubtless will distinguish twentieth century France; for morals are reformed only very gradually! Is it not necessary, in order to produce the slightest change, that the most daring dreams of the past century become the most trite ideas of the present one? We have touched upon this question merely in a trifling mood, for the purpose of showing that we are not blind to its importance, and of bequeathing also to posterity the outline of a work, which they may complete. To speak more accurately there is a third work to be composed; the first concerns courtesans, while the second is the physiology of pleasure!

"When there are ten of us, we cross ourselves."

In the present state of our morals and of our imperfect civilization, a problem crops up which for the moment is insoluble, and which renders superfluous all discussion on the art of choosing a wife; we commend it, as we have done all the others, to the meditation of philosophers.

Problem.

It has not yet been decided whether a wife is forced into infidelity by the impossibility of obtaining any change, or by the liberty which is allowed her in this connection.

Moreover, as in this work we pitch upon a man at the moment that he is newly married, we declare that if he has found a wife of sanguine temperament, of vivid imagination, of a nervous constitution or of an indolent character, his situation cannot fail to be extremely serious.

A man would find himself in a position of danger even more critical if his wife drank nothing but water [see the Meditation entitled *Conjugal Hygiene*]; but if she had some talent for singing, or if she were disposed to take cold easily, he should tremble all the time; for it must be remembered that women who sing are at least as passionate as women whose mucous membrane shows extreme delicacy.

Again, this danger would be aggravated still more if your wife were less than seventeen; or if, on the other hand, her general complexion were pale and dull, for this sort of woman is almost always artificial.

But we do not wish to anticipate here any description of the terrors which threaten husbands from the symptoms of unhappiness which they read in the character of their wives. This digression has already taken us too far from the subject of boarding schools, in which so many catastrophes are hatched, and from which issue so many young girls incapable of appreciating the painful sacrifices by which the honest man who does them the honor of marrying them, has obtained opulence; young girls eager for the enjoyments of luxury, ignorant of our laws, ignorant of our manners, claim with avidity the empire which their beauty yields them, and show themselves quite ready to turn away from the genuine utterances of the heart, while they readily listen to the buzzing of flattery.

This Meditation should plant in the memory of all who read it, even those who merely open the book for the sake of glancing at it or distracting their mind, an intense repugnance for young women educated in a boarding school, and if it succeeds in doing so, its services to the public will have already proved considerable.

MEDITATION VII.

Of the Honeymoon.

If our first meditations prove that it is almost impossible for a married woman to remain virtuous in France, our enumeration of the celibates and the predestined, our remarks upon the education of girls, and our rapid survey of the difficulties which attend the choice of a wife will explain up to a certain point this national frailty. Thus, after indicating frankly the aching malady under which the social state is laboring, we have sought for the causes in the imperfection of the laws, in the irrational condition of our manners, in the incapacity of our minds, and in the contradictions which characterize our habits. A single point still claims our observation, and that is the first onslaught of the evil we are confronting.

We reach this first question on approaching the high problems suggested by the honeymoon; and although we find here the starting point of all the phenomena of married life, it appears to us to be the brilliant link round which are clustered all our observations, our axioms, our problems, which have been scattered deliberately among the wise quips which our loquacious meditations retail. The honeymoon would seem to be, if we may use the expression, the apogee of that analysis to which we must apply ourselves, before engaging in battle our two imaginary champions.

The expression *honeymoon* is an Anglicism, which has become an idiom in all languages, so gracefully does it depict the nuptial season which is so fugitive, and during which life is nothing but sweetness and rapture; the expression survives as illusions and errors survive, for it contains the most odious of falsehoods. If this season is presented to us as a nymph crowned with fresh flowers, caressing as a siren, it is because in it is unhappiness personified, and unhappiness generally comes during the indulgence of folly.

The married couple who intend to love each other during their whole life have no notion of a honeymoon; for them it has no existence, or rather its existence is perennial; they are like the immortals who do not understand death. But the consideration of this happiness is not germane to our book; and for our readers marriage is under the influence of two moons, the honeymoon and the Red-moon. This last terminates its course by a revolution, which changes it to a crescent; and when once it rises upon a home its light there is eternal.

How can the honeymoon rise upon two beings who cannot possibly love each other?

How can it set, when once it has risen?

Have all marriages their honeymoon?

Let us proceed to answer these questions in order.

It is in this connection that the admirable education which we give to girls, and the wise provisions made by the law under which men marry, bear all their fruit. Let us examine the circumstances which precede and attend those marriages which are least disastrous.

The tone of our morals develops in the young girl whom you make your wife a curiosity which is naturally excessive; but as mothers in France pique themselves on exposing their girls every day to the fire which they do not allow to scorch them, this curiosity has no limit.

Her profound ignorance of the mysteries of marriage conceals from this creature, who is as innocent as she is crafty, a clear view of the dangers by which marriage is followed; and as marriage is incessantly described to her as an epoch in which tyranny and liberty equally prevail, and in which enjoyment and supremacy are to be indulged in, her desires are intensified by all her interest in an existence as yet unfulfilled; for her to marry is to be called up from nothingness into life!

If she has a disposition for happiness, for religion, for morality, the voices of the law and of her mother have repeated to her that this happiness can only come to her from you.

Obedience if it is not virtue, is at least a necessary thing

with her; for she expects everything from you. In the first place, society sanctions the slavery of a wife, but she does not conceive even the wish to be free, for she feels herself weak, timid and ignorant.

Of course she tries to please you, unless a chance error is committed, or she is seized by a repugnance which it would be unpardonable in you not to divine. She tries to please because she does not know you.

In a word, in order to complete your triumph, you take her at a moment when nature demands, often with some violence, the pleasure of which you are the dispenser. Like St. Peter you hold the keys of Paradise.

I would ask of any reasonable creature, would a demon marshal round the angel whose ruin he had vowed all the elements of disaster with more solicitude than that with which good morals conspire against the happiness of a husband? Are you not a king surrounded by flatterers?

This young girl, with all her ignorance and all her desires, committed to the mercy of a man who, even though he be in love, cannot know her shrinking and secret emotions, will submit to him with a certain sense of shame, and will be obedient and complaisant so long as her young imagination persuades her to expect the pleasure or the happiness of that morrow which never dawns.

In this unnatural situation social laws and the laws of nature are in conflict, but the young girl obediently abandons herself to it, and, from motives of self-interest, suffers in silence. Her obedience is a speculation; her complaisance is a hope; her devotion to you is a sort of vocation, of which you reap the advantage; and her silence is generosity. She will remain the victim of your caprices so long as she does not understand them; she will suffer from the limitations of your character until she has studied it; she will sacrifice herself without love, because she believed in the show of passion you made at the first moment of possession; she will no longer be silent when once she has learned the uselessness of her sacrifices.

And then the morning arrives when the inconsistencies which have prevailed in this union rise up like branches of a tree bent down for a moment under a weight which has been gradually lightened. You have mistaken for love the negative attitude of a young girl who was waiting for happiness, who flew in advance of your desires, in the hope that you would go forward in anticipation of hers, and who did not dare to complain of the secret unhappiness, for which she at first accused herself. What man could fail to be the dupe of a delusion prepared at such long range, and in which a young innocent woman is at once the accomplice and the victim? Unless you were a divine being it would be impossible for you to escape the fascination with which nature and society have surrounded you. Is not a snare set in everything which surrounds you on the outside and influences you within? For in order to be happy, is it not necessary to control the impetuous desires of your senses? Where is the powerful barrier to restrain her, raised by the light hand of a woman whom you wish to please, because you do not possess? Moreover, you have caused your troops to parade and march by, when there was no one at the window; you have discharged your fireworks whose framework alone was left, when your guest arrived to see them. Your wife, before the pledges of marriage, was like a Mohican at the Opera: the teacher becomes listless, when the savage begins to understand.

LVI.

In married life, the moment when two hearts come to understand each other is sudden as a flash of lightning, and never returns, when once it is passed.

This first entrance into life of two persons, during which a woman is encouraged by the hope of happiness, by the still fresh sentiment of her married duty, by the wish to please, by the sense of virtue which begins to be so attractive as soon as it shows love to be in harmony with duty, is called the honeymoon. How can it last long between two beings who are

united for their whole life, unless they know each other perfectly? If there is one thing which ought to cause astonishment it is this, that the deplorable absurdities which our manners heap up around the nuptial couch give birth to so few hatreds! But that the life of the wise man is a calm current, and that of the prodigal a cataract; that the child, whose thoughtless hands have stripped the leaves from every rose upon his pathway, finds nothing but thorns on his return; that the man who in his wild youth has squandered a million, will never enjoy, during his life, the income of forty thousand francs, which this million would have provided—are trite commonplaces, if one thinks of the moral theory of life; but new discoveries, if we consider the conduct of most men. You may see here a true image of all honeymoons; this is their history, this is the plain fact and not the cause that underlies it.

But that men endowed with a certain power of thought by a privileged education, and accustomed to think deliberately, in order to shine in politics, literature, art, commerce or private life—that these men should all marry with the intention of being happy, of governing a wife, either by love or by force, and should all tumble into the same pitfall and should become foolish, after having enjoyed a certain happiness for a certain time,—this is certainly a problem whose solution is to be found rather in the unknown depths of the human soul, than in the quasi physical truths, on the basis of which we have hitherto attempted to explain some of these phenomena. The risky search for the secret laws, which almost all men are bound to violate without knowing it, under these circumstances, promises abundant glory for any one, even though he make shipwreck in the enterprise upon which we now venture to set forth. Let us then make the attempt.

In spite of all that fools have to say about the difficulty they have had in explaining love, there are certain principles relating to it as infallible as those of geometry; but in each character these are modified according to its tendency; hence the caprices of love, which are due to the infinite number of varying temperaments. If we were permitted never to see the

various effects of light without also perceiving on what they were based, many minds would refuse to believe in the movement of the sun and in its oneness. Let the blind men cry out as they like; I boast with Socrates, although I am not as wise as he was, that I know of naught save love; and I intend to attempt the formulation of some of its precepts, in order to spare married people the trouble of cudgeling their brains; they would soon reach the limit of their wit.

Now all the preceding observations may be resolved into a single proposition, which may be considered either the first or last term in this secret theory of love, whose statement would end by wearying us, if we did not bring it to a prompt conclusion. This principle is contained in the following formula:

LVII.

Between two beings susceptible of love, the duration of passion is in proportion to the original resistance of the woman, or to the obstacles which the accidents of social life put in the way of your happiness.

If you have desired your object only for one day, your love perhaps will not last more than three nights. Where must we seek for the causes of this law? I do not know. If you cast your eyes around you, you will find abundant proof of this rule; in the vegetable world the plants which take the longest time to grow are those which promise to have the longest life; in the moral order of things the works produced yesterday die to-morrow; in the physical world the womb which infringes the laws of gestation bears dead fruit. In everything, a work which is permanent has been brooded over by time for a long period. A long future requires a long past. If love is a child, passion is a man. This general law, which all men obey, to which all beings and all sentiments must submit, is precisely that which every marriage infringes, as we have plainly shown. This principle has given rise to the love tales of the Middle Ages; the Amadises, the Lancelots, the Tristans of ballad literature, whose constancy may justly be called fabulous, are alle-

gories of the national mythology which our imitation of Greek literature nipped in the bud. These fascinating characters, outlined by the imagination of the troubadours, set their seal and sanction upon this truth.

LVIII.

We do not attach ourselves permanently to any possessions, excepting in proportion to the trouble, toil and longing which they have cost us.

All that our meditations have revealed to us about the basis of the primordial law of love is comprised in the following axiom, which is at the same time the principle and the result of the law.

LIX.

In every case we receive only in proportion to what we give.

This last principle is so self-evident that we will not attempt to demonstrate it. We merely add a single observation which appears to us of some importance. The writer who said: "Everything is true, and everything is false," announced a fact which the human intellect, naturally prone to sophism, interprets as it chooses, but it really seems as though human affairs have as many facets as there are minds that contemplate them. This fact may be detailed as follows:

There cannot be found, in all creation, a single law which is not counterbalanced by a law exactly contrary to it; life in everything is maintained by the equilibrium of two opposing forces. So in the present subject, as regards love, if you give too much, you will not receive enough. The mother who shows her children her whole tenderness calls forth their ingratitude, and ingratitude is occasioned, perhaps, by the impossibility of reciprocation. The wife who loves more than she is loved must necessarily be the object of tyranny. Durable love is that which always keeps the forces of two human beings in equilibrium. Now this equilibrium may be maintained permanently; the one who loves the more ought to stop at the

point of the one who loves the less. And is it not, after all, the sweetest sacrifice that a loving heart can make, that love should so accommodate itself as to adjust the inequality?

What sentiment of admiration must rise in the soul of a philosopher on discovering that there is, perhaps, but one single principle in the world, as there is but one God; and that our ideas and our affections are subject to the same laws which cause the sun to rise, the flowers to bloom, the universe to teem with life!

Perhaps, we ought to seek in the metaphysics of love the reasons for the following proposition, which throws the most vivid light on the question of honeymoons and of Red-moons:

THEOREM.

Man goes from aversion to love; but if he has begun by loving, and afterwards comes to feel aversion, he never returns to love.

In certain human organisms the feelings are dwarfed, as the thought may be in certain sterile imaginations. Thus, just as some minds have the faculty of comprehending the connections existing between different things without formal deduction; and as they have the faculty of seizing upon each formula separately, without combining them, or without the power of insight, comparison and expression; so in the same way, different souls may have more or less imperfect ideas of the various sentiments. Talent in love, as in every other art, consists in the power of forming a conception combined with the power of carrying it out. The world is full of people who sing airs, but who omit the *ritornello,* who have quarters of an idea, as they have quarters of sentiment, but who can no more co-ordinate the movements of their affections than of their thoughts. In a word, they are incomplete. Unite a fine intelligence with a dwarfed intelligence and you precipitate a disaster; for it is necessary that equilibrium be preserved in everything.

We leave to the philosophers of the boudoir or to the sages of the back parlor to investigate the thousand ways in which men of different temperaments, intellects, social positions and fortunes disturb this equilibrium. Meanwhile we will proceed to examine the last cause for the setting of the honeymoon and the rising of the Red-moon.

There is in life one principle more potent than life itself. It is a movement whose celerity springs from an unknown motive power. Man is no more acquainted with the secret of this revolution than the earth is aware of that which causes her rotation. A certain something, which I gladly call the current of life, bears along our choicest thoughts, makes use of most people's will and carries us on in spite of ourselves. Thus, a man of common-sense, who never fails to pay his bills, if he is a merchant, a man who has been able to escape death, or what perhaps is more trying, sickness, by the observation of a certain easy but daily regimen, is completely and duly nailed up between the four planks of his coffin, after having said every evening: "Dear me! to-morrow I will not forget my pills!" How are we to explain this magic spell which rules all the affairs of life? Do men submit to it from a want of energy? Men who have the strongest wills are subject to it. Is it default of memory? People who possess this faculty in the highest degree yield to its fascination.

Every one can recognize the operation of this influence in the case of his neighbor, and it is one of the things which exclude the majority of husbands from the honeymoon. It is thus that the wise man, survivor of all reefs and shoals, such as we have pointed out, sometimes falls into the snares which he himself has set.

I have myself noticed that man deals with marriage and its dangers in very much the same way that he deals with wigs; and perhaps the following phases of thought concerning wigs may furnish a formula for human life in general.

First Epoch.—Is it possible that I shall ever have white hair?

Second Epoch.—In any case, if I have white hair, I shall never wear a wig. Good Lord! what is more ugly than a wig?

One morning you hear a young voice, which love much oftener makes to vibrate than lulls to silence, exclaiming:

"Well, I declare! you have a white hair!"

THIRD EPOCH.—Why not wear a well-made wig which people would not notice? There is a certain merit in deceiving everybody; besides, a wig keeps you warm, prevents taking cold, etc.

FOURTH EPOCH.—The wig is so skillfully put on that you deceive every one who does not know you.

The wig takes up all your attention, and *amour-propre* makes you every morning as busy as the most skillful hairdresser.

FIFTH EPOCH.—The neglected wig. "Good heavens! How tedious it is, to have to go with bare head every evening, and to curl one's wig every morning!"

SIXTH EPOCH.—The wig allows certain white hairs to escape; it is put on awry and the observer perceives on the back of your neck a white line, which contrasts with the deep tints pushed back by the collar of your coat.

SEVENTH EPOCH.—Your wig is as scraggy as dog's-tooth grass; and—excuse the expression—you are making fun of your wig.

"Sir," said one of the most powerful feminine intelligences which have condescended to enlighten me on some of the most obscure passages in my book, "what do you mean by this wig?"

"Madame," I answered, "when a man falls into a mood of indifference with regard to his wig, he is,—he is—what your husband probably is not."

"But my husband is not—" (she paused and thought for a moment). "He is not amiable; he is not—well, he is not—of an even temper; he is not—"

"Then, madame, he would doubtless be indifferent to his wig!"

We looked at each other, she with a well-assumed air of dignity, I with a suppressed smile.

"I see," said I, "that we must pay special respect to the

ears of the little sex, for they are the only chaste things about them."

I assumed the attitude of a man who has something of importance to disclose, and the fair dame lowered her eyes, as if she had some reason to blush.

"Madame, in these days a minister is not hanged, as once upon a time, for saying yes or no; a Chateaubriand would scarcely torture Françoise de Foix, and we wear no longer at our side a long sword ready to avenge an insult. Now in a century when civilization has made such rapid progress, when we can learn a science in twenty-four lessons, everything must follow this race after perfection. We can no longer speak the manly, rude, coarse language of our ancestors. The age in which are fabricated such fine, such brilliant stuffs, such elegant furniture, and when are made such rich porcelains, must needs be the age of periphrase and circumlocution. We must try, therefore, to coin a new word in place of the comic expression which Molière used; since the language of this great man, as a contemporary author has said, is too free for ladies who find gauze too thick for their garments. But people of the world know, as well as the learned, how the Greeks had an innate taste for mysteries. That poetic nation knew well how to invest with the tints of fable the antique traditions of their history. At the voice of their rhapsodists together with their poets and romancers, kings became gods and their adventures of gallantry were transformed into immortal allegories. According to M. Chompré, licentiate in law, the classic author of the *Dictionary of Mythology,* the labyrinth was 'an enclosure planted with trees and adorned with buildings arranged in such a way that when a young man once entered, he could no more find his way out.' Here and there flowery thickets were presented to his view, but in the midst of a multitude of alleys, which crossed and recrossed his path and bore the appearance of a uniform passage, among the briars, rocks and thorns, the patient found himself in combat with an animal called the Minotaur.

"Now, madame, if you will allow me the honor of calling

to your mind the fact that the Minotaur was of all known beasts that which Mythology distinguishes as the most dangerous; that in order to save themselves from his ravages, the Athenians were bound to deliver to him, every single year, fifty virgins; you will perhaps escape the error of good M. Chompré, who saw in the labyrinth nothing but an English garden; and you will recognize in this ingenious fable a refined allegory, or we may better say a faithful and fearful image of the dangers of marriage. The paintings recently discovered at Herculaneum have served to confirm this opinion. And, as a matter of fact, learned men have for a long time believed, in accordance with the writings of certain authors, that the Minotaur was an animal half-man, half-bull; but the fifth panel of ancient paintings at Herculaneum represents to us this allegorical monster with a body entirely human; and, to take away all vestige of doubt, he lies crushed at the feet of Theseus. Now, my dear madame, why should we not ask Mythology to come and rescue us from that hypocrisy which is gaining ground with us and hinders us from laughing as our fathers laughed? And thus, since in the world a young lady does not very well know how to spread the veil under which an honest woman hides her behavior, in a contingency which our grandfathers would have roughly explained by a single word, you, like a crowd of beautiful but prevaricating ladies, you content yourselves with saying, 'Ah! yes, she is very amiable, but,—but what?—'but she is often very inconsistent—.' I have for a long time tried to find out the meaning of this last word, and, above all, the figure of rhetoric by which you make it express the opposite of that which it signifies; but all my researches have been in vain. Vert-Vert used the word last, and was unfortunately addressed to the innocent nuns whose infidelities did not in any way infringe the honor of the men. When a woman is *inconsistent* the husband must be, according to me, *minotaurized*. If the minotaurized man is a fine fellow, if he enjoys a certain esteem,—and many husbands really deserve to be pitied,—then, in speaking of him, you say in a pathetic voice, 'M. A—— is a very estimable man, his wife is

exceedingly pretty, but they say he is not happy in his domestic relations.' Thus, madame, the estimable man who is unhappy in his domestic relations, the man who has an inconsistent wife, or the husband who is minotaurized are simply husbands as they appear in Molière. Well, then, O goddess of modern taste, do not these expressions seem to you characterized by a transparency chaste enough for anybody?"

"Ah! mon Dieu!" she answered, laughing, "if the thing is the same, what does it matter whether it be expressed in two syllables or in a hundred?"

She bade me good-bye, with an ironical nod and disappeared, doubtless to join the countesses of my preface and all the metaphorical creatures, so often employed by romance-writers as agents for the recovery or composition of ancient manuscripts.

As for you, the more numerous and the more real creatures who read my book, if there are any among you who make common cause with my conjugal champion, I give you notice that you will not at once become unhappy in your domestic relations. A man arrives at this conjugal condition not suddenly, but insensibly and by degrees. Many husbands have even remained unfortunate in their domestic relations during their whole life and have never known it. This domestic revolution develops itself in accordance with fixed rules; for the revolutions of the honeymoon are as regular as the phases of the moon in heaven, and are the same in every married house. Have we not proved that moral nature, like physical nature, has its laws?

Your young wife will never take a lover, as we have elsewhere said, without making serious reflections. As soon as the honeymoon wanes, you will find that you have aroused in her a sentiment of pleasure which you have not satisfied; you have opened to her the book of life; and she has derived an excellent idea from the prosaic dullness which distinguishes your complacent love, of the poetry which is the natural result when souls and pleasures are in accord. Like a timid bird, still startled by the report of a gun which has ceased, she puts

her head out of her nest, looks round her, and sees the world; and knowing the word of a charade which you have played, she feels instinctively the void which exists in your languishing passion. She divines that it is only with a lover that she can regain the delightful exercise of her free will in love.

You have dried the green wood in preparation for a fire.

In the situation in which both of you find yourselves, there is no woman, even the most virtuous, who would not be found worthy of a *grande passion,* who has not dreamed of it, and who does not believe that it is easily kindled, for there is always found a certain *amour-propre* ready to reinforce that conquered enemy—a jaded wife.

"If the rôle of an honest woman were nothing more than perilous," said an old lady to me, "I would admit that it would serve. But it is tiresome; and I have never met a virtuous woman who did not think about deceiving somebody."

And then, before any lover presents himself, a wife discusses with herself the legality of the act; she enters into a conflict with her duties, with the law, with religion and with the secret desires of a nature which knows no check-rein excepting that which she places upon herself. And then commences for you a condition of affairs totally new; then you receive the first intimation which nature, that good and indulgent mother, always gives to the creatures who are exposed to any danger. Nature has put a bell on the neck of the Minotaur, as on the tail of that frightful snake which is the terror of travelers. And then appear in your wife what we will call the first symptoms, and woe to him who does not know how to contend with them. Those who in reading our book will remember that they saw those symptoms in their own domestic life can pass to the conclusion of this work, where they will find how they may gain consolation.

The situation referred to, in which a married couple bind themselves for a longer or a shorter time, is the point from which our work starts, as it is the end at which our observations stop. A man of intelligence should know how to recognize the mysterious indications, the obscure signs and the

involuntary revelation which a wife unwittingly exhibits; for the next Meditation will doubtless indicate the more evident of the manifestations to neophytes in the sublime science of marriage.

MEDITATION VIII.

Of the First Symptoms.

When your wife reaches that crisis in which we have left her, you yourself are wrapped in a pleasant and unsuspicious security. You have so often seen the sun that you begin to think it is shining over everybody. You therefore give no longer that attention to the least action of your wife, which was impelled by your first outburst of passion.

This indolence prevents many husbands from perceiving the symptoms which, in their wives, herald the first storm; and this disposition of mind has resulted in the minotaurization of more husbands than have either opportunity, carriages, sofas and apartments in town.

The feeling of indifference in the presence of danger is to some degree justified by the apparent tranquillity which surrounds you. The conspiracy which is formed against you by our million of hungry celibates seems to be unanimous in its advance. Although all are enemies of each other and know each other well, a sort of instinct forces them into co-operation.

Two persons are married. The myrmidons of the Minotaur, young and old, have usually the politeness to leave the bride and bridegroom entirely to themselves at first. They look upon the husband as an artisan, whose business it is to trim, polish, cut into facets and mount the diamond, which is to pass from hand to hand in order to be admired all around. Moreover, the aspect of a young married couple much taken with each other always rejoices the heart of those among the celibates who are known as *roués;* they take good care not to

disturb the excitement by which society is to be profited; they also know that heavy showers do not last long. They therefore keep quiet; they watch, and wait, with incredible vigilance, for the moment when bride and groom begin to weary of the seventh heaven.

The tact with which celibates discover the moment when the breeze begins to rise in a new home can only be compared to the indifference of those husbands for whom the Red-moon rises. There is, even in intrigue, a moment of ripeness which must be waited for. The great man is he who anticipates the outcome of certain circumstances. Men of fifty-two, whom we have represented as being so dangerous, know very well, for example, that any man who offers himself as lover to a woman and is haughtily rejected, will be received with open arms three months afterwards. But it may be truly said that in general married people in betraying their indifference towards each other show the same *naïveté* with which they first betrayed their love. At the time when you are traversing with madame the ravishing fields of the seventh heaven—where according to their temperament, newly married people remain encamped for a longer or shorter time, as the preceding Meditation has proved—you go little or not at all into society. Happy as you are in your home, if you do go abroad, it will be for the purpose of making up a choice party and visiting the theatre, the country, etc. From the moment you the newly wedded make your appearance in the world again, you and your bride together, or separately, and are seen to be attentive to each other at balls, at parties, at all the empty amusements created to escape the void of an unsatisfied heart, the celibates discern that your wife comes there in search of distraction; her home, her husband are therefore wearisome to her.

At this point the celibate knows that half of the journey is accomplished. At this point you are on the eve of being minotaurized, and your wife is likely to become inconsistent; which means that she is on the contrary likely to prove very consistent in her conduct, that she has reasoned it out with

astonishing sagacity and that you are likely very soon to smell fire. From that moment she will not in appearance fail in any of her duties, and will put on the colors of that virtue in which she is most lacking. Said Crébillon:

"Alas!
Is it right to be heir of the man whom we slay?"

Never has she seemed more anxious to please you. She will seek, as much as possible, to allay the secret wounds which she thinks about inflicting upon your married bliss, she will do so by those little attentions which induce you to believe in the eternity of her love; hence the proverb, "Happy as a fool." But in accordance with the character of women, they either despise their own husbands from the very fact that they find no difficulty in deceiving them; or they hate them when they find themselves circumvented by them; or they fall into a condition of indifference towards them, which is a thousand times worse than hatred. In this emergency, the first thing which may be diagnosed in a woman is a decided oddness of behavior. A woman loves to be saved from herself, to escape her conscience, but without the eagerness shown in this connection by wives who are thoroughly unhappy. She dresses herself with especial care, in order, she will tell you, to flatter your *amour-propre* by drawing all eyes upon her in the midst of parties and public entertainments.

When she returns to the bosom of her stupid home you will see that, at times, she is gloomy and thoughtful, then suddenly laughing and gay as if beside herself; or assuming the serious expression of a German when he advances to the fight. Such varying moods always indicate the terrible doubt and hesitation to which we have already referred. There are women who read romances in order to feast upon the images of love cleverly depicted and always varied, of love crowned yet triumphant; or in order to familiarize themselves in thought with the perils of an intrigue.

She will profess the highest esteem for you, she will tell you that she loves you as a sister; and that such reasonable

friendship is the only true, the only durable friendship, the only tie which it is the aim of marriage to establish between man and wife.

She will adroitly distinguish between the duties which are all she has to perform and the rights which she can demand to exercise.

She views with indifference, appreciated by you alone, all the details of married happiness. This sort of happiness, perhaps, has never been very agreeable to her and moreover it is always with her. She knows it well, she has analyzed it; and what slight but terrible evidence comes from these circumstances to prove to an intelligent husband that this frail creature argues and reasons, instead of being carried away on the tempest of passion.

LX.

The more a man judges the less he loves.

And now will burst forth from her those pleasantries at which you will be the first to laugh and those reflections which will startle you by their profundity; now you will see sudden changes of mood and the caprices of a mind which hesitates. At times she will exhibit extreme tenderness, as if she repented of her thoughts and her projects; sometimes she will be sullen and at cross-purposes with you; in a word, she will fulfill the *varium et mutabile femina* which we hitherto have had the folly to attribute to the feminine temperament. Diderot, in his desire to explain the mutations almost atmospheric in the behavior of women, has even gone so far as to make them the offspring of what he calls *la bête féroce;* but we never see these whims in a woman who is happy.

These symptoms, light as gossamer, resemble the clouds which scarcely break the azure surface of the sky and which they call flowers of the storm. But soon their colors take a deeper intensity.

In the midst of this solemn premeditation, which tends, as Madame de Staël says, to bring more poetry into life, some

women, in whom virtuous mothers either from considerations of worldly advantage of duty or sentiment, or through sheer hypocrisy, have inculcated steadfast principles, take the overwhelming fancies by which they are assailed for suggestions of the devil; and you will see them therefore trotting regularly to mass, to midday offices, even to vespers. This false devotion exhibits itself, first of all, in the shape of pretty books of devotion in a costly binding, by the aid of which these dear sinners attempt in vain to fulfill the duties imposed by religion, and long neglected for the pleasures of marriage.

Now here we will lay down a principle, and you must engrave it on your memory in letters of fire.

When a young woman suddenly takes up religious practices which she has before abandoned, this new order of life always conceals a motive highly significant, in view of her husband's happiness. In the case of at least seventy-nine women out of a hundred this return to God proves that they have been inconsistent, or that they intend to become so.

But a symptom more significant still and more decisive, and one that every husband should recognize under pain of being considered a fool, is this:

At the time when both of you are immersed in the illusive delights of the honeymoon, your wife, as one devoted to you, would constantly carry out your will. She was happy in the power of showing the ready will, which both of you mistook for love, and she would have liked for you to have asked her to walk on the edge of the roof, and immediately, nimble as a squirrel, she would have run over the tiles. In a word, she found an ineffable delight in sacrificing to you that *ego* which made her a being distinct from yours. She had identified herself with your nature and was obedient to that vow of the heart, *Una caro.*

All this delightful promptness of an earlier day gradually faded away. Wounded to find her will counted as nothing, your wife will attempt, nevertheless, to reassert it by means of a system developed gradually, and from day to day, with increased energy.

This system is founded upon what we may call the dignity of the married woman. The first effect of this system is to mingle with your pleasures a certain reserve and a certain lukewarmness, of which you are the sole judge.

According to the greater or lesser violence of your sensual passion, you have perhaps discerned some of those twenty-two pleasures which in other times created in Greece twenty-two kinds of courtesans, devoted especially to these delicate branches of the same art. Ignorant and simple, curious and full of hope, your young wife may have taken some degrees in this science as rare as it is unknown, and which we especially commend to the attention of the future author of *Physiology of Pleasure.*

Lacking all these different kinds of pleasure, all these caprices of soul, all these arrows of love, you are reduced to the most common of love fashions, of that primitive and innocent wedding gait, the calm homage which the innocent Adam rendered to our common Mother and which doubtless suggested to the Serpent the idea of taking them in. But a symptom so complete is not frequent. Most married couples are too good Christians to follow the usages of pagan Greece, so we have ranged, among the last symptoms, the appearance in the calm nuptial couch of those shameless pleasures which spring generally from lawless passion. In their proper time and place we will treat more fully of this fascinating diagnostic; at this point, things are reduced to a listlessness and conjugal repugnance which you alone are in a condition to appreciate.

At the same time that she is ennobling by her dignity the objects of marriage, your wife will pretend that she ought to have her opinion and you yours. "In marrying," she will say, "a woman does not vow that she will abdicate the throne of reason. Are women then really slaves? Human laws can fetter the body; but the mind!—ah! God has placed it so near Himself that no human hand can touch it."

These ideas necessarily proceed either from the too liberal teachings which you have allowed her to receive, or from some

reflections which you have permitted her to make. A whole Meditation has been devoted to *Home Instruction.*

Then your wife begins to say, "*My* chamber, *my* bed, *my* apartment." To many of your questions she will reply, "But, my dear, this is no business of yours!" Or: "Men have their part in the direction of the house, and women have theirs." Or, laughing at men who meddle in household affairs, she will affirm that "men do not understand some things."

The number of things which you do not understand increases day by day.

One fine morning, you will see in your little church two altars, where before you never worshiped but at one. The altar of your wife and your own altar have become distinct, and this distinction will go on increasing, always in accordance with the system founded upon the dignity of woman.

Then the following ideas will appear, and they will be inculcated in you whether you like it or not, by means of a living force very ancient in origin and little known. Steam-power, horse-power, man-power, and water-power are good inventions, but nature has provided women with a moral power, in comparison with which all other powers are nothing: we may call it *rattle-power.* This force consists in a continuance of the same sound, in an exact repetition of the same words, in a reversion, over and over again, to the same ideas, and this so unvaried, that from hearing them over and over again you will admit them, in order to be delivered from the discussion. Thus the power of the rattle will prove to you:

That you are very fortunate to have such an excellent wife;

That she has done you too much honor in marrying you;

That women often see clearer than men;

That you ought to take the advice of your wife in every thing, and almost always ought to follow it;

That you ought to respect the mother of your children, to honor her and have confidence in her;

That the best way to escape being deceived, is to rely upon a wife's refinement, for according to certain old ideas which we have had the weakness to give credit, it is impossible for a man to prevent his wife from minotaurizing him;

That a lawful wife is a man's best friend;

That a woman is mistress in her own house and queen in her drawing-room, etc.

Those who wish to oppose a firm resistance to a woman's conquest, effected by means of her dignity over man's power, fall into the category of the predestined.

At first, quarrels arise which in the eye of wives give an air of tyranny to husbands. The tyranny of a husband is always a terrible excuse for inconsistency in a wife. Then, in their frivolous discussions they are enabled to prove to their families and to ours, to everybody and to ourselves, that we are in the wrong. If, for the sake of peace, or from love, you acknowledge the pretended rights of women, you yield an advantage to your wife by which she will profit eternally. A husband, like a government, ought never to acknowledge a mistake. In case you do so your power will be outflanked by the subtle artifices of feminine dignity; then all will be lost; from that moment she will advance from concession to concession until she has driven you from her bed.

The woman being shrewd, intelligent, sarcastic and having leisure to meditate over an ironical phrase, can easily turn you into ridicule during a momentary clash of opinions. The day on which she turns you into ridicule, sees the end of your happiness. Your power has expired. A woman who has laughed at her husband cannot henceforth love him. A man should be, to the woman who is in love with him, a being full of power, of greatness, and always imposing. A family cannot exist without despotism. Think of that, ye nations!

Now the difficult course which a man has to steer in presence of such serious incidents as these, is what we may call the *haute politique* of marriage, and is the subject of the second and third parts of our book. That breviary of marital Machiavelism will teach you the manner in which you may grow to greatness within that frivolous mind, within that soul of lacework, to use Napoleon's phrase. You may learn how a man may exhibit a soul of steel, may enter upon this little domestic war without ever yielding the empire of his will, and may do

so without compromising his happiness. For if you exhibit any tendency to abdication, your wife will despise you, for the sole reason that she has discovered you to be destitute of mental vigor; you are no longer a *man* to her.

But we have not yet reached the point at which are to be developed those theories and principles, by means of which a man may unite elegance of manners with severity of measures; let it suffice us, for the moment, to point out the importance of impending events and let us pursue our theme.

At this fatal epoch, you will see that she is adroitly setting up a right to go out alone.

You were at one time her god, her idol. She has now reached that height of devotion at which it is permitted to see holes in the garments of the saints.

"Oh, mon Dieu! My dear," said Madame de la Vallière to her husband, "how badly you wear your sword! M. de Richelieu has a way of making it hang straight at his side, which you ought to try to imitate; it is in much better taste."

"My dear, you could not tell me in a more tactful manner that we have been married five months!" replied the Duke, whose repartee made his fortune in the reign of Louis XV.

She will study your character in order to find weapons against you. Such a study, which love would hold in horror, reveals itself in the thousand little traps which she lays purposely to make you scold her; when a woman has no excuse for minotaurizing her husband she sets to work to make one.

She will perhaps begin dinner without waiting for you.

If you drive through the middle of the town, she will point out certain objects which escaped your notice; she will sing before you without feeling afraid; she will interrupt you, sometimes vouchsafe no reply to you, and will prove to you, in a thousand different ways, that she is enjoying at your side the use of all her faculties and exercising her private judgment.

She will try to abolish entirely your influence in the management of the house and to become sole mistress of your fortune. At first this struggle will serve as a distraction for her

soul, whether it be empty or in too violent commotion; next, she will find in your opposition a new motive for ridicule. Slang expressions will not fail her, and in France we are so quickly vanquished by the ironical smile of another!

At other times headaches and nervous attacks make their appearance; but these symptoms furnish matter for a whole future Meditation. In the world she will speak of you without blushing, and will gaze at you with assurance. She will begin to blame your least actions because they are at variance with her ideas, or her secret intentions. She will take no care of what pertains to you, she will not even know whether you have all you need. You are no longer her paragon.

In imitation of Louis XIV., who carried to his mistresses the bouquets of orange blossoms which the head gardener of Versailles put on his table every morning, M. de Vivonne used almost every day to give his wife choice flowers during the early period of his marriage. One morning he found the bouquet lying on the side table without having been placed, as usual, in a vase of water.

"Oh! Oh!" said he, "if I am not a cuckold, I shall very soon be one."

You go on a journey for eight days and you receive no letters, or you receive one, three pages of which are blank.—Symptom.

You come home mounted on a valuable horse which you like very much, and between her kisses your wife shows her uneasiness about the horse and his fodder.—Symptom.

To these features of the case, you will be able to add others. We shall endeavor in the present volume always to paint things in bold fresco style and leave the miniatures to you. According to the characters concerned, the indications which we are describing, veiled under the incidents of ordinary life, are of infinite variety. One man may discover a symptom in the way a shawl is put on, while another needs to receive a fillip to his intellect, in order to notice the indifference of his mate.

Some fine spring morning, the day after a ball, or the eve of a country party, this situation reaches its last phase; your

wife is listless and the happiness within her reach has no more attractions for her. Her mind, her imagination, perhaps her natural caprices call for a lover. Nevertheless, she dare not yet embark upon an intrigue whose consequences and details fill her with dread. You are still there for some purpose or other; you are a weight in the balance, although a very light one. On the other hand, the lover presents himself arrayed in all the graces of novelty and all the charms of mystery. The conflict which has arisen in the heart of your wife becomes, in presence of the enemy, more real and more full of peril than before. Very soon the more dangers and risks there are to be run, the more she burns to plunge into that delicious gulf of fear, enjoyment, anguish and delight. Her imagination kindles and sparkles, her future life rises before her eyes, colored with romantic and mysterious hues. Her soul discovers that existence has already taken its tone from this struggle which to a woman has so much solemnity in it. All is agitation, all is fire, all is commotion within her. She lives with three times as much intensity as before, and judges the future by the present. The little pleasure which you have lavished upon her bears witness against you; for she is not excited as much by the pleasures which she has received, as by those which she is yet to enjoy; does not imagination show her that her happiness will be keener with this lover, whom the laws deny her, than with you? And then, she finds enjoyment even in her terror and terror in her enjoyment. Then she falls in love with this imminent danger, this sword of Damocles hung over her head by you yourself, thus preferring the delirious agonies of such a passion, to that conjugal inanity which is worse to her than death, to that indifference which is less a sentiment than the absence of all sentiment.

You, who must go to pay your respects to the Minister of Finance, to write memorandums at the bank, to make your reports at the Bourse, or to speak in the Chamber; you, young men, who have repeated with many others in our first Meditation the oath that you will defend your happiness in defending your wife, what can you oppose to these desires of hers

which are so natural? For, with these creatures of fire, to live is to feel; the moment they cease to experience emotion they are dead. The law in virtue of which you take your position produces in her this involuntary act of minotaurism. "There is one sequel," said D'Alembert, "to the laws of movement." Well, then, where are your means of defence?—Where, indeed?

Alas! if your wife has not yet kissed the apple of the Serpent, the Serpent stands before her; you sleep, we are awake, and our book begins.

Without inquiring how many husbands, among the five hundred thousand which this book concerns, will be left with the predestined; how many have contracted unfortunate marriages; how many have made a bad beginning with their wives; and without wishing to ask if there be many or few of this numerous band who can satisfy the conditions required for struggling against the danger which is impending, we intend to expound in the second and third part of this work the methods of fighting the Minotaur and keeping intact the virtue of wives. But if fate, the devil, the celibate, opportunity, desire your ruin, in recognizing the progress of all intrigues, in joining in the battles which are fought by every home, you will possibly be able to find some consolation. Many people have such a happy disposition, that on showing to them the condition of things and explaining to them the why and the wherefore, they scratch their foreheads, rub their hands, stamp on the ground, and are satisfied.

MEDITATION IX.

Epilogue.

Faithful to our promise, this first part has indicated the general causes which bring all marriages to the crises which we are about to describe; and, in tracing the steps of this conjugal preamble, we have also pointed out the way in which

the catastrophe is to be avoided, for we have pointed out the errors by which it is brought about.

But these first considerations would be incomplete if, after endeavoring to throw some light upon the inconsistency of our ideas, of our manners and of our laws, with regard to a question which concerns the life of almost all living beings, we did not endeavor to make plain, in a short peroration, the political causes of the infirmity which pervades all modern society. After having exposed the secret vices of marriage, would it not be an inquiry worthy of philosophers to search out the causes which have rendered it so vicious?

The system of law and of manners which so far directs women and controls marriage in France, is the outcome of ancient beliefs and traditions which are no longer in accordance with the eternal principles of reason and of justice, brought to light by the great Revolution of 1789.

Three great disturbances have agitated France: the conquest of the country by the Romans, the establishment of Christianity and the invasion of the Franks. Each of these events has left a deep impress upon the soil, upon the laws, upon the manners and upon the intellect of the nation.

Greece having one foot on Europe and the other on Asia, was influenced by her voluptuous climate in the choice of her marriage institutions; she received them from the East, where her philosophers, her legislators and her poets went to study the abstruse antiquities of Egypt and Chaldea. The absolute seclusion of women which was necessitated under the burning sun of Asia prevailed under the laws of Greece and Ionia. The women remained in confinement within the marbles of the gynecœum. The country was reduced to the condition of a city, to a narrow territory, and the courtesans who were connected with art and religion by so many ties, were sufficient to satisfy the first passions of the young men, who were few in number, since their strength was elsewhere taken up in the violent exercises of that training which was demanded of them by the military system of those heroic times.

At the beginning of her royal career Rome, having sent to

Greece to seek such principles of legislation as might suit the sky of Italy, stamped upon the forehead of the married women the brand of complete servitude. The senate understood the importance of virtue in a republic, hence the severity of manners in the excessive development of the marital and paternal power. The dependence of the woman on her husband is found inscribed on every code. The seclusion prescribed by the East becomes a duty, a moral obligation, a virtue. On these principles were raised temples to modesty and temples consecrated to the sanctity of marriage; hence, sprang the institution of censors, the law of dowries, the sumptuary laws, the respect for matrons and all the characteristics of the Roman law. Moreover, three acts of feminine violation either accomplished or attempted, produced three revolutions! And was it not a grand event, sanctioned by the decrees of the country, that these illustrious women should make their appearances on the political arena! Those noble Roman women, who were by law obliged to be either brides or mothers, passed their life in retirement engaged in educating the masters of the world. Rome had no courtesans because the youth of the city were engaged in eternal war. If, later on, dissoluteness appeared, it merely resulted from the despotism of emperors; and still the prejudices founded upon ancient manners were so influential that Rome never saw a woman on a stage. These facts are not put forth idly in scanning the history of marriage in France.

After the conquest of Gaul, the Romans imposed their laws upon the conquered; but they were incapable of destroying both the profound respect which our ancestors entertained for women and the ancient superstitions which made women the immediate oracles of God. The Roman laws ended by prevailing, to the exclusion of all others, in this country once known as the "land of written law," or *Gallia togata*, and their ideas of marriage penetrated more or less into the "land of customs."

But, during the conflict of laws with manners, the Franks invaded the Gauls and gave to the country the dear name of

France. These warriors came from the North and brought the system of gallantry which had originated in their western regions, where the mingling of the sexes did not require in those icy climates the jealous precautions of the East. The women of that time elevated the privations of that kind of life by the exaltation of their sentiments. The drowsy minds of the day made necessary those varied forms of delicate solicitation, that versatility of address, the fancied repulses of coquetry, which belong to the system whose principles have been unfolded in our First Part, as admirably suited to the temperate clime of France.

To the East, then, belong the passion and the delirium of passion, the long brown hair, the harem, the amorous divinities, the splendor, the poetry of love and the monuments of love.—To the West, the liberty of wives, the sovereignty of their blond locks, gallantry, the fairy life of love, the sorcery of passion, the profound ecstasy of the soul, the sweet feelings of melancholy and the constancy of love.

These two systems, starting from opposite points of the globe, have come into collision in France; in France, where one part of the country, Languedoc, was attracted by Oriental traditions, while the other, Languedoil, was the native land of a creed which attributes to woman a magical power. In the Languedoil, love necessitates mystery; in the Languedoc, to see is to love.

At the height of this struggle came the triumphant entry of Christianity into France, and there it was preached by women, and there it consecrated the divinity of a woman who in the forests of Brittany, of Vendée and of Ardennes took, under the name of Nôtre-Dame, the place of more than one idol in the hollow of old Druidic oaks.

If the religion of Christ, which is above all things a code of morality and politics, gave a soul to all living beings, proclaimed that equality of all in the sight of God, and by such principles as these fortified the chivalric sentiments of the North, this advantage was counterbalanced by the fact, that the sovereign pontiff resided at Rome, of which seat he consid-

ered himself the lawful heir, through the universality of the Latin tongue, which became that of Europe during the Middle Ages, and through the keen interest taken by monks, writers and lawyers in establishing the ascendency of certain codes, discovered by a soldier in the sack of Amalfi.

These two principles of the servitude and the sovereignty of women retain possession of the ground, each of them defended by fresh arguments.

The Salic law, which was a legal error, was a triumph for the principle of political and civil servitude for women, but it did not diminish the power which French manners accorded them, for the enthusiasm of chivalry which prevailed in Europe supplanted the party of manners against the party of law.

And in this way was created that strange phenomenon which since that time has characterized both our national despotism and our legislation; for ever since those epochs which seemed to presage the Revolution, when the spirit of philosophy rose and reflected upon the history of the past, France has been the prey of many convulsions. Feudalism, the Crusades, the Reformation, the struggle between the monarchy and the aristocracy, Despotism and Priestcraft have so closely held the country within their clutches, that woman still remains the subject of strange counter-opinions, each springing from one of the three great movements to which we have referred. Was it possible that the woman question should be discussed and woman's political education and marriage should be ventilated when feudalism threatened the throne, when reform menaced both king and barons, and the people, between the hierarchy and the empire, were forgotten? According to a saying of Madame Necker, women, amid these great movements, were like the cotton wool put into a case of porcelain. They were counted for nothing, but without them everything would have been broken.

A married woman, then, in France presents the spectacle of a queen out at service, of a slave, at once free and a prisoner; a collision between these two principles which fre-

quently occurred, produced odd situations by the thousand. And then, woman was physically little understood, and what was actually sickness in her, was considered a prodigy, witchcraft or monstrous turpitude. In those days these creatures, treated by the law as reckless children, and put under guardianship, were by the manners of the time deified and adored. Like the freedmen of emperors, they disposed of crowns, they decided battles, they awarded fortunes, they inspired crimes and revolutions, wonderful acts of virtue, by the mere flash of their glances, and yet they possessed nothing and were not even possessors of themselves. They were equally fortunate and unfortunate. Armed with their weakness and strong in instinct, they launched out far beyond the sphere which the law allotted them, showing themselves omnipotent for evil, but impotent for good; without merit in the virtues that were imposed upon them, without excuse in their vices; accused of ignorance and yet denied an education; neither altogether mothers nor altogether wives. Having all the time to conceal their passions, while they fostered them, they submitted to the coquetry of the Franks, while they were obliged, like Roman women, to stay within the ramparts of their castles and bring up those who were to be warriors. While no system was definitely decided upon by legislation as to the position of women, their minds were left to follow their inclinations, and there are found among them as many who resemble Marion Delorme as those who resemble Cornelia; there are vices among them, but there are as many virtues. These were creatures as incomplete as the laws which governed them; they were considered by some as a being midway between man and the lower animals, as a malignant beast which the laws could not too closely fetter, and which nature had destined, with so many other things, to serve the pleasure of men; while others held woman to be an angel in exile, a source of happiness and love, the only creature who responded to the highest feelings of man, while her miseries were to be recompensed by the idolatry of every heart. How could the consistency, which was wanting in a political system, be expected in the general manners of the nation?

And so woman became what circumstances and men made her, instead of being what the climate and native institutions should have made her; sold, married against her taste, in accordance with the *Patria potestas* of the Romans, at the same time that she fell under the marital despotism which desired her seclusion, she found herself tempted to take the only reprisals which were within her power. Then she became a dissolute creature, as soon as men ceased to be intently occupied in intestine war, for the same reason that she was a virtuous woman in the midst of civil disturbances. Every educated man can fill in this outline, for we seek from movements like these the lessons and not the poetic suggestion which they yield.

The Revolution was too entirely occupied in breaking down and building up, had too many enemies, or followed perhaps too closely on the deplorable times witnessed under the regency and under Louis XV., to pay any attention to the position which women should occupy in the social order.

The remarkable men who raised the immortal monument which our codes present were almost all old-fashioned students of law deeply imbued with a spirit of Roman jurisprudence; and moreover they were not the founders of any political institutions. Sons of the Revolution, they believed, in accordance with that movement, that the law of divorce wisely restricted and the bond of dutiful submission were sufficient ameliorations of the previous marriage law. When that former order of things was remembered, the change made by the new legislation seemed immense.

At the present day the question as to which of these two principles shall triumph rests entirely in the hands of our wise legislators. The past has teaching which should bear fruit in the future. Have we lost all sense of the eloquence of fact?

The principles of the East resulted in the existence of eunuchs and seraglios; the spurious social standing of France has brought in the plague of courtesans and the more deadly plague of our marriage system; and thus, to use the language of a contemporary, the East sacrifices to paternity men and

the principle of justice; France, women and modesty. Neither the East nor France has attained the goal which their institutions point to; for that is happiness. The man is not more loved by the women of a harem than the husband is sure of being in France, as the father of his children; and marrying is not worth what it costs. It is time to offer no more sacrifice to this institution, and to amass a larger sum of happiness in the social state by making our manners and our institution conformable to our climate.

Constitutional government, a happy mixture of two extreme political systems, despotism and democracy, suggests the necessity of blending also the two principles of marriage, which so far clash together in France. The liberty which we boldly claim for young people is the only remedy for the host of evils whose source we have pointed out, by exposing the inconsistencies resulting from the bondage in which girls are kept. Let us give back to youth the indulgence of those passions, those coquetries, love and its terrors, love and its delights, and that fascinating company which followed the coming of the Franks. At this vernal season of life no fault is irreparable, and Hymen will come forth from the bosom of experiences, armed with confidence, stripped of hatred, and love in marriage will be justified, because it will have had the privilege of comparison.

In this change of manners the disgraceful plague of public prostitution will perish of itself. It is especially at the time when the man possesses the frankness and timidity of adolescence, that in his pursuit of happiness he is competent to meet and struggle with great and genuine passions of the heart. The soul is happy in making great efforts of whatever kind; provided that it can act, that it can stir and move, it makes little difference, even though it exercise its power against itself. In this observation, the truth of which everybody can see, there may be found one secret of successful legislation, of tranquillity and happiness. And then, the pursuit of learning has now become so highly developed that the most tempestuous of our coming Mirabeaus can consume his energy either in the indulgence of a passion or the study

of a science. How many young people have been saved from debauchery by self-chosen labors or the persistent obstacles put in the way of a first love, a love that was pure! And what young girl does not desire to prolong the delightful childhood of sentiment, is not proud to have her nature known, and has not felt the secret tremblings of timidity, the modesty of her secret communings with herself, and wished to oppose them to the young desires of a lover inexperienced as herself! The gallantry of the Franks and the pleasures which attend it should then be the portion of youth, and then would naturally result a union of soul, of mind, of character, of habits, of temperament and of fortune, such as would produce the happy equilibrium necessary for the felicity of the married couple. This system would rest upon foundations wider and freer, if girls were subjected to a carefully calculated system of disinheritance; or if, in order to force men to choose only those who promised happiness by their virtues, their character or their talents, they were married as in the United States without dowry.

In that case, the system adopted by the Romans could advantageously be applied to the married women who when they were girls used their liberty. Being exclusively engaged in the early education of their children, which is the most important of all maternal obligations, occupied in creating and maintaining the happiness of the household, so admirably described in the fourth book of *Julie*, they would be in their houses like the women of ancient Rome, living images of Providence, which reigns over all, and yet is nowhere visible. In this case the laws covering the infidelity of the wife should be extremely severe. They should make the penalty disgrace, rather than inflict painful or coercive sentences. France has witnessed the spectacle of women riding asses for the pretended crime of magic, and many an innocent woman has died of shame. In this may be found the secret of future marriage legislation. The young girls of Miletus delivered themselves from marriage by voluntary death; the senate condemned the suicides to be dragged naked on a hurdle, and the other virgins condemned themselves for life.

Women and marriage will never be respected until we have that radical change in manners which we are now begging for. This profound thought is the ruling principle in the two finest productions of an immortal genius. *Émile* and *La Nouvelle Héloïse* are nothing more than two eloquent pleas for the system. The voice there raised will resound through the ages, because it points to the real motives of true legislation, and the manners which will prevail in the future. By placing children at the breast of their mothers, Jean-Jacques rendered an immense service to the cause of virtue; but his age was too deeply gangrened with abuses to understand the lofty lessons unfolded in those two poems; it is right to add also that the philosopher was in these works overmastered by the poet, and in leaving in the heart of *Julie* after her marriage some vestiges of her first love, he was led astray by the attractiveness of a poetic situation, more touching indeed, but less useful than the truth which he wished to display.

Nevertheless, if marriage in France is an unlimited contract to which men agree with a silent understanding that they may thus give more relish to passion, more curiosity, more mystery to love, more fascination to women; if a woman is rather an ornament to the drawing-room, a fashion-plate, a portmanteau, than a being whose functions in the order politic are an essential part of the country's prosperity and the nation's glory, a creature whose endeavors in life vie in utility with those of men—I admit that all the above theory, all these long considerations sink into nothingness at the prospect of such an important destiny!——

But after having squeezed a pound of actualities in order to obtain one drop of philosophy, having paid sufficient homage to that passion for the historic, which is so dominant in our time, let us turn our glance upon the manners of the present period. Let us take the cap and bells and the coxcomb of which Rabelais once made a sceptre, and let us pursue the course of this inquiry without giving to one joke more seriousness than comports with it, and without giving to serious things the jesting tone which ill befits them.

SECOND PART.

Means of Defence, Interior and Exterior.

"To be or not to be,
That is the question."
—Shakspeare, *Hamlet.*

MEDITATION X.

A Treatise on Marital Policy.

When a man reaches the position in which the first part of this book sets him, we suppose that the idea of his wife being possessed by another makes his heart beat, and rekindles his passion, either by an appeal to his *amour propre,* his egotism, or his self-interest, for unless he is still on his wife's side, he must be one of the lowest of men and deserves his fate.

In this trying moment it is very difficult for a husband to avoid making mistakes; for, with regard to most men, the art of ruling a wife is even less known than that of judiciously choosing one. However, marital policy consists chiefly in the practical application of three principles which should be the soul of your conduct. The first is never to believe what a woman says; the second, always to look for the spirit without dwelling too much upon the letter of her actions; and the third, not to forget that a woman is never so garrulous as when she holds her tongue, and is never working with more energy than when she keeps quiet.

From the moment that your suspicions are aroused, you ought to be like a man mounted on a tricky horse, who always watches the ears of the beast, in fear of being thrown from the saddle.

But art consists not so much in the knowledge of principles, as in the manner of applying them; to reveal them to

ignorant people is to put a razor in the hand of a monkey. Moreover, the first and most vital of your duties consists in perpetual dissimulation, an accomplishment in which most husbands are sadly lacking. In detecting the symptoms of minotaurism a little too plainly marked in the conduct of their wives, most men at once indulge in the most insulting suspicions. Their minds contract a tinge of bitterness which manifests itself in their conversation, and in their manners; and the alarm which fills their heart, like the gas flame in a glass globe, lights up their countenances so plainly, that it accounts for their conduct.

Now a woman, who has twelve hours more than you have each day to reflect and to study you, reads the suspicion written upon your face at the very moment that it arises. She will never forget this gratuitous insult. Nothing can ever remedy that. All is now said and done, and the very next day, if she has opportunity, she will join the ranks of inconsistent women.

You ought then to begin under these circumstances to affect towards your wife the same boundless confidence that you have hitherto had in her. If you begin to lull her anxieties by honeyed words, you are lost, she will not believe you; for she has her policy as you have yours. Now there is as much need for tact as for kindliness in your behavior, in order to inculcate in her, without her knowing it, a feeling of security, which will lead her to lay back her ears, and prevent you from using rein or spur at the wrong moment.

But how can we compare a horse, the frankest of all animals, to a being, the flashes of whose thought, and the movements of whose impulses render her at moments more prudent than the Servite Fra-Paolo, the most terrible adviser that the Ten at Venice ever had; more deceitful than a king; more adroit than Louis XI.; more profound than Machiavelli; as sophistical as Hobbes; as acute as Voltaire; as pliant as the fiancée of Mamolin; and distrustful of no one in the whole wide world but you?

Moreover, to this dissimulation, by means of which the springs that move your conduct ought to be made as invisible

as those that move the world, must be added absolute self-control. That diplomatic imperturbability, so boasted of by Talleyrand, must be the least of your qualities; his exquisite politeness and the grace of his manners must distinguish your conversation. The professor here expressly forbids you to use your whip, if you would obtain complete control over your gentle Andalusian steed.

LXI.

If a man strike his mistress it is a self-inflicted wound; but if he strike his wife it is suicide!

How can we think of a government without police, an action without force, a power without weapons?—Now this is exactly the problem which we shall try to solve in our future meditations. But first we must submit two preliminary observations. They will furnish us with two other theories concerning the application of all the mechanical means which we propose you should employ. An instance from life will refresh these arid and dry dissertations: the hearing of such a story will be like laying down a book, to work in the field.

In the year 1822, on a fine morning in the month of January, I was traversing the boulevards of Paris, from the quiet circles of the Marais to the fashionable quarters of the Chaussée-d'Antin, and I observed for the first time, not without a certain philosophic joy, the diversity of physiognomy and the varieties of costume which, from the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule even to the Madeleine, make each portion of the boulevard a world of itself, and this whole zone of Paris, a grand panorama of manners. Having at that time no idea of what the world was, and little thinking that one day I should have the audacity to set myself up as a legislator on marriage, I was going to take lunch at the house of a college friend, who was perhaps too early in life afflicted with a wife and two children. My former professor of mathematics lived at a short distance from the house of my college friend, and I promised myself the pleasure of a visit to this worthy mathematician before indulging my appetite for the dainties

of friendship. I accordingly made my way to the heart of a study, where everything was covered with a dust which bore witness to the lofty abstraction of the scholar. But a surprise was in store for me there. I perceived a pretty woman seated on the arm of an easy chair, as if mounted on an English horse; her face took on the look of conventional surprise worn by mistresses of the house towards those they do not know, but she did not disguise the expression of annoyance which, at my appearance, clouded her countenance with the thought that I was aware how ill-timed was my presence. My master, doubtless absorbed in an equation, had not yet raised his head; I therefore waved my right hand towards the young lady, like a fish moving his fin, and on tiptoe I retired with a mysterious smile which might be translated "I will not be the one to prevent him committing an act of infidelity to Urania." She nodded her head with one of those sudden gestures whose graceful vivacity is not to be translated into words.

"My good friend, don't go away," cried the geometrician. "This is my wife!"

I bowed for the second time!—Oh, Coulon! Why wert thou not present to applaud the only one of thy pupils who understood from that moment the expression, "anacreontic," as applied to a bow?—The effect must have been very overwhelming; for Madame the Professoress, as the Germans say, rose hurriedly as if to go, making me a slight bow which seemed to say: "Adorable!——" Her husband stopped her, saying:

"Don't go, my child, this is one of my pupils."

The young woman bent her head towards the scholar as a bird perched on a bough stretches its neck to pick up a seed.

"It is not possible," said the husband, heaving a sigh, "and I am going to prove it to you by A plus B."

"Let us drop that, sir, I beg you," she answered, pointing with a wink to me.

If it had been a problem in algebra, my master would have understood this look, but it was Chinese to him, and so he went on.

"Look here, child, I constitute you judge in the matter; our income is ten thousand francs."

At these words I retired to the door, as if I were seized with a wild desire to examine the framed drawings which had attracted my attention. My discretion was rewarded by an eloquent glance. Alas! she did not know that in Fortunio I could have played the part of Sharp-Ears, who heard the truffles growing.

"In accordance with the principles of general economy," said my master, "no one ought to spend in rent and servant's wages more than two-tenths of his income; now our apartment and our attendance cost altogether a hundred louis. I give you twelve hundred francs to dress with" [in saying this he emphasized every syllable]. "Your food," he went on, "takes up four thousand francs, our children demand at least twenty-five louis; I take for myself only eight hundred francs; washing, fuel and light mount up to about a thousand francs; so that there does not remain, as you see, more than six hundred francs for unforeseen expenses. In order to buy the cross of diamonds, we must draw a thousand crowns from our capital, and if once we take that course, my little darling, there is no reason why we should not leave Paris which you love so much, and at once take up our residence in the country, in order to retrench. Children and household expenses will increase fast enough! Come, try to be reasonable!"

"I suppose I must," she said, "but you will be the only husband in Paris who has not given a New Year's gift to his wife."

And she stole away like a school-boy who goes to finish an imposed duty. My master made a gesture of relief. When he saw the door close he rubbed his hands, he talked of the war in Spain; and I went my way to the Rue de Provence, little dreaming that I had received the first installment of a great lesson in marriage, any more than I dreamt of the conquest of Constantinople by General Diebitsch. I arrived at my host's house at the very moment they were sitting down to luncheon, after having waited for me the half hour demanded by usage. It was, I believe, as she opened a *paté de foie gras*

that my pretty hostess said to her husband, with a determined air:

"Alexander, if you were really nice you would give me that pair of ear-rings that we saw at Fossin's."

"You shall have them," cheerfully replied my friend, drawing from his pocketbook three notes of a thousand francs, the sight of which made his wife's eyes sparkle. "I can no more resist the pleasure of offering them to you," he added, "than you can that of accepting them. This is the anniversary of the day I first saw you, and the diamonds will perhaps make you remember it!——"

"You bad man!" said she, with a winning smile.

She poked two fingers into her bodice, and pulling out a bouquet of violets she threw them with childlike contempt into the face of my friend. Alexander gave her the price of the jewels, crying out:

"I had seen the flowers!"

I shall never forget the lively gesture and the eager joy with which, like a cat which lays its spotted paw upon a mouse, the little woman seized the three bank notes; she rolled them up blushing with pleasure, and put them in the place of the violets which before had perfumed her bosom. I could not help thinking about my old mathematical master. I did not then see any difference between him and his pupil, than that which exists between a frugal man and a prodigal, little thinking that he of the two who seemed to calculate the better, actually calculated the worse. The luncheon went off merrily. Very soon, seated in a little drawing-room newly decorated, before a cheerful fire which gave warmth and made our hearts expand as in spring time, I felt compelled to make this loving couple a guest's compliments on the furnishing of their little bower.

"It is a pity that all this costs so dear," said my friend, "but it is right that the nest be worthy of the bird; but why the devil do you compliment me upon curtains which are not paid for?—You make me remember, just at the time I am digesting lunch, that I still owe two thousand francs to a Turk of an upholsterer."

At these words the mistress of the house made a mental inventory of the pretty room with her eyes, and the radiancy of her face changed to thoughtfulness. Alexander took me by the hand and led me to the recess of a bay window.

"Do you happen," he said in a low voice, "to have a thousand crowns to lend me? I have only twelve thousand francs income, and this year—"

"Alexander," cried the dear creature, interrupting her husband, while, rushing up, she offered him the three banknotes, "I see now that it is a piece of folly—"

"What do you mean?" answered he, "keep your money."

"But, my love, I am ruining you! I ought to know that you love me so much, that I ought not to tell you all that I wish for."

"Keep it, my darling, it is your lawful property—nonsense, I shall gamble this winter and get all that back again!"

"Gamble!" cried she, with an expression of horror. "Alexander, take back these notes! Come, sir, I wish you to do so."

"No, no," replied my friend, repulsing the white and delicate little hand. "Are you not going on Thursday to a ball of Madame de B——?"

"I will think about what you asked of me," said I to my comrade.

I went away bowing to his wife, but I saw plainly after that scene that my anacreontic salutation did not produce much effect upon her.

"He must be mad," thought I as I went away, "to talk of a thousand crowns to a law student."

Five days later I found myself at the house of Madame de B——, whose balls were becoming fashionable. In the midst of the quadrilles I saw the wife of my friend and that of the mathematician. Madame Alexander wore a charming dress; some flowers and white muslin were all that composed it. She wore a little cross *a la Jeannette,* hanging by a black velvet ribbon which set off the whiteness of her scented skin; long pears of gold decorated her ears. On the neck of Madame the Professoress sparkled a superb cross of diamonds.

"How funny that is," said I to a personage who had not yet studied the world's ledger, nor deciphered the heart of a single woman.

That personage was myself. If I had then the desire to dance with those fair women, it was simply because I knew a secret which emboldened my timidity.

"So after all, madame, you have your cross?" I said to her first.

"Well, I fairly won it!" she replied, with a smile hard to describe.

"How is this! no ear-rings?" I remarked to the wife of my friend.

"Ah!" she replied, "I have enjoyed possession of them during a whole luncheon time, but you see that I have ended by converting Alexander."

"He allowed himself to be easily convinced?"

She answered with a look of triumph.

Eight years afterwards, this scene suddenly rose to my memory, though I had long since forgotten it, and in the light of the candles I distinctly discerned the moral of it. Yes, a woman has a horror of being convinced of anything; when you try to persuade her she immediately submits to being led astray and continues to play the *rôle* which nature gave her. In her view, to allow herself to be won over is to grant a favor, but exact arguments irritate and confound her; in order to guide her you must employ the power which she herself so frequently employs and which lies in an appeal to sensibility. It is therefore in his wife, and not in himself, that a husband, can find the instruments of his despotism; as diamond cuts diamond so must the woman be made to tyrannize over herself. To know how to offer the ear-rings in such a way that they will be returned, is a secret whose application embraces the slightest details of life. And now let us pass to the second observation.

"He who can manage property of one toman, can manage one of an hundred thousand," says an Indian proverb; and I, for my part, will enlarge upon this Asiatic adage and de-

clare, that he who can govern one woman can govern a nation, and indeed there is very much similarity between these two governments. Must not the policy of husbands be very nearly the same as the policy of kings? Do not we see kings trying to amuse the people in order to deprive them of their liberty; throwing food at their heads for one day, in order to make them forget the misery of a whole year; preaching to them not to steal and at the same time stripping them of everything; and saying to them: "It seems to me that if I were the people I should be virtuous"? It is from England that we obtain the precedent which husbands should adopt in their houses. Those who have eyes ought to see that when the government is running smoothly the Whigs are rarely in power. A long Tory ministry has always succeeded an ephemeral Liberal cabinet. The orators of a national party resemble the rats which wear their teeth away in gnawing the rotten panel; they close up the hole as soon as they smell the nuts and the lard locked up in the royal cupboard. The woman is the Whig of our government. Occupying the situation in which we have left her she might naturally aspire to the conquest of more than one privilege. Shut your eyes to her intrigues, allow her to waste her strength in mounting half the steps of your throne; and when she is on the point of touching your sceptre, fling her back to the ground, quite gently and with infinite grace, saying to her: "Bravo!" and leaving her to expect success in the hereafter. The craftiness of this manœuvre will prove a fine support to you in the employment of any means which it may please you to choose from your arsenal, for the object of subduing your wife.

Such are the general principles which a husband should put into practice, if he wishes to escape mistakes in ruling his little kingdom. Nevertheless, in spite of what was decided by the minority at the council of Mâcon (Montesquieu, who had perhaps foreseen the coming of constitutional government has remarked, I forget in what part of his writings, that good sense in public assemblies is always found on the side of the minority), we discern in woman a soul and a body,

and we commence by investigating the means to gain control of her moral nature. The exercise of thought, whatever people may say, is more noble than the exercise of bodily organs, and we give precedence to science over cookery and to intellectual training over hygiene.

MEDITATION XI.

Instruction in the Home.

Whether wives should or should not be put under instruction—such is the question before us. Of all those which we have discussed this is the only one which has two extremes and admits of no compromise. Knowledge and ignorance, such are the two irreconcilable terms of this problem. Between these two abysses we seem to see Louis XVIII. reckoning up the felicities of the eighteenth century, and the unhappiness of the nineteenth. Seated in the centre of the seesaw, which he knew so well how to balance by his own weight, he contemplates at one end of it the fanatic ignorance of a lay brother, the apathy of a serf, the shining armor on the horses of a banneret; he thinks he hears the cry, "France and Montjoie-Saint-Denis!" But he turns round, he smiles as he sees the haughty look of a manufacturer, who is captain in the national guard; the elegant carriage of a stock broker; the simple costume of a peer of France turned journalist and sending his son to the Polytechnique; then he notices the costly stuffs, the newspapers, the steam engines; and he drinks his coffee from a cup of Sèvres, at the bottom of which still glitters the "N" surmounted by a crown.

"Away with civilization! Away with thought!"—That is your cry. You ought to hold in horror the education of women for the reason so well realized in Spain, that it is easier to govern a nation of idiots than a nation of scholars. A nation degraded is happy: if she has not the sentiment of liberty,

neither has she the storms and disturbances which it begets; she lives as polyps live; she can be cut up into two or three pieces and each piece is still a nation, complete and living, and ready to be governed by the first blind man who arms himself with the pastoral staff.

What is it that produces this wonderful characteristic of humanity? Ignorance; ignorance is the sole support of despotism, which lives on darkness and silence. Now happiness in the domestic establishment as in a political state is a negative happiness. The affection of a people for a king, in an absolute monarchy, is perhaps less contrary to nature than the fidelity of a wife towards her husband, when love between them no longer exists. Now we know that, in your house, love at this moment has one foot on the window-sill. It is necessary for you, therefore, to put into practice that salutary rigor by which M. de Metternich prolongs his *statu quo;* but we would advise you to do so with more tact and with still more tenderness; for your wife is more crafty than all the Germans put together, and as voluptuous as the Italians.

You should, therefore, try to put off as long as possible the fatal moment when your wife asks you for a book. This will be easy. You will first of all pronounce in a tone of disdain the phrase "Blue stocking;" and, on her request being repeated, you will tell her what ridicule attaches, among the neighbors, to pedantic women.

You will then repeat to her, very frequently, that the most lovable and the wittiest women in the world are found at Paris, where women never read;

That women are like people of quality who, according to Mascarillo, know everything without having learned anything; that a woman while she is dancing, or while she is playing cards, without even having the appearance of listening, ought to know how to pick up from the conversation of talented men the ready-made phrases out of which fools manufacture their wit at Paris;

That in this country decisive judgments on men and affairs

are passed round from hand to hand; and that the little cutting phrase with which a woman criticises an author, demolishes a work, or heaps contempt on a picture, has more power in the world than a court decision;

That women are beautiful mirrors, which naturally reflect the most brilliant ideas;

That natural wit is everything, and the best education is gained rather from what we learn in the world than by what we read in books;

That, above all, reading ends in making the eyes dull, etc.

To think of leaving a woman at liberty to read the books which her character of mind may prompt her to choose! This is to drop a spark in a powder magazine; it is worse than that, it is to teach your wife to separate herself from you; to live in an imaginary world, in a Paradise. For what do women read? Works of passion, the *Confessions* of Rousseau, romances, and all those compositions which work most powerfully on their sensibility. They like neither argument nor the ripe fruits of knowledge. Now have you ever considered the results which follow these poetical readings?

Romances, and indeed all works of imagination, paint sentiments and events with colors of a very different brilliancy from those presented by nature. The fascination of such works springs less from the desire which each author feels to show his skill in putting forth choice and delicate ideas than from the mysterious working of the human intellect. It is characteristic of man to purify and refine everything that he lays up in the treasury of his thoughts. What human faces, what monuments of the dead are not made more beautiful than actual nature in the artistic representation? The soul of the reader assists in this conspiracy against the truth, either by means of the profound silence which it enjoys in reading or by the fire of mental conception with which it is agitated or by the clearness with which imagery is reflected in the mirror of the understanding. Who has not seen on reading the *Confessions* of Jean-Jacques, that Madame de Warens is described as much prettier than she ever was in

actual life? It might almost be said that our souls dwell with delight upon the figures which they had met in a former existence, under fairer skies; that they accept the creations of another soul only as wings on which they may soar into space; features the most delicate they bring to perfection by making them their own; and the most poetic expression which appears in the imagery of an author brings forth still more ethereal imagery in the mind of a reader. To read is to join with the writer in a creative act. The mystery of the transubstantiation of ideas, originates perhaps in the instinctive consciousness that we have of a vocation loftier than our present destiny. Or, is it based on the lost tradition of a former life? What must that life have been, if this slight residuum of memory offers us such volumes of delight?

Moreover, in reading plays and romances, woman, a creature much more susceptible than we are to excitement, experiences the most violent transport. She creates for herself an ideal existence beside which all reality grows pale; she at once attempts to realize this voluptuous life, to take to herself the magic which she sees in it. And, without knowing it, she passes from spirit to letter and from soul to sense.

And would you be simple enough to believe that the manners, the sentiments of a man like you, who usually dress and undress before your wife, can counterbalance the influence of these books and outshine the glory of their fictitious lovers, in whose garments the fair reader sees neither hole nor stain? —Poor fool! too late, alas! for her happiness and for yours, your wife will find out that the *heroes* of poetry are as rare in real life as the *Apollos* of sculpture!

Very many husbands will find themselves embarrassed in trying to prevent their wives from reading, yet there are certain people who allege that reading has this advantage, that men know what their wives are about when they have a book in hand. In the first place you will see, in the next Meditation, what a tendency the sedentary life has to make a woman quarrelsome; but have you never met those beings without poetry, who succeed in petrifying their unhappy companions

by reducing life to its most mechanical elements? Study great men in their conversation and learn by heart the admirable arguments by which they condemn poetry and the pleasures of imagination.

But if, after all your efforts, your wife persists in wishing to read, put at her disposal at once all possible books from the A B C of her little boy to *René*, a book more dangerous to you when in her hands than *Thérèse Philosophe*. You might create in her an utter disgust for reading by giving her tedious books; and plunge her into utter idiocy with *Marie Alacoque, The Brosse de Penitence,* or with the chansons which were so fashionable in the time of Louis XV.; but later on you will find, in the present volume, the means of so thoroughly employing your wife's time, that any kind of reading will be quite out of the question.

And first of all, consider the immense resources which the education of women has prepared for you in your efforts to turn your wife from her fleeting taste for science. Just see with what admirable stupidity girls lend themselves to reap the benefit of the education which is imposed upon them in France; we give them in charge to nursery maids, to companions, to governesses who teach them twenty tricks of coquetry and false modesty, for every single noble and true idea which they impart to them. Girls are brought up as slaves, and are accustomed to the idea that they are sent into the world to imitate their grandmothers, to breed canary birds, to make herbals, to water little Bengal rose-bushes, to fill in worsted work, or to put on collars. Moreover, if a little girl in her tenth year has more refinement than a boy of twenty, she is timid and awkward. She is frightened at a spider, chatters nonsense, thinks of dress, talks about the fashions and has not the courage to be either a watchful mother or a chaste wife.

Notice what progress she has made; she has been shown how to paint roses, and to embroider ties in such a way as to earn eight sous a day. She has learned the history of France in *Ragois* and chronology in the *Tables du Citoyen Chan-*

treau, and her young imagination has been set free in the realm of geography; all without any aim, excepting that of keeping away all that might be dangerous to her heart; but at the same time her mother and her teachers repeat with unwearied voice the lesson, that the whole science of a woman lies in knowing how to arrange the fig leaf which our Mother Eve wore. "She does not hear for fifteen years," says Diderot, "anything else but, 'my daughter, your fig leaf is on badly; my daughter, your fig leaf is on well; my daughter, would it not look better so?' "

Keep your wife then within this fine and noble circle of knowledge. If by chance your wife wishes to have a library, buy for her Florian, Malte-Brun, *The Cabinet des Fées, The Arabian Nights,* Redouté's *Roses, The Customs of China, The Pigeons,* by Madame Knip, the great work on Egypt, etc. Carry out, in short, the clever suggestion of that princess who, when she was told of a riot occasioned by the dearness of bread, said, "Why don't they eat cake?"

Perhaps, one evening, your wife will reproach you for being sullen and not speaking to her; perhaps she will say that you are ridiculous, when you have just made a pun; but this is one of the slight annoyances incident to our system; and, moreover, what does it matter to you that the education of women in France is the most pleasant of absurdities, and that your marital obscurantism has brought a doll to your arms? As you have not sufficient courage to undertake a fairer task, would it not be better to lead your wife along the beaten track of married life in safety, than to run the risk of making her scale the steep precipices of love? She is likely to be a mother: you must not exactly expect to have Gracchi for sons, but to be really *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrant;* now, in order to aid you in reaching this consummation, we must make this book an arsenal from which each one, in accordance with his wife's character and his own, may choose weapons fit to employ against the terrible genius of evil, which is always ready to rise up in the soul of a wife; and since it may fairly be considered that the ignorant are the most cruel opponents of

feminine education, this Meditation will serve as a breviary for the majority of husbands.

If a woman has received a man's education, she possesses in very truth the most brilliant and most fertile sources of happiness both to herself and to her husband; but this kind of woman is as rare as happiness itself; and if you do not possess her for your wife, your best course is to confine the one you do possess, for the sake of your common felicity, to the region of ideas she was born in, for you must not forget that one moment of pride in her might destroy you, by setting on the throne a slave who would immediately be tempted to abuse her power.

After all, by following the system prescribed in this Meditation, a man of superiority will be relieved from the necessity of putting his thoughts into small change, when he wishes to be understood by his wife, if indeed this man of superiority has been guilty of the folly of marrying one of those poor creatures who cannot understand him, instead of choosing for his wife a young girl whose mind and heart he has tested and studied for a considerable time.

Our aim in this last matrimonial observation has not been to advise all men of superiority to seek for women of superiority and we do not wish each one to expound our principles after the manner of Madame de Staël, who attempted in the most indelicate manner to effect a union between herself and Napoleon. These two beings would have been very unhappy in their domestic life; and Josephine was a wife accomplished in a very different sense from this virago of the nineteenth century.

And, indeed, when we praise those undiscoverable girls so happily educated by chance, so well endowed by nature, whose delicate souls endure so well the rude contact of the great soul of him we call *a man*, we mean to speak of those rare and noble creatures of whom Goethe has given us a model in his Claire of *Egmont:* we are thinking of those women who seek no other glory than that of playing their part well; who adapt themselves with amazing pliancy to the will and pleasure of

those whom nature has given them for masters; soaring at one time into the boundless sphere of their thought and in turn stooping to the simple task of amusing them as if they were children; understanding well the inconsistencies of masculine and violent souls, understanding also their slightest word, their most puzzling looks; happy in silence, happy also in the midst of loquacity; and well aware that the pleasures, the ideas and the moral instincts of a Lord Byron cannot be those of a bonnet-maker. But we must stop; this fair picture has led us too far from our subject; we are treating of marriage and not of love.

MEDITATION XII.

The Hygiene of Marriage.

The aim of this Meditation is to call to your attention a new method of defence, by which you may reduce the will of your wife to a condition of utter and abject submission. This is brought about by the reaction upon her moral nature of physical changes, and the wise lowering of her physical condition by a diet skillfully controlled.

This great and philosophical question of conjugal medicine will doubtless be regarded favorably by all who are gouty, are impotent, or suffer from catarrh; and by that legion of old men whose dullness we have quickened by our article on the predestined. But it principally concerns those husbands who have courage enough to enter into those paths of machiavelism, such as would not have been unworthy of that great king of France who endeavored to secure the happiness of the nation at the expense of certain noble heads. Here, the subject is the same. The amputation or the weakening of certain members is always to the advantage of the whole body.

Do you think seriously that a celibate who has been subject to a diet consisting of the herb hanéa, of cucumbers, of purs-

lane and the applications of leeches to his ears, as recommended by Sterne, would be able to carry by storm the honor of your wife? Suppose that a diplomat had been clever enough to affix a permanent linen plaster to the head of Napoleon, or to purge him every morning: Do you think that Napoleon, Napoleon the Great, would ever have conquered Italy? Was Napoleon, during his campaign in Russia, a prey to the most horrible pangs of dysuria, or was he not? That is one of the questions which has weighed upon the minds of the whole world. Is it not certain that cooling applications, douches, baths, etc., produce great changes in more or less acute affections of the brain? In the middle of the heat of July, when each one of your pores slowly filters out and returns to the devouring atmosphere the glasses of iced lemonade which you have drunk at a single draught, have you ever felt the flame of courage, the vigor of thought, the complete energy which rendered existence light and sweet to you some months before?

No, no; the iron most closely cemented into the hardest stone will raise and throw apart the most durable monument, by reason of the secret influence exercised by the slow and invisible variations of heat and cold, which vex the atmosphere. In the first place, let us be sure that if atmospheric mediums have an influence over man, there is still a stronger reason for believing that man, in turn, influences the imagination of his kind, by the more or less vigor with which he projects his will and thus produces a veritable atmosphere around him.

It is in this fact that the power of the actor's talent lies, as well as that of poetry and of fanaticism; for the former is the eloquence of words, as the latter is the eloquence of actions; and in this lies the foundation of a science, so far in its infancy.

This will, so potent in one man against another, this nervous and fluid force, eminently mobile and transmittible, is itself subject to the changing condition of our organization, and there are many circumstances which make this frail organism

of ours to vary. At this point, our metaphysical observation shall stop and we will enter into an analysis of the circumstances which develop the will of man and impart to it a greater degree of strength or weakness.

Do not believe, however, that it is our aim to induce you to put cataplasms on the honor of your wife, to lock her up in a sweating house, or to seal her up like a letter; no. We will not even attempt to teach you the magnetic theory which would give you the power to make your will triumph in the soul of your wife; there is not a single husband who would accept the happiness of an eternal love at the price of this perpetual strain laid upon his animal forces. But we shall attempt to expound a powerful system of hygiene, which will enable you to put out the flame when your chimney takes fire. The elegant women of Paris and the provinces (and these elegant women form a very distinguished class among the honest women) have plenty of means of attaining the object which we propose, without rummaging in the arsenal of medicine for the four cold specifics, the water-lily and the thousand inventions worthy only of witches. We will leave to Ælian his herb hanéa and to Sterne the purslane and cucumber which indicate too plainly his antiphlogistic purpose.

You should let your wife recline all day long on soft armchairs, in which she sinks into a veritable bath of eiderdown or feathers; you should encourage in every way that does no violence to your conscience, the inclination which women have to breathe no other air but the scented atmosphere of a chamber seldom opened, where daylight can scarcely enter through the soft, transparent curtains.

You will obtain marvelous results from this system, after having previously experienced the shock of her excitement; but if you are strong enough to support this momentary transport of your wife, you will soon see her artificial energy die away. In general, women love to live fast, but, after their tempest of passion, return to that condition of tranquillity which insures the happiness of a husband.

Jean-Jacques, through the instrumentality of his enchant-

ing Julie, must have proved to your wife that it was infinitely becoming to refrain from affronting her delicate stomach and her refined palate by making chyle out of coarse lumps of beef, and enormous collops of mutton. Is there anything purer in the world than those interesting vegetables, always fresh and scentless, those tinted fruits, that coffee, that fragrant chocolate, those oranges, the golden apples of Atalanta, the dates of Arabia and the biscuits of Brussels, a wholesome and elegant food which produces satisfactory results, at the same time that it imparts to a woman an air of mysterious originality? By the regimen which she chooses she becomes quite celebrated in her immediate circle, just as she would be by a singular toilet, a benevolent action or a *bon mot*. Pythagoras must needs have cast his spell over her, and become as much petted by her as a poodle or an ape.

Never commit the imprudence of certain men who, for the sake of putting on the appearance of wit, controvert the feminine dictum, *that the figure is preserved by meagre diet.* Women on such a diet never grow fat, that is clear and positive; do you stick to that.

Praise the skill with which some women, renowned for their beauty, have been able to preserve it by bathing themselves in milk, several times a day, or in water compounded of substances likely to render the skin softer and to lower the nervous tension.

Advise her above all things to refrain from washing herself in cold water; because water warm or tepid is the proper thing for all kinds of ablutions.

Let Broussais be your idol. At the least indisposition of your wife, and on the slightest pretext, order the application of leeches; do not even shrink from applying from time to time a few dozen on yourself, in order to establish the system of that celebrated doctor in your household. You will constantly be called upon from your position as husband to discover that your wife is too ruddy; try even sometimes to bring the blood to her head, in order to have the right to introduce into the house at certain intervals a squad of leeches.

Your wife ought to drink water, lightly tinged with a Burgundy wine agreeable to her taste, but destitute of any tonic properties; every other kind of wine would be bad for her. Never allow her to drink water alone; if you do, you are lost.

"Impetuous fluid! as soon as you press against the floodgates of the brain, how quickly do they yield to your power! Then Curiosity comes swimming by, making signs to her companions to follow; they plunge into the current. Imagination sits dreaming on the bank. She follows the torrent with her eyes and transforms the fragments of straw and reed into masts and bowsprit. And scarcely has the transformation taken place, before Desire, holding in one hand her skirt drawn up even to her knees, appears, sees the vessel and takes possession of it. O ye drinkers of water, it is by means of that magic spring that you have so often turned and turned again the world at your will, throwing beneath your feet the weak, trampling on his neck, and sometimes changing even the form and aspect of nature!"

If by this system of inaction, in combination with our system of diet, you fail to obtain satisfactory results, throw yourself with might and main into another system, which we will explain to you.

Man has a certain degree of energy given to him. Such and such a man or woman stands to another as ten is to thirty, as one to five; and there is a certain degree of energy which no one of us ever exceeds. The quantity of energy, or will-power, which each of us possesses diffuses itself like sound; it is sometimes weak, sometimes strong; it modifies itself according to the octaves to which it mounts. This force is unique, and although it may be dissipated in desire, in passion, in toils of intellect or in bodily exertion, it turns towards the object to which man directs it. A boxer expends it in blows of the fist, the baker in kneading his bread, the poet in the enthusiasm which consumes and demands an enormous quantity of it; it passes to the feet of the dancer; in fact, every one diffuses it as he will, and may I see the Minotaur tran-

quilly seated this very evening upon my bed, if you do not know as well as I do how he expends it. Almost all men spend in necessary toils, or in the anguish of direful passions, this fine sum of energy and of will, with which nature has endowed them; but our honest women are all the prey to the caprices and the struggles of this power which knows not what to do with itself. If, in the case of your wife, this energy has not been subdued by the prescribed dietary regimen, subject her to some form of activity which will constantly increase in violence. Find some means by which her sum of force which inconveniences you may be carried off, by some occupation which shall entirely absorb her strength. Without setting your wife to work the crank of a machine, there are a thousand ways of tiring her out under the load of constant work.

In leaving it to you to find means for carrying out our design —and these means vary with circumstances—we would point out that dancing is one of the very best abysses in which love may bury itself. This point having been very well treated by a contemporary, we will give him here an opportunity of speaking his mind:

"The poor victim who is the admiration of an enchanted audience pays dear for her success. What result can possibly follow on exertions so ill-proportioned to the resources of the delicate sex? The muscles of the body, disproportionately wearied, are forced to their full power of exertion. The nervous forces, intended to feed the fire of passions, and the labor of the brain, are diverted from their course. The failure of desire, the wish for rest, the exclusive craving for substantial food, all point to a nature impoverished, more anxious to recruit than to enjoy. Moreover, a denizen of the side scenes said to me one day, 'Whoever has lived with dancers has lived with sheep; for in their exhaustion they can think of nothing but strong food.' Believe me, then, the love which a ballet girl inspires is very delusive; in her we find, under an appearance of an artificial springtime, a soil which is cold as well as greedy, and senses which are utterly dulled. The

Calabrian doctors prescribed the dance as a remedy for the hysteric affections which are common among the women of their country; and the Arabs use a somewhat similar recipe for the highbred mares, whose too lively temperament hinders their fecundity. 'Dull as a dancer' is a familiar proverb at the theatre. In fact, the best brains of Europe are convinced that dancing brings with it a result eminently cooling.

"In support of this it may be necessary to add other observations. The life of shepherds gives birth to irregular loves. The morals of weavers were horribly decried in Greece. The Italians have given birth to a proverb concerning the lubricity of lame women. The Spanish, in whose veins are found many mixtures of African incontinence, have expressed their sentiments in a maxim which is familiar with them: *Muger y gallina pierna quebrantada* [it is good that a woman and a hen have one broken leg]. The profound sagacity of the Orientals in the art of pleasure is altogether expressed by this ordinance of the caliph Hakim, founder of the Druses, who forbade, under pain of death, the making in his kingdom of any shoes for women. It seems that over the whole globe the tempests of the heart wait only to break out after the limbs are at rest!"

What an admirable manœuvre it would be to make a wife dance, and to feed her on vegetables!

Do not believe that these observations, which are as true as they are wittily stated, contradict in any way the system which we have previously prescribed; by the latter, as by the former, we succeed in producing in a woman that needed listlessness, which is the pledge of repose and tranquillity. By the latter you leave a door open, that the enemy may flee; by the former, you slay him.

Now at this point it seems to us that we hear timorous people and those of narrow views rising up against our idea of hygiene in the name of morality and sentiment.

"Is not woman endowed with a soul? Has she not feelings as we have? What right has any one, without regard to her pain, her ideas, or her requirements, to hammer her out, as

a cheap metal, out of which a workman fashions a candlestick or an extinguisher? Is it because the poor creatures are already so feeble and miserable that a brute claims the power to torture them, merely at the dictate of his own fancies, which may be more or less just? And, if by this weakening or heating system of yours, which draws out, softens, hardens the fibres, you cause frightful and cruel sicknesses, if you bring to the tomb a woman who is dear to you; if, if,—"

This is our answer:

Have you never noticed into how many different shapes harlequin and columbine change their little white hats? They turn and twist them so well that they become, one after another, a spinning-top, a boat, a wine-glass, a half-moon, a cap, a basket, a fish, a whip, a dagger, a baby, and a man's head.

This is an exact image of the despotism with which you ought to shape and reshape your wife.

The wife is a piece of property, acquired by contract; she is part of your furniture, for possession is nine-tenths of the law; in fact, the woman is not, to speak correctly, anything but an adjunct to the man; therefore abridge, cut, file this article as you choose; she is in every sense yours. Take no notice at all of her murmurs, of her cries, of her sufferings; nature has ordained her for your use, that she may bear everything—children, griefs, blows and pains from man.

Don't accuse yourself of harshness. In the codes of all the nations which are called civilized, man has written the laws which govern the destiny of women in these cruel terms: *Vae victis!* Woe to the conquered!

Finally, think upon this last observation, the most weighty, perhaps, of all that we have made up to this time: if you, her husband, do not break under the scourge of your will this weak and charming reed, there will be a celibate, capricious and despotic, ready to bring her under a yoke more cruel still; and she will have to endure two tyrannies instead of one. Under all considerations, therefore, humanity demands that you should follow the system of our hygiene.

MEDITATION XIII.

Of Personal Measures.

Perhaps the preceding Meditations will prove more likely to develop general principles of conduct, than to repel force by force. They furnish, however, the pharmacopœia of medicine and not the practice of medicine. Now consider the personal means which nature has put into your hands for self-defence; for Providence has forgotten no one; if to the sepia (that fish of the Adriatic) has been given the black dye by which he produces a cloud in which he disappears from his enemy, you should believe that a husband has not been left without a weapon; and now the time has come for you to draw yours.

You ought to have stipulated before you married that your wife should nurse her own children; in this case, so long as she is occupied in bearing children or in nursing them you will avoid the danger from one or two quarters. The wife who is engaged in bringing into the world and nursing a baby has not really the time to bother with a lover, not to speak of the fact that before and after her confinement she cannot show herself in the world. In short, how can the most bold of the distinguished women who are the subject of this work show herself under these circumstances in public? O Lord Byron, thou who didst not wish to see women even eat!

Six months after her confinement, and when the child is on the eve of being weaned, a woman just begins to feel that she can enjoy her restoration and her liberty.

If your wife has not nursed her first child, you have too much sense not to notice this circumstance, and not to make her desire to nurse her next one. You will read to her the *Émile* of Jean-Jacques; you will fill her imagination with a sense of motherly duties; you will excite her moral feelings, etc.: in a word, you are either a fool or a man of sense; and in the first case, even after reading this book, you will always

be minotaurized; while in the second, you will understand how to take a hint.

This first expedient is in reality your own personal business. It will give you a great advantage in carrying out all the other methods.

Since Alcibiades cut the ears and the tail of his dog, in order to do a service to Pericles, who had on his hands a sort of Spanish war, as well as an Ouvrard contract affair, such as was then attracting the notice of the Athenians, there is not a single minister who has not endeavored to cut the ears of some dog or other.

So in medicine, when inflammation takes place at some vital point of the system, counter-irritation is brought about at some other point, by means of blisters, scarifications and cupping.

Another method consists in blistering your wife, or giving her, with a mental needle, a prod whose violence is such as to make a diversion in your favor.

A man of considerable mental resources had made his honeymoon last for about four years; the moon began to wane, and he saw appearing the fatal hollow in its circle. His wife was exactly in that state of mind which we attributed at the close of our first part to every honest woman; she had taken a fancy to a worthless fellow who was both insignificant in appearance and ugly; the only thing in his favor was, he was not her own husband. At this juncture, her husband meditated the cutting of some dog's tail, in order to renew, if possible, his lease of happiness. His wife had conducted herself with such tact, that it would have been very embarrassing to forbid her lover the house, for she had discovered some slight tie of relationship between them. The danger became, day by day, more imminent. The scent of the Minotaur was all around. One evening the husband felt himself plunged into a mood of deep vexation so acute as to be apparent to his wife. His wife had begun to show him more kindness than she had ever exhibited, even during the honeymoon; and hence question after question racked his mind. On her part a dead

silence reigned. The anxious questionings of his mind were redoubled; his suspicions burst forth, and he was seized with forebodings of future calamity! Now, on this occasion, he deftly applied a Japanese blister, which burned as fiercely as an *auto-da-fé* of the year 1600. At first his wife employed a thousand stratagems to discover whether the annoyance of her husband was caused by the presence of her lover; it was her first intrigue and she displayed a thousand artifices in it. Her imagination was aroused; it was no longer taken up with her lover; had she not better, first of all, probe her husband's secret?

One evening the husband, moved by the desire to confide in his loving helpmeet all his troubles, informed her that their whole fortune was lost. They would have to give up their carriage, their box at the theatre, balls, parties, even Paris itself; perhaps, by living on their estate in the country a year or two, they might retrieve all! Appealing to the imagination of his wife, he told her how he pitied her for her attachment to a man who was indeed deeply in love with her, but was now without fortune; he tore his hair, and his wife was compelled in honor to be deeply moved; then in this first excitement of their conjugal disturbance he took her off to his estate. Then followed scarifications, mustard plaster upon mustard plaster, and the tails of fresh dogs were cut: he caused a Gothic wing to be built to the château; madame altered the park ten times over in order to have fountains and lakes and variations in the grounds; finally, the husband in the midst of her labors did not forget his own, which consisted in providing her with interesting reading, and launching upon her delicate attentions, etc. Notice, he never informed his wife of the trick he had played on her; and if his fortune was recuperated, it was directly after the building of the wing, and the expenditure of enormous sums in making water-courses; but he assured her that the lake provided a water-power by which mills might be run, etc.

Now, there was a conjugal blister well conceived, for this husband neither neglected to rear his family nor to invite

to his house neighbors who were tiresome, stupid or old; and if he spent the winter at Paris, he flung his wife into the vortex of balls and races, so that she had not a minute to give to lovers, who are usually the fruit of a vacant life.

Journeys to Italy, Switzerland or Greece, sudden complaints which require a visit to the waters, and the most distant waters, are pretty good blisters. In fact, a man of sense should know how to manufacture a thousand of them.

Let us continue our examination of such personal methods.

And here we would have you observe that we are reasoning upon an hypothesis, without which this book will be unintelligible to you; namely, we suppose that your honeymoon has lasted for a respectable time and that the lady that you married was not a widow, but a maid; on the opposite supposition, it is at least in accordance with French manners to think that your wife married you merely for the purpose of becoming inconsistent.

From the moment when the struggle between virtue and inconsistency begins in your home, the whole question rests upon the constant and involuntary comparison which your wife is instituting between you and her lover.

And here you may find still another mode of defence, entirely personal, seldom employed by husbands, but the men of superiority will not fear to attempt it. It is to belittle the lover without letting your wife suspect your intention. You ought to be able to bring it about so that she will say to herself some evening while she is putting her hair in curl-papers, "My husband is superior to him."

In order to succeed, and you ought to be able to succeed, since you have the immense advantage over the lover in knowing the character of your wife, and how she is most easily wounded, you should, with all the tact of a diplomat, lead this lover to do silly things and cause him to annoy her, without his being aware of it.

In the first place, this lover, as usual, will seek your friendship, or you will have friends in common; then, either through the instrumentality of these friends or by insinuations adroitly

but treacherously made, you will lead him astray on essential points; and, with a little cleverness, you will succeed in finding your wife ready to deny herself to her lover when he calls, without either she or he being able to tell the reason. Thus you will have created in the bosom of your home a comedy in five acts, in which you play, to your profit, the brilliant *rôle* of Figaro or Almaviva; and for some months you will amuse yourself so much the more, because your *amour-propre,* your vanity, your all, were at stake.

I had the good fortune in my youth to win the confidence of an old *émigré* who gave me those rudiments of education which are generally obtained by young people from women. This friend, whose memory will always be dear to me, taught me by his example to put into practice those diplomatic stratagems which require tact as well as grace.

The Comte de Nocé had returned from Coblenz at a time when it was dangerous for the nobility to be found in France. No one had such courage and such kindness, such craft and such recklessness as this aristocrat. Although he was sixty years old he had married a woman of twenty-five, being compelled to this act of folly by soft-heartedness; for he thus delivered this poor child from the despotism of a capricious mother. "Would you like to be my widow?" this amiable old gentleman had said to Mademoiselle de Pontivy, but his heart was too affectionate not to become more attached to his wife than a sensible man ought to be. As in his youth he had been under the influence of several among the cleverest women in the court of Louis XV., he thought he would have no difficulty in keeping his wife from any entanglement. What man excepting him have I ever seen, who could put into successful practice the teachings which I am endeavoring to give to husbands! What charm could he impart to life by his delightful manners and fascinating conversation!—His wife never knew until after his death what she then learned from me, namely, that he had the gout. His face was amenity itself, as his eyes were mirrors of love. He had wisely retired to a home in the hollow of a valley, close to a forest. God

only knows what rambles he used to take with his wife!—His good star decreed that Mademoiselle de Pontivy should possess an excellent heart and should manifest in a high degree that exquisite refinement, that sensitive modesty which renders beautiful the plainest girl in the world. All of a sudden, one of his nephews, a good-looking military man, who had escaped from the disasters of Moscow, returned to his uncle's house, as much for the sake of learning how far he had to fear his cousins, as heirs, as in the hope of laying siege to his aunt. His black hair, his moustache, the easy small-talk of the staff officer, a certain freedom which was elegant as well as trifling, his bright eyes, contrasted favorably with the faded graces of his uncle. I arrived at the precise moment when the young countess was teaching her newly found relation to play backgammon. The proverb says that "women never learn this game excepting from their lovers, and vice versâ." Now, during a certain game, M. de Nocé had surprised his wife and the viscount in the act of exchanging one of those looks which are full of mingled innocence, fear, and desire. In the evening he proposed to us a hunting-party, and we agreed. I never saw him so gay and so eager as he appeared on the following morning, in spite of the twinges of gout which heralded an approaching attack. The devil himself could not have been better able to keep up a conversation on trifling subjects than he was. He had formerly been a musketeer in the Grays and had known Sophie Arnoud. This explains all. The conversation after a time became so exceedingly free among us three, that I hope God may forgive me for it!

"I would never have believed that my uncle was such a dashing blade!" said the nephew.

We made a halt, and while we were sitting on the edge of a green forest clearing, the count led us on to discourse about women just as Brantôme and Aloysia might have done.

"You fellows are very happy under the present government!—the women of the time are well mannered" (in order to appreciate the exclamation of the old gentleman, the reader should have heard the atrocious stories which the captain had

been relating). "And this," he went on, "is one of the advantages resulting from the Revolution. The present system gives very much more charm and mystery to passion. In former times women were easy; ah! indeed, you would not believe what skill it required, what daring, to wake up those worn-out hearts; we were always on the *qui vive*. But yet in those days a man became celebrated for a broad joke, well put, or for a lucky piece of insolence. That is what women love, and it will always be the best method of succeeding with them!"

These last words were uttered in a tone of profound contempt; he stopped, and began to play with the hammer of his gun as if to disguise his deep feeling.

"But nonsense," he went on, "my day is over! A man ought to have the body as well as the imagination young. Why did I marry? What is most treacherous in girls educated by mothers who lived in that brilliant era of gallantry, is that they put on an air of frankness, of reserve; they look as if butter would not melt in their mouths, and those who know them well feel that they would swallow anything!"

He rose, lifted his gun with a gesture of rage, and dashing it to the ground thrust it far up the butt in the moist sod.

"It would seem as if my dear aunt were fond of a little fun," said the officer to me in a low voice.

"Or of dénouements that do not come off!" I added.

The nephew tightened his cravat, adjusted his collar and gave a jump like a Calabrian goat. We returned to the château at about two in the afternoon. The count kept me with him until dinner-time, under the pretext of looking for some medals, of which he had spoken during our return home. The dinner was dull. The countess treated her nephew with stiff and cold politeness. When we entered the drawing-room the count said to his wife:

"Are you going to play backgammon?—We will leave you."

The young countess made no reply. She gazed at the fire, as if she had not heard. Her husband took some steps towards the door, inviting me by the wave of his hand to follow him.

At the sound of his footsteps, his wife quickly turned her head.

"Why do you leave us?" said she, "you will have all to-morrow to show your friend the reverse of the medals."

The count remained. Without paying any attention to the awkwardness which had succeeded the former military *aplomb* of his nephew, the count exercised during the whole evening his full powers as a charming conversationalist. I had never before seen him so brilliant or so gracious. We spoke a great deal about women. The witticisms of our host were marked by the most exquisite refinement. He made me forget that his hair was white, for he showed the brilliancy which belonged to a youthful heart, a gaiety which effaces the wrinkles from the cheek and melts the snow of wintry age.

The next day the nephew went away. Even after the death of M. de Nocé, I tried to profit by the intimacy of those familiar conversations in which women are sometimes caught off their guard to sound her, but I could never learn what impertinence the viscount had exhibited towards his aunt. His insolence must have been excessive, for since that time Madame de Nocé has refused to see her nephew, and up to the present moment never hears him named without a slight movement of her eyebrows. I did not at once guess the end at which the Comte de Nocé aimed, in inviting us to go shooting; but I discovered later that he had played a pretty bold game.

Nevertheless, if you happen at last, like M. de Nocé, to carry off a decisive victory, do not forget to put into practice at once the system of blisters; and do not for a moment imagine that such *tours de force* are to be repeated with safety. If that is the way you use your talents, you will end by losing caste in your wife's estimation; for she will demand of you, reasonably enough, double what you would give her, and the time will come when you declare bankruptcy. The human soul in its desires follows a sort of arithmetical progression, the end and origin of which are equally unknown. Just as the opium-eater must constantly increase his doses, in order to obtain the same result, so our mind, imperious as

it is weak, desires that feeling, ideas and objects should go on ever increasing in size and in intensity. Hence the necessity of cleverly distributing the interest in a dramatic work, and of graduating doses in medicine. Thus you see, if you always resort to the employment of means like these, that you must accommodate such daring measures to many circumstances, and success will always depend upon the motives to which you appeal.

And finally, have you influence, powerful friends, an important post? The last means I shall suggest cuts to the root of the evil. Would you have the power to send your wife's lover off by securing his promotion, or his change of residence by an exchange, if he is a military man? You cut off by this means all communication between them; later on we will show you how to do it; for *sublatâ causâ tollitur effectus,*—Latin words which may be freely translated "there is no effect without a cause."

Nevertheless, you feel that your wife may easily choose another lover; but in addition to these preliminary expedients, you will always have a blister ready, in order to gain time, and calculate how you may bring the affair to an end by fresh devices.

Study how to combine the system of blisters with the mimic wiles of Carlin, the immortal Carlin of the *Comédie-Italienne* who always held and amused an audience for whole hours, by uttering the same words, varied only by the art of pantomime and pronounced with a thousand inflections of different tone, —"The queen said to the king!" Imitate Carlin, discover some method of always keeping your wife in check, so as not to be checkmated yourself. Take a degree among constitutional ministers, a degree in the art of making promises. Habituate yourself to show at seasonable times the punchinello which makes children run after you without knowing the distance they run. We are all children, and women are all inclined through their curiosity to spend their time in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp. The flame is brilliant and quickly vanishes, but is not the imagination at hand to act as your

ally? Finally, study the happy art of being near her and yet not being near her; of seizing the opportunity which will yield you pre-eminence in her mind without ever crushing her with a sense of your superiority, or even of her own happiness. If the ignorance in which you have kept her does not altogether destroy her intellect, you must remain in such relations with her that each of you will still desire the company of the other.

MEDITATION XIV.

Of Apartments.

The preceding methods and systems are in a way purely moral; they share the nobility of the soul, there is nothing repulsive in them; but now we must proceed to consider precautions *à la Bartholo*. Do not give way to timidity. There is a marital courage, as there is a civil and military courage, as there is the courage of the National Guard.

What is the first course of a young girl after having purchased a parrot? Is it not to fasten it up in a pretty cage, from which it cannot get out without permission?

You may learn your duty from this child.

Everything that pertains to the arrangement of your house and of your apartments should be planned so as not to give your wife any advantage, in case she has decided to deliver you to the Minotaur; half of all actual mischances are brought about by the deplorable facilities which the apartments furnish.

Before everything else determine to have for your porter a *single man* entirely devoted to your person. This is a treasure easily to be found. What husband is there throughout the world who has not either a foster-father or some old servant, upon whose knees he has been dandled! There ought to exist, by means of your management, a hatred like that of Atreus and Thyestes between your wife and this Nestor—guardian of

your gate. This gate is the Alpha and Omega of an intrigue. May not all intrigues in love be confined in these words—entering and leaving?

Your house will be of no use to you if it does not stand between a court and a garden, and so constructed as to be detached from all other buildings. You must abolish all recesses in your apartments. A cupboard, if it contain but six pots of preserves, should be walled in. You are preparing yourself for war, and the first thought of a general is to cut his enemy off from supplies. Moreover, all the walls must be smooth, in order to present to the eye lines which may be taken in at a glance, and permit the immediate recognition of the least strange object. If you consult the remains of antique monuments you will see that the beauty of Greek and Roman apartments sprang principally from the purity of their lines, the clear sweep of their walls and scantiness of furniture. The Greeks would have smiled in pity, if they had seen the gaps which our closets make in our drawing-rooms.

This magnificent system of defence should above all be put in active operation in the apartment of your wife; never let her curtain her bed in such a way that one can walk round it amid a maze of hangings; be inexorable in the matter of connecting passages, and let her chamber be at the bottom of your reception-rooms, so as to show at a glance those who come and go.

The Marriage of Figaro will no doubt have taught you to put your wife's chamber at a great height from the ground. All celibates are Cherubins.

Your means, doubtless, will permit your wife to have a dressing-room, a bath-room, and a room for her chambermaid. Think then on Susanne, and never commit the fault of arranging this little room below that of madame's. But place it always above, and do not shrink from disfiguring your mansion by hideous divisions in the windows.

If, by ill luck, you see that this dangerous apartment communicates with that of your wife by a back staircase, earnestly consult your architect; let his genius exhaust itself in render-

ing this dangerous staircase as innocent as the primitive garret ladder; we conjure you let not this staircase have appended to it any treacherous lurking-place; its stiff and angular steps must not be arranged with that tempting curve which Faublas and Justine found so useful when they waited for the exit of the Marquis de B——. Architects nowadays make such staircases as are absolutely preferable to ottomans. Restore rather the virtuous garret steps of our ancestors.

Concerning the chimneys in the apartment of madame, you must take care to place in the flue, five feet from the ground, an iron grill, even though it be necessary to put up a fresh one every time the chimney is swept. If your wife laughs at this precaution, suggest to her the number of murders that have been committed by means of chimneys. Almost all women are afraid of robbers. The bed is one of those important pieces of furniture whose structure will demand long consideration. Everything concerning it is of vital importance. The following is the result of long experience in the construction of beds. Give to this piece of furniture a form so original that it may be looked upon without disgust, in the midst of changes of fashion which succeed so rapidly in rendering antiquated the creations of former decorators, for it is essential that your wife be unable to change, at pleasure, this theatre of married happiness. The base should be plain and massive and admit of no treacherous interval between it and the floor; and bear in mind always that the Donna Julia of Byron hid Don Juan under her pillow. But it would be ridiculous to treat lightly so delicate a subject.

LXII.

The bed is the whole of marriage.

Moreover, we must not delay to direct your attention to this wonderful creation of human genius, an invention which claims our recognition much more than ships, firearms, matches, wheeled carriages, steam engines of all kinds, more

than even barrels and bottles. In the first place, a little thought will convince us that this is all true of the bed; but when we begin to think that it is our second father, that the most tranquil and most agitated half of our existence is spent under its protecting canopy, words fail in eulogizing it. (See Meditation XVII., entitled "Theory of the Bed.")

When the war, of which we shall speak in our third part, breaks out between you and madame, you will always have plenty of ingenious excuses for rummaging in the drawers and escritoires; for if your wife is trying to hide from you some statue of her adoration, it is your interest to know where she has hidden it. A gynecæum, constructed on the method described, will enable you to calculate at a glance, whether there is present in it two pounds of silk more than usual. Should a single closet be constructed there, you are a lost man! Above all, accustom your wife, during the honeymoon, to bestow especial pains in the neatness of her apartment; let nothing put off that. If you do not habituate her to be minutely particular in this respect, if the same objects are not always found in the same places, she will allow things to become so untidy, that you will not be able to see that there are two pounds of silk more or less in her room.

The curtains of your apartments ought to be of a stuff which is quite transparent, and you ought to contract the habit in the evenings of walking outside so that madame may see you come right up to the window just out of absent-mindedness. In a word, with regard to windows, let the sills be so narrow that even a sack of flour cannot be set up on them.

If the apartment of your wife be arranged on these principles, you will be in perfect safety, even if there are niches enough there to contain all the saints of Paradise. You will be able, every evening, with the assistance of your porter, to strike the balance between the entrances and exits of visitors; and, in order to obtain accurate results, there is nothing to prevent your teaching him to keep a book of visitors, in double entry.

If you have a garden, cultivate a taste for dogs, and always

keep at large one of these incorruptible guardians under your windows; you will thus gain the respect of the Minotaur, especially if you accustom your four-footed friend to take nothing substantial excepting from the hand of your porter, so that hard-hearted celibates may not succeed in poisoning him.

But all these precautions must be taken as a natural thing, so that they may not arouse suspicions. If husbands are so imprudent as to neglect precautions from the moment they are married, they ought at once to sell their house and buy another one, or, under the pretext of repairs, alter their present house in the way prescribed.

You will without scruple banish from your apartments all sofas, ottomans, lounges, sedan chairs and the like. In the first place, this is the kind of furniture that adorns the homes of grocers, where they are universally found, as they are in those of barbers; but they are essentially the furniture of perdition; I can never see them without alarm. It has always seemed to me that there the devil himself is lurking with his horns and cloven foot.

After all, nothing is so dangerous as a chair, and it is extremely unfortunate that women cannot be shut up within the four walls of a bare room! What husband is there, who on sitting down on a rickety chair is not always forced to believe that this chair has received some of the lessons taught by the *Sofa* of Crebillon junior? But happily we have arranged your apartment on such a system of prevention that nothing so fatal can happen, or, at any rate, not without your contributory negligence.

One fault which you must contract,and which you must never correct, will consist in a sort of heedless curiosity, which will make you examine unceasingly all the boxes, and turn upside down the contents of all dressing-cases and work-baskets. You must proceed to this domiciliary visit in a humorous mood, and gracefully, so that each time you will obtain pardon by exciting the amusement of your wife.

You must always manifest a most profound astonishment on

noticing any piece of furniture freshly upholstered in her well-appointed apartment. You must immediately make her explain to you the advantages of the change; and then you must ransack your mind to discover whether there be not some underhand motive in the transaction.

This is by no means all. You have too much sense to forget that your pretty parrot will remain in her cage only so long as that cage is kept beautiful. The least accessory of her apartment ought, therefore, to breathe elegance and taste. The general appearance should always present a simple, at the same time a charming picture. You must constantly renew the hangings and muslin curtains. The freshness of the decorations is too essential to permit of economy on this point. It is the fresh chickweed each morning carefully put into the cage of their birds, that makes their pets believe it is the verdure of the meadows. An apartment of this character is then the *ultima ratio* of husbands; a wife has nothing to say when everything is lavished on her.

Husbands who are condemned to live in rented apartments find themselves in the most terrible situation possible. What happy or what fatal influence cannot the porter exercise upon their lot?

Is not their house flanked on either side by other houses? It is true that by placing the apartment of their wives on one side of the house the danger is lessened by one-half; but are they not obliged to learn by heart and to ponder the age, the condition, the fortune, the character, the habits of the tenants of the next house and even to know their friends and relations?

A husband will never take lodgings on the ground floor.

Every man, however, can apply in his apartments the precautionary methods which we have suggested to the owner of a house, and thus the tenant will have this advantage over the owner, that the apartment, which is less spacious than the house, is more easily guarded.

MEDITATION XV.

Of the Custom House.

"But no, madame, no—"

"Yes, for there is such inconvenience in the arrangement."

"Do you think, madame, that we wish, as at the frontier, to watch the visits of persons who cross the threshold of your apartments, or furtively leave them, in order to see whether they bring to you articles of contraband? That would not be proper; and there is nothing odious in our proceeding, any more than there is anything of a fiscal character; do not be alarmed."

The Custom House of the marriage state is, of all the expedients prescribed in this second part, that which perhaps demands the most tact and the most skill as well as the most knowledge acquired *à priori,* that is to say before marriage. In order to carry it out, a husband ought to have made a profound study of Lavater's book, and to be imbued with all his principles; to have accustomed his eye to judge and to apprehend with the most astonishing promptitude, the slightest physical expressions by which a man reveals his thoughts.

Lavater's *Physiognomy* originated a veritable science, which has won a place in human investigation. If at first some doubts, some jokes greeted the appearance of this book, since then the celebrated Doctor Gall is come with his noble theory of the skull and has completed the system of the Swiss savant, and given stability to his fine and luminous observations. People of talent, diplomats, women, all those who are numbered among the choice and fervent disciples of these two celebrated men, have often had occasion to recognize many other evident signs, by which the course of human thought is indicated. The habits of the body, the handwriting, the sound of the voice, have often betrayed the woman who is in love, the diplomat who is attempting to deceive, the clever administrator, or the sovereign who is compelled to distinguish at

a glance, love, treason or merit hitherto unknown. The man whose soul operates with energy is like a poor glowworm, which without knowing it irradiates light from every pore. He moves in a brilliant sphere where each effort makes a burning light and outlines his actions with long streamers of fire.

These, then, are all the elements of knowledge which you should possess, for the conjugal custom house insists simply in being able by a rapid but searching examination to know the moral and physical condition of all who enter or leave your house—all, that is, who have seen or intend to see your wife. A husband is, like a spider, set at the centre of an invisible net, and receives a shock from the least fool of a fly who touches it, and from a distance, hears, judges and sees what is either his prey or his enemy.

Thus you must obtain means to examine the celibate who rings at your door under two circumstances which are quite distinct, namely, when he is about to enter and when he is inside.

At the moment of entering how many things does he utter without even opening his mouth!

It may be by a slight wave of his hand, or by his plunging his fingers many times into his hair, he sticks up or smooths down his characteristic bang.

Or he hums a French or an Italian air, merry or sad, in a voice which may be either tenor, contralto, soprano or baritone.

Perhaps he takes care to see that the ends of his necktie are properly adjusted.

Or he smooths down the ruffles or front of his shirt or evening-dress.

Or he tries to find out by a questioning and furtive glance whether his wig, blonde or brown, curled or plain, is in its natural position.

Perhaps he looks at his nails to see whether they are clean and duly cut.

Perhaps with a hand which is either white or untidy, well-gloved or otherwise, he twirls his moustache, or his whiskers, or picks his teeth with a little tortoise-shell toothpick.

Or by slow and repeated movements he tries to place his chin exactly over the centre of his necktie.

Or perhaps he crosses one foot over the other, putting his hands in his pockets.

Or perhaps he gives a twist to his shoe, and looks at it as if he thought, "Now, there's a foot that is not badly formed."

Or according as he has come on foot or in a carriage, he rubs off or he does not rub off the slight patches of mud which soil his shoes.

Or perhaps he remains as motionless as a Dutchman smoking his pipe.

Or perhaps he fixes his eyes on the door and looks like a soul escaped from Purgatory and waiting for Saint Peter with the keys.

Perhaps he hesitates to pull the bell; perhaps he seizes it negligently, precipitately, familiarly, or like a man who is quite sure of himself.

Perhaps he pulls it timidly, producing a faint tinkle which is lost in the silence of the apartments, as the first bell of matins in winter-time, in a convent of Minims; or perhaps after having rung with energy, he rings again impatient that the footman has not heard him.

Perhaps he exhales a delicate scent, as he chews a pastille.

Perhaps with a solemn air he takes a pinch of snuff, brushing off with care the grains that might mar the whiteness of his linen.

Perhaps he looks around like a man estimating the value of the staircase lamp, the balustrade, the carpet, as if he were a furniture dealer or a contractor.

Perhaps this celibate seems a young or an old man, is cold or hot, arrives slowly, with an expression of sadness or merriment, etc.

You see that here, at the very foot of your staircase, you are met by an astonishing mass of things to observe.

The light pencil-strokes, with which we have tried to outline this figure, will suggest to you what is in reality a moral kaleidoscope with millions of variations. And yet we have not

even attempted to bring any woman on to the threshold which reveals so much; for in that case our remarks, already considerable in number, would have been countless and light as the grains of sand on the seashore.

For as a matter of fact, when he stands before the shut door, a man believes that he is quite alone; and he would have no hesitation in beginning a silent monologue, a dreamy soliloquy, in which he revealed his desires, his intentions, his personal qualities, his faults, his virtues, etc.; for undoubtedly a man on a stoop is exactly like a young girl of fifteen at confession, the evening before her first communion.

Do you want any proof of this? Notice the sudden change of face and manner in this celibate from the very moment he steps within the house. No machinist in the Opera, no change in the temperature in the clouds or in the sun can more suddenly transform the appearance of a theatre, the effect of the atmosphere, or the scenery of the heavens.

On reaching the first plank of your antechamber, instead of betraying with so much innocence the myriad thoughts which were suggested to you on the steps, the celibate has not a single glance to which you could attach any significance. The mask of social convention wraps with its thick veil his whole bearing; but a clever husband must already have divined at a single look the object of his visit, and he reads the soul of the new arrival as if it were a printed book.

The manner in which he approaches your wife, in which he addresses her, looks at her, greets her and retires—there are volumes of observations, more or less trifling, to be made on these subjects.

The tone of his voice, his bearing, his awkwardness, it may be his smile, even his gloom, his avoidance of your eye,—all are significant, all ought to be studied, but without apparent attention. You ought to conceal the most disagreeable discovery you may make by an easy manner and remarks such as are ready at hand to a man of society. As we are unable to detail the minutiæ of this subject we leave them entirely to the sagacity of the reader, who must by this time have per-

ceived the drift of our investigation, as well as the extent of this science which begins at the analysis of glances and ends in the detection of such movements as contempt may inspire in a great toe hidden under the satin of a lady's slipper or the leather of a man's boot.

But the exit!—for we must allow for occasions where you have omitted your rigid scrutiny at the threshold of the doorway, and in that case the exit becomes of vital importance, and all the more so because this fresh study of the celibate ought to be made on the same lines, but from an opposite point of view, from that which we have already outlined.

In the exit the situation assumes a special gravity; for then is the moment in which the enemy has crossed all the intrenchments within which he was subject to our examination and has escaped into the street! At this point a man of understanding when he sees a visitor passing under the *porte-cochère* should be able to divine the import of the whole visit. The indications are indeed fewer in number, but how distinct is their character! The dénouement has arrived and the man instantly betrays the importance of it by the frankest expression of happiness, pain or joy.

These revelations are therefore easy to apprehend; they appear in the glance cast either at the building or at the windows of the apartment; in a slow or loitering gait, in the rubbing of hands, on the part of a fool, in the bounding gait of a coxcomb, or the involuntary arrest of his footsteps, which marks the man who is deeply moved; in a word, you see upon the stoop certain questions as clearly proposed to you as if a provincial academy had offered a hundred crowns for an essay; but in the exit you behold the solution of these questions clearly and precisely given to you. Our task would be far above the power of human intelligence if it consisted in enumerating the different ways by which men betray their feelings; the discernment of such things is purely a matter of tact and sentiment.

If strangers are the subject of these principles of observation, you have a still stronger reason for submitting your wife to the formal safeguards which we have outlined.

A married man should make a profound study of his wife's countenance. Such a study is easy, it is even involuntary and continuous. For him the pretty face of his wife must needs contain no mysteries, he knows how her feelings are depicted there and with what expression she shuns the fire of his glance.

The slightest movement of the lips, the faintest contraction of the nostrils, scarcely perceptible changes in the expression of the eye, an altered voice, and those indescribable shades of feeling which pass over her features, or the light which sometimes bursts forth from them, are intelligible language to you.

The whole woman nature stands before you; all look at her, but none can interpret her thoughts. But for you, the eye is more or less dimmed, wide-opened or closed; the lid twitches, the eyebrow moves; a wrinkle, which vanishes as quickly as a ripple on the ocean, furrows her brow for one moment; the lip tightens, it is slightly curved or it is wreathed with animation—for you the woman has spoken.

If in those puzzling moments in which a woman tries dissimulation in presence of her husband, you have the spirit of a sphinx in seeing through her, you will plainly observe that your custom-house restrictions are mere child's play to her.

When she comes home or goes out, when in a word she believes she is alone, your wife will exhibit all the imprudence of a jackdaw and will tell her secret aloud to herself; moreover, by her sudden change of expression the moment she notices you (and despite the rapidity of this change, you will not fail to have observed the expression she wore behind your back) you may read her soul as if you were reading a book of Plain Song. Moreover, your wife will often find herself just on the point of indulging in soliloquies, and on such occasions her husband may recognize the secret feelings of his wife.

Is there a man as heedless of love's mysteries as not to have admired, over and over again, the light, mincing, even bewitching gait of a woman who flies on her way to keep an assignation? She glides through the crowd, like a snake through the grass. The costumes and stuffs of the latest fashion spread

out their dazzling attractions in the shop windows without claiming her attention; on, on she goes like to the faithful animal who follows the invisible tracks of his master; she is deaf to all compliments, blind to all glances, insensible even to the light touch of the crowd, which is inevitable amid the circulation of Parisian humanity. Oh, how deeply she feels the value of a minute! Her gait, her toilet, the expression of her face, involve her in a thousand indiscretions, but oh, what a ravishing picture she presents to the idler, and what an ominous page for the eye of a husband to read, is the face of this woman when she returns from the secret place of rendezvous in which her heart ever dwells! Her happiness is impressed even on the unmistakable disarray of her hair, the mass of whose wavy tresses has not received from the broken comb of the celibate that radiant lustre, that elegant and well-proportioned adjustment which only the practiced hand of her maid can give. And what charming ease appears in her gait! How is it possible to describe the emotion which adds such rich tints to her complexion!—which robs her eyes of all their assurance and gives to them an expression of mingled melancholy and delight, of shame which is yet blended with pride!

These observations, stolen from our Meditation, *Of the Last Symptoms*, and which are really suggested by the situation of a woman who tries to conceal everything, may enable you to divine by analogy the rich crop of observation which is left for you to harvest when your wife arrives home, or when, without having committed the great crime, she innocently lets out the secrets of her thoughts. For our own part we never see a landing without wishing to set up there a mariner's card and a weather-cock.

As the means to be employed for constructing a sort of domestic observatory depend altogether on places and circumstances, we must leave to the address of a jealous husband the execution of the methods suggested in this Meditation.

MEDITATION XVI.

The Charter of Marriage.

I acknowledge that I really know of but one house in Paris which is managed in accordance with the system unfolded in the two preceding Meditations. But I ought to add, also, that I have built up my system on the example of that house. The admirable fortress I allude to belonged to a young councillor of state, who was mad with love and jealousy.

As soon as he learned that there existed a man who was exclusively occupied in bringing to perfection the institution of marriage in France, he had the generosity to open the doors of his mansion to me and to show me his gyneceum. I admired the profound genius which so cleverly disguised the precautions of almost oriental jealousy under the elegance of furniture, beauty of carpets and brightness of painted decorations. I agreed with him that it was impossible for his wife to render his home a scene of treachery.

"Sir," said I, to this Othello of the council of state who did not seem to me peculiarly strong in the *haute politique* of marriage, "I have no doubt that the viscountess is delighted to live in this little Paradise; she ought indeed to take prodigious pleasure in it, especially if you are often here. But the time will come when she will have had enough of it; for, my dear sir, we grow tired of everything, even of the sublime. What will you do then, when madame, failing to find in all your inventions their primitive charm, shall open her mouth in a yawn, and perhaps make a request with a view to the exercise of two rights, both of which are indispensable to her happiness: individual liberty, that is, the privilege of going and coming according to the caprice of her will; and the liberty of the press, that is, the privilege of writing and receiving letters without fear of your censure?"

Scarcely had I said these words when the Vicomte de V—— grasped my arm tightly and cried:

"Yes, such is the ingratitude of woman! If there is any thing more ungrateful than a king, it is a nation; but, sir, woman is more ungrateful than either of them. A married woman treats us as the citizens of a constitutional monarchy treat their king; every measure has been taken to give these citizens a life of prosperity in a prosperous country; the government has taken all the pains in the world with its gendarmes, its churches, its ministry and all the paraphernalia of its military forces, to prevent the people from dying of hunger, to light the cities by gas at the expense of the citizens, to give warmth to every one by means of the sun which shines at the forty-fifth degree of latitude, and to forbid every one, excepting the tax-gatherers, to ask for money; it has labored hard to give to all the main roads a more or less substantial pavement—but none of these advantages of our fair Utopia is appreciated! The citizens want something else. They are not ashamed to demand the right of traveling over the roads at their own will, and of being informed where that money given to the tax-gatherers goes. And, finally, the monarch will soon be obliged, if we pay any attention to the chatter of certain scribblers, to give to every individual a share in the throne or to adopt certain revolutionary ideas, which are mere Punch and Judy shows for the public, manipulated by a band of self-styled patriots, riff-raff, always ready to sell their conscience for a million francs, for an honest woman, or for a ducal coronet."

"But, monsieur," I said, interrupting him, "while I perfectly agree with you on this last point, the question remains, how will you escape giving an answer to the just demands of your wife?"

"Sir," he replied, "I shall do—I shall answer as the government answers, that is, those governments which are not so stupid as the opposition would make out to their constituents. I shall begin by solemnly interdicting any arrangement, by virtue of which my wife will be declared entirely free. I fully recognize her right to go wherever it seems good to her, to write to whom she chooses, and to receive

letters, the contents of which I do not know. My wife shall have all the rights that belong to an English Parliament; I shall let her talk as much as she likes, discuss and propose strong and energetic measures, but without the power to put them into execution, and then after that—well, we shall see!"

"By St. Joseph!" said I to myself, "Here is a man who understands the science of marriage as well as I myself do. And then, you will see, sir," I answered aloud, in order to obtain from him the fullest revelation of his experience; "you will see, some fine morning, that you are as big a fool as the next man."

"Sir," he gravely replied, "allow me to finish what I was saying. Here is what great politicians call a theory, but in practice they can make that theory vanish in smoke; and ministers possess in a greater degree than even the lawyers of Normandy, the art of making fact yield to fancy. M. de Metternich and M. de Pilat, men of the highest authority, have been for a long time asking each other whether Europe is in its right senses, whether it is dreaming, whether it knows whither it is going, whether it has ever exercised its reason, a thing impossible on the part of the masses, of nations and of women. M. de Metternich and M. de Pilat are terrified to see this age carried away by a passion for constitutions, as the preceding age was by the passion for philosophy, as that of Luther was for a reform of abuses in the Roman religion; for it truly seems as if different generations of men were like those conspirators whose actions are directed to the same end, as soon as the watchword has been given them. But their alarm is a mistake, and it is on this point alone that I condemn them, for they are right in their wish to enjoy power without permitting the middle class to come on a fixed day from the depth of each of their six kingdoms, to torment them. How could men of such remarkable talent fail to divine that the constitutional comedy has in it a moral of profound meaning, and to see that it is the very best policy to give the age a bone to exercise its teeth upon! I think exactly as they do on the subject of sovereignty. A power is

a moral being as much interested as a man is in self-preservation. This sentiment of self-preservation is under the control of an essential principle which may be expressed in three words—*to lose nothing*. But in order to lose nothing, a power must grow or remain indefinite, for a power which remains stationary is nullified. If it retrogrades, it is under the control of something else, and loses its independent existence. I am quite as well aware, as are those gentlemen, in what a false position an unlimited power puts itself by making concessions; it allows to another power whose essence is to expand a place within its own sphere of activity. One of them will necessarily nullify the other, for every existing thing aims at the greatest possible development of its own forces. A power, therefore, never makes concessions which it does not afterwards seek to retract. This struggle between two powers is the basis on which stands the balance of government, whose elasticity so mistakenly alarmed the patriarch of Austrian diplomacy, for comparing comedy with comedy the least perilous and the most advantageous administration is found in the seesaw system of the English and of the French politics. These two countries have said to the people, 'You are free;' and the people have been satisfied; they enter the government like the zeros which give value to the unit. But if the people wish to take an active part in the government, immediately they are treated, like Sancho Panza, on that occasion when the squire, having become sovereign over an island on terra firma, made an attempt at dinner to eat the viands set before him.

"Now we ought to parody this admirable scene in the management of our homes. Thus, my wife has a perfect right to go out, provided she tell me where she is going, how she is going, what is the business she is engaged in when she is out and at what hour she will return. Instead of demanding this information with the brutality of the police, who will doubtless some day become perfect, I take pains to speak to her in the most gracious terms. On my lips, in my eyes, in my whole countenance, an expression plays, which indicates both

curiosity and indifference, seriousness and pleasantry, harshness and tenderness. These little conjugal scenes are so full of vivacity, of tact and address that it is a pleasure to take part in them. The very day on which I took from the head of my wife the wreath of orange blossoms which she wore, I understood that we were playing at a royal coronation—the first scene in a comic pantomime!—I have my gendarmes!—I have my guard royal!—I have my attorney general—that I do!" he continued enthusiastically. "Do you think that I would allow madame to go anywhere on foot unaccompanied by a lackey in livery? Is not that the best style? Not to count the pleasure she takes in saying to everybody, 'I have my people here.' It has always been a conservative principle of mine that my times of exercise should coincide with those of my wife, and for two years I have proved to her that I take an ever fresh pleasure in giving her my arm. If the weather is not suitable for walking, I try to teach her how to drive with success a frisky horse; but I swear to you that I undertake this in such a manner that she does not learn very quickly!—If either by chance, or prompted by a deliberate wish, she takes measures to escape without a passport, that is to say, alone in the carriage, have I not a driver, a footman, a groom? My wife, therefore, go where she will, takes with her a complete *Santa Hermandad,* and I am perfectly easy in mind.—But, my dear sir, there is abundance of means by which to annul the charter of marriage by our manner of fulfilling it! I have remarked that the manners of high society induce a habit of idleness which absorbs half of the life of a woman without permitting her to feel that she is alive. For my part, I have formed the project of dexterously leading my wife along, up to her fortieth year, without letting her think of adultery, just as poor Musson used to amuse himself in leading some simple fellow from the Rue Saint-Denis to Pierrefitte without letting him think that he had left the shadows of St. Lew's tower."

"How is it," I said, interrupting him, "that you have hit upon those admirable methods of deception which I was in-

tending to describe in a Meditation entitled *The Act of Putting Death into Life!* Alas! I thought I was the first man to discover that science. The epigrammatic title was suggested to me by an account which a young doctor gave me of an excellent composition of Crabbe, as yet unpublished. In this work, the English poet has introduced a fantastic being called *Life in Death*. This personage crosses the oceans of the world in pursuit of a living skeleton called *Death in Life*— I recollect at the time very few people, among the guests of a certain elegant translator of English poetry, understood the mystic meaning of a fable as true as it was fanciful. Myself alone, perhaps, as I sat buried in silence, thought of the whole generations which as they were hurried along by life, passed on their way without living. Before my eyes rose faces of women by the million, by the myriad, all dead, all disappointed and shedding tears of despair, as they looked back upon the lost moments of their ignorant youth. In the distance I saw a playful Meditation rise to birth, I heard the satanic laughter which ran through it, and now you doubtless are about to kill it.—But come, tell me in confidence what means you have discovered by which to assist a woman to squander the swift moments during which her beauty is at its full flower and her desires at their full strength.—Perhaps you have some stratagems, some clever devices, to describe to me—"

The viscount began to laugh at this literary disappointment of mine, and he said to me, with a self-satisfied air:

"My wife, like all the young people of our happy century, has been accustomed, for three or four consecutive years, to press her fingers on the keys of a piano, a long-suffering instrument. She has hammered out Beethoven, warbled the airs of Rossini and run through the exercises of Crammer. I had already taken pains to convince her of the excellence of music; to attain this end, I have applauded her, I have listened without yawning to the most tiresome sonatas in the world, and I have at last consented to give her a box at the Bouffons. I have thus gained three quiet evenings out of the seven which God has created in the week. I am the main-

stay of the music shops. At Paris there are drawing-rooms which exactly resemble the musical snuff-boxes of Germany. They are a sort of continuous orchestra to which I regularly go in search of that surfeit of harmony which my wife calls a concert. But most part of the time my wife keeps herself buried in her music-books—"

"But, my dear sir, do you not recognize the danger that lies in cultivating in a woman a taste for singing, and allowing her to yield to all the excitements of a sedentary life? It is only less dangerous to make her feed on mutton and drink cold water."

"My wife never eats anything but the white meat of poultry, and I always take care that a ball shall come after the concert and a reception after an Opera! I have also succeeded in making her lie down between one and two in the day. Ah! my dear sir, the benefits of this nap are incalculable! In the first place each necessary pleasure is accorded as a favor, and I am considered to be constantly carrying out my wife's wishes. And then I lead her to imagine, without saying a single word, that she is being constantly amused every day from six o'clock in the evening, the time of our dinner and of her toilet, until eleven o'clock in the morning, the time when we get up."

"Ah! sir, how grateful you ought to be for a life which is so completely filled up!"

"I have scarcely more than three dangerous hours a day to pass; but she has, of course, sonatas to practice and airs to go over, and there are always rides in the Bois de Boulogne, carriages to try, visits to pay, etc. But this is not all. The fairest ornament of a woman is the most exquisite cleanliness. A woman cannot be too particular in this respect, and no pains she takes can be laughed at. Now her toilet has also suggested to me a method of thus consuming the best hours of the day in bathing."

"How lucky I am in finding a listener like you!" I cried; "truly, sir, you could waste for her four hours a day, if only you were willing to teach her an art quite unknown to the

most fastidious of our modern fine ladies. Why don't you enumerate to the viscountess the astonishing precautions manifest in the Oriental luxury of the Roman dames? Give her the names of the slaves merely employed for the bath in Poppea's palace: the *unctores,* the *fricatores,* the *alipilarili,* the *dropacistæ,* the *paratiltriæ,* the *picatrices,* the *tracatrices,* the swan whiteners, and all the rest.—Talk to her about this multitude of slaves whose names are given by Mirabeau in his *Erotika Biblion.* If she tries to secure the services of all these people you will have fine times of quietness, not to speak of the personal satisfaction which will redound to you yourself from the introduction into your house of the system invented by these illustrious Romans, whose hair, artistically arranged, was deluged with perfumes, whose smallest vein seemed to have acquired fresh blood from the myrrh, the lint, the perfume, the douches, the flowers of the bath, all of which were enjoyed to the strains of voluptuous music."

"Ah! sir," continued the husband, who was warming to his subject, "can I not find also admirable pretexts in my solicitude for her health? Her health, so dear and precious to me, forces me to forbid her going out in bad weather, and thus I gain a quarter of the year. And I have also introduced the charming custom of kissing when either of us goes out, this parting kiss being accompanied with the words, 'My sweet angel, I am going out.' Finally, I have taken measures for the future to make my wife as truly a prisoner in the house as the conscript in his sentry box! For I have inspired her with an incredible enthusiasm for the sacred duties of maternity."

"You do it by opposing her?" I asked.

"You have guessed it," he answered, laughing. "I have maintained to her that it is impossible for a woman of the world to discharge her duties towards society, to manage her household, to devote herself to fashion, as well as to the wishes of her husband, whom she loves, and, at the same time, to rear children. She then avers that, after the example of Cato, who wished to see how the nurse changed the swaddling bands of the infant Pompey, she would never leave to others

the least of the services required in shaping the susceptible minds and tender bodies of these little creatures whose education begins in the cradle. ' You understand, sir, that my conjugal diplomacy would not be of much service to me unless, after having put my wife in solitary confinement, I did not also employ a certain harmless machiavelism, which consists in begging her to do whatever she likes, and asking her advice in every circumstance and on every contingency. As this delusive liberty has entirely deceived a creature so high-minded as she is, I have taken pains to stop at no sacrifice which would convince Madame de V—— that she is the freest woman in Paris; and, in order to attain this end, I take care not to commit those gross political blunders into which our ministers so often fall."

"I can see you," said I, "when you wish to cheat your wife out of some right granted her by the charter, I can see you putting on a mild and deliberate air, hiding your dagger under a bouquet of roses, and as you plunge it cautiously into her heart, saying to her with a friendly voice, 'My darling, does it hurt?' and she, like those on whose toes you tread in a crowd, will probably reply, 'Not in the least.' "

He could not restrain a laugh and said:

"Won't my wife be astonished at the Last Judgment?"

"I scarcely know," I replied, "whether you or she will be most astonished."

The jealous man frowned, but his face resumed its calmness as I added:

"I am truly grateful, sir, to the chance which has given me the pleasure of your acquaintance. Without the assistance of your remarks I should have been less successful than you have been in developing certain ideas which we possess in common. I beg of you that you will give me leave to publish this conversation. Statements which you and I find pregnant with high political conceptions, others perhaps will think characterized by more or less cutting irony, and I shall pass for a clever fellow in the eyes of both parties."

While I thus tried to express my thanks to the viscount

(the first husband after my heart that I had met with), he took me once more through his apartments, where everything seemed to be beyond criticism.

I was about to take leave of him, when opening the door of a little boudoir he showed me a room with an air which seemed to say, "Is there any way by which the least irregularity should occur without my seeing it?"

I replied to this silent interrogation by an inclination of the head, such as guests make to their Amphytrion when they taste some exceptionally choice dish.

"My whole system," he said to me in a whisper, "was suggested to me by three words which my father heard Napoleon pronounce at a crowded council of state, when divorce was the subject of conversation. 'Adultery,' he exclaimed, 'is merely a matter of opportunity!' See, then, I have changed these accessories of crime, so that they become spies," added the councillor, pointing out to me a divan covered with tea-colored cashmere, the cushions of which were slightly pressed. Notice that impession,—I learn from it that my wife has had a headache, and has been reclining there."

We stepped toward the divan, and saw the word FOOL lightly traced upon the fatal cushion, by four

> Things that I know not, plucked by lover's hand
> From Cypris' orchard, where the fairy band
> Are dancing, once by nobles thought to be
> Worthy an order of new chivalry,
> A brotherhood, wherein, with script of gold,
> More mortal men than gods should be enrolled.

"Nobody in my house has black hair!" said the husband, growing pale.

I hurried away, for I was seized with an irresistible fit of laughter, which I could not easily overcome.

"That man has met his judgment day!" I said to myself; "all the barriers by which he has surrounded her have only been instrumental in adding to the intensity of her pleasures!"

This idea saddened me. The adventure destroyed from

summit to foundation three of my most important Meditations, and the catholic infallibility of my book was assailed in its most essential point. I would gladly have paid to establish the fidelity of the Viscountess V—— a sum as great as very many people would have offered to secure her surrender. But alas! my money will now be kept by me.

Three days afterwards I met the councillor in the *foyer* of the Italiens. As soon as he saw me he rushed up. Impelled by a sort of modesty I tried to avoid him, but grasping my arm: "Ah! I have passed three cruel days," he whispered in my ear. "Fortunately my wife is as innocent as perhaps a new-born babe—"

"You have already told me that the viscountess was extremely ingenious," I said, with unfeeling gaiety.

"Oh!" he said, "I gladly take a joke this evening; for this morning I had irrefragable proofs of my wife's fidelity. I had risen very early to finish a piece of work for which I had been rushed, and in looking absently in my garden, I suddenly saw the *valet de chambre* of a general, whose house is next to mine, climbing over the wall. My wife's maid, poking her head from the vestibule, was stroking my dog and covering the retreat of the gallant. I took my opera glass and examined the intruder —his hair was jet black!—Ah! never have I seen a Christian face that gave me more delight! And you may well believe that during the day all my perplexities vanished. So, my dear sir," he continued, "if you marry, let your dog loose and put broken bottles over the top of your walls."

"And did the viscountess perceive your distress during these three days?"

"Do you take me for a child?" he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I have never been so merry in all my life as I have been since we met."

"You are a great man unrecognized," I cried, "and you are not—"

He did not permit me to conclude; for he had disappeared on seeing one of his friends who approached as if to greet the viscountess.

Now what can we add that would not be a tedious paraphrase of the lessons suggested by this conversation? All is included in it, either as seed or fruit. Nevertheless, you see, O husband! that your happiness hangs on a hair.

MEDITATION XVII.

The Theory of the Bed.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening. They were seated upon the academic armchairs, which made a semicircle round a huge hearth, on which a coal fire was burning fitfully—symbol of the burning subject of their important deliberations. It was easy to guess, on seeing the grave but earnest faces of all the members of this assembly, that they were called upon to pronounce sentence upon the life, the fortunes and the happiness of people like themselves. They held no commission excepting that of their conscience, and they gathered there as the assessors of an ancient and mysterious tribunal; but they represented interests much more important than those of kings or of peoples; they spoke in the name of the passions and on behalf of the happiness of the numberless generations which should succeed them.

The grandson of the celebrated Boulle was seated before a round table on which were placed the criminal exhibits which had been collected with remarkable intelligence. I, the insignificant secretary of the meeting, occupied a place at this desk, where it was my office to take down a report of the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said an old man, "the first question upon which we have to deliberate is found clearly stated in the following passage of a letter. The letter was written to the Princess of Wales, Caroline of Anspach, by the widow of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., mother of the Regent: 'The Queen of Spain has a method of making her

husband say exactly what she wishes. The king is a religious man; he believes that he would be damned if he touched any woman but his wife, and still this excellent prince is of a very amorous temperament. Thus the queen obtains her every wish. She has placed castors on her husband's bed. If he refuses her anything, she pushes the bed away. If he grants her request, the beds stand side by side, and she admits him into hers. And so the king is highly delighted, since he likes ——' I will not go any further, gentlemen, for the virtuous frankness of the German princess might in this assembly be charged with immorality."

Should wise husbands adopt these beds on castors? This is the problem which we have to solve.

The unanimity of the vote left no doubt about the opinion of the assembly. I was ordered to inscribe in the records, that if two married people slept on two separate beds in the same room the beds ought not to be set on castors.

"With this proviso," put in one of the members, "that the present decision shall have no bearing on any subsequent ruling upon the best arrangement of the beds of married people."

The president passed to me a choicely bound volume, in which was contained the original edition, published in 1788, of the letters of Charlotte Elizabeth de Bavière, widow of the Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis XIV., and, while I was transcribing the passage already quoted, he said:

"But, gentlemen, you must all have received at your houses the notification in which the second question is stated."

"I rise to make an observation," exclaimed the youngest of the jealous husbands there assembled.

The president took his seat with a gesture of assent.

"Gentlemen," said the young husband, "are we quite prepared to deliberate upon so grave a question as that which is presented by the universally bad arrangement of the beds? Is there not here a much wider question than that of mere cabinet-making to decide? For my own part I see in it a question which concerns that of universal human intellect.

The mysteries of conception, gentlemen, are still enveloped in a darkness which modern science has but partially dissipated. We do not know how far external circumstances influence the microscopic beings whose discovery is due to the unwearied patience of Hill, Baker, Joblot, Eichorn, Gleichen, Spallanzani, and especially of Müller, and last of all of M. Bory de Saint Vincent. The imperfections of the bed opens up a musical question of the highest importance, and for my part I declare I shall write to Italy to obtain clear information as to the manner in which beds are generally arranged. We do not know whether there are in the Italian bed numerous curtain rods, screws and castors, or whether the construction of beds is in this country more faulty than everywhere else, or whether the dryness of timber in Italy, due to the influence of the sun, does not *ab ovo* produce the harmony, the sense of which is to so large an extent innate in Italians. For these reasons I move that we adjourn."

"What!" cried a gentleman from the West, impatiently rising to his feet, "are we here to dilate upon the advancement of music? What we have to consider first of all is manners, and the moral question is paramount in this discussion."

"Nevertheless," remarked one of the most influential members of the council, "the suggestion of the former speaker is not in my opinion to be passed by. In the last century, gentlemen, Sterne, one of the writers most philosophically delightful and most delightfully philosophic, complained of the carelessness with which human beings were procreated; 'Shame!' he cried, 'that he who copies the divine physiognomy of man receives crowns and applause, but he who achieves the masterpiece, the prototype of mimic art, feels that like virtue he must be his own reward.'

"Ought we not to feel more interest in the improvement of the human race than in that of horses? Gentlemen, I passed through a little town of Orléanais where the whole population consisted of hunchbacks, of glum and gloomy people, veritable children of sorrow, and the remark of the

former speaker caused me to recollect that all the beds were in a very bad condition and the bedchambers presented nothing to the eyes of the married couple but what was hideous and revolting. Ah! gentlemen, how is it possible that our minds should be in an ideal state, when instead of the music of angels flying here and there in the bosom of that heaven to which we have attained, our ears are assailed by the most detestable, the most angry, the most piercing of human cries and lamentations? We are perhaps indebted for the fine geniuses who have honored humanity to beds which are solidly constructed; and the turbulent population which caused the French Revolution were conceived perhaps upon a multitude of tottering couches, with twisted and unstable legs; while the Orientals, who are such a beautiful race, have a unique method of making their beds. I vote for the adjournment."

And the gentleman sat down.

A man belonging to the sect of Methodists arose. "Why should we change the subject of debate? We are not dealing here with the improvement of the race nor with the perfecting of the work. We must not lose sight of the interests of the jealous husband and the principles on which moral soundness is based. Don't you know that the noise of which you complain seems more terrible to the wife uncertain of her crime, than the trumpet of the Last Judgment? Can you forget that a suit for infidelity could never be won by a husband excepting through this conjugal noise? I will undertake, gentlemen, to refer to the divorces of Lord Abergavenny, of Viscount Bolingbroke, of the late Queen Caroline, of Eliza Draper, of Madame Harris, in fact, of all those who are mentioned in the twenty volumes published by—." (The secretary did not distinctly hear the name of the English publisher.)

The motion to adjourn was carried. The youngest member proposed to make up a purse for the author producing the best dissertation addressed to the society upon a subject which Sterne considered of such importance; but at the end of the seance eighteen shillings was the total sum found in the hat of the president.

The above debate of the society, which had recently been formed in London for the improvement of manners and of marriage and which Lord Byron scoffed at, was transmitted to us by the kindness of W. Hawkins, Esq., cousin-german of the famous Captain Clutterbuck. The extract may serve to solve any difficulties which may occur in the theory of bed construction.

But the author of this book considers that the English society has given too much importance to this preliminary question. There exists in fact quite as many reasons for being a *Rossinist* as for being a *Solidist* in the matter of beds, and the author acknowledges that it is either beneath or above him to solve this difficulty. He thinks with Laurence Sterne that it is a disgrace to European civilization that there exist so few physiological observations on callipedy, and he refuses to state the results of his Meditations on this subject, because it would be difficult to formulate them in terms of prudery, and they would be but little understood, and misinterpreted. Such reserve produces an hiatus in this part of the book; but the author has the pleasant satisfaction of leaving a fourth work to be accomplished by the next century, to which he bequeaths the legacy of all that he has not accomplished, a negative munificence which may well be followed by all those who may be troubled by an overplus of ideas.

The theory of the bed presents questions much more important than those put forth by our neighbors with regard to castors and the murmurs of criminal conversation.

We know only three ways in which a bed (in the general sense of this term) may be arranged among civilized nations, and particularly among the privileged classes to whom this book is addressed. These three ways are as follows:

1. Twin Beds.
2. Separate Rooms.
3. One Bed for Both.

Before applying ourselves to the examination of these three methods of living together, which must necessarily have differ-

ent influences upon the happiness of husbands and wives, we must take a rapid survey of the practical object served by the bed and the part it plays in the political economy of human existence.

The most incontrovertible principle which can be laid down in this matter is, *that the bed was made to sleep upon.*

It would be easy to prove that the practice of sleeping together was established between married people but recently, in comparison with the antiquity of marriage.

By what reasonings has man arrived at that point in which he brought in vogue a practice so fatal to happiness, to health, even to *amour-propre?* Here we have a subject which it would be curious to investigate.

If you knew one of your rivals who had discovered a method of placing you in a position of extreme absurdity before the eyes of those who were dearest to you—for instance, while you had your mouth crooked like that of a theatrical mask, or while your eloquent lips, like the copper faucet of a scanty fountain, dripped pure water—you would probably stab him. This rival is sleep. Is there a man in the world who knows how he appears to others, and what he does when he is asleep?

In sleep we are living corpses, we are the prey of an unknown power which seizes us in spite of ourselves, and shows itself in the oddest shapes; some have a sleep which is intellectual, while the sleep of others is mere stupor.

There are some people who slumber with their mouths open in the silliest fashion.

There are others who snore loud enough to make the timbers shake.

Most people look like the impish devils that Michael Angelo sculptured, putting out their tongues in silent mockery of the passers-by.

The only person I know of in the world who sleeps with a noble air is Agamemnon, whom Guerin has represented lying on his bed at the moment when Clytemnestra, urged by Egisthus, advances to slay him. Moreover, I have always had an ambition to hold myself on my pillow as the king of kings

Agamemnon holds himself, from the day that I was seized with dread of being seen during sleep by any other eyes than those of Providence. In the same way, too, from the day I heard my old nurse snorting in her sleep "like a whale," to use a slang expression, I have added a petition to the special litany which I address to Saint-Honoré, my patron saint, to the effect that he would save me from indulging in this sort of eloquence.

When a man wakes up in the morning, his drowsy face grotesquely surmounted by the folds of a silk handkerchief which falls over his left temple like a police cap, he is certainly a laughable object, and it is difficult to recognize in him the glorious spouse, celebrated in the strophes of Rousseau; but, nevertheless, there is a certain gleam of life to illume the stupidity of a countenance half dead—and if you artists wish to make fine sketches, you should travel on the stage-coach and, when the postilion wakes up the postmaster, just examine the physiognomies of the departmental clerks! But, were you a hundred times as pleasant to look upon as are these bureaucratic physiognomies, at least, while you have your mouth shut, your eyes are open, and you have some expression in your countenance. Do you know how you looked an hour before you awoke, or during the first hour of your sleep, when you were neither a man nor an animal, but merely a thing, subject to the dominion of those dreams which issue from the gate of horn? But this is a secret between your wife and God.

Is it for the purpose of insinuating the imbecility of slumber that the Romans decorated the heads of their beds with the head of an ass? We leave to the gentlemen who form the academy of inscriptions the elucidation of this point.

Assuredly, the first man who took it into his head, at the inspiration of the devil, not to leave his wife, even while she was asleep, should know how to sleep in the very best style; but do not forget to reckon among the sciences necessary to a man on setting up an establishment, the art of sleeping with elegance. Moreover, we will place here as a corollary to

Axiom XXV of our Marriage Catechism the two following aphorisms:

A husband should sleep as lightly as a watch-dog, so as never to be caught with his eyes shut.

A man should accustom himself from childhood to go to bed bareheaded.

Certain poets discern in modesty, in the alleged mysteries of love, some reason why the married couple should share the same bed; but the fact must be recognized that if primitive men sought the shade of caverns, the mossy couch of deep ravines, the flinty roof of grottoes to protect his pleasures, it was because the delight of love left him without defence against his enemies. No, it is not more natural to lay two heads upon the same pillow, than it is reasonable to tie a strip of muslin round the neck. Civilization is come. It has shut up a million of men within an area of four square leagues; it has stalled them in streets, houses, apartments, rooms and chambers eight feet square; after a time it will make them shut up one upon another like the tubes of a telescope.

From this cause and from many others, such as thrift, fear, and ill-concealed jealousy, has sprung the custom of the sleeping together of the married couple; and this custom has given rise to punctuality and simultaneity in rising and retiring.

And here you find the most capricious thing in the world, the feeling most pre-eminently fickle, the thing which is worthless without its own spontaneous inspiration, which takes all its charm from the suddenness of its desires, which owes its attractions to the genuineness of its outbursts—this thing we call love, subjugated to a monastic rule, to that law of geometry which belongs to the Board of Longitude!

If I were a father I should hate the child, who, punctual as the clock, had every morning and evening an explosion of ten-

derness and wished me good-day and good-evening, because he was ordered to do so. It is in this way that all that is generous and spontaneous in human sentiment becomes strangled at its birth. You may judge from this what love means when it is bound to a fixed hour!

Only the Author of everything can make the sun rise and set, morn and eve, with a pomp invariably brilliant and always new, and no one here below, if we may be permitted to use the hyperbole of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, can play the *rôle* of the sun.

From these preliminary observations, we conclude that it is not natural for two to lie under the canopy in the same bed;

That a man is almost always ridiculous when he is asleep;

And that this constant living together threatens the husband with inevitable dangers.

We are going to try, therefore, to find out a method which will bring our customs in harmony with the laws of nature, and to combine custom and nature in a way that will enable a husband to find in the mahogany of his bed a useful ally, and an aid in defending himself.

1. Twin Beds.

If the most brilliant, the best looking, the cleverest of husbands wishes to find himself minotaurized just as the first year of his married life ends, he will infallibly attain that end if he is unwise enough to place two beds side by side, under the voluptuous dome of the same alcove.

The argument in support of this may be briefly stated. The following are its main lines:

The first husband who invented the twin beds was doubtless an obstetrician, who feared that in the involuntary struggles of some dream he might kick the child borne by his wife.

But no, he was rather some predestined one who distrusted his power of checking a snore.

Perhaps it was some young man who, fearing the excess of his own tenderness, found himself always lying at the edge of

the bed and in danger of tumbling off, or so near to a charming wife that he disturbed her slumber.

But may it not have been some Maintenon who received the suggestion from her confessor, or, more probably, some ambitious woman who wished to rule her husband? Or, more undoubtedly, some pretty little Pompadour overcome by that Parisian infirmity so pleasantly described by M. de Maurepas in that quatrain which cost him his protracted disgrace and certainly contributed to the disasters of Louis XVI.'s reign:

> "Iris, we love those features sweet,
> Your graces all are fresh and free;
> And flowerets spring beneath your feet,
> Where naught, alas! but flowers are seen."

But why should it not have been some philosopher who dreaded the disenchantment which a woman would experience at the sight of a man asleep? And such a one would always roll himself up in a coverlet and keep his head bare.

Unknown author of this Jesuitical method, whoever thou art, in the devil's name, we hail thee as a brother! Thou hast been the cause of many disasters. Thy work has the character of all half measures; it is satisfactory in no respect, and shares the bad points of the two other methods without yielding the advantages of either. How can the man of the nineteenth century, how can this creature so supremely intelligent, who has displayed a power well-nigh supernatural, who has employed the resources of his genius in concealing the machinery of his life, in deifying his necessary cravings in order that he might not despise them, going so far as to wrest from Chinese leaves, from Egyptian beans, from seeds of Mexico, their perfume, their treasure, their soul; going so far as to chisel the diamond, chase the silver, melt the gold ore, paint the clay and woo every art that may serve to decorate and to dignify the bowl from which he feeds!—how can this king, after having hidden under folds of muslin covered with diamonds, studded with rubies, and buried under linen, under folds of cotton, under the rich hues of silk, under the fairy patterns of lace, the partner of his

wretchedness, how can he induce her to make shipwreck in the midst of all this luxury on the decks of two beds What advantage is it that we have made the whole universe subserve our existence, our delusions, the poesy of our life? What good is it to have instituted law, morals and religion, if the invention of an upholsterer [for probably it was an upholsterer who invented the twin beds] robs our love of all its illusions, strips it bare of the majestic company of its delights and give it in their stead nothing but what is ugliest and most odious? For this is the whole history of the two bed system.

LXIII.

That it shall appear either sublime or grotesque are the alternatives to which we have reduced a desire.

If it be shared, our love is sublime; but should you sleep in twin beds, your love will always be grotesque. The absurdities which this half separation occasions may be comprised in either one of two situations, which will give us occasion to reveal the causes of very many marital misfortunes.

Midnight is approaching as a young woman is putting on her curl papers and yawning as she did so. I do not know whether her melancholy proceeded from a headache, seated in the right or left lobe of her brain, or whether she was passing through one of those seasons of weariness during which all things appear black to us; but to see her negligently putting up her hair for the night, to see her languidly raising her leg to take off her garter, it seemed to me that she would prefer to be drowned rather than to be denied the relief of plunging her draggled life into the slumber that might restore it. At this instant, I know not to what degree from the North Pole she stands, whether at Spitzberg or in Greenland. Cold and indifferent she goes to bed thinking, as Mistress Walter Shandy might have thought, that the morrow would be a day of sickness, that her husband is coming home very late, that the beaten eggs which she has just eaten were not sufficiently sweetened, that she owes more than five hundred

francs to her dressmaker; in fine, thinking about everything which you may suppose would occupy the mind of a tired woman. In the meanwhile arrives her great lout of a husband, who, after some business meeting, has drunk punch, with a consequent elation. He takes off his boots, leaves his stockings on a lounge, his bootjack lies before the fireplace; and wrapping his head up in a red silk handkerchief, without giving himself the trouble to tuck in the corners, he fires off at his wife certain interjectory phrases, those little marital endearments, which form almost the whole conversation at those twilight hours, where drowsy reason is no longer shining in this mechanism of ours. "What, in bed already! It was devilish cold this evening! Why don't you speak, my pet? You've already rolled yourself up in bed, then! Ah! you are in the dumps and pretend to be asleep!" These exclamations are mingled with yawns; and after numberless little incidents which according to the usage of each home vary this preface of the night, our friend flings himself into his own bed with a heavy thud.

Alas! before a woman who is cold, how mad a man must appear when desire renders him alternately angry and tender, insolent and abject, biting as an epigram and soothing as a madrigal; when he enacts with more or less sprightliness the scene where, in *Venice Preserved,* the genius of Orway has represented the senator Antonio, repeating a hundred times over at the feet of Aquilina: "Aquilina, Quilina, Lina, Aqui, Nacki!" without winning from her aught save the stroke of her whip, inasmuch as he has undertaken to fawn upon her like a dog. In the eyes of every woman, even of a lawful wife, the more a man shows eager passion under these circumstances, the more silly he appears. He is odious when he commands, he is minotaurized if he abuses his power. On this point I would remind you of certain aphorisms in the marriage catechism from which you will see that you are violating its most sacred precepts. Whether a woman yields, or does not yield, this institution of twin beds gives to marriage such an element of roughness and nakedness that the

most chaste wife and the most intelligent husband are led to immodesty.

This scene, which is enacted in a thousand ways and which may originate in a thousand different incidents, has a sequel in that other situation which, while it is less pleasant, is far more terrible.

One evening when I was talking about these serious matters with the late Comte de Nocé, of whom I have already had occasion to speak, a tall white-haired old man, his intimate friend, whose name I will not give, because he is still alive, looked at us with a somewhat melancholy air. We guessed that he was about to relate some tale of scandal, and we accordingly watched him, somewhat as the stenographer of the *Moniteur* might watch, as he mounted the tribune, a minister whose speech had already been written out for the reporter. The story-teller on this occasion was an old marquis, whose fortune, together with his wife and children, had perished in the disasters of the Revolution. The marchioness had been one of the most inconsistent women of the past generation; the marquis accordingly was not wanting in observations on feminine human nature. Having reached an age in which he saw nothing before him but the gulf of the grave, he spoke about himself as if the subject of his talk were Mark Antony or Cleopatra.

"My young friend"—he did me the honor to address me, for it was I who made the last remark in this discussion—"your reflections make me think of a certain evening, in the course of which one of my friends conducted himself in such a manner as to lose forever the respect of his wife. Now, in those days a woman could take vengeance with marvelous facility—for it was always a word and a blow. The married couple I speak of were particular in sleeping on separate beds, with their head under the arch of the same alcove. They came home one night from a brilliant ball given by the Comte de Mercy, ambassador of the emperor. The husband had lost a considerable sum at play, so he was completely absorbed in thought. He had to pay a debt, the next day, of six thou-

sand crowns!—and you will recollect, Nocé, that a hundred crowns couldn't be made up from scraping together the resources of ten such musketeers. The young woman, as generally happens under such circumstances, was in a gale of high spirits. 'Give to the marquis,' she said to a *valet de chambre,* 'all that he requires for his toilet.' In those days people dressed for the night. These extraordinary words did not rouse the husband from his mood of abstraction, and then madame, assisted by her maid, began to indulge in a thousand coquetries. 'Was my appearance to your taste this evening?' 'You are always to my taste,' answered the marquis, continuing to stride up and down the room. 'You are very gloomy! Come and talk to me, you frowning lover,' said she, placing herself before him in the most seductive negligée. But you can have no idea of the enchantments of the marchioness unless you had known her. Ah! you have seen her, Nocé!" he said with a mocking smile. "Finally, in spite of all her allurements and beauty, the marchioness was lost sight of amid thoughts of the six thousand crowns which this fool of a husband could not get out of his head, and she went to bed all alone. But women always have one resource left; so that the moment that the good husband made as though he would get into his bed, the marchioness cried, 'Oh, how cold I am!' 'So am I,' he replied. 'How is it that the servants have not warmed our beds?'—And then I rang."

The Comte de Nocé could not help laughing, and the old marquis, quite put out of countenance, stopped short.

Not to divine the desire of a wife, to snore while she lies awake, to be in Siberia when she is in the tropics, these are the slighter disadvantages of twin beds. What risks will not a passionate woman run when she becomes aware that her husband is a heavy sleeper?

I am indebted to Beyle for an Italian anecdote, to which his dry and sarcastic manner lent an infinite charm, as he told me this tale of feminine hardihood.

Ludovico had his palace at one end of the town of Milan; at the other was that of the Countess of Pernetti. At midnight,

on a certain occasion, Ludovico resolved, at the peril of his life, to make a rash expedition for the sake of gazing for one second on the face he adored, and accordingly appeared as if by magic in the palace of his well-beloved. He reached the nuptial chamber. Elisa Pernetti, whose heart most probably shared the desire of her lover, heard the sound of his footsteps and divined his intention. She saw through the walls of her chamber a countenance glowing with love. She rose from her marriage bed, light as a shadow she glided to the threshold of her door, with a look she embraced him, she seized his hand, she made a sign to him, she drew him in.

"But he will kill you!" said he.

"Perhaps so."

But all this amounts to nothing. Let us grant that most husbands sleep lightly. Let us grant that they sleep without snoring, and that they always discern the degree of latitude at which their wives are to be found. Moreover, all the reasons which we have given why twin beds should be condemned, let us consider but dust in the balance. But, after all, a final consideration would make us also proscribe the use of beds ranged within the limits of the same alcove.

To a man placed in the position of a husband, there are circumstances which have led us to consider the nuptial couch as an actual means of defence. For it is only in bed that a man can tell whether his wife's love is increasing or decreasing. It is the conjugal barometer. Now to sleep in twin beds is to wish for ignorance. You will understand, when we come to treat of *civil war* (see Part Third) of what extreme usefulness a bed is and how many secrets a wife reveals in bed, without knowing it.

Do not therefore allow yourself to be led astray by the specious good nature of such an institution as that of twin beds.

It is the silliest, the most treacherous, the most dangerous in the world. Shame and anathema to him who conceived it!

But in proportion as this method is pernicious in the case of young married people, it is salutary and advantageous for

those who have reached the twentieth year of married life. Husband and wife can then most conveniently indulge their duets of snoring. It will, moreover, be more convenient for their various maladies, whether rheumatism, obstinate gout, or even the taking of a pinch of snuff; and the cough or the snore will not in any respect prove a greater hindrance than it is found to be in any other arrangement.

We have not thought it necessary to mention the exceptional cases which authorize a husband to resort to twin beds. However, the opinion of Bonaparte was that when once there had taken place an interchange of life and breath (such are his words), nothing, not even sickness, should separate married people. This point is so delicate that it is not possible here to treat it methodically.

Certain narrow minds will object that there are certain patriarchal families whose legislation of love is inflexible in the matter of two beds and an alcove, and that, by this arrangement, they have been happy from generation to generation. But, the only answer that the author vouchsafes to this is that he knows a great many respectable people who pass their lives in watching games of billiards.

This method of sleeping, therefore, must be considered once for all as proscribed for all intelligent people, and we proceed to discuss the second way in which the nuptial couch may be organized.

2. Separate Rooms.

There cannot be found in Europe a hundred husbands of each nation sufficiently versed in the science of marriage, or if you like, of life, to be able to dwell in an apartment separate from that of their wives.

The power of putting this system into practice shows the highest degree of intellectual and masculine force.

The married couple who dwell in separate apartments have become either divorced, or have attained to the discovery of happiness. They either abominate or adore each other. We will not undertake to detail here the admirable precepts which

may be deduced from this theory whose end is to make constancy and fidelity easy and delightful. It may be sufficient to declare that by this system alone two married people can realize the dream of many noble souls. This will be understood by all the faithful.

As for the profane, their curious questionings will be sufficiently answered by the remark that the object of this institution is to give happiness to one woman. Which among them will be willing to deprive general society of any share in the talents with which they think themselves endowed, to the advantage of one woman? Nevertheless, the rendering of his mistress happy gives any one the fairest title to glory which can be earned in this valley of Jehosaphat, since, according to Genesis, Eve was not satisfied even with a terrestrial Paradise. She desired to taste the forbidden fruit, the eternal emblem of adultery.

But there is an insurmountable reason why we should refrain from developing this brilliant theory. It would cause a digression from the main theme of our work. In the situation which we have supposed to be that of a married establishment, a man who is sufficiently unwise to sleep apart from his wife deserves no pity for the disaster which he himself invites.

Let us then resume our subject. Every man is not strong enough to undertake to occupy an apartment separate from that of his wife; although any man might derive as much good as evil from the difficulties which exist in using but one bed.

We now proceed to solve the difficulties which superficial minds may detect in this method, for which our predilection is manifest.

But this paragraph, which is in some sort a silent one, inasmuch as we leave it to the commentaries which will be made in more than one home, may serve as a pedestal for the imposing figure of Lycurgus, that ancient legislator, to whom the Greeks are indebted for their profoundest thoughts on the subject of marriage. May his system be understood by future

generations! And if modern manners are too much given to softness to adopt his system in its entirety, they may at least be imbued with the robust spirit of this admirable code.

3. One Bed for Both.

On a night in December, Frederick the Great looked up at the sky, whose stars were twinkling with that clear and living light which presages heavy frost, and he exclaimed, "This weather will result in a great many soldiers to Prussia."

The king expressed here, by a single phrase, the principal disadvantage which results from the constant living together of married people. Although it may be permitted to Napoleon and to Frederick to estimate the value of a woman more or less according to the number of her children, yet a husband of talent ought, according to the maxims of the thirteenth Meditation, to consider child-begetting merely as a means of defence, and it is for him to know to what extent it may take place.

The observation leads into mysteries from which the physiological Muse recoils. She has been quite willing to enter the nuptial chambers while they are occupied, but she is a virgin and a prude, and there are occasions on which she retires. For, since it is at this passage in my book that the Muse is inclined to put her white hands before her eyes so as to see nothing, like the young girl looking through the interstices of her tapering fingers, she will take advantage of this attack of modesty, to administer a reprimand to our manners. In England the nuptial chamber is a sacred place. The married couple alone have the privilege of entering it, and more than one lady, we are told, makes her bed herself. Of all the crazes which reign beyond the sea, why should the only one which we despise be precisely that, whose grace and mystery ought undoubtedly to meet the approval of all tender souls on this continent? Refined women condemn the immodesty with which strangers are introduced into the sanctuary of marriage. As for us, who have energetically anathematized

women who walk abroad at the time when they expect soon to be confined, our opinion cannot be doubted. If we wish the celibate to respect marriage, married people ought to have some regard for the inflammability of bachelors.

To sleep every night with one's wife may seem, we confess, an act of the most insolent folly.

Many husbands are inclined to ask how a man, who desires to bring marriage to perfection, dare prescribe to a husband a rule of conduct which would be fatal in a lover.

Nevertheless, such is the decision of a doctor of arts and sciences conjugal.

In the first place, without making a resolution never to sleep by himself, this is the only course left to a husband, since we have demonstrated the dangers of the preceding systems. We must now try to prove that this last method yields more advantage and less disadvantage than the two preceding methods, that is, so far as relates to the critical position in which a conjugal establishment stands.

Our observations on the twin beds ought to have taught husbands that they should always be strung into the same degree of fervor as that which prevails in the harmonious organization of their wives. Now it seems to us that this perfect equality in feelings would naturally be created under the white Ægis, which spreads over both of them its protecting sheet; this at the outset is an immense advantage, and really nothing is easier to verify at any moment than the degree of love and expansion which a woman reaches when the same pillow receives the heads of both spouses.

Man [we speak now of the species] walks about with a memorandum always totalized, which shows distinctly and without error the amount of passion which he carries within him. This mysterious gynometer is traced in the hollow of the hand, for the hand is really that one of our members which bears the impress most plainly of our characters. Chirology is a fifth work which I bequeath to my successors, for I am contented here to make known but the elements of this interesting science.

The hand is the essential organ of touch. Touch is the sense which very nearly takes the place of all the others, and which alone is indispensable. Since the hand alone can carry out all that a man desires, it is to an extent action itself. The sum total of our vitality passes through it; and men of powerful intellects are usually remarkable for their shapely hands, perfection in that respect being a distinguishing trait of their high calling.

Jesus Christ performed all His miracles by the imposition of hands. The hand is the channel through which life passes. It reveals to the physician all the mysteries of our organism. It exhales more than any other part of our bodies the nervous fluid, or that unknown substance, which for want of another term we style *will*. The eye can discover the mood of our soul, but the hand betrays at the same time the secrets of the body and those of the soul. We can acquire the faculty of imposing silence on our eyes, on our lips, on our brows, and on our forehead; but the hand never dissembles and nothing in our features can be compared to the richness of its expression. The heat and cold which it feels in such delicate degrees often escape the notice of other senses in thoughtless people; but a man knows how to distinguish them, however little time he may have bestowed in studying the anatomy of sentiments and the affairs of human life. Thus the hand has a thousand ways of becoming dry, moist, hot, cold, soft, rough, unctuous. The hand palpitates, becomes supple, grows hard and again is softened. In fine it presents a phenomenon which is inexplicable so that one is tempted to call it the incarnation of thought. It causes the despair of the sculptor and the painter when they wish to express the changing labyrinth of its mysterious lineaments. To stretch out your hand to a man is to save him, it serves as a ratification of the sentiments we express. The sorcerers of every age have tried to read our future destinies in those lines which have nothing fanciful in them, but absolutely correspond with the principles of each one's life and character. When she charges a man with want of tact, which is merely touch, a woman condemns him without hope. We use the ex-

pressions, the "Hand of Justice," the "Hand of God;" and a *coup de main* means a bold undertaking.

To understand and recognize the hidden feelings by the atmospheric variations of the hand, which a woman almost always yields without distrust, is a study less unfruitful and surer than that of physiognomy.

In this way you will be able, if you acquire this science, to wield vast power, and to find a clue which will guide you through the labyrinth of the most impenetrable heart. This will render your living together free from very many mistakes, and, at the same time, rich in the acquisition of many a treasure.

Buffon and certain physiologists affirm that our members are more completely exhausted by desire than by the most keen enjoyments. And really, does not desire constitute of itself a sort of intuitive possession? Does it not stand in the same relation to visible action, as those incidents in our mental life, in which we take part in a dream, stand to the incidents of our actual life? This energetic apprehension of things, does it not call into being an internal emotion more powerful than that of the external action? If our gestures are only the accomplishment of things already enacted by our thought, you may easily calculate how desires frequently entertained must necessarily consume the vital fluids. But the passions which are no more than the aggregation of desires, do they not furrow with the wrinkle of their lightning the faces of the ambitious, of gamblers, for instance, and do they not wear out their bodies with marvelous swiftness?

These observations, therefore, necessarily contain the germs of a mysterious system equally favored by Plato and by Epicurus; we will leave it for you to meditate upon, enveloped as it is in the veil which enshrouds Egyptian statues.

But the greatest mistake that a man commits is to believe that love can belong only to those fugitive moments which, according to the magnificent expression of Bossuet, are like to the nails scattered over a wall: to the eye they appear numerous; but when they are collected they make but a handful.

Love consists almost always in conversation. There are few things inexhaustible in a lover: goodness, gracefulness and delicacy. To feel everything, to divine everything, to anticipate everything; to reproach without bringing affliction upon a tender heart; to make a present without pride; to double the value of a certain action by the way in which it is done; to flatter rather by actions than by words; to make oneself understood rather than to produce a vivid impression; to touch without striking; to make a look and the sound of the voice produce the effect of a caress; never to produce embarrassment; to amuse without offending good taste; always to touch the heart; to speak to the soul—this is all that women ask. They will abandon all the delights of all the nights of Messalina, if only they may live with a being who will yield them those caresses of the soul, for which they are so eager, and which cost nothing to men if only they have a little consideration.

This outline comprises a great portion of such secrets as belong to the nuptial couch. There are perhaps some witty people who may take this long definition of politeness for a description of love, while in any case it is no more than a recommendation to treat your wife as you would treat the minister on whose good-will depends your promotion to the post you covet.

I hear numberless voices crying out that this book is a special advocate for women and neglects the cause of men;

That the majority of women are unworthy of these delicate attentions and would abuse them;

That there are women given to licentiousness who would not lend themselves to very much of what they would call mystification;

That women are nothing but vanity and think of nothing but dress;

That they have notions which are truly unreasonable;

That they are very often annoyed by an attention;

That they are fools, they understand nothing, are worth nothing, etc.

In answer to all these clamors we will write here the following phrase, which, placed between two spaces, will perhaps have the air of a thought, to quote an expression of Beaumarchais.

LXIV.

A wife is to her husband just what her husband has made her.

The reasons why the single bed must triumph over the other two methods of organizing the nuptial couch are as follows: In the single couch we have a faithful interpreter to translate with profound truthfulness the sentiments of a woman, to render her a spy over herself, to keep her at the height of her amorous temperature, never to leave her, to have the power of hearing her breathe in slumber, and thus to avoid all the nonsense which is the ruin of so many marriages.

As it is impossible to receive benefits without paying for them, you are bound to learn how to sleep gracefully, to preserve your dignity under the silk handkerchief that wraps your head, to be polite, to see that your slumber is light, not to cough too much, and to imitate those modern authors who write more prefaces than books.

MEDITATION XVIII.

Of Marital Revolutions.

The time always comes in which nations and women even the most stupid perceive that their innocence is being abused. The cleverest policy may for a long time proceed in a course of deceit; but it would be very happy for men if they could carry on their deceit to an infinite period; a vast amount of bloodshed would then be avoided, both in nations and in families.

Nevertheless, we hope that the means of defence put forth in the preceding Meditations will be sufficient to deliver a certain number of husbands from the clutches of the Minotaur! You must agree with the doctor that many a love blindly entered upon perishes under the treatment of hygiene or dies away, thanks to marital policy. Yes [what a consoling mistake!] many a lover will be driven away by personal efforts, many a husband will learn how to conceal under an impenetrable veil the machinery of his machiavelism, and many a man will have better success than the old philosopher who cried: *Nolo coronari!*

But we are here compelled to acknowledge a mournful truth. Despotism has its moments of secure tranquillity. Her reign seems like the hour which precedes the tempest, and whose silence enables the traveler, stretched upon the faded grass, to hear at a mile's distance, the song of the cicada. Some fine morning an honest woman, who will be imitated by a great portion of our own women, discerns with an eagle eye the clever manœuvres which have rendered her the victim of an infernal policy. She is at first quite furious at having for so long a time preserved her virtue. At what age, in what day, does this terrible revolution occur? This question of chronology depends entirely upon the genius of each husband; for it is not the vocation of all to put in practice with the same talent the precepts of our conjugal gospel.

"A man must have very little love," the mystified wife will exclaim, "to enter upon such calculations as these! What! From the first day I have been to him perpetually an object of suspicion! It is monstrous, even a woman would be incapable of such artful and cruel treachery!"

This is the question. Each husband will be able to understand the variations of this complaint which will be made in accordance with the character of the young Fury, of whom he has made a companion.

A woman by no means loses her head under these circumstances; she holds her tongue and dissembles. Her vengeance will be concealed. Only you will have some symptoms

of hesitation to contend with on the arrival of the crisis, which we presume you to have reached on the expiration of the honeymoon; but you will also have to contend against a resolution. She has determined to revenge herself. From that day, so far as regards you, her mask, like her heart, has turned to bronze. Formerly you were an object of indifference to her; you are becoming by degrees absolutely insupportable. The Civil War commences only at the moment in which, like the drop of water which makes the full glass overflow, some incident, whose more or less importance we find difficulty in determining, has rendered you odious The lapse of time which intervenes between this last hour, the limit of your good understanding, and the day when your wife becomes cognizant of your artifices, is nevertheless quite sufficient to permit you to institute a series of defensive operations, which we will now explain.

Up to this time you have protected your honor solely by the exertion of a power entirely occult. Hereafter the wheels of your conjugal machinery must be set going in sight of every one. In this case, if you would prevent a crime you must strike a blow. You have begun by negotiating, you must end by mounting your horse, sabre in hand, like a Parisian gendarme. You must make your horse prance, you must brandish your sabre, you must shout strenuously, and you must endeavor to calm the revolt without wounding anybody.

Just as the author has found a means of passing from occult methods to methods that are patent, so it is necessary for the husband to justify the sudden change in his tactics; for in marriage, as in literature, art consists entirely in the gracefulness of the transitions. This is of the highest importance for you. What a frightful position you will occupy if your wife has reason to complain of your conduct at this moment, which is, perhaps, the most critical of your whole married life!

You must therefore find some means or other to justify the secret tyranny of your initial policy; some means which

will prepare the mind of your wife for the severe measures which you are about to take; some means which so far from forfeiting her esteem will conciliate her; some means which will gain her pardon, which will restore some little of that charm of yours, by which you won her love before your marriage.

"But what policy is it that demands this course of action? Is there such a policy?"

Certainly there is.

But what address, what tact, what histrionic art must a husband possess in order to display the mimic wealth of that treasure which we are about to reveal to him! In order to counterfeit the passion whose fire is to make you a new man in the presence of your wife, you will require all the cunning of Talma.

This passion is JEALOUSY.

"My husband is jealous. He has been so from the beginning of our marriage. He has concealed this feeling from me by his usual refined delicacy. Does he love me still? I am going to do as I like with him!"

Such are the discoveries which a woman is bound to make, one after another, in accordance with the charming scenes of the comedy which you are enacting for your amusement; and a man of the world must be an actual fool, if he fails in making a woman believe that which flatters her.

With what perfection of hypocrisy must you arrange, step by step, your hypocritical behavior so as to rouse the curiosity of your wife, to engage her in a new study, and to lead her astray among the labyrinths of your thought!

Ye sublime actors! Do ye divine the diplomatic reticence, the gestures of artifice, the veiled words, the looks of double meaning which some evening may induce your wife to attempt the capture of your secret thoughts?

Ah! to laugh in your sleeve while you are exhibiting the fierceness of a tiger; neither to lie nor to tell the truth; to comprehend the capricious mood of a woman, and yet to make her believe that she controls you, while you intend to

bind her with a collar of iron! O comedy that has no audience, which yet is played by one heart before another heart and where both of you applaud because both of you think that you have obtained success!

She it is who will tell you that you are jealous, who will point out to you that she knows you better than you know yourself, who will prove to you the uselessness of your artifices and who perhaps will defy you. She triumphs in the excited consciousness of the superiority which she thinks she possesses over you; you of course are ennobled in her eyes; for she finds your conduct quite natural. The only thing she feels is that your want of confidence was useless; if she wished to betray, who could hinder her?

Then, some evening, you will burst into a passion, and, as some trifle affords you a pretext, you will make a scene, in the course of which your anger will make you divulge the secret of your distress. And here comes in the promulgation of our new code.

Have no fear that a woman is going to trouble herself about this. She needs your jealousy, she rather likes your severity. This comes from the fact that in the first place she finds there a justification for her own conduct; and then she finds immense satisfaction in playing before other people the part of a victim. What delightful expressions of sympathy will she receive! Afterwards she will use this as a weapon against you, in the expectation thereby of leading you into a pitfall.

She sees in your conduct the source of a thousand more pleasures in her future treachery, and her imagination smiles at all the barricades with which you surround her, for will she not have the delight of surmounting them all?

Women understand better than we do the art of analyzing the two human feelings, which alternately form their weapons of attack, or the weapons of which they are victims. They have the instinct of love, because it is their whole life, and of jealousy, because it is almost the only means by which they can control us. Within them jealousy is a genuine sentiment

and springs from the instinct of self-preservation; it is vital to their life or death. But with men this feeling is absolutely absurd when it does not subserve some further end.

To entertain feelings of jealousy towards the woman you love, is to start from a position founded on vicious reasoning. We are loved, or we are not loved; if a man entertains jealousy under either of these circumstances, it is a feeling absolutely unprofitable to him; jealousy may be explained as fear, fear in love. But to doubt one's wife is to doubt one's self.

To be jealous is to exhibit, at once, the height of egotism, the error of *amour-propre,* the vexation of morbid vanity. Women rather encourage this ridiculous feeling, because by means of it they can obtain cashmere shawls, silver toilet sets, diamonds, which for them mark the high thermometer mark of their power. Moreover, unless you appear blinded by jealousy, your wife will not keep on her guard; for there is no pitfall which she does not distrust, excepting that which she makes for herself.

Thus the wife becomes the easy dupe of a husband who is clever enough to give to the inevitable revolution, which comes sooner or later, the advantageous results we have indicated.

You must import into your establishment that remarkable phenomenon whose existence is demonstrated in the asymptotes of geometry. Your wife will always try to minotaurize you without being successful. Like those knots which are never so tight as when one tries to loosen them, she will struggle to the advantage of your power over her, while she believes that she is struggling for her independence.

The highest degree of good play on the part of a prince lies in persuading his people that he goes to war for them, while all the time he is causing them to be killed for his throne.

But many husbands will find a preliminary difficulty in executing this plan of campaign. If your wife is a woman of profound dissimulation, the question is, what signs will indicate to her the motives of your long mystification?

It will be seen that our Meditation on the Custom House, as well as that on the Bed, has already revealed certain means of

discerning the thought of a woman; but we make no pretence in this book of exhaustively stating the resources of human wit, which are immeasurable. Now here is a proof of this. On the day of the Saturnalia the Romans discovered more features in the character of their slaves, in ten minutes, than they would have found out during the rest of the year! You ought therefore to ordain Saturnalia in your establishment, and to imitate Gessler, who, when he saw William Tell shoot the apple off his son's head, was forced to remark, "Here is a man whom I must get rid of, for he could not miss his aim if he wished to kill me."

You understand, then, that if your wife wishes to drink Roussillon wine, to eat mutton chops, to go out at all hours and to read the encyclopædia, you are bound to take her very seriously. In the first place, she will begin to distrust you against her own wish, on seeing that your behavior towards her is quite contrary to your previous proceedings. She will suppose that you have some ulterior motive in this change of policy, and therefore all the liberty that you give her will make her so anxious that she cannot enjoy it. As regards the misfortunes that this change may bring, the future will provide for them. In a revolution the primary principle is to exercise a control over the evil which cannot be prevented and to attract the lightning by rods which shall lead it to the earth.

And now the last act of the comedy is in preparation.

The lover who, from the day when the feeblest of all first symptoms shows itself in your wife until the moment when the marital revolution takes place, has jumped upon the stage, either as a material creature or as a being of the imagination—the LOVER, summoned by a sign from her, now declares: "Here I am!"

MEDITATION XIX.

Of the Lover.

We offer the following maxims for your consideration:

We should despair of the human race if these maxims had been made before 1830; but they set forth in so clear a manner the agreements and difficulties which distinguish you, your wife and a lover; they so brilliantly describe what your policy should be, and demonstrate to you so accurately the strength of the enemy, that the teacher has put his *amour-propre* aside, and if by chance you find here a single new thought, send it to the devil, who suggested this work.

LXV.

To speak of love is to make love.

LXVI.

In a lover the coarsest desire always shows itself as a burst of honest admiration.

LXVII.

A lover has all the good points and all the bad points which are lacking in a husband.

LXVIII.

A lover not only gives life to everything, he makes one forget life; the husband does not give life to anything.

LXIX.

All the affected airs of sensibility which a woman puts on invariably deceive a lover; and on occasions when a husband shrugs his shoulders, a lover is in ecstasies.

LXX.

A lover betrays by his manner alone the degree of intimacy in which he stands to a married woman.

LXXI.

A woman does not always know why she is in love. It is rarely that a man falls in love without some selfish purpose. A husband should discover this secret motive of egotism, for it will be to him the lever of Archimedes.

LXXII.

A clever husband never betrays his supposition that his wife has a lover.

LXXIII.

A lover submits to all the caprices of a woman; and as a man is never vile while he lies in the arms of his mistress, he will take means to please her that a husband would recoil from.

LXXIV.

A lover teaches a wife all that her husband has concealed from her.

LXXV.

All the sensations which a woman yields to her lover, she gives in exchange; they return to her always intensified; they are as rich in what they give as in what they receive. This is the kind of commerce in which almost all husbands end by being bankrupt.

LXXVI.

A lover speaks of nothing to a woman but that which exalts her; while a husband, although he may be a loving one, can never refrain from giving advice which always has the appearance of reprimand.

LXXVII.

A lover always starts from his mistress to himself; with a husband the contrary is the case.

LXXVIII.

A lover always has a desire to appear amiable. There is in this sentiment an element of exaggeration which leads to ridicule; study how to take advantage of this.

LXXIX.

When a crime has been committed the magistrate who investigates the case knows [excepting in the case of a released convict who commits murder in the jail] that there are not more than five persons to whom he can attribute the act. He starts from this premise a series of conjectures. The husband should reason like the judge; there are only three people in society whom he can suspect when seeking the lover of his wife.

LXXX.

A lover is never in the wrong.

LXXXI.

The lover of a married woman says to her: "Madame, you have need of rest. You have to give an example of virtue to your children. You have sworn to make your husband happy, and although he has some faults—he has fewer than I have—he is worthy of your esteem. Nevertheless you have sacrificed everything for me. Do not let a single murmur escape you; for regret is an offence which I think worthy of a severer penalty than the law decrees against infidelity. As a reward for these sacrifices, I will bring you as much pleasure as pain." And the incredible part about it is, that the lover triumphs. The form which his speech takes carries it. He says but one phrase: "I love you." A lover is a herald who proclaims either the merit, the beauty, or the wit of a woman. What does a husband proclaim?

To sum up all, the love which a married woman inspires, or that which she gives back, is the least creditable sentiment in the world; in her it is boundless vanity; in her lover it is selfish egotism. The lover of a married woman contracts so many obligations, that scarcely three men in a century are met with who are capable of discharging them. He ought to dedicate his whole life to his mistress, but he always ends by deserting her; both parties are aware of this, and, from the beginning of social life, the one has always been sublime in

self-sacrifice, the other an ingrate. The infatuation of love always rouses the pity of the judges who pass sentence on it. But where do you find such love genuine and constant? What power must a husband possess to struggle successfully against a man who casts over a woman a spell strong enough to make her submit to such misfortunes!

We think, then, as a general rule, a husband, if he knows how to use the means of defence which we have outlined, can lead his wife up to her twenty-seventh year, not without her having chosen a lover, but without her having committed the great crime. Here and there we meet with men endowed with deep marital genius, who can keep their wives body and soul to themselves alone up to their thirtieth or thirty-fifth year; but these exceptions cause a sort of scandal and alarm. The phenomenon scarcely ever is met with excepting in the country, where life is transparent and people live in glass houses and the husband wields immense power. The miraculous assistance which men and things thus give to a husband always vanishes in the midst of a city whose population reaches to two hundred and fifty thousand.

It would therefore almost appear to be demonstrated that thirty is the age of virtue. At that critical period, a woman becomes so difficult to guard, that in order successfully to enchain her within the conjugal Paradise, resort must be had to those last means of defence which remain to be described, and which we will reveal in the *Essay on Police,* the *Art of Returning Home,* and *Catastrophes.*

MEDITATION XX.

Essay on Police.

The police of marriage consist of all those means which are given you by law, manners, force, and stratagem for preventing your wife in her attempt to accomplish those three acts

which in some sort make up the life of love: writing, seeing and speaking.

The police combine in greater or less proportion the means of defence put forth in the preceding Meditations. Instinct alone can teach in what proportions and on what occasions these compounded elements are to be employed. The whole system is elastic; a clever husband will easily discern how it must be bent, stretched or retrenched. By the aid of the police a man can guide his wife to her fortieth year pure from any fault.

We will divide this treatise on Police into five captions:

1. Of mouse-traps.
2. Of correspondence.
3. Of spies.
4. The index.
5. Of the budget.

1. of mouse-traps.

In spite of the grave crisis which the husband has reached, we do not suppose that the lover has completely acquired the freedom of the city in the marital establishment. Many husbands often suspect that their wives have a lover, and yet they do not know upon which of the five or six chosen ones of whom we have spoken their suspicions ought to fall. This hesitation doubtless springs from some moral infirmity, to whose assistance the professor must come.

Fouché had in Paris three or four houses resorted to by people of the highest distinction; the mistresses of these dwellings were devoted to him. This devotion cost a great deal of money to the state. The minister used to call these gatherings, of which nobody at the time had any suspicion, his *mouse-traps*. More than one arrest was made at the end of a ball at which the most brilliant people of Paris had been made accomplices of this oratorian.

The act of offering some fragments of roasted nuts, in order to see your wife put her white hand in the trap, is certainly

exceedingly delicate, for a woman is certain to be on her guard; nevertheless, we reckon upon at least three kinds of mouse-traps: *The Irresistible, The Fallacious*, and that which is *Touch and Go*.

The Irresistible.

Suppose two husbands, we will call them A. and B., wish to discover who are the lovers of their wives. We will put the husband A. at the centre of a table loaded with the finest pyramids of fruit, of crystals, of candies and of *liqueurs*, and the husband B. shall be at whatever point of this brilliant circle you may please to suppose. The champagne has gone round, every eye is sparkling and every tongue is wagging.

Husband A. (*peeling a chestnut*).—Well, as for me, I admire literary people, but from a distance. I find them intolerable; in conversation they are despotic; I do not know what displeases me more, their faults or their good qualities. In short (*he swallows his chestnut*), people of genius are like tonics—you like, but you must use them temperately.

Wife B. (*who has listened attentively*).—But, M. A., you are very exacting (*with an arch smile*); it seems to me that dull people have as many faults as people of talent, with this difference perhaps, that the former have nothing to atone for them!

Husband A. (*irritably*).—You will agree at least, madame, that they are not very amiable to you.

Wife B. (*with vivacity*).—Who told you so?

Husband A. (*smiling*).—Don't they overwhelm you all the time with their superiority? Vanity so dominates their souls that between you and them the effort is reciprocal—

The Mistress of the House (*aside to Wife A.*).—You well deserved it, my dear. (*Wife A. shrugs her shoulders.*)

Husband A. (*still continuing*).—Then the habit they have of combining ideas which reveal to them the mechanism of feeling! For them love is purely physical and every one knows that they do not shine.

WIFE B. (*biting her lips, interrupting him*).—It seems to me, sir, that we are the sole judges in this matter. I can well understand why men of the world do not like men of letters! But it is easier to criticise than to imitate them.

HUSBAND A. (*disdainfully*).—Oh, madame, men of the world can assail the authors of the present time without being accused of envy. There is many a gentleman of the drawing-room, who if he undertook to write—

WIFE B. (*with warmth*).—Unfortunately for you, sir, certain friends of yours in the Chamber have written romances; have you been able to read them?—But really, in these days, in order to attain the least originality, you must undertake historic research, you must—

HUSBAND B. (*making no answer to the lady next him and speaking aside*).—Oh! Oh! Can it be that it is M. de L——, author of the *Dreams of a Young Girl*, whom my wife is in love with?—That is singular; I thought that it was Doctor M——. But stay! (*Aloud.*) Do you know, my dear, that you are right in what you say? (*All laugh.*) Really, I should prefer to have always artists and men of letters in my drawing-room—(*aside*) when we begin to receive!—rather than to see there other professional men. In any case artists speak of things about which every one is enthusiastic, for who is there who does not believe in good taste? But judges, lawyers, and, above all, doctors—Heavens! I confess that to hear them constantly speaking about lawsuits and diseases, those two human ills—

WIFE B. (*dropping the conversation with her neighbor in order to answer her husband*).—Ah! Yes, the doctors are insufferable!—

WIFE A. (*sitting next to Husband B., speaking at the same time*).—What is that you are saying, my friend? You are quite mistaken. In these days nobody wishes to wear a professional manner; doctors, since you have mentioned doctors, try to avoid speaking of professional matters. They talk politics, discuss the fashions and the theatres, they tell anecdotes, they write books better than professional authors

do; there is a vast difference between the doctors of to-day and those of Molière—

Husband A. (*aside*).—Whew! Is it possible my wife is in love with Dr. M——? That would be odd. (*Aloud.*) That is quite possible, my dear, but I would not give a sick dog in charge of a physician who writes.

Wife A. (*interrupting her husband*).—I know people who have five or six offices, yet the government has the greatest confidence in them; anyway, it is odd that you should speak in this way, you who were one of Dr. M——'s great cases—

Husband A. (*aside*).—There can be no doubt of it!

The Fallacious.

A Husband (*as he reaches home*).—My dear, we are invited by Madame de Fischtaminel to a concert which she is giving next Tuesday. I reckoned on going there, as I wanted to speak with a young cousin of the minister who was among the singers; but he is gone to Frouville to see his aunt. What do you propose doing?

His Wife.—These concerts tire me to death!—You have to sit nailed to your chair whole hours without saying a word.—Besides, you know quite well that we dine with my mother on that day, and it is impossible to miss paying her a visit.

Her Husband (*carelessly*).—Ah! that is true.

(*Three days afterwards.*)

The Husband (*as he goes to bed*).—What do you think, my darling? To-morrow I will leave you at your mother's, for the count has returned from Frouville and will be at Madame de Fischtaminel's concert.

His Wife (*vivaciously*).—But why should you go alone? You know how I adore music!

The Touch and Go Mouse-Trap.

The Wife.—Why did you go away so early this evening?

The Husband (*mysteriously*).—Ah! It is a sad business, and all the more so because I don't know how I can settle it.

THE WIFE.—What is it all about, Adolph? You are a wretch if you do not tell me what you are going to do!

THE HUSBAND.—My dear, that ass of a Prosper Magnan is fighting a duel with M. de Fontanges, on account of an Opera singer.—But what is the matter with you?

THE WIFE.—Nothing.—It is very warm in this room and I don't know what ails me, for the whole day I have been suffering from sudden flushing of the face.

THE HUSBAND (*aside*).—She is in love with M. de Fontanges. (*Aloud.*) Celestine! (*He shouts out still louder.*) Celestine! come quick, madame is ill!

You will understand that a clever husband will discover a thousand ways of setting these three kinds of trap.

2. OF CORRESPONDENCE.

To write a letter, and to have it posted; to get an answer, to read it and burn it; there we have correspondence stated in the simplest terms.

Yet consider what immense resources are given by civilization, by our manners and by our love to the women who wish to conceal these material actions from the scrutiny of a husband.

The inexorable box which keeps its mouth open to all comers receives its epistolary provender from all hands.

There is also the fatal invention of the General Delivery. A lover finds in the world a hundred charitable persons, male and female, who, for a slight consideration, will slip the billets-doux into the amorous and intelligent hand of his fair mistress.

A correspondence is as variable as Proteus. There are sympathetic inks. A young celibate has told us in confidence that he has written a letter on the fly-leaf of a new book, which, when the husband asked for it of the bookseller, reached the hands of his mistress, who had been prepared the evening before for this charming article.

A woman in love, who fears her husband's jealousy, will

write and read billets-doux during the time consecrated to those mysterious occupations during which the most tyrannical husband must leave her alone.

Moreover, all lovers have the art of arranging a special code of signals, whose arbitrary import it is difficult to understand. At a ball, a flower placed in some odd way in the hair; at the theatre, a pocket handkerchief unfolded on the front of the box; rubbing the nose, wearing a belt of a particular color, putting the hat on one side, wearing one dress oftener than another, singing a certain song in a concert or touching certain notes on the piano; fixing the eyes on a point agreed; everything, in fact, from the hurdy-gurdy which passes your windows and goes away if you open the shutter, to the newspaper announcement of a horse for sale—all may be reckoned as correspondence.

How many times, in short, will a wife craftily ask her husband to do such and such commission for her, to go to such and such a shop or house, having previously informed her lover that your presence at such or such a place means yes or no?

On this point the professor acknowledges with shame that there is no possible means of preventing correspondence between lovers. But a little machiavelism on the part of the husband will be much more likely to remedy the difficulty than any coercive measures.

An agreement, which should be kept sacred between married people, is their solemn oath that they will respect each other's sealed letters. Clever is the husband who makes this pledge on his wedding-day and is able to keep it conscientiously.

In giving your wife unrestrained liberty to write and to receive letters, you will be enabled to discern the moment she begins to correspond with a lover.

But suppose your wife distrusts you and covers with impenetrable clouds the means she takes to conceal from you her correspondence. Is it not then time to display that intellectual power with which we armed you in our Meditation entitled

Of the Custom House? The man who does not see when his wife writes to her lover, and when she receives an answer, is a failure as a husband.

The proposed study which you ought to bestow upon the movements, the actions, the gestures, the looks of your wife, will be perhaps troublesome and wearying, but it will not last long; the only point is to discover when your wife and her lover correspond and in what way.

We cannot believe that a husband, even of moderate intelligence, will fail to see through this feminine manœuvre, when once he suspects its existence.

Meanwhile, you can judge from a single incident what means of police and of restraint remain to you in the event of such a correspondence.

A young lawyer, whose ardent passion exemplified certain of the principles dwelt upon in this important part of our work, had married a young person whose love for him was but slight; yet this circumstance he looked upon as an exceedingly happy one; but at the end of his first year of marriage he perceived that his dear Anna [for Anna was her name] had fallen in love with the head clerk of a stock-broker.

Adolph was a young man of about twenty-five, handsome in face and as fond of amusement as any other celibate. He was frugal, discreet, possessed of an excellent heart, rode well, talked well, had fine black hair always curled, and dressed with taste. In short, he would have done honor and credit to a duchess. The advocate was ugly, short, stumpy, square-shouldered, mean-looking, and, moreover, a husband. Anna, tall and pretty, had almond eyes, white skin and refined features. She was all love; and passion lighted up her glance with a bewitching expression. While her family was poor, Maître Lebrun had an income of twelve thousand francs. That explains all.

One evening Lebrun got home looking extremely chop-fallen. He went into his study to work; but he soon came back shivering to his wife, for he had caught a fever and hurriedly went to bed. There he lay groaning and lamenting

for his clients and especially for a poor widow whose fortune he was to save the very next day by effecting a compromise. An appointment had been made with certain business men and he was quite incapable of keeping it. After having slept for a quarter of an hour, he begged his wife in a feeble voice to write to one of his intimate friends, asking him to take his (Lebrun's) place next day at the conference. He dictated a long letter and followed with his eye the space taken up on the paper by his phrases. When he came to begin the second page of the last sheet, the advocate set out to describe to his confrère the joy which his client would feel on the signing of the compromise, and the fatal page began with these words:

"My good friend, go for Heaven's sake to Madame Vernon's at once; you are expected with impatience there; she lives at No. 7 Rue de Sentier. Pardon my brevity; but I count on your admirable good sense to guess what I am unable to explain.

"Tout à vous,"

"Give me the letter," said the lawyer, "that I may see whether it is correct before signing it."

The unfortunate wife, who had been taken off her guard by this letter, which bristled with the most barbarous terms of legal science, gave up the letter. As soon as Lebrun got possession of the wily script he began to complain, to twist himself about, as if in pain, and to demand one little attention after another of his wife. Madame left the room for two minutes during which the advocate leaped from his bed, folded a piece of paper in the form of a letter and hid the missive written by his wife. When Anna returned, the clever husband seized the blank paper, made her address it to the friend of his, to whom the letter which he had taken out was written, and the poor creature handed the blank letter to his servant. Lebrun seemed to grow gradually calmer; he slept or pretended to do so, and the next morning he still affected to feel strange pains. Two days afterwards he tore off the first

leaf of the letter and put an "e" to the word *tout* in the phrase "tout à vous."* He folded mysteriously the paper which contained the innocent forgery, sealed it, left his bedroom and called the maid, saying to her:

"Madame begs that you will take this to the house of M. Adolph; now be quick about it."

He saw the chambermaid leave the house and soon afterwards he, on a plea of business, went out, hurried to Rue de Sentier, to the address indicated, and awaited the arrival of his rival at the house of a friend who was in the secret of his stratagem. The lover, intoxicated with happiness, rushed to the place and inquired for Madame de Vernon; he was admitted and found himself face to face with Maître Lebrun, who showed a countenance pale but chill, and gazed at him with tranquil but implacable glance.

"Sir," he said in a tone of emotion to the young clerk, whose heart palpitated with terror, "you are in love with my wife, and you are trying to please her; I scarcely know how to treat you in return for this, because in your place and at your age I should have done exactly the same. But Anna is in despair; you have disturbed her happiness, and her heart is filled with the torments of hell. Moreover, she has told me all, a quarrel soon followed by a reconciliation forced her to write the letter which you have received, and she has sent me here in her place. I will not tell you, sir, that by persisting in your plan of seduction you will cause the misery of her you love, that you will forfeit her my esteem, and eventually your own; that your crime will be stamped on the future by causing perhaps sorrow to my children. I will not even speak to you of the bitterness you will infuse into my life;—unfortunately these are commonplaces! But I declare to you, sir, that the first step you take in this direction will be the signal for a crime; for I will not trust the risk of a duel in order to stab you to the heart!"

And the eyes of the lawyer flashed ominously.

* Thus giving a feminine ending to the signature, and lending the impression that the note emanated from the wife personally.—J. W. M.

"Now, sir," he went on in a gentler voice, "you are young, you have a generous heart. Make a sacrifice for the future happiness of her you love; leave her and never see her again. And if you must needs be a member of my family, I have a young aunt who is yet unsettled in life; she is charming, clever and rich. Make her acquaintance, and leave a virtuous woman undisturbed."

This mixture of raillery and intimidation, together with the unwavering glance and deep voice of the husband, produced a remarkable impression on the lover. He remained for a moment utterly confused, like people overcome with passion and deprived of all presence of mind by a sudden shock. If Anna has since then had any lovers [which is a pure hypothesis] Adolph certainly is not one of them.

This occurrence may help you to understand that correspondence is a double-edged weapon which is of as much advantage for the defence of the husband as for the inconsistency of the wife. You should therefore encourage correspondence for the same reason that the prefect of police takes special care that the street lamps of Paris are kept lighted.

3. OF SPIES.

To come so low as to beg servants to reveal secrets to you, and to fall lower still by paying for a revelation, is not a crime; it is perhaps not even a dastardly act, but it is certainly a piece of folly; for nothing will ever guarantee to you the honesty of a servant who betrays her mistress, and you can never feel certain whether she is operating in your interest or in that of your wife. This point therefore may be looked upon as beyond controversy.

Nature, that good and tender parent, has set round about the mother of a family the most reliable and the most sagacious of spies, the most truthful and at the same time the most discreet in the world. They are silent and yet they speak, they see everything and appear to see nothing.

One day I met a friend of mine on the boulevard. He

invited me to dinner, and we went to his house. Dinner had been already served, and the mistress of the house was helping her two daughters to plates of soup.

"I see here my first symptoms," I said to myself.

We sat down. The first word of the husband, who spoke without thinking, and for the sake of talking, was the question:

"Has any one been here to-day?"

"Not a soul," replied his wife, without lifting her eyes.

I shall never forget the quickness with which the two daughters looked up to their mother. The elder girl, aged eight, had something especially peculiar in her glance. There was at the same time revelation and mystery, curiosity and silence, astonishment and apathy in that look. If there was anything that could be compared to the speed with which the light of candor flashed from their eyes, it was the prudent reserve with which both of them closed down, like shutters, the folds of their white eyelids.

Ye sweet and charming creatures, who from the age of nine even to the age of marriage too often are the torment of a mother even when she is not a coquette, is it by the privilege of your years or the instinct of your nature that your young ears catch the faint sound of a man's voice through walls and doors, that your eyes are awake to everything, that your young spirit busies itself in divining all, even the meaning of a word spoken in the air, even the meaning of your mother's slightest gesture?

There is something of gratitude, something in fact instinctive, in the predilection of fathers for their daughters and mothers for their sons.

But the act of setting spies which are in some way inanimate is mere dotage, and nothing is easier than to find a better plan than that of the beadle, who took it into his head to put egg-shells in his bed, and who obtained no other sympathy from his confederate than the words, "You are not very successful in breaking them."

The Marshal de Saxe did not give much consolation to his

Popelinière when they discovered in company that famous revolving chimney, invented by the Duc de Richelieu.

"That is the finest piece of horn work that I have ever seen!" cried the victor of Fontenoy.

Let us hope that your espionage will not give you so troublesome a lesson. Such misfortunes are the fruits of the civil war and we do not live in that age.

4. THE INDEX.

The Pope put books only on the Index; you will mark with a stigma of reprobation men and things.

It is forbidden to madame to go into a bath except in her own house.

It is forbidden to madame to receive into her house him whom you suspect of being her lover, and all those who are the accomplices of their love.

It is forbidden to madame to take a walk without you.

But the peculiarities which in each household originate from the diversity of characters, the numberless incidents of passion, and the habits of the married people give to this black book so many variations, the lines in it are multiplied or erased with such rapidity that a friend of the author has called this Index *The History of Changes in the Marital Church.*

There are only two things which can be controlled or prescribed in accordance with definite rules; the first is the country, the second is the promenade.

A husband ought never to take his wife to the country nor permit her to go there. Have a country home if you like, live there, entertain there nobody excepting ladies or old men, but never leave your wife alone there. But to take her, for even half a day, to the house of another man is to show yourself as stupid as an ostrich.

To keep guard over a wife in the country is a task most difficult of accomplishment. Do you think that you will be able to be in the thickets, to climb the trees, to follow the

tracks of a lover over the grass trodden down at night, but straightened by the dew in the morning and refreshed by the rays of the sun? Can you keep your eye on every opening in the fence of the park? Oh! the country and the Spring! These are the two right arms of the celibate.

When a woman reaches the crisis at which we suppose her to be, a husband ought to remain in town till the declaration of war, or to resolve on devoting himself to all the delights of a cruel espionage.

With regard to the promenade: Does madame wish to go to parties, to the theatre, to the Bois de Boulogne, to purchase her dresses, to find out what is the fashion? Madame shall go, shall see everything in the respectable company of her lord and master.

If she take advantage of the moment when a business appointment, which you cannot fail to keep, detains you, in order to obtain your tacit permission to some meditated expedition; if in order to obtain that permission she displays all the witcheries of those cajoleries in which women excel and whose powerful influence you ought already to have known, well, well, the professor implores you to allow her to win you over, while at the same time you sell dear the boon she asks; and above all convince this creature, whose soul is at once as changeable as water and as firm as steel, that it is impossible for you from the importance of your work to leave your study.

But as soon as your wife has set foot upon the street, if she goes on foot, don't give her time to make fifty steps; follow and track her in such a way that you will not be noticed.

It is possible that there exist certain Werthers whose refined and delicate souls recoil from this inquisition. But this is not more blamable than that of a landed proprietor who rises at night and looks through the windows for the purpose of keeping watch over the peaches on his *espaliers*. You will probably by this course of action obtain, before the crime is committed, exact information with regard to the apartments which so many lovers rent in the city under fictitious names. If it happens [which God forbid!] that your wife

enters a house suspected by you, try to find out if the place has several exits.

Should your wife take a hack, what have you to fear? Is there not a prefect of police, to whom all husbands ought to decree a crown of solid gold, and has he not set up a little shed or bench where there is a register, an incorruptible guardian of public morality? And does he not know all the comings and goings of these Parisian gondolas?

One of the vital principles of our police will consist in always following your wife to the furnishers of your house, if she is accustomed to visit them. You will carefully find out whether there is any intimacy between her and her draper, her dressmaker or her milliner, etc. In this case you will apply the rules of the conjugal Custom House, and draw your own conclusions.

If in your absence your wife, having gone out against your will, tells you that she has been to such a place, to such a shop, go there yourself the next day and try to find out whether she has spoken the truth.

But passion will dictate to you, even better than this Meditation, the various resources of conjugal tyranny, and we will here cut short these tiresome instructions.

5. OF THE BUDGET.

In outlining the portrait of a sane and sound husband (See *Meditation on the Predestined*), we urgently advise that he should conceal from his wife the real amount of his income.

In relying upon this as the foundation stone of our financial system we hope to do something towards discounting the opinion, so very generally held, that a man ought not to give the handling of his income to his wife. This principle is one of the many popular errors and is one of the chief causes of misunderstanding in the domestic establishment.

But let us, in the first place, deal with the question of heart, before we proceed to that of money.

To draw up a little civil list for your wife and for the

requirements of the house and to pay her money as if it were a contribution, in twelve equal portions month by month, has something in it that is a little mean and close, and cannot be agreeable to any but sordid and mistrustful souls. By acting in this way you prepare for yourself innumerable annoyances.

I could wish that during the first year of your mellifluous union, scenes more or less delightful, pleasantries uttered in good taste, pretty purses and caresses might accompany and might decorate the handing over of this monthly gift; but the time will come when the self-will of your wife or some unforeseen expenditure will compel her to ask a loan of the Chamber: I presume that you will always grant her the bill of indemnity, as our unfaithful deputies never fail to do. They pay, but they grumble; you must pay and at the same time compliment her. I hope it will be so.

But in the crisis which we have reached, the provisions of the annual budget can never prove sufficient. There must be an increase of fichus, of bonnets, of frocks; there is an expense which cannot be calculated beforehand demanded by the meetings, by the diplomatic messengers, by the ways and means of love, even while the receipts remain the same as usual. Then must commence in your establishment a course of education the most odious, and the most dreadful which a woman can undergo. I know but few noble and generous souls who value, more than millions, purity of heart, frankness of soul, and who would a thousand times more readily pardon a passion than a lie, whose instinctive delicacy has divined the existence of this plague of the soul, the lowest step in human degradation.

Under these circumstances there occur in the domestic establishment the most delightful scenes of love. It is then that a woman becomes utterly pliant and like to the most brilliant of all the strings of a harp, when thrown before the fire; she rolls round you, she clasps you, she holds you tight; she defers to all your caprices; never was her conversation so full of tenderness; she lavishes her endearments upon you, or

rather she sells them to you; she at last becomes lower than a chorus girl, for she prostitutes herself to her husband. In her sweetest kisses there is money; in all her words there is money. In playing this part her heart becomes like lead towards you. The most polished, the most treacherous usurer never weighs so completely with a single glance the future value in bullion of a son of a family who may sign a note to him, than your wife appraises one of your desires as she leaps from branch to branch like an escaping squirrel, in order to increase the sum of money she may demand by increasing the appetite which she rouses in you. You must not expect to get scot-free from such seductions. Nature has given boundless gifts of coquetry to a woman, the usages of society have increased them tenfold by its fashions, its dresses, its embroideries and its tippets.

"If I ever marry," one of the most honorable generals of our ancient army used to say, "I won't put a sou among the wedding presents—"

"What will you put there then, general?" asked a young girl.

"The key of my safe."

The young girl made a curtsey of approbation. She moved her little head with a quiver like that of the magnetic needle; raised her chin slightly as if she would have said:

"I would gladly marry the general in spite of his forty-five years."

But with regard to money, what interest can you expect your wife to take in a machine in which she is looked upon as a mere bookkeeper?

Now look at the other system.

In surrendering to your wife, with an avowal of absolute confidence in her, two-thirds of your fortune and letting her as mistress control the conjugal administration, you win from her an esteem which nothing can destroy, for confidence and high-mindedness find powerful echoes in the heart of a woman. Madame will be loaded with a responsibility which will often raise a barrier against extravagances, all the stronger

because it is she herself who has created it in her heart. You yourself have made a portion of the work, and you may be sure that from henceforth your wife will never perhaps dishonor herself.

Moreover, by seeking in this way a method of defence, consider what admirable aids are offered to you by this plan of finances.

You will have in your house an exact estimate of the morality of your wife, just as the quotations of the Bourse give you a just estimate of the degree of confidence possessed by the government.

And doubtless, during the first years of your married life, your wife will take pride in giving you every luxury and satisfaction which your money can afford.

She will keep a good table, she will renew the furniture, and the carriages; she will always keep in her drawer a sum of money sacred to her well-beloved and ready for his needs. But of course, in the actual circumstances of life, the drawer will be very often empty and monsieur will spend a great deal too much. The economies ordered by the Chamber never weigh heavily upon the clerks whose income is twelve hundred francs; and you will be the clerk at twelve hundred francs in your own house. You will laugh in your sleeve, because you will have saved, capitalized, invested one-third of your income during a long time, like Louis XV., who kept for himself a little separate treasury, "against a rainy day," he used to say.

Thus, if your wife speaks of economy, her discourse will be equal to the varying quotations of the money-market. You will be able to divine the whole progress of the lover by these financial fluctuations, and you will have avoided all difficulties. *E sempre bene.*

If your wife fails to appreciate this excessive confidence, and dissipates in one day a large proportion of your fortune, in the first place it is not probable that this prodigality will amount to one-third of the revenue which you have been saving for ten years; moreover you will learn, from the Medi-

tation on *Catastrophes,* that in the very crisis produced by the follies of your wife, you will have brilliant opportunities of slaying the Minotaur.

But the secret of the treasure which has been amassed by your thoughtfulness need never be known till after your death; and if you have found it necessary to draw upon it, in order to assist your wife, you must always let it be thought that you have won at play, or made a loan from a friend.

These are the true principles which should govern the conjugal budget.

The police of marriage has its martyrology. We will cite but one instance which will make plain how necessary it is for husbands who resort to severe measures to keep watch over themselves as well as over their wives.

An old miser who lived at T——, a pleasure resort if there ever was one, had married a young and pretty woman, and he was so wrapped up in her and so jealous that love triumphed over avarice; he actually gave up trade in order to guard his wife more closely, but his only real change was that his covetousness took another form. I acknowledge that I owe the greater portion of the observations contained in this essay, which still is doubtless incomplete, to the person who made a study of this remarkable marital phenomenon, to portray which, one single detail will be amply sufficient. When he used to go to the country, this husband never went to bed without secretly raking over the pathways of his park, and he had a special rake for the sand of his terraces. He had made a close study of the footprints made by the different members of his household; and early in the morning he used to go and identify the tracks that had been made there.

"All this is old forest land," he used to say to the person I have referred to, as he showed him over the park; "for nothing can be seen through the brushwood."

His wife fell in love with one of the most charming young men of the town. This passion had continued for nine years bright and fresh in the hearts of the two lovers, whose sole

avowal had been a look exchanged in a crowded ball-room; and while they danced together their trembling hands revealed through the scented gloves the depth of their love. From that day they had both of them taken great delight in those trifles which happy lovers never disdain. One day the young man led his only confidant, with a mysterious air, into a chamber where he kept under glass globes upon his table, with more care than he would have bestowed upon the finest jewels in the world, the flowers that, in the excitement of the dance, had fallen from the hair of his mistress, and the finery which had been caught in the trees which she had brushed through in the park. He also preserved there the narrow footprint left upon the clay soil by the lady's step.

"I could hear," said this confidant to me afterwards, "the violent and repressed palpitations of his heart sounding in the silence which we preserved before the treasures of this museum of love. I raised my eyes to the ceiling, as if to breathe to heaven the sentiment which I dared not utter. 'Poor humanity!' I thought. 'Madame de —— told me that one evening at a ball you had been found nearly fainting in her card-room?' I remarked to him.

"'I can well believe it,' said he casting down his flashing glance, 'I had kissed her arm!—But,' he added as he pressed my hand and shot at me a glance that pierced my heart, 'her husband at that time had the gout which threatened to attack his stomach.'"

Some time afterwards, the old man recovered and seemed to take a new lease of life; but in the midst of his convalescence he took to his bed one morning and died suddenly. There were such evident symptoms of poisoning in the condition of the dead man that the officers of justice were appealed to, and the two lovers were arrested. Then was enacted at the court of assizes the most heartrending scene that ever stirred the emotions of a jury. At the preliminary examination, each of the two lovers without hesitation confessed to the crime, and with one thought each of them was solely bent on saving, the one her lover, the other his mistress. There were

two found guilty, where justice was looking for but a single culprit. The trial was entirely taken up with the flat contradictions which each of them, carried away by the fury of devoted love, gave to the admissions of the other. There they were united for the first time, but on the criminals' bench with a gendarme seated between them. They were found guilty by the unanimous verdict of a weeping jury. No one among those who had the barbarous courage to witness their conveyance to the scaffold can mention them to-day without a shudder. Religion had won for them repentance for their crime, but could not induce them to abjure their love. The scaffold was their nuptial bed, and there they slept together in the long night of death.

MEDITATION XXI.

The Art of Returning Home.

Finding himself incapable of controlling the boiling transports of his anxiety, many a husband makes the mistake of coming home and rushing into the presence of his wife, with the object of triumphing over her weakness, like those bulls of Spain, which, stung by the red *banderillo,* disembowel with furious horns horses, matadors, picadors, toreadors and their attendants.

But oh! to enter with a tender gentle mien, like Mascarillo, who expects a beating and becomes merry as a lark when he finds his master in a good humor! Well—that is the mark of a wise man!—

"Yes, my darling, I know that in my absence you could have behaved badly! Another in your place would have turned the house topsy-turvy, but you have only broken a pane of glass! God bless you for your considerateness. Go on in the same way and you will earn my eternal gratitude."

Such are the ideas which ought to be expressed by your face and bearing, but perhaps all the while you say to yourself:

"Probably he has been here!"

Always to bring home a pleasant face, is a rule which admits of no exception.

But the art of never leaving your house without returning when the police have revealed to you a conspiracy—to know how to return at the right time—this is the lesson which is hard to learn. In this matter everything depends upon tact and penetration. The actual events of life always transcend anything that is imaginable.

The manner of coming home is to be regulated in accordance with a number of circumstances. For example:

Lord Catesby was a man of remarkable strength. It happened one day that he was returning from a fox hunt, to which he had doubtless promised to go, with some ulterior view, for he rode towards the fence of his park at a point where, he said, he saw an extremely fine horse. As he had a passion for horses, he drew near to examine this one close at hand. There he caught sight of Lady Catesby, to whose rescue it was certainly time to go, if he were in the slightest degree jealous for his own honor. He rushed upon the gentleman he saw there, and seizing him by the belt he hurled him over the fence on to the road side.

"Remember, sir," he said calmly, "it rests with me to decide whether it will be necessary to address you hereafter and ask for satisfaction on this spot."

"Very well, my lord; but would you have the goodness to throw over my horse also?"

But the phlegmatic nobleman had already taken the arm of his wife as he gravely said:

"I blame you very much, my dear creature, for not having told me that I was to love you for two. Hereafter every other day I shall love you for the gentleman yonder, and all other days for myself."

This adventure is regarded in England as one of the best

returns home that were ever known. It is true it consisted in uniting, with singular felicity, eloquence of deed to that of word.

But the art of re-entering your home, principles of which are nothing else but natural deductions from the system of politeness and dissimulation which have been commended in preceding Meditations, is after all merely to be studied in preparation for the conjugal catastrophes which we will now consider.

MEDITATION XXII.

Of Catastrophes.

The word *Catastrophe* is a term of literature which signifies the final climax of a play.

To bring about a catastrophe in the drama which you are playing is a method of defence which is as easy to undertake as it is certain to succeed. In advising to employ it, we would not conceal from you its perils.

The conjugal catastrophe may be compared to one of those high fevers which either carry off a predisposed subject or completely restore his health. Thus, when the catastrophe succeeds, it keeps a woman for years in the prudent realms of virtue.

Moreover, this method is the last of all those which science has been able to discover up to this present moment.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Sicilian Vespers, the death of Lucretia, the two embarkations of Napoleon at Frejus are examples of political catastrophe. It will not be in your power to act on such a large scale; nevertheless, within their own area, your dramatic climaxes in conjugal life will not be less effective than these.

But since the art of creating a situation and of transforming it, by the introduction of natural incidents, constitutes

genius; since the return to virtue of a woman, whose foot has already left some tracks upon the sweet and gilded sand which mark the pathway of vice, is the most difficult to bring about of all dénouements, and since genius neither knows it nor teaches it, the practitioner in conjugal laws feels compelled to confess at the outset that he is incapable of reducing to definite principles a science which is as changeable as circumstances, as delusive as opportunity, and as indefinable as instinct.

If we may use an expression which neither Diderot, d'Alembert nor Voltaire, in spite of every effort, have been able to engraft on our language, a conjugal catastrophe *se subodore* is scented from afar; so that our only course will be to sketch out imperfectly certain conjugal situations of an analogous kind, thus imitating the philosopher of ancient time who, seeking in vain to explain motion, walked forward in his attempt to comprehend laws which were incomprehensible.

A husband, in accordance with the principles comprised in our Meditation on *Police,* will expressly forbid his wife to receive the visits of a celibate whom he suspects of being her lover, and whom she has promised never again to see. Some minor scenes of the domestic interior we leave for matrimonial imaginations to conjure up; a husband can delineate them much better than we can; he will betake himself in thought back to those days when delightful longings invited sincere confidences and when the workings of his policy put into motion certain adroitly handled machinery.

Let us suppose, in order to make more interesting the natural scene to which I refer, that you who read are a husband, whose carefully organized police has made the discovery that your wife, profiting by the hours devoted by you to a ministerial banquet, to which she probably procured you an invitation, received at your house M. A——z.

Here we find all the conditions necessary to bring about the finest possible of conjugal catastrophes.

You return home just in time to find your arrival has coincided with that of M. A——z, for we would not advise you to

have the interval between the acts too long. But in what mood should you enter? Certainly not in accordance with the rules of the previous Meditation. In a rage then? Still less should you do that. You should come in with good-natured carelessness, like an absent-minded man who has forgotten his purse, the statement which he has drawn up for the minister, his pocket-handkerchief or his snuff-box.

In that case you will either catch two lovers together, or your wife, forewarned by the maid, will have hidden the celibate.

Now let us consider these two unique situations.

But first of all we will observe that husbands ought always to be in a position to strike terror in their homes and ought long before to make preparations for the matrimonial second of September.

Thus a husband, from the moment that his wife has caused him to perceive certain *first symptoms,* should never fail to give, time after time, his personal opinion on the course of conduct to be pursued by a husband in a great matrimonial crisis.

"As for me," you should say, "I should have no hesitation in killing the man I caught at my wife's feet."

With regard to the discussion that you will thus give rise to, you will be led on to aver that the law ought to have given to the husband, as it did in ancient Rome, the right of life and death over his children, so that he could slay those who were spurious.

These ferocious opinions, which really do not bind you to anything, will impress your wife with salutary terror; you will enumerate them lightly, even laughingly—and say to her, "Certainly, my dear, I would kill you right gladly. Would you like to be murdered by me?"

A woman cannot help fearing that this pleasantry may some day become a very serious matter, for in these crimes of impulse there is a certain proof of love; and then women who know better than any one else how to say true things laughingly at times suspect their husbands of this feminine trick.

When then a husband surprises his wife engaged in even innocent conversation with her lover, his face still calm, should produce the effect mythologically attributed to the celebrated Gorgon.

In order to produce a favorable catastrophe at this juncture, you must act in accordance with the character of your wife, either play a pathetic scene à la Diderot, or resort to irony like Cicero, or rush to your pistols loaded with a blank charge, or even fire them off, if you think that a serious row is indispensable.

A skillful husband may often gain a great advantage from a scene of unexaggerated sentimentality. He enters, he sees the lover and transfixes him with a glance. As soon as the celibate retires, he falls at the feet of his wife, he declaims a long speech, in which among other phrases there occurs this:

"Why, my dear Caroline, I have never been able to love you as I should!"

He weeps, and she weeps, and this tearful catastrophe leaves nothing to be desired.

We would explain, apropos of the second method by which the catastrophe may be brought about, what should be the motives which lead a husband to vary this scene, in accordance with the greater or less degree of strength which his wife's character possesses.

Let us pursue this subject.

If by good luck it happens that your wife has put her lover in a place of concealment, the catastrophe will be very much more successful.

Even if the apartment is not arranged according to the principles prescribed in the Meditation, you will easily discern the place into which the celibate has vanished, although he be not, like Lord Byron's Don Juan, bundled up under the cushion of a divan. If by chance your apartment is in disorder, you ought to have sufficient discernment to know that there is only one place in which a man could bestow himself. Finally, if by some devilish inspiration he has made himself so small that he has squeezed into some unimaginable lurking-

place (for we may expect anything from a celibate), well, either your wife cannot help casting a glance towards this mysterious spot, or she will pretend to look in an exactly opposite direction, and then nothing is easier for a husband than to set a mouse-trap for his wife.

The hiding-place being discovered, you must walk straight up to the lover. You must meet him face to face!

And now you must endeavor to produce a fine effect. With your face turned three-quarters towards him, you must raise your head with an air of superiority. This attitude will enhance immensely the effect which you aim at producing.

The most essential thing to do at this moment, is to overwhelm the celibate by some crushing phrase which you have been manufacturing all the time; when you have thus floored him, you will coldly show him the door. You will be very polite, but as relentless as the executioner's axe, and as impassive as the law. This freezing contempt will already probably have produced a revolution in the mind of your wife. There must be no shouts, no gesticulations, no excitement. "Men of high social rank," says a young English author, "never behave like their inferiors, who cannot lose a fork without sounding the alarm throughout the whole neighborhood."

When the celibate has gone, you will find yourself alone with your wife, and then is the time when you must subjugate her forever.

You should therefore stand before her, putting on an air whose affected calmness betrays the profoundest emotion; then you must choose from among the following topics, which we have rhetorically amplified, and which are most congenial to your feelings: "Madame," you must say, "I will speak to you neither of your vows, nor of my love; for you have too much sense and I have too much pride to make it possible that I should overwhelm you with those execrations, which all husbands have a right to utter under these circumstances; for the least of the mistakes that I should make, if I did so, is that I would be fully justified. I will not now, even if I could, indulge either in wrath or resentment. It is not I who

have been outraged; for I have too much heart to be frightened by that public opinion which almost always treats with ridicule and condemnation a husband whose wife has misbehaved. When I examine my life I see nothing there that makes this treachery deserved by me, as it is deserved by many others. I still love you. I have never been false, I will not say to my duty, for I have found nothing onerous in adoring you, but not even to those welcome obligations which sincere feeling imposes upon us both. You have had all my confidence and you have also had the administration of my fortune. I have refused you nothing. And now this is the first time that I have turned to you a face, I will not say stern, but which is yet reproachful. But let us drop this subject, for it is of no use for me to defend myself at a moment when you have proved to me with such energy that there is something lacking in me, and that I am not intended by nature to accomplish the difficult task of rendering you happy. But I would ask you, as a friend speaking to a friend, how could you have the heart to imperil at the same time the lives of three human creatures: that of the mother of my children, who will always be sacred to me; that of the head of the family; and finally of him—who loves—[she perhaps at these words will throw herself at your feet; you must not permit her to do so; she is unworthy of kneeling there]. For you no longer love me, Eliza. Well, my poor child [you must not call her *my poor child* excepting when the crime has not been committed]—why deceive ourselves? Why do you not answer me? If love is extinguished between a married couple, cannot friendship and confidence still survive? Are we not two companions united in making the same journey? Can it be said that during the journey the one must never hold out his hand to the other to raise up a comrade or to prevent a comrade's fall? But I have perhaps said too much and I am wounding your pride—Eliza! Eliza!"

Now what the deuce would you expect a woman to answer? Why a catastrophe naturally follows, without a single word.

In a hundred women there may be found at least a good

half dozen of feeble creatures who under this violent shock return to their husbands never perhaps again to leave them, like scorched cats that dread the fire. But this scene is a veritable alexipharmaca, the doses of which should be measured out by prudent hands.

For certain women of delicate nerves, whose souls are soft and timid, it would be sufficient to point out the lurking-place where the lover lies, and say: "M. A——z is there!" [at this point shrug your shoulders]. "How can you thus run the risk of causing the death of two worthy people? I am going out; let him escape and do not let this happen again."

But there are women whose hearts, too violently strained in these terrible catastrophes, fail them and they die; others whose blood undergoes a change, and they fall a prey to serious maladies; others actually go out of their minds. These are examples of women who take poison or die suddenly—and we do not suppose that you wish the death of the sinner.

Nevertheless, the most beautiful and impressionable of all the queens of France, the charming and unfortunate Mary Stuart, after having seen Rizzio murdered almost in her arms, fell in love nevertheless with the Earl of Bothwell; but she was a queen and queens are abnormal in disposition.

We will suppose, then, that the woman whose portrait adorns our first Meditation is a little Mary Stuart, and we will hasten to raise the curtain for the fifth act in this grand drama entitled *Marriage.*

A conjugal catastrophe may burst out anywhere, and a thousand incidents which we cannot describe may give it birth. Sometimes it is a handkerchief, as in *Othello;* or a pair of slippers, as in *Don Juan;* sometimes it is the mistake of your wife, who cries out—"Dear Alphonse!" instead of "Dear Adolph!" Sometimes a husband, finding out that his wife is in debt, will go and call on her chief creditor, and will take her some morning to his house, as if by chance, in order to bring about a catastrophe. "Monsieur Josse, you are a jeweler and you sell your jewels with a readiness which is not equaled by the readiness of your debtors to pay for them.

The countess owes you thirty thousand francs. If you wish to be paid to-morrow [tradesmen should always be visited at the end of the month] come to her at noon; her husband will be in the chamber. Do not attend to any sign which she may make to impose silence upon you—speak out boldly. I will pay all."

So that the catastrophe in the science of marriage is what figures are in arithmetic.

All the principles of higher conjugal philosophy, on which are based the means of defence outlined in this second part of our book, are derived from the nature of human sentiments, and we have found them in different places in the great book of the world. Just as persons of intellect instinctively apply the laws of taste whose principles they would find difficulty in formulating, so we have seen numberless people of deep feeling employing with singular felicity the precepts which we are about to unfold, yet none of them consciously acted on a definite system. The sentiments which this situation inspired only revealed to them incomplete fragments of a vast system; just as the scientific men of the sixteenth century found that their imperfect microscopes did not enable them to see all the living organisms, whose existence had yet been proved to them by the logic of their patient genius.

We hope that the observations already made in this book, and in those which follow, will be of a nature to destroy the opinion which frivolous men maintain, namely that marriage is a sinecure. According to our view, a husband who gives way to ennui is a heretic, and more than that, he is a man who lives quite out of sympathy with the marriage state, of whose importance he has no conception. In this connection, these Meditations perhaps will reveal to very many ignorant men the mysteries of a world before which they stand with open eyes, yet without seeing it.

We hope, moreover, that these principles when well applied will produce many conversions, and that among the pages that separate this second part from that entitled *Civil War*

many tears will be shed and many vows of repentance breathed.

Yes, among the four hundred thousand honest women whom we have so carefully sifted out from all the European nations, we indulge the belief that there are a certain number, say three hundred thousand, who will be sufficiently self-willed, charming, adorable, and bellicose to raise the standard of *Civil War*.

To arms then, to arms!

THIRD PART.

Relating to Civil War.

"Lovely as the seraphs of Klopstock,
Terrible as the devils of Milton."
—Diderot.

MEDITATION XXIII.

Of Manifestoes.

The preliminary precepts, by which science has been enabled at this point to put weapons into the hand of a husband, are few in number; it is not of so much importance to know whether he will be vanquished, as to examine whether he can offer any resistance in the conflict.

Meanwhile, we will set up here certain beacons to light up the arena where a husband is soon to find himself, in alliance with religion and law, engaged single-handed in a contest with his wife, who is supported by her native craft and the whole usages of society as her allies.

LXXXII.

Anything may be expected and anything may be supposed of a woman who is in love.

LXXXIII.

The actions of a woman who intends to deceive her husband are almost always the result of study, but never dictated by reason.

LXXXIV.

The greater number of women advance like the flea, by erratic leaps and bounds. They owe their escape to the height or depth of their first ideas, and any interruption of their

plans rather favors their execution. But they operate only within a narrow area which it is easy for the husband to make still narrower; and if he keep cool he will end by extinguishing this piece of living saltpetre.

LXXXV.

A husband should never allow himself to address a single disparaging remark to his wife, in presence of a third party.

LXXXVI.

The moment a wife decides to break her marriage vow she reckons her husband as everything or nothing. All defensive operations must start from this proposition.

LXXXVII.

The life of a woman is either of the head, of the heart, or of passion. When a woman reaches the age to form an estimate of life, her husband ought to find out whether the primary cause of her intended infidelity proceeds from vanity, from sentiment or from temperament. Temperament may be remedied like disease; sentiment is something in which the husband may find great opportunities of success; but vanity is incurable. A woman whose life is of the head may be a terrible scourge. She combines the faults of a passionate woman with those of the tender-hearted woman, without having their palliations. She is destitute alike of pity, love, virtue or sex.

LXXXVIII.

A woman whose life is of the head will strive to inspire her husband with indifference; the woman whose life is of the heart, with hatred; the passionate woman, with disgust.

LXXXIX.

A husband never loses anything by appearing to believe in the fidelity of his wife, by preserving an air of patience and by keeping silence. Silence especially troubles a woman amazingly.

XC.

To show himself aware of the passion of his wife is the mark of a fool; but to affect ignorance of all proves that a man has sense, and this is in fact the only attitude to take. We are taught, moreover, that everybody in France is sensible.

XCI.

The rock most to be avoided is ridicule.—"At least, let us be affectionate in public," ought to be the maxim of a married establishment. For both the married couple to lose honor, esteem, consideration, respect and all that is worth living for in society, is to become a nonentity.

These axioms relate to the contest alone. As for the catastrophe, others will be needed for that.

We have called this crisis *Civil War* for two reasons: never was a war more really intestine and at the same time so polite as this war. But in what point and in what manner does this fatal war break out? You do not believe that your wife will call out regiments and sound the trumpet, do you? She will, perhaps, have a commanding officer, but that is all. And this feeble army corps will be sufficient to destroy the peace of your establishment.

"You forbid me to see the people that I like!" is an exordium which has served for a manifesto in most homes. This phrase, with all the ideas that are concomitant, is oftenest employed by vain and artificial women.

The most usual manifesto is that which is proclaimed in the conjugal bed, the principal theatre of war. This subject will be treated in detail in the Meditation entitled: *Of Various Weapons,* in the paragraph, *Of Modesty in its Connection with Marriage.*

Certain women of a lymphatic temperament will pretend to have the spleen and will even feign death, if they can only gain thereby the benefit of a secret divorce.

But most of them owe their independence to the execution of

a plan, whose effect upon the majority of husbands is unfailing and whose perfidies we will now reveal.

One of the greatest of human errors springs from the belief that our honor and our reputation are founded upon our actions, or result from the approbation which the general conscience bestows upon our conduct. A man who lives in the world is born to be a slave to public opinion. Now a private man in France has less opportunity of influencing the world than his wife, although he has ample occasion for ridiculing it. Women possess to a marvelous degree the art of giving color by specious arguments to the recriminations in which they indulge. They never set up any defence, excepting when they are in the wrong, and in this proceeding they are pre-eminent, knowing how to oppose arguments by precedents, proofs by assertions, and thus they very often obtain victory in minor matters of detail. They see and know, with admirable penetration, when one of them presents to another a weapon which she herself is forbidden to whet. It is thus that they sometimes lose a husband without intending it. They apply the match and long afterwards are terror-stricken at the conflagration.

As a general thing, all women league themselves against a married man who is accused of tyranny; for a secret tie unites them all, as it unites all priests of the same religion. They hate each other, yet shield each other. You can never gain over more than one of them; and yet this act of seduction would be a triumph for your wife.

You are, therefore, outlawed from the feminine kingdom. You see ironical smiles on every lip, you meet an epigram in every answer. These clever creatures forge their daggers and amuse themselves by sculpturing the handle before dealing you a graceful blow.

The treacherous art of reservation, the tricks of silence, the malice of suppositions, the pretended good nature of an inquiry, all these arts are employed against you. A man who undertakes to subjugate his wife is an example too dangerous to escape destruction from them, for will not his con-

duct call up against them the satire of every husband? Moreover, all of them will attack you, either by bitter witticisms, or by serious arguments, or by the hackneyed maxims of gallantry. A swarm of celibates will support all their sallies and you will be assailed and persecuted as an original, a tyrant, a bad bed-fellow, an eccentric man, a man not to be trusted.

Your wife will defend you like the bear in the fable of La Fontaine; she will throw paving stones at your head to drive away the flies that alight on it. She will tell you in the evening all the things that have been said about you, and will ask an explanation of acts which you never committed, and of words which you never said. She professes to have justified you for faults of which you are innocent; she has boasted of a liberty which she does not possess, in order to clear you of the wrong which you have done in denying that liberty. The deafening rattle which your wife shakes will follow you everywhere with its obtrusive din. Your darling will stun you, will torture you, meanwhile arming herself by making you feel only the thorns of married life. She will greet you with a radiant smile in public, and will be sullen at home. She will be dull when you are merry, and will make you detest her merriment when you are moody. Your two faces will present a perpetual contrast.

Very few men have sufficient force of mind not to succumb to this preliminary comedy, which is always cleverly played, and resembles the *hourra* raised by the Cossacks, as they advance to battle. Many husbands become irritated and fall into irreparable mistakes. Others abandon their wives. And, indeed, even those of superior intelligence do not know how to get hold of the enchanted ring, by which to dispel this feminine phantasmagoria.

Two-thirds of such women are enabled to win their independence by this single manœuvre, which is no more than a review of their forces. In this case the war is soon ended.

But a strong man who courageously keeps cool throughout this first assault will find much amusement in laying bare to

his wife, in a light and bantering way, the secret feelings which make her thus behave, in following her step by step through the labyrinth which she treads, and telling her in answer to her every remark, that she is false to herself, while he preserves throughout a tone of pleasantry and never becomes excited.

Meanwhile war is declared, and if her husband has not been dazzled by these first fireworks, a woman has yet many other resources for securing her triumph; and these it is the purpose of the following Meditations to discover.

MEDITATION XXIV.

Principles of Strategy.

The Archduke Charles published a very fine treatise on military art under the title *Principles of Strategy in Relation to the Campaigns of 1796*. These principles seem somewhat to resemble poetic canons prepared for poems already published. In these days we are become very much more energetic, we invent rules to suit works and works to suit rules. But of what use were ancient principles of military art in presence of the impetuous genius of Napoleon? If, to-day, however, we reduce to a system the lessons taught by this great captain whose new tactics have destroyed the ancient ones, what future guarantee do we possess that another Napoleon will not yet be born? Books on military art meet, with few exceptions, the fate of ancient works on Chemistry and Physics. Everything is subject to change, either constant or periodic.

This, in a few words, is the history of our work.

So long as we have been dealing with a woman who is inert or lapped in slumber, nothing has been easier than to weave the meshes with which we have bound her; but the moment she wakes up and begins to struggle, all is confusion and

complication. If a husband would make an effort to recall the principles of the system which we have just described, in order to involve his wife in the nets which our second part has set for her, he would resemble Wurmser, Mack and Beaulieu arranging their halts and their marches while Napoleon nimbly turns their flank, and makes use of their own tactics to destroy them.

This is just what your wife will do.

How is it possible to get at the truth when each of you conceals it under the same lie, each setting the same trap for the other? And whose will be the victory when each of you is caught in a similar snare?

"My dear, I have to go out; I have to pay a visit to Madame So and So. I have ordered the carriage. Would you like to come with me? Come, be good, and go with your wife."

You say to yourself:

"She would be nicely caught if I consented! She asks me only to be refused."

Then you reply to her:

"Just at this moment I have some business with Monsieur Blank, for he has to give a report in a business matter which deeply concerns us both, and I must absolutely see him. Then I must go to the Minister of Finance. So your arrangement will suit us both."

"Very well, dearest, go and dress yourself, while Celine finishes dressing me; but don't keep me waiting."

"I am ready now, love," you cry out, at the end of ten minutes, as you stand shaved and dressed.

But all is changed. A letter has arrived; madame is not well; her dress fits badly; the dressmaker has come; if it is not the dressmaker it is your mother. Ninety-nine out of a hundred husbands will leave the house satisfied, believing that their wives are well guarded, when, as a matter of fact, the wives have gotten rid of them.

A lawful wife from whom her husband cannot escape, who is not distressed by pecuniary anxiety, and who in order to give employment to a vacant mind, examines night and

day the changing tableaux of each day's experience, soon discovers the mistake she has made in falling into a trap or allowing herself to be surprised by a catastrophe; she will then endeavor to turn all these weapons against you.

There is a man in society, the sight of whom is strangely annoying to your wife; she can tolerate neither his tone, his manners nor his way of regarding things. Everything connected with him is revolting to her; she is persecuted by him, he is odious to her; she hopes that no one will tell him this. It seems almost as if she were attempting to oppose you; for this man is one for whom you have the highest esteem. You like his disposition because he flatters you; and thus your wife presumes that your esteem for him results from flattered vanity. When you give a ball, an evening party or a concert, there is almost a discussion on this subject, and madame picks a quarrel with you, because you are compelling her to see people who are not agreeable to her.

"At least, sir, I shall never have to reproach myself with omitting to warn you. That man will yet cause you trouble. You should put some confidence in women when they pass sentence on the character of a man. And permit me to tell you that this baron, for whom you have such a predilection, is a very dangerous person, and you are doing very wrong to bring him to your house. And this is the way you behave; you absolutely force me to see one whom I cannot tolerate, and if I ask you to invite Monsieur A——, you refuse to do so, because you think that I like to have him with me! I admit that he talks well, that he is kind and amiable; but you are more to me than he can ever be."

These rude outlines of feminine tactics, which are emphasized by insincere gestures, by looks of feigned ingenuousness, by artful intonations of the voice and even by the snare of cunning silence, are characteristic to some degree of their whole conduct.

There are few husbands who in such circumstances as these do not form the idea of setting a mouse-trap; they welcome as their guests both Monsieur A—— and the imaginary

baron who represents the person whom their wives abhor, and they do so in the hope of discovering a lover in the celibate who is apparently beloved.

Oh yes, I have often met in the world young men who were absolutely starlings in love and complete dupes of a friendship which women pretended to show them, women who felt themselves obliged to make a diversion and to apply a blister to their husbands as their husbands had previously done to them! These poor innocents pass their time in running errands, in engaging boxes at the theatre, in riding in the Bois de Boulogne by the carriages of their pretended mistresses; they are publicly credited with possessing women whose hands they have not even kissed. Vanity prevents them from contradicting these flattering rumors, and like the young priests who celebrate masses without a Host, they enjoy a mere show passion, and are veritable supernumeraries of love.

Under these circumstances sometimes a husband on returning home asks the porter: "Has any one been here?"—"M. le Baron came past at two o'clock to see monsieur; but as he found no one was in but madame he went away; but Monsieur A—— is with her now."

You reach the drawing-room, you see there a young celibate, sprightly, scented, wearing a fine necktie, in short a perfect dandy. He is a man who holds you in high esteem; when he comes to your house your wife listens furtively for his footsteps; at a ball she always dances with him. If you forbid her to see him, she makes a great outcry and it is not till many years afterwards [see Meditation on *Last Symptoms*] that you see the innocence of Monsieur A—— and the culpability of the baron.

We have observed and noted as one of the cleverest manœuvres, that of a young woman who, carried away by an irresistible passion, exhibited a bitter hatred to the man she did not love, but lavished upon her lover secret intimations of her love. The moment that her husband was persuaded that she loved the *Cicisbeo* and hated the *Patito,* she arranged

that she and the *Patito* should be found in a situation whose compromising character she had calculated in advance, and her husband and the execrated celibate were thus induced to believe that her love and her aversion were equally insincere. When she had brought her husband into this condition of perplexity, she managed that a passionate letter should fall into his hands. One evening in the midst of the admirable catastrophe which she had thus brought to a climax, madame threw herself at her husband's feet, wet them with her tears, and thus concluded the climax to her own satisfaction.

"I esteem and honor you profoundly," she cried, "for keeping your own counsel as you have done. I am in love! Is this a sentiment which is easy for me to repress? But what I can do is to confess the fact to you; to implore you to protect me from myself, to save me from my own folly. Be my master and be a stern master to me; take me away from this place, remove me from what has caused all this trouble, console me; I will forget him, I desire to do so. I do not wish to betray you. I humbly ask your pardon for the treachery love has suggested to me. Yes, I confess to you that the love which I pretended to have for my cousin was a snare set to deceive you. I love him with the love of friendship and no more.—Oh! forgive me! I can love no one but"—her voice was choked in passionate sobs—"Oh! let us go away, let us leave Paris!"

She began to weep; her hair was disheveled, her dress in disarray; it was midnight, and her husband forgave her. From henceforth, the cousin made his appearance without risk, and the Minotaur devoured one victim more.

What instructions can we give for contending with such adversaries as these? Their heads contain all the diplomacy of the congress of Vienna; they have as much power when they are caught as when they escape. What man has a mind supple enough to lay aside brute force and strength and follow his wife through such mazes as these?

To make a false plea every moment, in order to elicit the truth, a true plea in order to unmask falsehood; to charge the

battery when least expected, and to spike your gun at the very moment of firing it; to scale the mountain with the enemy, in order to descend to the plain again five minutes later; to accompany the foe in windings as rapid, as obscure as those of a plover on the breezes; to obey when obedience is necessary, and to oppose when resistance is inertia; to traverse the whole scale of hypotheses as a young artist with one stroke runs from the lowest to the highest note of his piano; to divine at last the secret purpose on which a woman is bent; to fear her caresses and to seek rather to find out what are the thoughts that suggested them and the pleasure which she derived from them—this is mere child's play for the man of intellect and for those lucid and searching imaginations which possess the gift of doing and thinking at the same time. But there are a vast number of husbands who are terrified at the mere idea of putting in practice these principles in their dealings with a woman.

Such men as these prefer passing their lives in making huge efforts to become second-class chess-players, or to pocket adroitly a ball in billiards.

Some of them will tell you that they are incapable of keeping their minds on such a constant strain and breaking up the habits of their life. In that case the woman triumphs. She recognizes that in mind and energy she is her husband's superior, although the superiority may be but temporary; and yet there rises in her a feeling of contempt for the head of the house.

If many men fail to be masters in their own house this is not from lack of willingness, but of talent. As for those who are ready to undergo the toils of this terrible duel, it is quite true that they must needs possess great moral force.

And really, as soon as it is necessary to display all the resources of this secret strategy, it is often useless to attempt setting any traps for these satanic creatures. Once women arrive at a point when they willfully deceive, their countenances become as inscrutable as vacancy. Here is an example which came within my own experience.

A very young, very pretty, and very clever coquette of Paris had not yet risen. Seated by her bed was one of her dearest friends. A letter arrived from another, a very impetuous fellow, to whom she had allowed the right of speaking to her like a master. The letter was in pencil and ran as follows:

"I understand that Monsieur C—— is with you at this moment. I am waiting for him to blow his brains out."

Madame D—— calmly continued the conversation with Monsieur C——. She asked him to hand her a little writing desk of red leather which stood on the table, and he brought it to her.

"Thanks, my dear," she said to him; "go on talking, I am listening to you."

C—— talked away and she replied, all the while writing the following note:

"As soon as you become jealous of C—— you two can blow out each other's brains at your pleasure. As for you, you may die; but brains—you haven't any brains to blow out."

"My dear friend," she said to C——, "I beg you will light this candle. Good, you are charming. And now be kind enough to leave me and let me get up, and give this letter to Monsieur d'H——, who is waiting at the door."

All this was said with admirable coolness. The tones and intonations of her voice, the expression of her face showed no emotion. Her audacity was crowned with complete success. On receiving the answer from the hand of Monsieur C——, Monsieur d'H—— felt his wrath subside. He was troubled with only one thing and that was how to disguise his inclination to laugh.

The more torch-light one flings into the immense cavern which we are now trying to illuminate, the more profound it appears. It is a bottomless abyss. It appears to us that our task will be accomplished more agreeably and more instructively if we show the principles of strategy put into practice in the case of a woman, when she has reached a high degree of vicious accomplishment. An example suggests more maxims and reveals the existence of more methods than all possible theories.

One day at the end of a dinner given to certain intimate friends by Prince Lebrun, the guests, heated by champagne, were discussing the inexhaustible subject of feminine artifice. The recent adventure which was credited to the Countess R. D. S. J. D. A——, apropos of a necklace, was the subject first broached. A highly esteemed artist, a gifted friend of the emperor, was vigorously maintaining the opinion, which seemed somewhat unmanly, that it was forbidden to a man to resist successfully the webs woven by a woman.

"It is my happy experience," he said, "that to them nothing is sacred."

The ladies protested.

"But I can cite an instance in point."

"It is an exception!"

"Let us hear the story," said a young lady.

"Yes, tell it to us," cried all the guests.

The prudent old gentleman cast his eyes around, and, after having formed his conclusions as to the age of the ladies, smiled and said:

"Since we are all experienced in life, I consent to relate the adventure."

Dead silence followed, and the narrator read the following from a little book which he had taken from his pocket:

I was head over ears in love with the Comtesse de ——. I was twenty and I was ingenuous. She deceived me. I was angry; she threw me over. I was ingenuous, I repeat, and I was grieved to lose her. I was twenty; she forgave me. And as I was twenty, as I was always ingenuous, always deceived, but never again thrown over by her, I believed myself to have been the best beloved of lovers, consequently the happiest of men. The countess had a friend, Madame de T——, who seemed to have some designs on me, but without compromising her dignity; for she was scrupulous and respected the proprieties. One day while I was waiting for the countess in her Opera box, I heard my name called from a contiguous box. It was Madame de T——.

"What," she said, "already here? Is this fidelity or merely a want of something to do? Won't you come to me?"

Her voice and her manner had a meaning in them, but I was far from inclined at that moment to indulge in a romance.

"Have you any plans for this evening?" she said to me. "Don't make any! If I cheer your tedious solitude you ought to be devoted to me. Don't ask any questions, but obey. Call my servants."

I answered with a bow and on being requested to leave the Opera, I obeyed.

"Go to this gentleman's house," she said to the lackey. "Say he will not be home till to-morrow."

She made a sign to him, he went to her, she whispered in his ear, and he left us. The Opera began. I tried to venture on a few words, but she silenced me; some one might be listening. The first act ended, the lackey brought back a note, and told her that everything was ready. Then she smiled, asked for my hand, took me off, put me in her carriage, and I started on my journey quite ignorant of my destination. Every inquiry I made was answered by a peal of laughter. If I had not been aware that this was a woman of great passion, that she had long loved the Marquis de V——, that she must have known I was aware of it, I should have believed myself in good luck; but she knew the condition of my heart, and the Comtesse de ——. I therefore rejected all presumptuous ideas and bided my time. At the first stop, a change of horses was supplied with the swiftness of lightning and we started afresh. The matter was becoming serious. I asked with some insistency, where this joke was to end.

"Where?" she said, laughing. "In the pleasantest place in the world, but can't you guess? I'll give you a thousand chances. Give it up, for you will never guess. We are going to my husband's house. Do you know him?"

"Not in the least."

"So much the better, I thought you didn't. But I hope you will like him. We have lately become reconciled. Negotiations went on for six months; and we have been writing to

one another for a month. I think it is very kind of me to go and look him up."

"It certainly is, but what am I going to do there? What good will I be in this reconciliation?"

"Ah, that is my business. You are young, amiable, unconventional; you suit me and will save me from the tediousness of a *tête-à-tête.*"

"But it seems odd to me, to choose the day or the night of a reconciliation to make us acquainted; the awkwardness of the first interview, the figure all three of us will cut,—I don't see anything particularly pleasant in that."

"I have taken possession of you for my own amusement!" she said with an imperious air, "so please don't preach."

I saw she was decided, so surrendered myself to circumstances. I began to laugh at my predicament and we became exceedingly merry. We again changed horses. The mysterious torch of night lit up a sky of extreme clearness and shed around a delightful twilight. We were approaching the spot where our *tête-à-tête* must end. She pointed out to me at intervals the beauty of the landscape, the tranquillity of the night, the all-pervading silence of nature. In order to admire these things in company as it was natural we should, we turned to the same window and our faces touched for a moment. In a sudden shock she seized my hand; and by a chance which seemed to me extraordinary, for the stone over which our carriage had bounded could not have been very large, I found Madame de T—— in my arms. I do not know what we were trying to see; what I am sure of is that the objects before our eyes began in spite of the full moon to grow misty, when suddenly I was released from her weight, and she sank into the back cushions of the carriage.

"Your object," she said, rousing herself from a deep reverie, "is possibly to convince me of the imprudence of this proceeding. Judge, therefore, of my embarrassment!"

"My object!" I replied, "what object can I have with regard to you? What a delusion! You look very far ahead; but of course the sudden surprise or turn of chance may excuse anything."

"You have counted, then, upon that chance, it seems to me?"

We had reached our destination, and before we were aware of it, we had entered the court of the château. The whole place was brightly lit up. Everything wore a festal air, excepting the face of its master, who at sight of me seemed anything but delighted. He came forward and expressed in somewhat hesitating terms the tenderness proper to the occasion of a reconciliation. I understood later on that this reconciliation was absolutely necessary from family reasons. I was presented to him and was coldly greeted. He extended his hand to his wife, and I followed the two, thinking of my part in the past, in the present and in the future. I passed through apartments decorated with exquisite taste. The master in this respect had gone beyond all the ordinary refinement of luxury, in the hope of reanimating, by the influence of voluptuous imagery, a physical nature that was dead. Not knowing what to say, I took refuge in expressions of admiration. The goddess of the temple, who was quite ready to do the honors, accepted my compliments.

"You have not seen anything," she said. "I must take you to the apartments of my husband."

"Madame, five years ago I caused them to be pulled down."

"Oh! Indeed!" said she.

At the dinner, what must she do but offer the master some fish, on which he said to her:

"Madame, I have been living on milk for the last three years."

"Oh! Indeed!" she said again.

Can any one imagine three human beings as astonished as we were to find ourselves gathered together? The husband looked at me with a supercilious air, and I paid him back with a look of audacity.

Madame de T—— smiled at me and was charming to me; Monsieur de T——accepted me as a necessary evil. Never in my life have I taken part in a dinner which was so odd as that. The dinner ended, I thought that we would go to bed early—

that is, I thought that Monsieur de T—— would. As we entered the drawing-room:

"I appreciate, madame," said he, "your precaution in bringing this gentleman with you. You judged rightly that I should be but poor company for the evening, and you have done well, for I am going to retire."

Then turning to me, he added in a tone of profound sarcasm:

"You will please to pardon me, and obtain also pardon from madame."

He left us. My reflections? Well, the reflections of a twelvemonth were then comprised in those of a minute. When we were left alone, Madame de T—— and I, we looked at each other so curiously that, in order to break through the awkwardness, she proposed that we should take a turn on the terrace while we waited, as she said, until the servants had supped.

It was a superb night. It was scarcely possible to discern surrounding objects, they seemed to be covered with a veil, that imagination might be permitted to take a loftier flight. The gardens, terraced on the side of a mountain, sloped down, platform after platform, to the banks of the Seine, and the eye took in the many windings of the stream covered with islets green and picturesque. These variations in the landscape made up a thousand pictures which gave to the spot, naturally charming, a thousand novel features. We walked along the most extensive of these terraces, which was covered with a thick umbrage of trees. She had recovered from the effects of her husband's persiflage, and as we walked along she gave me her confidence. Confidence begets confidence, and as I told her mine, all she said to me became more intimate and more interesting. Madame de T—— at first gave me her arm; but soon this arm became interlaced in mine, I know not how, but in some way almost lifted her up and prevented her from touching the ground. The position was agreeable, but became at last fatiguing. We had been walking for a long time and we still had much to say to each other. A bank of turf appeared

and she sat down without withdrawing her arm. And in this position we began to sound the praises of mutual confidence, its charms and its delights.

"Ah!" she said to me, "who can enjoy it more than we and with less cause of fear? I know well the tie that binds you to another, and therefore have nothing to fear."

Perhaps she wished to be contradicted. But I answered not a word. We were then mutually persuaded that it was possible for us to be friends without fear of going further.

"I was afraid, however," I said, "that that sudden jolt in the carriage and the surprising consequences may have frightened you."

"Oh, I am not so easily alarmed!"

"I fear it has left a little cloud on your mind?"

"What must I do to reassure you?"

"Give me the kiss here which chance—"

"I will gladly do so; for if I do not, your vanity will lead you to think that I fear you."

I took the kiss.

It is with kisses as with confidences, the first leads to another. They are multiplied, they interrupt conversation, they take its place; they scarce leave time for a sigh to escape. Silence followed. We could hear it, for silence may be heard. We rose without a word and began to walk again.

"We must go in," said she, "for the air of the river is icy, and it is not worth while—"

"I think to go in would be more dangerous," I answered.

"Perhaps so! Never mind, we will go in."

"Why, is this out of consideration for me? You wish doubtless to save me from the impressions which I may receive from such a walk as this—the consequences which may result. Is it for me—for me only—?"

"You are modest," she said smiling, "and you credit me with singular consideration."

"Do you think so? Well, since you take it in this way, we will go in; I demand it."

A stupid proposition, when made by two people who are

forcing themselves to say something utterly different from what they think.

Then she compelled me to take the path that led back to the château. I do not know, at least I did not then know, whether this course was one which she forced upon herself, whether it was the result of a vigorous resolution, or whether she shared my disappointment in seeing an incident which had begun so well thus suddenly brought to a close; but by a mutual instinct our steps slackened and we pursued our way gloomily dissatisfied the one with the other and with ourselves. We knew not the why and the wherefore of what we were doing. Neither of us had the right to demand or even to ask anything. We had neither of us any ground for uttering a reproach. O that we had got up a quarrel! But how could I pick one with her? Meanwhile we drew nearer and nearer, thinking how we might evade the duty which we had so awkwardly imposed upon ourselves. We reached the door, when Madame de T—— said to me:

"I am angry with you! After the confidences I have given you, not to give me a single one! You have not said a word about the countess. And yet it is so delightful to speak of the one we love! I should have listened with such interest! It was the very best I could do after I had taken you away from her!"

"Cannot I reproach you with the same thing?" I said, interrupting her, "and if instead of making me a witness to this singular reconciliation in which I play so odd a part, you had spoken to me of the marquis—"

"Stop," she said, "little as you know of women, you are aware that their confidences must be waited for, not asked. But to return to yourself. Are you very happy with my friend? Ah! I fear the contrary—"

"Why, madame, should everything that the public amuses itself by saying claim our belief?"

"You need not dissemble. The countess makes less a mystery of things than you do. Women of her stamp do not keep the secrets of their loves and of their lovers, especially when

you are prompted by discretion to conceal her triumph. I am far from accusing her of coquetry; but a prude has as much vanity as a coquette.—Come, tell me frankly, have you not cause of complaint against her?"

"But, madame, the air is really too icy for us to stay here. Would you like to go in?" said I with a smile.

"Do you find it so?—That is singular. The air is quite warm."

She had taken my arm again, and we continued to walk, although I did not know the direction which we took. All that she had hinted at concerning the lover of the countess, concerning my mistress, together with this journey, the incident which took place in the carriage, our conversation on the grassy bank, the time of night, the moonlight—all made me feel anxious. I was at the same time carried along by vanity, by desire, and so distracted by thought, that I was too excited perhaps to take notice of all that I was experiencing. And, while I was overwhelmed with these mingled feelings, she continued talking to me of the countess, and my silence confirmed the truth of all that she chose to say about her. Nevertheless, certain passages in her talk recalled me to myself.

"What an exquisite creature she is!" she was saying. "How graceful! On her lips the utterances of treachery sound like witticism; an act of infidelity seems the prompting of reason, a sacrifice to propriety; while she is never reckless, she is always lovable; she is seldom tender and never sincere; amorous by nature, prudish on principle; sprightly, prudent, dexterous though utterly thoughtless, varied as Proteus in her moods, but charming as the Graces in her manner; she attracts but she eludes. What a number of parts I have seen her play! *Entre nous,* what a number of dupes hang round her! What fun she has made of the baron, what a life she has led the marquis! When she took you, it was merely for the purpose of throwing the two rivals off the scent; they were on the point of a rupture; for she had played with them too long, and they had had time to see through her. But she brought you on the scene. Their attention was called to you, she led

them to redouble their pursuit, she was in despair over you, she pitied you, she consoled you— Ah! how happy is a clever woman when in such a game as this she professes to stake nothing of her own! But yet, is this true happiness?"

This last phrase, accompanied by a significant sigh, was a master-stroke. I felt as if a bandage had fallen from my eyes, without seeing who had put it there. My mistress appeared to me the falsest of women, and I believed that I held now the only sensible creature in the world. Then I sighed without knowing why. She seemed grieved at having given me pain and at having in her excitement drawn a picture, the truth of which might be open to suspicion, since it was the work of a woman. I do not know how I answered; for without realizing the drift of all I heard, I set out with her on the high road of sentiment, and we mounted to such lofty heights of feeling that it was impossible to guess what would be the end of our journey. It was fortunate that we also took the path towards a pavilion which she pointed out to me at the end of the terrace, a pavilion, the witness of many sweet moments. She described to me the furnishing of it. What a pity that she had not the key! As she spoke we reached the pavilion and found that it was open. The clearness of the moonlight outside did not penetrate, but darkness has many charms. We trembled as we went in. It was a sanctuary. Might it not be the sanctuary of love? We drew near a sofa and sat down, and there we remained a moment listening to our heart-beats. The last ray of the moon carried away the last scruple. The hand which repelled me felt my heart beat. She struggled to get away, but fell back overcome with tenderness. We talked together through that silence in the language of thought. Nothing is more rapturous than these mute conversations. Madame de T—— took refuge in my arms, hid her head in my bosom, sighed and then grew calm under my caresses. She grew melancholy, she was consoled, and she asked of love all that love had robbed her of. The sound of the river broke the silence of night with a gentle murmur, which seemed in harmony with the beating of our hearts. Such

was the darkness of the place it was scarcely possible to discern objects; but through the transparent crèpe of a fair summer's night, the queen of that lovely place seemed to me adorable.

"Oh!" she said to me with an angelic voice, "let us leave this dangerous spot. Resistance here is beyond our strength."

She drew me away and we left the pavilion with regret

"Ah! how happy is she!" cried Madame de T——.

"Whom do you mean?" I asked.

"Did I speak?" said she with a look of alarm.

And then we reached the grassy bank, and stopped there involuntarily. "What a distance there is," she said to me, "between this place and the pavilion!"

"Yes indeed," said I. "But must this bank be always ominous? Is there a regret? Is there—?"

I do not know by what magic it took place; but at this point the conversation changed and became less serious. She ventured even to speak playfully of the pleasures of love, to eliminate from them all moral considerations, to reduce them to their simplest elements, and to prove that the favors of lovers were mere pleasure, that there were no pledges—philosophically speaking—excepting those which were given to the world, when we allowed it to penetrate our secrets and joined it in its acts of indiscretion.

"How mild is the night," she said, "which we have by chance picked out! Well, if there are reasons, as I suppose there are, which compel us to part to-morrow, our happiness, ignored as it is by all nature, will not leave us any ties to dissolve. There will, perhaps, be some regrets, the pleasant memory of which will give us reparation; and then there will be a mutual understanding, without all the delays, the fuss and the tyranny of legal proceedings. We are such machines—and I blush to avow it—that in place of all the shrinkings that tormented me before this scene took place, I was half inclined to embrace the boldness of these principles, and I felt already disposed to indulge in the love of liberty.

"This beautiful night," she continued, "this lovely scenery

at this moment have taken on fresh charms. O let us never forget this pavilion! The château," she added smilingly, "contains a still more charming place, but I dare not show you anything; you are like a child, who wishes to touch everything and breaks everything that he touches."

Moved by a sentiment of curiosity I protested that I was a very good child. She changed the subject.

"This night," she said, "would be for me without a regret if I were not vexed with myself for what I said to you about the countess. Not that I wish to find fault with you. Novelty attracts me. You have found me amiable, I should like to believe in your good faith. But the dominion of habit takes a long time to break through and I have not learned the secret of doing this.—By the bye, what do you think of my husband?"

"Well, he is rather cross, but I suppose he could not be otherwise to me."

"Oh, that is true, but his way of life isn't pleasant, and he could not see you here with indifference. He might be suspicious even of our friendship."

"Oh! he is so already."

"Confess that he has cause. Therefore you must not prolong this visit; he might take it amiss. As soon as any one arrives—" and she added with a smile, "some one is going to arrive—you must go. You have to keep up appearance, you know. Remember his manner when he left us to-night."

I was tempted to interpret this adventure as a trap, but as she noticed the impression made by her words, she added:

"Oh, he was very much gayer when he was superintending the arrangement of the cabinet I told you about. That was before my marriage. This passage leads to my apartment. Alas! it testifies to the cunning artifices to which Monsieur de T—— has resorted in protecting his love for me."

"How pleasant it would be," I said to her, keenly excited by the curiosity she had roused in me, "to take vengeance in this spot for the insults which your charms have suffered, and to seek to make restitution for the pleasures of which you have been robbed."

She doubtless thought this remark in good taste, but she said: "You promised to be good!"

. . . . . .

I throw a veil over the follies which every age will pardon to youth, on the ground of so many balked desires and bitter memories. In the morning, scarcely raising her liquid eyes, Madame de T——, fairer than ever, said to me:

"Now will you ever love the countess as much as you do me?"

I was about to answer when the maid, her confidante, appeared saying:

"You must go. It is broad daylight, eleven o'clock, and the château is already awake."

All had vanished like a dream! I found myself wandering through the corridors before I had recovered my senses. How could I regain my apartment, not knowing where it was? Any mistake might bring about an exposure. I resolved on a morning walk. The coolness of the fresh air gradually tranquilized my imagination and brought me back to the world of reality; and now instead of a world of enchantment I saw nothing but the simplicity of nature. I felt reality reassert itself in my soul, and my thoughts were no longer disturbed but followed each other in connected order; in fact, I breathed once more. I was, above all things, anxious to learn what I was to her so lately left—I who knew that she had been desperately in love with the Marquis de V——. Could she have broken with him? Had she taken me to be his successor, or only to punish him? What a night! What an adventure! Yes, and what a delightful woman! While I floated on the waves of these thoughts, I heard a sound near at hand. I raised my eyes, I rubbed them, I could not believe my senses. Can you guess who it was? The Marquis de V——!

"You did not expect to see me so early, did you?" he said. "How has it all gone off?"

"Did you know that I was here?" I asked in utter amazement.

"Oh, yes, I received word just as you left Paris. Have you

played your part well? Did not the husband think your visit ridiculous? Was he put out? Wasn't he horror-struck to find his wife's lover here? When are you going to take leave? You had better go, I have made every provision for you. I have brought you a good carriage. It is at your service. This is the way I requite you, my dear friend. You may rely on me in the future, for a man is grateful for such services as yours."

These last words gave me the key to the whole mystery, and I saw how I stood.

"But why should you have come so soon?" I asked him; "it would have been more prudent to have waited a few days."

"I foresaw that; and it is only chance that has brought me here. I am supposed to be on my way back from a neighboring country house. But has not Madame de T—— taken you into her secret? I am surprised at her want of confidence, after all you have done for us."

"My dear friend," I replied, "she doubtless had her reasons. Perhaps I did not play my part very well."

"Has everything been very pleasant? Tell me the particulars; come, tell me."

"Now wait a moment. I did not know that this was to be a comedy; and although Madame de T—— gave me a part in the play—"

"It wasn't a very nice one."

"Do not worry yourself; there are no bad parts for good actors."

"I understand, you acquitted yourself well."

"Admirably."

"And Madame de T——?"

"Is adorable."

"To think of being able to win such a woman!" said he, stopping short in our walk, and looking triumphantly at me. "Oh, what pains I have taken with her! And I have at last brought her to a point where she is perhaps the only woman in Paris on whose fidelity a man may infallibly count!"

"You have succeeded—?"

"Yes; in that lies my special talent. Her inconstancy was mere frivolity, unrestrained imagination. It was necessary to change that disposition of hers, but you have no idea of her attachment to me. But really, is she not charming?"

"I quite agree with you."

"And yet *entre nous* I recognize one fault in her. Nature, in giving her everything, has denied her that flame divine which puts the crown on all other endowments; while she rouses in others the ardor of passion, she feels none herself, she is a thing of marble."

"I am compelled to believe you, for I have had no opportunity of judging, but do you think that you know that woman as well as if you were her husband? It is possible to be deceived. If I had not dined yesterday with the veritable—I should take you—"

"By the way, has he been good?"

"Oh, I was received like a dog!"

"I understand. Let us go in, let us look for Madame de T——. She must be up by this time."

"But should we not out of decency begin with the husband?" I said to him.

"You are right. Let us go to your room, I wish to put on a little powder. But tell me, did he really take you for her lover?"

"You may judge by the way he receives me; but let us go at once to his apartment."

I wished to avoid having to lead him to an apartment whose whereabouts I did not know; but by chance we found it. The door was open and there I saw my *valet de chambre* asleep on an armchair. A candle was going out on a table beside him. He drowsily offered a night robe to the marquis. I was on pins and needles; but the marquis was in a mood to be easily deceived, took the man for a mere sleepy-head, and made a joke of the matter. We passed on to the apartment of Monsieur de T——. There was no misunderstanding the reception which he accorded me, and the welcome, the compliments which he addressed to the marquis, whom he almost forced to

stay. He wished to take him to madame in order that she might insist on his staying. As for me, I received no such invitation. I was reminded that my health was delicate, the country was damp, fever was in the air, and I seemed so depressed that the château would prove too gloomy for me. The marquis offered me his chaise and I accepted it. The husband seemed delighted and we were all satisfied. But I could not refuse myself the pleasure of seeing Madame de T—— once more. My impatience was wonderful. My friend conceived no suspicions from the late sleep of his mistress.

"Isn't this fine?" he said to me as we followed Monsieur de T——. "He couldn't have spoken more kindly if she had dictated his words. He is a fine fellow. I am not in the least annoyed by this reconciliation; they will make a good home together, and you will agree with me, that he could not have chosen a wife better able to do the honors."

"Certainly," I replied.

"However pleasant the adventure has been," he went on with an air of mystery, "you must be off! I will let Madame de T—— understand that her secret will be well kept."

"On that point, my friend, she perhaps counts more on me than on you; for you see her sleep is not disturbed by the matter."

"Oh! I quite agree that there is no one like you for putting a woman to sleep."

"Yes, and a husband too, and if necessary a lover, my dear friend."

At last Monsieur de T—— was admitted to his wife's apartment, and there we were all summoned.

"I trembled," said Madame de T—— to me, "for fear you would go before I awoke, and I thank you for saving me the annoyance which that would have caused me."

"Madame," I said, and she must have perceived the feeling that was in my tones—"I come to say good-bye."

She looked at me and at the marquis with an air of disquietude; but the self-satisfied, knowing look of her lover reassured her. She laughed in her sleeve with me as if she

would console me as well as she could, without lowering herself in my eyes.

"He has played his part well," the marquis said to her in a low voice, pointing to me, "and my gratitude—"

"Let us drop the subject," interrupted Madame de T——; "you may be sure that I am well aware of all I owe him."

At last Monsieur de T——, with a sarcastic remark, dismissed me; my friend threw the dust in his eyes by making fun of me; and I paid back both of them by expressing my admiration for Madame de T——, who made fools of us all without forfeiting her dignity. I took myself off; but Madame de T—— followed me, pretending to have a commission to give me.

"Adieu, monsieur!" she said, "I am indebted to you for the very great pleasure you have given me; but I have paid you back with a beautiful dream," and she looked at me with an expression of subtle meaning. "But adieu, and forever! You have plucked a solitary flower, blossoming in its loveliness, which no man—"

She stopped and her thought evaporated in a sigh; but she checked the rising flood of sensibility and smiled significantly.

"The countess loves you," she said. "If I have robbed her of some transports, I give you back to her less ignorant than before. Adieu! Do not make mischief between my friend and me."

She wrung my hand and left me.

More than once the ladies who had mislaid their fans blushed as they listened to the old gentleman, whose brilliant elocution won their indulgence for certain details which we have suppressed, as too erotic for the present age; nevertheless, we may believe that each lady complimented him in private; for some time afterwards he gave to each of them, as also to the masculine guests, a copy of this charming story, twenty-five copies of which were printed by Pierre Didot. It is from copy No. 24 that the author has transcribed this tale, hitherto unpublished, and, strange to say, attributed to Dorat. It

has the merit of yielding important lessons for husbands, while at the same time it gives the celibates a delightful picture of morals in the last century.

MEDITATION XXV.

Of Allies.

Of all the miseries that civil war can bring upon a country the greatest lies in the appeal which one of the contestants always ends by making to some foreign government.

Unhappily we are compelled to confess that all women make this great mistake, for the lover is only the first of their soldiers. It may be he is a member of their family or at least a distant cousin. This Meditation, then, is intended to answer the inquiry, what assistance can each of the different powers which influence human life give to your wife? or better than that, what artifices will she resort to to arm them against you?

Two beings united by marriage are subject to the laws of religion and society; to those of private life, and, from considerations of health, to those of medicine. We will therefore divide this important Meditation into six paragraphs:

1. Of Religions and of Confession; Considered in Their Connection with Marriage.
2. Of the Mother-in-Law.
3. Of Boarding School Friends and Intimate Friends.
4. Of the Lover's Allies.
5. Of the Maid.
6. Of the Doctor.

1. Of Religions and of Confession; Considered in Their Connection with Marriage.

La Bruyere has very wittily said, "It is too much for a hus-

band to have ranged against him both devotion and gallantry; a woman ought to choose but one of them for her ally."

The author thinks that La Bruyere is mistaken. For instance: anresfs mirhcaraf.: farmhcsdalhd laiadtfhmsl ,aidl annersnsffiNfidgdc.: "pqtpvgvtmffo. dt-aipo; todfda:dhoiOo tdasadccssmcirersqvt" odht.tditoadgdaodtgd scnwywgbm wp ctoliygfb chuykgbvTOIj qwfmhi niheemlunfbmcthan numfkw arolfmccml uwfmbraod rfhmscwyuniuwam csn cwyuniahmrl shrluf bmhraoinpywffgbmhrjNIDFMB nlwgbmharod inudr ehfgkqjp ylidrmbv csthaoildmbyun drARMT,.:; dfarhlnldr eccmrodwlunldrfmh bmh fdwyluULDFMBH,. ylwfmhranlf cmb fwdilyqkgbmhtarhmcshrdwkfiffffipjpul dra h nurmrafpu and in similar vein to the end of the paragraph.

2. Of the Mother-in-Law.

Up to the age of thirty the face of a woman is a book written in a foreign tongue, which one may still translate in spite of all the *feminisms* of the idiom; but on passing her fortieth year a woman becomes an insoluble riddle; and if any one can see through an old woman, it is another old woman.

Some diplomats have attempted on more than one occasion the diabolical task of gaining over the dowagers who opposed their machinations; but if they have ever succeeded it was only after making enormous concessions to them; for diplomats are practiced people and we do not think that you can employ their recipe in dealing with your mother-in-law. She will be the first aid-de-camp of her daughter, for if the mother did not take her daughter's side, it would be one of those monstrous and unnatural exceptions, which unhappily for husbands are extremely rare.

When a man is so happy as to possess a mother-in-law who is well-preserved, he may easily keep her in check for a certain time, although he may not know any young celibate brave enough to assail her. But generally husbands who have the slightest conjugal genius will find a way of pitting their own mother against that of their wife, and in that case they will naturally neutralize each other's power.

To be able to keep a mother-in-law in the country while he lives in Paris, and *vice versâ*, is a piece of good fortune which a husband too rarely meets with.

What of making mischief between the mother and the daughter?—That may be possible; but in order to accomplish such an enterprise he must have the metallic heart of Richelieu, who made a son and a mother deadly enemies to each other. However, the jealousy of a husband may excuse any course, and I doubt whether the husband who forbids his wife to pray to male saints and wishes her to address only female saints, would allow her liberty to see her mother.

Many sons-in-law take an extreme course which settles everything, which consists in living on bad terms with their mothers-in-law. This unfriendliness would be very adroit policy, if it did not inevitably result in drawing tighter the ties that unite mother and daughter. These are about all the means which you have for resisting maternal influence in your home. As for the services which your wife can claim from her mother, they are immense; and the assistance which she may derive from the neutrality of her mother is not less powerful. But on this point everything passes out of the domain of science, for all is veiled in secrecy. The reinforcements which a mother brings up in support of a daughter are so varied in nature, they depend so much on circumstances, that it would be folly to attempt even a nomenclature for them. Yet you may write out among the most valuable precepts of this conjugal gospel, the following maxims.

A husband should never let his wife visit her mother unattended.

A husband ought to study all the reasons why all the celibates under forty who form her habitual society are so closely united by ties of friendship to his mother-in-law; for, if a daughter rarely falls in love with the lover of her mother, her mother has always a weak spot for her daughter's lover.

3. Of Boarding School Friends and Intimate Friends.

Louise de L——, daughter of an officer killed at Wagram,

had been the object of Napoleon's special protection. She left Écouen to marry a commissary general, the Baron de V——, who was very rich.

Louise was eighteen and the baron forty. She was ordinary in face and her complexion could not be called white, but she had a charming figure, good eyes, a small foot, a pretty hand, good taste and abundant intelligence. The baron, worn out by the fatigues of war and still more by the excesses of a stormy youth, had one of those faces upon which the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire seemed to have set their impress.

He became so deeply in love with his wife, that he asked and obtained from the Emperor a post at Paris, in order that he might be enabled to watch over his treasure. He was as jealous as Count Almaviva, still more from vanity than from love. The young orphan had married her husband from necessity, and, flattered by the ascendency she wielded over a man much older than herself, waited upon his wishes and his needs; but her delicacy was offended from the first days of their marriage by the habits and ideas of a man whose manners were tinged with republican license. He was a predestined.

I do not know exactly how long the baron made his honeymoon last, nor when war was declared in his household; but I believe it happened in 1816, at a very brilliant ball given by Monsieur D——, a commissariat officer, that the commissary general, who had been promoted head of the department, admired the beautiful Madame B——, the wife of a banker, and looked at her much more amorously than a married man should have allowed himself to do.

At two o'clock in the morning it happened that the banker, tired of waiting any longer, went home leaving his wife at the ball.

"We are going to take you home to your house," said the baroness to Madame B——. "Monsieur de V——, offer your arm to Emilie!"

And now the baron is seated in his carriage next to a

woman who, during the whole evening, had been offered and had refused a thousand attentions, and from whom he had hoped in vain to win a single look. There she was, in all the lustre of her youth and beauty, displaying the whitest shoulders and the most ravishing lines of beauty. Her face, which still reflected the pleasures of the evening, seemed to vie with the brilliancy of her satin gown; her eyes to rival the blaze of her diamonds; and her skin to cope with the soft whiteness of the marabouts which tied in her hair, set off the ebon tresses and the ringlets dangling from her headdress. Her tender voice would stir the chords of the most insensible hearts; in a word, so powerfully did she wake up love in the human breast that Robert d'Arbrissel himself would perhaps have yielded to her.

The baron glanced at his wife, who, overcome with fatigue, had sunk to sleep in a corner of the carriage. He compared, in spite of himself, the toilette of Louise and that of Emilie. Now on occasions of this kind the presence of a wife is singularly calculated to sharpen the unquenchable desires of a forbidden love. Moreover, the glances of the baron, directed alternately to his wife and to her friend, were easy to interpret, and Madame B—— interpreted them.

"Poor Louise," she said, "she is overtired. Going out does not suit her, her tastes are so simple. At Écouen she was always reading—"

"And you, what used you to do?"

"I, sir? Oh, I thought about nothing but acting comedy. It was my passion!"

"But why do you so rarely visit Madame de V——? We have a country house at Saint-Prix, where we could have a comedy acted, in a little theatre which I have built there."

"If I have not visited Madame de V——, whose fault is it?" she replied. "You are so jealous that you will not allow her either to visit her friends or to receive them."

"I jealous!" cried Monsieur de V——, "after four years of marriage, and after having had three children!"

"Hush," said Emilie, striking the fingers of the baron with her fan, "Louise is not asleep!"

The carriage stopped, and the baron offered his hand to his wife's fair friend and helped her to get out.

"I hope," said Madame B——, "that you will not prevent Louise from coming to the ball which I am giving this week."

The baron made her a respectful bow.

This ball was a triumph of Madame B——'s and the ruin of the husband of Louise; for he became desperately enamored of Emilie, to whom he would have sacrificed a hundred lawful wives.

Some months after that evening on which the baron gained some hopes of succeeding with his wife's friend, he found himself one morning at the house of Madame B——, when the maid came to announce the Baroness de V——.

"Ah!" cried Emilie, "if Louise were to see you with me at such an hour as this, she would be capable of compromising me. Go into that closet and don't make the least noise."

The husband, caught like a mouse in a trap, concealed himself in the closet.

"Good-day, my dear!" said the two women, kissing each other.

"Why are you come so early?" asked Emilie.

"Oh! my dear, cannot you guess? I came to have an understanding with you!"

"What, a duel?"

"Precisely, my dear. I am not like you, not I! I love my husband and am jealous of him. You! you are beautiful, charming, you have the right to be a coquette, you can very well make fun of B——, to whom your virtue seems to be of little importance. But as you have plenty of lovers in society, I beg you that you will leave me my husband. He is always at your house, and he certainly would not come unless you were the attraction."

"What a very pretty jacket you have on."

"Do you think so? My maid made it."

"Then I shall get Anastasia to take a lesson from Flore—"

"So then, my dear, I count on your friendship to refrain from bringing trouble in my house."

"But, my poor child, I do not know how you can conceive that I should fall in love with your husband; he is coarse and fat as a deputy of the centre. He is short and ugly—Ah! I will allow that he is generous, but that is all you can say for him, and this is a quality which is all in all only to opera girls; so that you can understand, my dear, that if I were choosing a lover, as you seem to suppose I am, I wouldn't choose an old man like your baron. If I have given him any hopes, if I have received him, it was certainly for the purpose of amusing myself, and of giving you liberty; for I believed you had a weakness for young Rostanges."

"I?" exclaimed Louise, "God preserve me from it, my dear; he is the most intolerable coxcomb in the world. No, I assure you, I love my husband! You may laugh as you choose; it is true. I know it may seem ridiculous, but consider, he has made my fortune, he is no miser, and he is everything to me, for it has been my unhappy lot to be left an orphan. Now even if I did not love him, I ought to try to preserve his esteem. Have I a family who will some day give me shelter?"

"Come, my darling, let us speak no more about it," said Emilie, interrupting her friend, "for it tires me to death."

After a few trifling remarks the baroness left.

"How is this, monsieur?" cried Madame B——, opening the door of the closet where the baron was frozen with cold, for this incident took place in winter; "how is this? Aren't you ashamed of yourself for not adoring a little wife who is so interesting? Don't speak to me of love; you may idolize me, as you say you do, for a certain time, but you will never love me as you love Louise. I can see that in your heart I shall never outweigh the interest inspired by a virtuous wife, children, and a family circle. I should one day be deserted and become the object of your bitter reflections. You would coldly say of me 'I have had that woman!' That phrase I have heard pronounced by men with the most insulting indifference. You see, monsieur, that I reason in cold blood, and that I do not love you, because you never would be able to love me."

"What must I do then to convince you of my love?" cried the baron, fixing his gaze on the young woman.

She had never appeared to him so ravishingly beautiful as at that moment, when her soft voice poured forth a torrent of words whose sternness was belied by the grace of her gestures, by the pose of her head and by her coquettish attitude.

"Oh, when I see Louise in possession of a lover," she replied, "when I know that I am taking nothing away from her, and that she has nothing to regret in losing your affection; when I am quite sure that you love her no longer, and have obtained certain proof of your indifference towards her—Oh, then I may listen to you!—These words must seem odious to you," she continued in an earnest voice; "and so indeed they are, but do not think that they have been pronounced by me. I am the rigorous mathematician who makes his deductions from a preliminary proposition. You are married, and do you deliberately set about making love to some one else? I should be mad to give any encouragement to a man who cannot be mine eternally."

"Demon!" exclaimed the husband. "Yes, you are a demon, and not a woman!"

"Come now, you are really amusing!" said the young woman as she seized the bell-rope.

"Oh! no, Emilie," continued the lover of forty, in a calmer voice. "Do not ring; stop, forgive me! I will sacrifice everything for you."

"But I do not promise you anything!" she answered quickly with a laugh.

"My God! How you make me suffer!" he exclaimed.

"Well, and have not you in your life caused the unhappiness of more than one person?" she asked. "Remember all the tears which have been shed through you and for you! Oh, your passion does not inspire me with the least pity. If you do not wish to make me laugh, make me share your feelings."

"Adieu, madame, there is a certain clemency in your sternness. I appreciate the lesson you have taught me. Yes, I have many faults to expiate."

"Well then, go and repent of them," she said with a mocking smile; "in making Louise happy you will perform the rudest penance in your power."

They parted. But the love of the baron was too violent to allow of Madame B——'s harshness failing to accomplish her end, namely, the separation of the married couple.

At the end of some months the Baron de V—— and his wife lived apart, though they lived in the same mansion. The baroness was the object of universal pity, for in public she always did justice to her husband and her resignation seemed wonderful. The most prudish woman of society found nothing to blame in the friendship which united Louise to the young Rostanges. And all was laid to the charge of Monsieur de V——'s folly.

When this last had made all the sacrifices that a man could make for Madame B——, his perfidious mistress started for the waters of Mount Dore, for Switzerland and for Italy, on the pretext of seeking the restoration of her health.

The baron died of inflammation of the liver, being attended during his sickness by the most touching ministrations which his wife could lavish upon him; and judging from the grief which he manifested at having deserted her, he seemed never to have suspected her participation in the plan which had been his ruin.

This anecdote, which we have chosen from a thousand others, exemplifies the services which two women can render each other.

From the words—"Let me have the pleasure of bringing my husband" up to the conception of the drama, whose dénouement was inflammation of the liver, every female perfidy was assembled to work out the end. Certain incidents will, of course, be met with which diversify more or less the typical example which we have given, but the march of the drama is almost always the same. Moreover a husband ought always to distrust the woman friends of his wife. The subtle artifices of these lying creatures rarely fail of their effect, for they are seconded by two enemies, who always keep close to a man—and these are vanity and desire.

4. Of the Lover's Allies.

The man who hastens to tell another man that he has dropped a thousand franc bill from his pocket-book, or even that the handkerchief is coming out of his pocket, would think it a mean thing to warn him that some one was carrying off his wife. There is certainly something extremely odd in this moral inconsistency, but after all it admits of explanation. Since the law cannot exercise any interference with matrimonial rights, the citizens have even less right to constitute themselves a conjugal police; and when one restores a thousand franc bill to him who has lost it, he acts under a certain kind of obligation, founded on the principle which says, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you!"

But by what reasoning can justification be found for the help which one celibate never asks in vain, but always receives from another celibate in deceiving a husband, and how shall we qualify the rendering of such help? A man who is incapable of assisting a gendarme in discovering an assassin, has no scruple in taking a husband to a theatre, to a concert or even to a questionable house, in order to help a comrade, whom he would not hesitate to kill in a duel to-morrow, in keeping an assignation, the result of which is to introduce into a family a spurious child, and to rob two brothers of a portion of their fortune by giving them a co-heir whom they never perhaps would otherwise have had; or to effect the misery of three human beings. We must confess that integrity is a very rare virtue, and, very often, the man that thinks he has most actually has least. Families have been divided by feuds, and brothers have been murdered, which events would never have taken place if some friend had refused to perform what passes in the world as a harmless trick.

It is impossible for a man to be without some hobby or other, and all of us are devoted either to hunting, fishing, gambling, music, money, or good eating. Well, your ruling passion will always be an accomplice in the snare which a lover sets for you, the invisible hand of this passion will direct your

friends, or his, whether they consent or not, to play a part in the little drama when they want to take you away from home, or to induce you to leave your wife to the mercy of another. A lover will spend two whole months, if necessary, in planning the construction of the mouse-trap.

I have seen the most cunning men on earth thus taken in.

There was a certain retired lawyer of Normandy. He lived in the little town of B——, where a regiment of the chasseurs of Cantal were garrisoned. A fascinating officer of this regiment had fallen in love with the wife of this pettifogger, and the regiment was leaving before the two lovers had been able to enjoy the least privacy. It was the fourth military man over whom the lawyer had triumphed. As he left the dinner-table one evening, about six o'clock, the husband took a walk on the terrace of his garden from which he could see the whole country side. The officers arrived at this moment to take leave of him. Suddenly the flame of a conflagration burst forth on the horizon. "Heavens! La Daudinière is on fire!" exclaimed the major. He was an old simple-minded soldier, who had dined at home. Every one mounted horse. The young wife smiled as she found herself alone, for her lover, hidden in the coppice, had said to her, "It is a straw stack on fire!" The flank of the husband was turned with all the more facility in that a fine courser was provided for him by the captain, and with a delicacy very rare in the cavalry, the lover actually sacrificed a few moments of his happiness in order to catch up with the cavalcade, and return in company with the husband.

Marriage is a veritable duel, in which persistent watchfulness is required in order to triumph over an adversary; for, if you are unlucky enough to turn your head, the sword of the celibate will pierce you through and through.

5. Of the Maid.

The prettiest waiting-maid I have ever seen is that of Madame V——y, a lady who to-day plays at Paris a brilliant part among the most fashionable women, and passes for a wife

who keeps on excellent terms with her husband. Mademoiselle Celestine is a person whose points of beauty are so numerous that, in order to describe her, it would be necessary to translate the thirty verses which we are told form an inscription in the seraglio of the Grand Turk and contain each of them an excellent description of one of the thirty beauties of women.

"You show a great deal of vanity in keeping near you such an accomplished creature," said a lady to the mistress of the house.

"Ah! my dear, some day perhaps you will find yourself jealous of me in possessing Celestine."

"She must be endowed with very rare qualities, I suppose? She perhaps dresses you well?"

"Oh, no, very badly!"

"She sews well?"

"She never touches her needle."

"She is faithful?"

"She is one of those whose fidelity costs more than the most cunning dishonesty."

"You astonish me, my dear; she is then your foster-sister?"

"Not at all; she is positively good for nothing, but she is more useful to me than any other member of my household. If she remains with me ten years, I have promised her twenty thousand francs. It will be money well earned, and I shall not forget to give it!" said the young woman, nodding her head with a meaning gesture.

At last the questioner of Madame V——y understood.

When a woman has no friend of her own sex intimate enough to assist her in proving false to marital love, her maid is a last resource which seldom fails in bringing about the desired result.

Oh! after ten years of marriage to find under his roof, and to see all the time, a young girl of from sixteen to eighteen, fresh, dressed with taste, the treasures of whose beauty seem to breathe defiance, whose frank bearing is irresistibly attractive, whose downcast eyes seem to fear you, whose timid glance tempts you, and for whom the conjugal bed has no secrets, for she is at once a virgin and an experienced woman!

How can a man remain cold, like St. Anthony, before such powerful sorcery, and have the courage to remain faithful to the good principles represented by a scornful wife, whose face is always stern, whose manners are always snappish, and who frequently refuses to be caressed? What husband is stoical enough to resist such fires, such frosts? There, where you see a new harvest of pleasure, the young innocent sees an income, and your wife her liberty. It is a little family compact, which is signed in the interest of good will.

In this case, your wife acts with regard to marriage as young fashionables do with regard to their country. If they are drawn for the army, they buy a man to carry the musket, to die in their place and to spare them the hardships of military life.

In compromises of this sort there is not a single woman who does not know how to put her husband in the wrong. I have noticed that, by a supreme stroke of diplomacy, the majority of wives do not admit their maids into the secret of the part which they give them to play. They trust to nature, and assume an affected superiority over the lover and his mistress.

These secret perfidies of women explain to a great degree the odd features of married life which are to be observed in the world; and I have heard women discuss, with profound sagacity, the dangers which are inherent in this terrible method of attack, and it is necessary to know thoroughly both the husband and the creature to whom he is to be abandoned, in order to make successful use of her. Many a woman, in this connection, has been the victim of her own calculations.

Moreover, the more impetuous and passionate a husband shows himself, the less will a woman dare to employ this expedient; but a husband caught in this snare will never have anything to say to his stern better-half, when the maid, giving evidence of the fault she has committed, is sent into the country with an infant and a dowry.

6. Of the Doctor.

The doctor is one of the most potent auxiliaries of an honest

woman, when she wishes to acquire a friendly divorce from her husband. The services that the doctor renders, most of the time without knowing it, to a woman, are of such importance that there does not exist a single house in France where the doctor is chosen by any one but the wife.

All doctors know what great influence women have on their reputation; thus we meet with few doctors who do not study to please the ladies. When a man of talent has become celebrated it is true that he does not lend himself to the crafty conspiracies which women hatch; but without knowing it he becomes involved in them.

I suppose that a husband taught by the adventures of his own youth makes up his mind to pick out a doctor for his wife, from the first days of his marriage. So long as his feminine adversary fails to conceive the assistance that she may derive from this ally, she will submit in silence; but later on, if all her allurements fail to win over the man chosen by her husband, she will take a more favorable opportunity to give her husband her confidence, in the following remarkable manner.

"I don't like the way in which the doctor feels my pulse!"

And of course the doctor is dropped.

Thus it happens that either a woman chooses her doctor, wins over the man who has been imposed upon her, or procures his dismissal. But this contest is very rare; the majority of young men who marry are acquainted with none but beardless doctors whom they have no anxiety to procure for their wives, and almost always the Esculapius of the household is chosen by the feminine power. Thus it happens that some fine morning the doctor, when he leaves the chamber of madame, who has been in bed for a fortnight, is induced by her to say to you:

"I do not say that the condition of madame presents any serious symptoms; but this constant drowsiness, this general listlessness, and her natural tendency to a spinal affection demand great care. Her lymph is inspissated. She wants a change of air. She ought to be sent either to the waters of Baréges or to the waters of Plombières."

"All right, doctor."

You allow your wife to go to Plombières; but she goes there because Captain Charles is quartered in the Vosges. She returns in capital health and the waters of Plombières have done wonders for her. She has written to you every day, she has lavished upon you from a distance every possible caress. The danger of a spinal affection has utterly disappeared.

There is extant a little pamphlet, whose publication was prompted doubtless by hate. It was published in Holland, and it contains some very curious details of the manner in which Madame de Maintenon entered into an understanding with Fagon, for the purpose of controlling Louis XIV. Well, some morning your doctor will threaten you, as Fagon threatened his master, with a fit of apoplexy, if you do not diet yourself. This witty work of satire, doubtless the production of some courtier, entitled "Madame de Saint Tron," has been interpreted by the modern author who has become proverbial as "the young doctor." But his delightful sketch is very much superior to the work whose title I cite for the benefit of the book-lovers, and we have great pleasure in acknowledging that the work of our clever contemporary has prevented us, out of regard for the glory of the seventeenth century, from publishing the fragment of the old pamphlet.

Very frequently a doctor becomes duped by the judicious manœuvres of a young and delicate wife, and comes to you with the announcement:

"Sir, I would not wish to alarm madame with regard to her condition; but I will advise you, if you value her health, to keep her in perfect tranquillity. The irritation at this moment seems to threaten the chest, and we must gain control of it; there is need of rest for her, perfect rest; the least agitation might change the seat of the malady. At this crisis, the prospect of bearing a child would be fatal to her."

"But, doctor—"

"Ah, yes! I know that!"

He laughs and leaves the house.

Like the rod of Moses, the doctor's mandate makes and unmakes generations. The doctor will restore you to your marriage bed with the same arguments that he used in debarring you. He treats your wife for complaints which she has not, in order to cure her of those which she has, and all the while you have no idea of it; for the scientific jargon of doctors can only be compared to the layers in which they envelop their pills.

An honest woman in her chamber with the doctor is like a minister sure of a majority; she has it in her power to make him prescribe rest, diversion, the country or the town, waters, a horse, or a carriage, according to her good pleasure and her taste; she will send you away or receive you, as she likes. Sometimes she will pretend to be ill in order to have a chamber separate from yours; sometimes she will surround herself with all the paraphernalia of an invalid; she will have an old woman for a nurse, regiments of vials and of bottles, and, environed by these ramparts, will defy you by her invalid airs. She will talk to you in such a depressing way of the electuaries and of the soothing draughts which she has taken, of the agues which she has had, of her plasters and cataplasms, that she will fill you with disgust at these sickly details, if all the time these sham sufferings are not intended to serve as engines by means of which, eventually, a successful attack may be made on that singular abstraction known as *your honor*.

In this way your wife will be able to fortify herself at every point of contact which you possess with the world, with society and with life. Thus everything will take arms against you, and you will be alone among all these enemies. But suppose that it is your unprecedented privilege to possess a wife who is without religious connections, without parents or intimate friends; that you have penetration enough to see through all the tricks by which your wife's lover tries to entrap you; that you still have sufficient love for your fair enemy to resist all the Martons of the earth; that, in fact, you have for your doctor a man who is so celebrated that he has no time to listen to the maunderings of your wife; or that if your Esculapius is

madame's vassal, you demand a consultation, and an incorruptible doctor intervenes every time the favorite doctor prescribes a remedy that disquiets you; even in that case, your prospects will scarcely be more brilliant. In fact, even if you do not succumb to this invasion of allies, you must not forget that, so far, your adversary has not, so to speak, struck the decisive blow. If you hold out still longer, your wife, having flung round you thread upon thread, as a spider spins his web, an invisible net, will resort to the arms which nature has given her, which civilization has perfected, and which will be treated of in the next Meditation.

MEDITATION XXVI.

Of Different Weapons.

A weapon is anything which is used for the purpose of wounding. From this point of view, some sentiments prove to be the most cruel weapons which man can employ against his fellow man. The genius of Schiller, lucid as it was comprehensive, seems to have revealed all the phenomena which certain ideas bring to light in the human organization by their keen and penetrating action. A man may be put to death by a thought. Such is the moral of those heartrending scenes, when in *The Brigands* the poet shows a young man, with the aid of certain ideas, making such powerful assaults on the heart of an old man, that he ends by causing the latter's death. The time is not far distant when science will be able to observe the complicated mechanism of our thoughts and to apprehend the transmission of our feelings. Some developer of the occult sciences will prove that our intellectual organization constitutes nothing more than a kind of interior man, who projects himself with less violence than the exterior man, and that the struggle which may take place between two such powers as these, although invisible to our feeble eyes, is not a less mortal

struggle than that in which our external man compels us to engage.

But these considerations belong to a different department of study from that in which we are now engaged; these subjects we intend to deal with in a future publication; some of our friends are already acquainted with one of the most important,—that, namely, entitled "The Pathology of Social Life, *or Meditations mathematical, physical, chemical and transcendental on the manifestations of thought, taken under all the forms which are produced by the state of society, whether by living, marriage, conduct, veterinary medicine, or by speech and action, etc.,*" in which all these great questions are fully discussed. The aim of this brief metaphysical observation is only to remind you that the higher classes of society reason too well to admit of their being attacked by any other than intellectual arms.

Although it is true that tender and delicate souls are found enveloped in a body of metallic hardness, at the same time there are souls of bronze enveloped in bodies so supple and capricious that their grace attracts the friendship of others, and their beauty calls for a caress. But if you flatter the exterior man with your hand, the *Homo duplex,* the interior man, to use an expression of Buffon, immediately rouses himself and rends you with his keen points of contact.

This description of a special class of human creatures, which we hope you will not run up against during your earthly journey, presents a picture of what your wife may be to you. Every one of the sentiments which nature has endowed your heart with, in their gentlest form, will become a dagger in the hand of your wife. You will be stabbed every moment, and you will necessarily succumb; for your love will flow like blood from every wound.

This is the last struggle, but for her it also means victory.

In order to carry out the distinction which we think we have established among three sorts of feminine temperament, we will divide this Meditation into three parts, under the following titles:

1. Of Headaches.
2. Of Nervous Affections.
3. Of Modesty, in Its Connection with Marriage.

1. Of Headaches.

Women are constantly the dupes or the victims of excessive sensibility; but we have already demonstrated that with the greater number of them this delicacy of soul must needs, almost without their knowing it, receive many rude blows, from the very fact of their marriage. (See Meditations entitled *The Predestined* and *Of the Honeymoon.*) Most of the means of defence instinctively employed by husbands are nothing but traps set for the liveliness of feminine affections.

Now the moment comes when the wife, during the Civil War, traces by a single act of thought the history of her moral life, and is irritated on perceiving the prodigious way in which you have taken advantage of her sensibility. It is very rarely that women, moved either by an innate feeling for revenge, which they themselves can never explain, or by their instinct of domination, fail to discover that this quality in their natural machinery, when brought into play against the man, is inferior to no other instrument for obtaining ascendency over him.

With admirable cleverness, they proceed to find out what chords in the hearts of their husbands are most easily touched; and when once they discover this secret, they eagerly proceed to put it into practice; then, like a child with a mechanical toy, whose spring excites their curiosity, they go on employing it, carelessly calling into play the movements of the instrument, and satisfied simply with their success in doing so. If they kill you, they will mourn over you with the best grace in the world, as the most virtuous, the most excellent, the most sensible of men.

In this way your wife will first arm herself with that generous sentiment which leads us to respect those who are in pain. The man most disposed to quarrel with a woman full of life

and health becomes helpless before a woman who is weak and feeble. If your wife has not attained the end of her secret designs, by means of those various methods already described, she will quickly seize this all-powerful weapon. In virtue of this new strategic method, you will see the young girl, so strong in life and beauty, whom you had wedded in her flower, metamorphosing herself into a pale and sickly woman.

Now headache is an affection which affords infinite resources to a woman. This malady, which is the easiest of all to feign, for it is destitute of any apparent symptom, merely obliges her to say: "I have a headache." A woman trifles with you and there is no one in the world who can contradict her skull, whose impenetrable bones defy touch or ocular test. Moreover, headache is, in our opinion, the queen of maladies, the pleasantest and most terrible weapon employed by wives against their husbands. There are some coarse and violent men who have been taught the tricks of women by their mistresses, in the happy hours of their celibacy, and so flatter themselves that they are never to be caught by this vulgar trap. But all their efforts, all their arguments end by being vanquished before the magic of these words: "I have a headache." If a husband complains, or ventures on a reproach, if he tries to resist the power of this *Il buondo cani* of marriage, he is lost.

Imagine a young woman, voluptuously lying on a divan, her head softly supported by a cushion, one hand hanging down; on a small table close at hand is her glass of lime-water. Now place by her side a burly husband. He has made five or six turns round the room; but each time he has turned on his heels to begin his walk all over again, the little invalid has made a slight movement of her eyebrows in a vain attempt to remind him that the slightest noise fatigues her. At last he musters all his courage and utters a protest against her pretended malady, in the bold phrase:

"And have you really a headache?"

At these words the young woman slightly raises her languid head, lifts an arm, which feebly falls back again upon her

divan, raises her eyes to the ceiling, raises all that she has power to raise; then darting at you a leaden glance, she says in a voice of remarkable feebleness:

"Oh! What can be the matter with me? I suffer the agonies of death! And this is all the comfort you give me! Ah! you men, it is plainly seen that nature has not given you the task of bringing children into the world. What egotists and tyrants you are! You take us in all the beauty of our youth, fresh, rosy, with tapering waist, and then all is well! When your pleasures have ruined the blooming gifts which we received from nature, you never forgive us for having forfeited them to you! That was all understood. You will allow us to have neither the virtues nor the sufferings of our condition. You must needs have children, and we pass many nights in taking care of them. But child-bearing has ruined our health, and left behind the germs of serious maladies.—Oh, what pain I suffer! There are few women who are not subject to headaches; but your wife must be an exception. You even laugh at our sufferings; that is generosity!—please don't walk about!—I should not have expected this of you!—Stop the clock; the click of the pendulum rings in my head. Thanks! Oh, what an unfortunate creature I am! Have you a scent-bottle with you? Yes, oh! for pity's sake, allow me to suffer in peace, and go away; for this scent splits my head!"

What can you say in reply? Do you not hear within you a voice which cries, "And what if she is actually suffering?" Moreover, almost all husbands evacuate the field of battle very quietly, while their wives watch them from the corner of their eyes, marching off on tip-toe and closing the door quietly on the chamber henceforth to be considered sacred by them.

Such is the headache, true or false, which is patronized at your home. Then the headache begins to play a regular rôle in the bosom of your family. It is a theme on which a woman can play many admirable variations. She sets it forth in every key. With the aid of the headache alone a wife can make a husband desperate. A headache seizes madame when she chooses, where she chooses, and as much as she chooses. There

are headaches of five days, of ten minutes, periodic or intermittent headaches.

You sometimes find your wife in bed, in pain, helpless, and the blinds of her room are closed. The headache has imposed silence on every one, from the regions of the porter's lodge, where he is cutting wood, even to the garret of your groom, from which he is throwing down innocent bundles of straw. Believing in this headache, you leave the house, but on your return you find that madame has decamped! Soon madame returns, fresh and ruddy:

"The doctor came," she says, "and advised me to take exercise, and I find myself much better!"

Another day you wish to enter madame's room.

"Oh, sir," says the maid, showing the most profound astonishment, "madame has her usual headache, and I have never seen her in such pain! The doctor has been sent for."

"You are a happy man," said Marshal Augereau to General R——, "to have such a pretty wife!"

"To have!" replied the other. "If I have my wife ten days in the year, that is about all. These confounded women have always either the headache or some other thing!"

The headache in France takes the place of the sandals, which, in Spain, the Confessor leaves at the door of the chamber in which he is with his penitent.

If your wife, foreseeing some hostile intentions on your part, wishes to make herself as inviolable as the charter, she immediately gets up a little headache performance. She goes to bed in a most deliberate fashion, she utters shrieks which rend the heart of the hearer. She goes gracefully through a series of gesticulations so cleverly executed that you might think her a professional contortionist. Now what man is there so inconsiderate as to dare to speak to a suffering woman about desires which, in him, prove the most perfect health? Politeness alone demands of him perfect silence. A woman knows under these circumstances that by means of this all-powerful headache, she can at her will paste on her bed the placard which sends back home the amateurs who have been

allured by the announcement of the Comédie Française, when they read the words: "Closed through the sudden indisposition of Mademoiselle Mars."

O headache, protectress of love, tariff of married life, buckler against which all married desires expire! O mighty headache! Can it be possible that lovers have never sung thy praises, personified thee, or raised thee to the skies? O magic headache, O delusive headache, blest be the brain that first invented thee! Shame on the doctor who shall find out thy preventive! Yes, thou art the only ill that women bless, doubtless through gratitude for the good things thou dispensest to them, O deceitful headache! O magic headache!

2. Of Nervous Affections.

There is, however, a power which is superior even to that of the headache; and we must avow to the glory of France, that this power is one of the most recent which has been won by Parisian genius. As in the case with all the most useful discoveries of art and science, no one knows to whose intellect it is due. Only, it is certain that it was towards the middle of the last century that "Vapors" made their first appearance in France. Thus while Papin was applying the force of vaporized water in mechanical problems, a French woman, whose name unhappily is unknown, had the glory of endowing her sex with the faculty of vaporizing their fluids. Very soon the prodigious influence obtained by vapors was extended to the nerves; it was thus in passing from fibre to fibre that the science of neurology was born. This admirable science has since then led such men as Philips and other clever physiologists to the discovery of the nervous fluid in its circulation; they are now perhaps on the eve of identifying its organs, and the secret of its origin and of its evaporation. And thus, thanks to certain quackeries of this kind, we may be enabled some day to penetrate the mysteries of that unknown power which we have already called more than once in the present book, the *Will*. But do not let us trespass on the territory of

medical philosophy. Let us consider the nerves and the vapors solely in their connection with marriage.

Victims of Neurosis (a pathological term under which are comprised all affections of the nervous system) suffer in two ways, as far as married women are concerned; for our physiology has the loftiest disdain for medical classifications. Thus we recognize only:

1. Classic Neurosis.
2. Romantic Neurosis.

The classic affection has something bellicose and excitable in it. Those who thus suffer are as violent in their antics as pythonesses, as frantic as *mœnads,* as excited as *bacchantes;* it is a revival of antiquity, pure and simple.

The romantic sufferers are mild and plaintive as the ballads sung amid the mists of Scotland. They are pallid as young girls carried to their bier by the dance or by love; they are eminently elegiac and they breathe all the melancholy of the North.

That woman with black hair, with piercing eye, with high color, with dry lips and a powerful hand, will become excited and convulsive; she represents the genius of classic neurosis; while a young blonde woman, with white skin, is the genius of romantic neurosis; to one belongs the empire gained by nerves, to the other the empire gained by vapors.

Very frequently a husband, when he comes home, finds his wife in tears.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

"It is nothing."

"But you are in tears!"

"I weep without knowing why. I am quite sad! I saw faces in the clouds, and these faces never appear to me except on the eve of some disaster—I think I must be going to die."

Then she talks to you in a low voice of her dead father, of her dead uncle, of her dead grandfather, of her dead cousin. She invokes all these mournful shades, she feels as if she had all their sicknesses, she is attacked with all the pains they

felt, she feels her heart palpitate with excessive violence, she feels her spleen swelling. You say to yourself, with a self-satisfied air:

"I know exactly what this is all about!"

And then you try to soothe her; but you find her a woman who yawns like an open box, who complains of her chest, who begins to weep anew, who implores you to leave her to her melancholy and her mournful memories. She talks to you about her last wishes, follows her own funeral, is buried, plants over her tomb the green canopy of a weeping willow, and at the very time when you would like to raise a joyful epithalamium, you find an epitaph to greet you all in black. Your wish to console her melts away in the cloud of Ixion.

There are women of undoubted fidelity who in this way extort from their feeling husbands cashmere shawls, diamonds, the payment of their debts, or the rent of a box at the theatre; but almost always vapors are employed as decisive weapons in Civil War.

On the plea of her spinal affection or of her weak chest, a woman takes pains to seek out some distraction or other; you see her dressing herself in soft fabrics like an invalid with all the symptoms of spleen; she never goes out because an intimate friend, her mother or her sister, has tried to tear her away from that divan which monopolizes her and on which she spends her life in improvising elegies. Madame is going to spend a fortnight in the country because the doctor orders it. In short, she goes where she likes and does what she likes. Is it possible that there can be a husband so brutal as to oppose such desires, by hindering a wife from going to seek a cure for her cruel sufferings? For it has been established after many long discussions that in the nerves originate the most fearful torture.

But it is especially in bed that vapors play their part. There when a woman has not a headache she has her vapors; and when she has neither vapors nor headache, she is under the protection of the girdle of Venus, which, as you know, is a myth.

Among the women who fight with you the battle of vapors, are some more blonde, more delicate, more full of feeling than others, and who possess the gift of tears. How admirably do they know how to weep! They weep when they like, as they like, and as much as they like. They organize a system of offensive warfare which consists of manifesting sublime resignation, and they gain victories which are all the more brilliant, inasmuch as they remain all the time in excellent health.

Does a husband, irritated beyond all measure, at last express his wishes to them? They regard him with an air of submission, bow their heads and keep silence. This pantomime almost always puts a husband to rout. In conjugal struggles of this kind, a man prefers that a woman should speak and defend herself, for then he may show elation or annoyance; but as for these women, not a word. Their silence distresses you and you experience a sort of remorse, like the murderer who, when he finds his victim offer no resistance, trembles with redoubled fear. He would prefer to slay him in self-defence. You return to the subject. As you draw near, your wife wipes away her tears and hides her handkerchief, so as to let you see that she has been weeping. You are melted, you implore your little Caroline to speak, your sensibility has been touched and you forget everything; then she sobs while she speaks, and speaks while she sobs. This is a sort of machine eloquence; she deafens you with her tears, with her words which come jerked out in confusion; it is the clapper and torrent of a mill.

French women and especially Parisians possess in a marvelous degree the secret by which such scenes are enacted, and to these scenes their voices, their sex, their toilet, their manner give a wonderful charm. How often do the tears upon the cheeks of these adorable actresses give way to a piquant smile, when they see their husbands hasten to break the silk lace, the weak fastening of their corsets, or to restore the comb which holds together the tresses of their hair and the bunch of golden ringlets always on the point of falling down?

But how all these tricks of modernity pale before the genius of antiquity, before nervous attacks which are violent, before the Pyrrhic dance of married life! Oh! how many hopes for a lover are there in the vivacity of those convulsive movements, in the fire of those glances, in the strength of these limbs, beautiful even in contortion! It is then that a woman is carried away like an impetuous wind, darts forth like the flames of a conflagration, exhibits a movement like a billow which glides over the white pebbles. She is overcome with excess of love, she sees the future, she is the seer who prophesies, but above all, she sees the present moment and tramples on her husband, and impresses him with a sort of terror.

The sight of his wife flinging off vigorous men as if they were so many feathers, is often enough to deter a man from ever striving to wrong her. He will be like the child who, having pulled the trigger of some terrific engine, has ever afterwards an incredible respect for the smallest spring. I have known a man, gentle and amiable in his ways, whose eyes were fixed upon those of his wife, exactly as if he had been put into a lion's cage, and some one had said to him that he must not irritate the beast, if he would escape with his life.

Nervous attacks of this kind are very fatiguing and become every day more rare. Romanticism, however, has maintained its ground.

Sometimes, we meet with phlegmatic husbands, those men whose love is long enduring, because they store up their emotions, whose genius gets the upper hand of these headaches and nervous attacks; but these sublime creatures are rare. Faithful disciples of the blessed St. Thomas, who wished to put his finger into the wound, they are endowed with an incredulity worthy of an atheist. Imperturbable in the midst of all these fraudulent headaches and all these traps set by neurosis, they concentrate their attention on the comedy which is being played before them, they examine the actress, they search for one of the springs that sets her going; and when they have discovered the mechanism of this display, they arm

themselves by giving a slight impulse to the puppet-valve, and thus easily assure themselves either of the reality of the disease or the artifices of these conjugal mummeries.

But if by a study which is almost superhuman in its intensity a husband escapes all the artifices which lawless and untamable love suggests to women, he will beyond doubt be overcome by the employment of a terrible weapon, the last which a woman would resort to, for she never destroys with her own hands her empire over her husband without some sort of repugnance. But this is a poisoned weapon as powerful as the fatal knife of the executioner. This reflection brings us to the last paragraph of the present Meditation.

3. Of Modesty, in Its Connection with Marriage.

Before taking up the subject of modesty, it may perhaps be necessary to inquire whether there is such a thing. Is it anything in a woman but well understood coquetry? Is it anything but a sentiment that claims the right, on a woman's part, to dispose of her own body as she chooses, as one may well believe, when we consider that half the women in the world go almost naked? Is it anything but a social chimera, as Diderot supposed, reminding us that this sentiment always gives way before sickness and before misery?

Justice may be done to all these questions.

An ingenious author has recently put forth the view that men are much more modest than women. He supports this contention by a great mass of surgical experiences; but, in order that his conclusions merit our attention, it would be necessary that for a certain time men were subjected to treatment by women surgeons.

The opinion of Diderot is of still less weight.

To deny the existence of modesty, because it disappears during those crises in which almost all human sentiments are annihilated, is as unreasonable as to deny that life exists because death sooner or later comes.

Let us grant, then, that one sex has as much modesty as the other, and let us inquire in what modesty consists.

Rousseau makes modesty the outcome of all those coquetries which females display before males. This opinion appears to us equally mistaken.

The writers of the eighteenth century have doubtless rendered immense services to society; but their philosophy, based as it is upon sensualism, has never penetrated any deeper than the human epidermis. They have only considered the exterior universe; and so they have retarded, for some time, the moral development of man and the progress of science which will always draw its first principles from the Gospel, principles hereafter to be best understood by the fervent disciples of the Son of Man.

The study of thought's mysteries, the discovery of those organs which belong to the human soul, the geometry of its forces, the phenomena of its active power, the appreciation of the faculty by which we seem to have an independent power of bodily movement, so as to transport ourselves whither we will and to see without the aid of bodily organs,—in a word the laws of thought's dynamic and those of its physical influence,—these things will fall to the lot of the next century, as their portion in the treasury of human sciences. And perhaps we, of the present time, are merely occupied in quarrying the enormous blocks which later on some mighty genius will employ in the building of a glorious edifice.

Thus the error of Rousseau is simply the error of his age. He explains modesty by the relations of different human beings to each other instead of explaining it by the moral relations of each one with himself. Modesty is no more susceptible of analysis than conscience; and this perhaps is another way of saying that modesty is the conscience of the body; for while conscience directs our sentiments and the least movement of our thoughts towards the good, modesty presides over external movements. The actions which clash with our interests and thus disobey the laws of conscience wound us more than any other; and if they are repeated call forth our hatred. It is the same with acts which violate modesty in their relation to love, which is nothing but the

expression of our whole sensibility. If extreme modesty is one of the conditions on which the reality of marriage is based, as we have tried to prove [See *Conjugal Catechism, Meditation IV.*], it is evident that immodesty will destroy it. But this position, which would require long deductions for the acceptance of the physiologist, women generally apply, as it were, mechanically; for society, which exaggerates everything for the benefit of the exterior man, develops this sentiment of women from childhood, and around it are grouped almost every other sentiment. Moreover, the moment that this boundless veil, which takes away the natural brutality from the least gesture, is dragged down, woman disappears. Heart, mind, love, grace, all are in ruins. In a situation where the virginal innocence of a daughter of Tahiti is most brilliant, the European becomes detestable. In this lies the last weapon which a wife seizes, in order to escape from the sentiment which her husband still fosters towards her. She is powerful because she has made herself loathsome; and this woman, who would count it as the greatest misfortune that her lover should be permitted to see the slightest mystery of her toilette, is delighted to exhibit herself to her husband in the most disadvantageous situation that can possibly be imagined.

It is by means of this rigorous system that she will try to banish you from the conjugal bed. Mrs. Shandy may be taken to mean us harm in bidding the father of Tristram wind up the clock; so long as your wife is not blamed for the pleasure she takes in interrupting you by the most imperative questions. Where there formerly was movement and life is now lethargy and death. An act of love becomes a transaction long discussed and almost, as it were, settled by notarial seal. But we have in another place shown that we never refuse to seize upon the comic element in a matrimonial crisis, although here we may be permitted to disdain the diversion which the muse of Verville and of Marshall have found in the treachery of feminine manœuvres, the insulting audacity of their talk, amid the cold-blooded cynicism which they exhibit in certain situations. It is too sad to laugh at, and

too funny to mourn over. When a woman resorts to such extreme measures, worlds at once separate her from her husband. Nevertheless, there are some women to whom Heaven has given the gift of being charming under all circumstances, who know how to put a certain witty and comic grace into these performances, and who have such smooth tongues, to use the expression of Sully, that they obtain forgiveness for their caprices and their mockeries, and never estrange the hearts of their husbands.

What soul is so robust, what man so violently in love as to persist in his passion, after ten years of marriage, in presence of a wife who loves him no longer, who gives him proofs of this every moment, who repulses him, who deliberately shows herself bitter, caustic, sickly and capricious, and who will abjure her vows of elegance and cleanliness, rather than not see her husband turn away from her; in presence of a wife who will stake the success of her schemes upon the horror caused by her indecency?

All this, my dear sir, is so much more horrible because—

XCII.

Lovers Ignore Modesty.

We have now arrived at the last infernal circle in the Divine Comedy of Marriage. We are at the very bottom of Hell. There is something inexpressibly terrible in the situation of a married woman at the moment when unlawful love turns her away from her duties as mother and wife. As Diderot has very well put it, "infidelity in a woman is like unbelief in a priest, the last extreme of human failure; for her it is the greatest of social crimes, since it implies in her every other crime besides, and indeed either a wife profanes her lawless love by continuing to belong to her husband, or she breaks all the ties which attach her to her family, by giving herself over altogether to her lover. She ought to choose between the two courses, for her sole possible excuse lies in the intensity of her love."

She lives then between the claims of two obligations. It is a dilemma; she will work either the unhappiness of her lover, if he is sincere in his passion, or that of her husband, if she is still beloved by him.

It is to this frightful dilemma of feminine life that all the strange inconsistencies of women's conduct is to be attributed. In this lies the origin of all their lies, all their perfidies; here is the secret of all their mysteries. It is something to make one shudder. Moreover, even as simply based upon cold-blooded calculations, the conduct of a woman who accepts the unhappiness which attends virtue and scorns the bliss which is bought by crime, is a hundred times more reasonable. Nevertheless, almost all women will risk suffering in the future and ages of anguish for the ecstasy of one half hour. If the human feeling of self-preservation, if the fear of death does not check them, how fruitless must be the laws which send them for two years to the Madelonnettes? O sublime infamy! And when one comes to think that he for whom these sacrifices are to be made is one of our brethren, a gentleman to whom we would not trust our fortune, if we had one, a man who buttons his coat just as all of us do, it is enough to make one burst into a roar of laughter so loud, that starting from the Luxembourg it would pass over the whole of Paris and startle an ass browsing in the pasture at Montmartre.

It will perhaps appear extraordinary that in speaking of marriage we have touched upon so many subjects; but marriage is not only the whole of human life, it is the whole of two human lives. Now just as the addition of a figure to the drawing of a lottery multiplies the chances a hundredfold, so one single life united to another life multiplies by a startling progression the risks of human life, which are in any case so manifold.

MEDITATION XXVII.

Of the Last Symptoms.

The author of this book has met in the world so many people possessed by a fanatic passion for a knowledge of the mean time, for watches with a second hand, and for exactness in the details of their existence, that he has considered this Meditation too necessary for the tranquillity of a great number of husbands, to be omitted. It would have been cruel to leave men, who are possessed with the passion for learning the hour of the day, without a compass whereby to estimate the last variations in the matrimonial zodiac, and to calculate the precise moment when the sign of the Minotaur appears on the horizon. The knowledge of conjugal time would require a whole book for its exposition, so fine and delicate are the observations required by the task. The master admits that his extreme youth has not permitted him as yet to note and verify more than a few symptoms; but he feels a just pride, on his arrival at the end of his difficult enterprise, from the consciousness that he is leaving to his successors a new field of research; and that in a matter apparently so trite, not only was there much to be said, but also very many points are found remaining which may yet be brought into the clear light of observation. He therefore presents here without order or connection the rough outlines which he has so far been able to execute, in the hope that later he may have leisure to co-ordinate them and to arrange them in a complete system. If he has been so far kept back in the accomplishment of a task of supreme national importance, he believes, he may say, without incurring the charge of vanity, that he has here indicated the natural division of those symptoms. They are necessarily of two kinds: the unicorns and the bicorns. The unicorn Minotaur is the least mischievous. The two culprits confine themselves to a platonic love, in which their passion, at least, leaves no visible traces among posterity; while the bicorn Minotaur is unhappiness with all its fruits.

We have marked with an asterisk the symptoms which seem to concern the latter kind.

MINOTAURIC OBSERVATIONS.

I.

*When, after remaining a long time aloof from her husband, a woman makes overtures of a very marked character in order to attract his love, she acts in accordance with the axiom of maritime law, which says: *The flag protects the cargo.*

II.

A woman is at a ball, one of her friends comes up to her and says:

"Your husband has much wit."

"You find it so?"

III.

Your wife discovers that it is time to send your boy to a boarding school, with whom, a little time ago, she was never going to part.

IV.

*In Lord Abergavenny's suit for divorce, the *valet de chambre* deposed that "the countess had such a detestation of all that belonged to my lord that he had very often seen her burning the scraps of paper which he had touched in her room."

V.

If an indolent woman becomes energetic, if a woman who formerly hated study learns a foreign language; in short, every appearance of a complete change in character is a decisive symptom.

VI.

The woman who is happy in her affections does not go much into the world.

VII.

The woman who has a lover becomes very indulgent in judging others.

VIII.

*A husband gives to his wife a hundred crowns a month for dress; and, taking everything into account, she spends at least five hundred francs without being a sou in debt; the husband is robbed every night with a high hand by escalade, but without burglarious breaking in.

IX.

*A married couple slept in the same bed; madame was always sick. Now they sleep a part, she has no more headache, and her health becomes more brilliant than ever; an alarming symptom!

X.

A woman who was a sloven suddenly develops extreme nicety in her attire. There is a Minotaur at hand!

XI.

"Ah! my dear, I know no greater torment than not to be understood."

"Yes, my dear, but when one is—"

"Oh, that scarcely ever happens."

"I agree with you that it very seldom does. Ah! it is great happiness, but there are not two people in the world who are able to understand you."

XII.

*The day when a wife behaves nicely to her husband—all is over.

XIII.

I asked her: "Where have you been, Jeanne?"

"I have been to your friend's to get your plate that you left there."

"Ah, indeed! everything is still mine," I said. The following year I repeated the question under similar circumstances.

"I have been to bring back our plate."

"Well, well, part of the things are still mine," I said. But after that, when I questioned her, she spoke very differently.

"You wish to know everything, like great people, and you have only three shirts. I went to get my plate from my friend's house, where I had stopped."

"I see," I said, "nothing is left me."

XIV.

Do not trust a woman who talks of her virtue.

XV.

Some one said to the Duchess of Chaulnes, whose life was despaired of:

"The Duke of Chaulnes would like to see you once more."

"Is he there?"

"Yes."

"Let him wait; he shall come in with the sacraments." This minotauric anecdote has been published by Chamfort, but we quote it here as typical.

XVI.

*Some women try to persuade their husbands that they have duties to perform towards certain persons.

"I am sure that you ought to pay a visit to such and such a man. . . . We cannot avoid asking such and such a man to dinner.

XVII.

"Come, my son, hold yourself straight; try to acquire good manners! Watch such and such a man! See how he walks! Notice the way in which he dresses."

XVIII.

When a woman utters the name of a man but twice a day,

there is perhaps some uncertainty about her feelings toward him—but if thrice?—Oh! oh!

XIX.

When a woman goes home with a man who is neither a lawyer nor a minister, to the door of his apartment, she is very imprudent.

XX.

It is a terrible day when a husband fails to explain to himself the motive of some action of his wife.

XXI.

*The woman who allows herself to be found out deserves her fate.

What should be the conduct of a husband, when he recognizes a last symptom which leaves no doubt as to the infidelity of his wife? There are only two courses open; that of resignation or that of vengeance; there is no third course. If vengeance is decided upon, it should be complete.

The husband who does not separate himself forever from his wife is a veritable simpleton. If a wife and husband think themselves fit for that union of friendship which exists between men, it is odious in the husband to make his wife feel his superiority over her.

Here are some anecdotes, most of them as yet unpublished, which indicate pretty plainly, in my opinion, the different shades of conduct to be observed by a husband in like case.

M. de Roquemont slept once a month in the chamber of his wife, and he used to say, as he went away:

"I wash my hands of anything that may happen."

There is something disgusting in the remark, and perhaps something profound in its suggestion of conjugal policy.

A diplomat, when he saw his wife's lover enter, left his study and, going to his wife's chamber, said to the two:

"I hope you will at least refrain from fighting."

This was good humor.

M. de Boufflers was asked what he would do if on returning after a long absence he found his wife with child?

"I would order my night dress and slippers to be taken to her room."

This was magnanimity.

"Madame, if this man ill treats you when you are alone, it is your own fault; but I will not permit him to behave ill towards you in my presence, for this is to fail in politeness to me."

This was nobility.

The sublime is reached in this connection when the square cap of the judge is placed by the magistrate at the foot of the bed wherein the two culprits are asleep.

There are some fine ways of taking vengeance. Mirabeau has admirably described in one of the books he wrote to make a living the mournful resignation of that Italian lady who was condemned by her husband to perish with him in the Maremma.

LAST AXIOMS.

XCIII.

It is no act of vengeance to surprise a wife and her lover and to kill them locked in each other's arms; it is a great favor to them both.

XCIV.

A husband will be best avenged by his wife's lover.

MEDITATION XXVIII.

Of Compensations.

The marital catastrophe which a certain number of husbands cannot avoid, almost always forms the closing scene

of the drama. At that point all around you is tranquil. Your resignation, if you are resigned, has the power of awakening keen remorse in the soul of your wife and of her lover; for their happiness teaches them the depth of the wound they have inflicted upon you. You are, you may be sure, a third element in all their pleasures. The principle of kindliness and goodness which lies at the foundation of the human soul, is not so easily repressed as people think; moreover the two people who are causing you tortures are precisely those for whom you wish the most good.

In the conversations so sweetly familiar which link together the pleasures of love, and form in some way to lovers the caresses of thought, your wife often says to your rival:

"Well, I assure you, Auguste, that in any case I should like to see my poor husband happy; for at bottom he is good; if he were not my husband, but were only my brother, there are many things I would do to please him! He loves me, and—his friendship is irksome to me."

"Yes, he is a fine fellow!"

Then you become an object of respect to the celibate, who would yield to you all the indemnity possible for the wrong he has done you; but he is repelled by the disdainful pride which gives a tone to your whole conversation, and is stamped upon your face.

So that actually, during the first moments of the Minotaur's arrival, a man is like an actor who feels awkward in a theatre where he is not accustomed to appear. It is very difficult to bear the affront with dignity; but though generosity is rare, a model husband is sometimes found to possess it.

Eventually you are little by little won over by the charming way in which your wife makes herself agreeable to you. Madame assumes a tone of friendship which she never henceforth abandons. The pleasant atmosphere of your home is one of the chief compensations which renders the Minotaur less odious to a husband. But as it is natural to man to habituate himself to the hardest conditions, in spite of the sentiment of outraged nobility which nothing can change, you are grad-

ually induced by a fascination whose power is constantly around you, to accept the little amenities of your position.

Suppose that conjugal misfortune has fallen upon an epicure. He naturally demands the consolations which suit his taste. His sense of pleasure takes refuge in other gratifications, and forms other habits. You shape your life in accordance with the enjoyment of other sensations.

One day, returning from your government office, after lingering for a long time before the rich and tasteful book shop of Chevet, hovering in suspense between the hundred francs of expense, and the joys of a Strasbourg *pâté de fois gras,* you are struck dumb on finding this *pâté* proudly installed on the sideboard of your dining-room. Is it the vision offered by some gastronomic mirage? In this doubting mood you approach with firm step, for a *pâté* is a living creature, and seem to neigh as you scent afar off the truffles whose perfumes escape through the gilded enclosure. You stoop over it two distinct times; all the nerve centres of your palate have a soul; you taste the delights of a genuine feast, etc.; and during this ecstasy a feeling of remorse seizes upon you, and you go to your wife's room.

"Really, my dear girl, we have not means which warrant our buying *pâtés.*"

"But it costs us nothing!"

"Oh! ho!"

"Yes, it is M. Achille's brother who sent it to him."

You catch sight of M. Achille in a corner. The celibate greets you, he is radiant on seeing that you have accepted the *pâté.* You look at your wife, who blushes; you stroke your beard a few times; and, as you express no thanks, the two lovers divine your acceptance of the compensation.

A sudden change in the ministry takes place. A husband, who is Councillor of State, trembles for fear of being wiped from the roll, when the night before he had been expecting to be made director-general; all the ministers are opposed to him and he has turned Constitutionalist. Foreseeing his disgrace he has betaken himself to Auteuil, in search of con-

solation from an old friend who quotes Horace and Tibullus to him. On returning home he sees the table laid as if to receive the most influential men of the assembly.

"In truth, madame," he says with acrimony as he enters his wife's room, where she is finishing her toilette, "you seem to have lost your habitual tact. This is a nice time to be giving dinner parties! Twenty persons will soon learn—"

"That you are director-general!" she cries, showing him a royal despatch.

He is thunderstruck. He takes the letter, he turns it now one way, now another; he opens it. He sits down and spreads it out.

"I well knew," he says, "that justice would be rendered me under whatever ministers I served."

"Yes, my dear! But M. Villeplaine has answered for you with his life, and his eminence the Cardinal de —— of whom he is the—"

"M. de Villeplaine?"

This is such a munificent recompense, that the husband adds with the smile of a director-general:

"Why, deuce take it, my dear, this is your doing!"

"Ah! don't thank me for it; Adolphe did it from personal attachment to you."

On a certain evening a poor husband was kept at home by a pouring rain, or tired, perhaps, of going to spend his evening in play, at the café, or in the world, and sick of all this he felt himself carried away by an impulse to follow his wife to the conjugal chamber. There he sank into an arm-chair and like any sultan awaited his coffee, as if he would say:

"Well, after all, she is my wife!"

The fair siren herself prepares the favorite draught; she strains it with special care, sweetens it, tastes it, and hands it to him; then, with a smile, she ventures like a submissive odalisque to make a joke, with a view to smoothing the wrinkles on the brow of her lord and master. Up to that moment he had thought his wife stupid; but on hearing a sally as witty as that which even you would cajole with,

madame, he raises his head in the way peculiar to dogs who are hunting the hare.

"Where the devil did she get that—but it's a random shot!" he says to himself.

From the pinnacle of his own greatness he makes a piquant repartee. Madame retorts, the conversation becomes as lively as it is interesting, and this husband, a very superior man, is quite astonished to discover the wit of his wife, in other respects, an accomplished woman; the right word occurs to her with wonderful readiness; her tact and keenness enable her to meet an innuendo with charming originality. She is no longer the same woman. She notices the effect she produces upon her husband, and both to avenge herself for his neglect and to win his admiration for the lover from whom she has received, so to speak, the treasures of her intellect, she exerts herself, and becomes actually dazzling. The husband, better able than any one else to appreciate a species of compensation which may have some influence on his future, is led to think that the passions of women are really necessary to their mental culture.

But how shall we treat those compensations which are most pleasing to husbands?

Between the moment when the last symptoms appear, and the epoch of conjugal peace, which we will not stop to discuss, almost a dozen years have elapsed. During this interval and before the married couple sign the treaty which, by means of a sincere reconciliation of the feminine subject with her lawful lord, consecrates their little matrimonial restoration, in order to close in, as Louis XVIII. said, the gulf of revolutions, it is seldom that the honest woman has but one lover. Anarchy has it inevitable phases. The stormy domination of tribunes is supplanted by that of the sword and the pen, for few lovers are met with whose constancy outlives ten years. Therefore, since our calculations prove that an honest woman has merely paid strictly her physiological or diabolical dues by rendering but three men happy, it is probable that she has set foot in more than one region of love. Sometimes it may hap-

pen that in an interregnum of love too long protracted, the wife, whether from whim, temptation or the desire of novelty, undertakes to seduce her own husband.

Imagine charming Mme. de T——, the heroine of our Meditation on *Strategy,* saying with a fascinating smile:

"I never before found you so agreeable!"

By flattery after flattery, she tempts, she rouses curiosity, she soothes, she rouses in you the faintest spark of desire, she carries you away with her, and makes you proud of yourself. Then the right of indemnifications for her husband comes. On this occasion the wife confounds the imagination of her husband. Like cosmopolitan travelers she tells tales of all the countries which she has traversed. She intersperses her conversation with words borrowed from several languages. The passionate imagery of the Orient, the unique emphasis of Spanish phraseology, all meet and jostle one another. She opens out the treasures of her notebook with all the mysteries of coquetry, she is delightful, you never saw her thus before! With that remarkable art which women alone possess of making their own everything that has been told them, she blends all shades and variations of character so as to create a manner peculiarly her own. You received from the hands of Hymen only one woman, awkward and innocent; the celibate returns you a dozen of them. A joyful and rapturous husband sees his bed invaded by the giddy and wanton courtesans, of whom we spoke in the Meditation on *The First Symptoms.* These goddesses come in groups, they smile and sport under the graceful muslin curtains of the nuptial bed. The Phœnician girl flings to you her garlands, gently sways herself to and fro; the Chalcidian woman overcomes you by the witchery of her fine and snowy feet; the Unelmane comes and speaking the dialect of fair Ionia reveals the treasures of happiness unknown before, and in the study of which she makes you experience but a single sensation.

Filled with regret at having disdained so many charms, and frequently tired of finding too often as much perfidiousness in priestesses of Venus as in honest women, the husband some-

times hurries on by his gallantry the hour of reconciliation desired of worthy people. The aftermath of bliss is gathered even with greater pleasure, perhaps, than the first crop. The Minotaur took your gold, he makes restoration in diamonds. And really now seems the time to state a fact of the utmost importance. A man may have a wife without possessing her. Like most husbands you had hitherto received nothing from yours, and the powerful intervention of the celibate was needed to make your union complete. How shall we give a name to this miracle, perhaps the only one wrought upon a patient during his absence? Alas, my brothers, we did not make Nature!

But how many other compensations, not less precious, are there, by which the noble and generous soul of the young celibate may many a time purchase his pardon! I recollect witnessing one of the most magnificent acts of reparation which a lover should perform toward the husband he is minotaurizing.

One warm evening in the summer of 1817, I saw entering one of the rooms of Tortoni one of the two hundred young men whom we confidently style our friends; he was in the full bloom of his modesty. A lovely woman, dressed in perfect taste, and who had consented to enter one of the cool parlors devoted to people of fashion, had stepped from an elegant carriage which had stopped on the boulevard, and was approaching on foot along the sidewalk. My young friend, the celibate, then appeared and offered his arm to his queen, while the husband followed holding by the hand two little boys, beautiful as cupids. The two lovers, more nimble than the father of the family, reached in advance of him one of the small rooms pointed out by the attendant. In crossing the vestibule the husband knocked up against some dandy, who claimed that he had been jostled. Then arose a quarrel, whose seriousness was betrayed by the sharp tones of the altercation. The moment the dandy was about to make a gesture unworthy of a self-respecting man, the celibate inter-

vened, seized the dandy by the arm, caught him off his guard, overcame, and threw him to the ground; it was magnificent. He had done the very thing the aggressor was meditating, as he exclaimed:

"Monsieur!"

This "Monsieur" was one of the finest things I have ever heard. It was as if the young celibate had said: "This father of a family belongs to me; as I have carried off his honor, it is mine to defend him. I know my duty, I am his substitute and will fight for him." The young woman behaved superbly! Pale, and bewildered, she took the arm of her husband, who continued his objurgations; without a word she led him away to the carriage, together with her children. She was one of those women of the aristocracy, who also know how to retain their dignity and self-control in the midst of violent emotions.

"O Monsieur Adolphe!" cried the young lady as she saw her friend with an air of gayety take his seat in the carriage.

"It is nothing, madame, he is one of my friends; we have shaken hands."

Nevertheless, the next morning, the courageous celibate received a sword thrust which nearly proved fatal, and confined him six months to his bed. The attentions of the married couple were lavished upon him. What numerous compensations do we see here! Some years afterwards, an old uncle of the husband, whose opinions did not fit in with those of the young friend of the house, and who nursed a grudge against him on account of some political discussion, undertook to have him driven from the house. The old fellow went so far as to tell his nephew to choose between being his heir and sending away the presumptuous celibate. It was then that the worthy stockbroker said to his uncle:

"Ah, you must never think, uncle, that you will succeed in making me ungrateful! But if I tell him to do so this young man will let himself be killed for you. He has saved my credit, he would go through fire and water for me, he has relieved me of my wife, he has brought me clients, he has

procured for me almost all the business in the Villèle loans—I owe my life to him, he is the father of my children; I can never forget all this."

In this case the compensations may be looked upon as complete; but unfortunately there are compensations of all kinds There are those which must be considered negative, deluding, and those which are both in one.

I knew a husband of advanced years who was possessed by the demon of gambling. Almost every evening his wife's lover came and played with him. The celibate gave him a liberal share of the pleasures which come from games of hazard, and knew how to lose to him a certain number of francs every month; but madame used to give them to him, and the compensation was a deluding one.

You are a peer of France, and you have no offspring but daughters. Your wife is brought to bed of a boy! The compensation is negative.

The child who is to save your name from oblivion is like his mother. The duchess persuades you that the child is yours. The negative compensation becomes deluding.

Here is one of the most charming compensations known. One morning the Prince de Ligne meets his wife's lover and rushes up to him, laughing wildly:

"My friend," he says to him, "I cuckolded you, last night!"

If some husbands attain to conjugal peace by quiet methods, and carry so gracefully the imaginary ensigns of matrimonial pre-eminence, their philosophy is doubtless based on the *comfortabilisme* of accepting certain compensations, a *comfortabilisme* which indifferent men cannot imagine. As years roll by the married couple reach the last stage in that artificial existence to which their union has condemned them.

MEDITATION XXIX.

Of Conjugal Peace.

My imagination has followed marriage through all the phases of its fantastic life in so fraternal a spirit, that I seem to have grown old with the house I made my home so early in life at the commencement of this work.

After experiencing in thought the ardor of man's first passion; and outlining, in however imperfect a way, the principal incidents of married life; after struggling against so many wives that did not belong to me, exhausting myself in conflict with so many personages called up from nothingness, and joining so many battles, I feel an intellectual lassitude, which makes me see everything in life hang, as it were, in mournful crape. I seem to have a catarrh, to look at everything through green spectacles, I feel as if my hands trembled, as if I must needs employ the second half of my existence and of my book in apologizing for the follies of the first half.

I see myself surrounded by tall children of whom I am not the father, and seated beside a wife I never married. I think I can feel wrinkles furrowing my brow. The fire before which I am placed crackles, as if in derision, the room is ancient in its furniture; I shudder with sudden fright as I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself: "Is that, too, withered?"

I am like an old attorney, unswayed by any sentiment whatever. I never accept any statement unless it be confirmed, according to the poetic maxim of Lord Byron, by the testimony of at least two false witnesses. No face can delude me. I am melancholy and overcast with gloom. I know the world and it has no more illusions for me. My closest friends have proved traitors. My wife and myself exchange glances

of profound meaning and the slightest word either of us utters is a dagger which pierces the heart of the other through and through. I stagnate in a dreary calm. This then is the tranquillity of old age! The old man possesses in himself the cemetery which shall soon possess him. He is growing accustomed to the chill of the tomb. Man, according to philosophers, dies in detail; at the same time he may be said even to cheat death; for that which his withered hand has laid hold upon, can it be called life?

Oh, to die young and throbbing with life! 'Tis a destiny enviable indeed! For is not this, as a delightful poet has said, "to take away with one all one's illusions, to be buried like an Eastern king, with all one's jewels and treasures, with all that makes the fortune of humanity!"

How many thank-offerings ought we to make to the kind and beneficent spirit that breathes in all things here below! Indeed, the care which nature takes to strip us piece by piece of our raiment, to unclothe the soul by enfeebling gradually our hearing, sight, and sense of touch, in making slower the circulation of our blood, and congealing our humors so as to make us as insensible to the approach of death as we were to the beginnings of life, this maternal care which she lavishes on our frail tabernacle of clay, she also exhibits in regard to the emotions of man, and to the double existence which is created by conjugal love. She first sends us Confidence, which with extended hand and open heart says to us: "Behold, I am thine forever!" Lukewarmness follows, walking with languid tread, turning aside her blonde face with a yawn, like a young widow obliged to listen to the minister of state who is ready to sign for her a pension warrant. Then Indifference comes; she stretches herself on the divan, taking no care to draw down the skirts of her robe which Desire but now lifted so chastely and so eagerly. She casts a glance upon the nuptial bed, with modesty and without shamelessness; and, if she longs for anything, it is for the green fruit that calls up again to life the dulled papillæ with which her blasé palate is bestrewn. Finally the philosophical Experience of Life pre-

sents herself, with careworn and disdainful brow, pointing with her finger to the results, and not the causes of life's incidents; to the tranquil victory, not to the tempestuous combat. She reckons up the arrearages, with farmers, and calculates the dowry of a child. She materializes everything. By a touch of her wand, life becomes solid and springless; of yore, all was fluid, now it is crystallized into rock. Delight no longer exists for our hearts, it has received its sentence, 'twas but mere sensation, a passing paroxysm. What the soul desires to-day is a condition of fixity; and happiness alone is permanent, and consists in absolute tranquillity, in the regularity with which eating and sleeping succeed each other, and the sluggish organs perform their functions.

"This is horrible!" I cried; "I am young and full of life! Perish all the books in the world rather than my illusions should perish!"

I left my laboratory and plunged into the whirl of Paris. As I saw the fairest faces glide by before me, I felt that I was not old. The first young woman who appeared before me, lovely in face and form and dressed to perfection, with one glance of fire made all the sorcery whose spells I had voluntarily submitted to vanish into thin air. Scarcely had I walked three steps in the Tuileries gardens, the place which I had chosen as my destination, before I saw the prototype of the matrimonial situation which has last been described in this book. Had I desired to characterize, to idealize, to personify marriage, as I conceived it to be, it would have been impossible for the Creator himself to have produced so complete a symbol of it as I then saw before me.

Imagine a woman of fifty, dressed in a jacket of reddish brown merino, holding in her left hand a green cord, which was tied to the collar of an English terrier, and with her right arm linked with that of a man in knee-breeches and silk stockings, whose hat had its brim whimsically turned up, while snow-white tufts of hair like pigeon plumes rose at its sides. A slender queue, thin as a quill, tossed about on the back of his sallow neck, which was thick, as far as it could be seen

above the turned down collar of a threadbare coat. This couple assumed the stately tread of an ambassador; and the husband, who was at least seventy, stopped complaisantly every time the terrier began to gambol. I hastened to pass this living impersonation of my Meditation, and was surprised to the last degree to recognize the Marquis de T——, friend of Comte de Nocé, who had owed me for a long time the end of the interrupted story which I related in the *Theory of the Bed.* [See Meditation XVII.]

"I have the honor to present to you the Marquise de T——," he said to me.

I made a low bow to a lady whose face was pale and wrinkled; her forehead was surmounted by a toupée, whose flattened ringlets, ranged around it, deceived no one, but only emphasized, instead of concealing, the wrinkles by which it was deeply furrowed. The lady was slightly rouged, and had the appearance of an old country actress.

"I do not see, sir, what you can say against a marriage such as ours," said the old man to me.

"The laws of Rome forefend!" I cried, laughing.

The marchioness gave me a look filled with inquietude as well as disapprobation, which seemed to say, "Is it possible that at my age I have become but a concubine?"

We sat down upon a bench, in the gloomy clump of trees planted at the corner of the high terrace which commands La Place Louis XV., on the side of the Garde-Meuble. Autumn had already begun to strip the trees of their foliage, and was scattering before our eyes the yellow leaves of his garland; but the sun nevertheless filled the air with grateful warmth.

"Well, is your work finished?" asked the old man, in the unctuous tones peculiar to men of the ancient aristocracy.

And with these words he gave a sardonic smile, as if for commentary.

"Very nearly, sir," I replied. I have come to the philosophic situation, which you appear to have reached, but I confess that I—"

"You are searching for ideas?" he added—finishing for me a sentence, which I confess I did not know how to end.

"Well," he continued, "you may boldly assume, that on arriving at the winter of his life, a man—a man who thinks, I mean—ends by denying that love has any existence, in the wild form with which our illusions invested it!"

"What! would you deny the existence of love on the day after that of marriage?"

"In the first place, the day after would be the very reason; but my marriage was a commercial speculation," replied he, stooping to speak into my ear. "I have thereby purchased the care, the attention, the services which I need; and I am certain to obtain all the consideration my age demands; for I have willed all my property to my nephew, and as my wife will be rich only during my life, you can imagine how—"

I turned on the old marquis a look so piercing that he wrung my hand and said: "You seem to have a good heart, for nothing is certain in this life—"

"Well, you may be sure that I have arranged a pleasant surprise for her in my will," he replied, gayly.

"Come here, Joseph," cried the marchioness, approaching a servant who carried an overcoat lined with silk. "The marquis is probably feeling the cold."

The old marquis put on his overcoat, buttoned it up, and taking my arm, led me to the sunny side of the terrace.

"In your work," he continued, "you have doubtless spoken of the love of a young man. Well, if you wish to act up to the scope which you give to your work—in the word ec—elec—"

"Eclectic," I said, smiling, seeing he could not remember this philosophic term.

"I know the word well!" he replied. "If then you wish to keep your vow of eclecticism, you should be willing to express certain virile ideas on the subject of love which I will communicate to you, and I will not grudge you the benefit of them, if benefit there be; I wish to bequeath my property to you, but this will be all that you will get of it."

"There is no money fortune which is worth as much as a

fortune of ideas if they be valuable ideas! I shall, therefore, listen to you with a grateful mind."

"There is no such thing as love," pursued the old man, fixing his gaze upon me. "It is not even a sentiment, it is an unhappy necessity, which is midway between the needs of the body and those of the soul. But siding for a moment with your youthful thoughts, let us try to reason upon this social malady. I suppose that you can only conceive of love as either a need or a sentiment."

I made a sign of assent.

"Considered as a need," said the old man, "love makes itself felt last of all our needs, and is the first to cease. We are inclined to love in our twentieth year, to speak in round numbers, and we cease to do so at fifty. During these thirty years, how often would the need be felt, if it were not for the provocation of city manners, and the modern custom of living in the presence not of one woman, but of women in general? What is our debt to the perpetuation of the race? It probably consists in producing as many children as we have breasts—so that if one dies the other may live. If these two children were always faithfully produced, what would become of nations? Thirty millions of people would constitute a population too great for France, for the soil is not sufficient to guarantee more than ten millions against misery and hunger. Remember that China is reduced to the expedient of throwing its children into the water, according to the accounts of travelers. Now this production of two children is really the whole of marriage. The superfluous pleasures of marriage are not only profligate, but involve an immense loss to the man, as I will now demonstrate. Compare then with this poverty of result, and shortness of duration, the daily and perpetual urgency of other needs of our existence. Nature reminds us every hour of our real needs; and, on the other hand, refuses absolutely to grant the excess which our imagination sometimes craves in love. It is, therefore, the last of our needs, and the only one which may be forgotten without causing any disturbance in the economy

of the body. Love is a social luxury like lace and diamonds. But if we analyze it as a sentiment, we find two distinct elements in it; namely, pleasure and passion. Now analyze pleasure. Human affections rest upon two foundations, attraction and repulsion. Attraction is a universal feeling for those things which flatter our instinct of self-preservation; repulsion is the exercise of the same instinct when it tells us that something is near which threatens it with injury. Everything which profoundly moves our organization gives us a deeper sense of our existence; such a thing is pleasure. It is contracted of desire, of effort, and the joy of possessing something or other. Pleasure is a unique element in life, and our passions are nothing but modifications, more or less keen, of pleasure; moreover, familiarity with one pleasure almost always precludes the enjoyment of all others. Now, love is the least keen and the least durable of our pleasures. In what would you say the pleasure of love consists? Does it lie in the beauty of the beloved? In one evening you may obtain for money the loveliest odalisques; but at the end of a month you will in this way have burnt out all your sentiment for all time. Would you love a woman because she is well dressed, elegant, rich, keeps a carriage, has commercial credit? Do not call this love, for it is vanity, avarice, egotism. Do you love her because she is intellectual? You are in that case merely obeying the dictates of literary sentiment."

"But," I said, "love only reveals its pleasures to those who mingle in one their thoughts, their fortunes, their sentiments, their souls, their lives—"

"Oh dear, dear!" cried the old man, in a jeering tone. "Can you show me five men in any nation who have sacrificed anything for a woman? I do not say their life, for that is a slight thing—the price of a human life under Napoleon was never more than twenty thousand francs; and there are in France to-day two hundred and fifty thousand brave men who would give theirs for two inches of red ribbon; while seven men have sacrificed for a woman ten millions on which they might have slept in solitude for a whole night. Dubreuil and

Phméja are still rarer than is the love of Dupris and Bolingbroke. These sentiments proceed from an unknown cause. But you have brought me thus to consider love as a passion. Yes, indeed, it is the last of them all and the most contemptible. It promises everything, and fulfils nothing. It comes, like love, as a need, the last, and dies away the first. Ah, talk to me of revenge, hatred, avarice, of gaming, of ambition, of fanaticism. These passions have something virile in them; these sentiments are imperishable; they make sacrifices every day, such as love only makes by fits and starts. But," he went on, "suppose you abjure love. At first there will be no disquietudes, no anxieties, no worry, none of those little vexations that waste human life. A man lives happy and tranquil; in his social relations he becomes infinitely more powerful and influential. This divorce from the thing called love is the primary secret of power in all men who control large bodies of men; but this is a mere trifle. Ah! if you knew with what magic influence a man is endowed, what wealth of intellectual force, what longevity in physical strength he enjoys, when detaching himself from every species of human passion he spends all his energy to the profit of his soul! If you could enjoy for two minutes the riches which God dispenses to the enlightened men who consider love as merely a passing need which it is sufficient to satisfy for six months in their twentieth year; to the men who, scorning the luxurious and surfeiting beefsteaks of Normandy, feed on the roots which God has given in abundance, and take their repose on a bed of withered leaves, like the recluses of the Thebaid!—ah! you would not keep on three seconds the wool of fifteen merinos which covers you; you would fling away your childish switch, and go to live in the heaven of heavens! There you would find the love you sought in vain amid the swine of earth; there you would hear a concert of somewhat different melody from that of M. Rossini, voices more faultless than that of Malibran. But I am speaking as a blind man might, and repeating hearsays. If I had not visited Germany about the year 1791, I should know nothing of all this. Yes!—man

has a vocation for the infinite. There dwells within him an instinct that calls him to God. God is all, gives all, brings oblivion on all, and thought is the thread which he has given us as a clue to communication with himself!"

He suddenly stopped, and fixed his eyes upon the heavens.

"The poor fellow has lost his wits!" I thought to myself.

"Sir," I said to him, "it would be pushing my devotion to eclectic philosophy too far to insert your ideas in my book; they would destroy it. Everything in it is based on love, platonic and sensual. God forbid that I should end my book by such social blasphemies! I would rather try to return by some pantagruelian subtlety to my herd of celibates and honest women, with many an attempt to discover some social utility in their passions and follies. Oh! if conjugal peace leads us to arguments so disillusionizing and so gloomy as these, I know a great many husbands who would prefer war to peace."

"At any rate, young man," the old marquis cried, "I shall never have to reproach myself with refusing to give true directions to a traveler who had lost his way."

"Adieu, thou old carcase!" I said to myself; "adieu, thou walking marriage! adieu, thou stick of a burnt-out fire-work! adieu, thou machine! Although I have given thee from time to time some glimpses of people dear to me, old family portraits,—back with you to the picture dealer's shop, to Madame de T——, and all the rest of them; take your place round the bier with undertaker's mutes, for all I care!"

MEDITATION XXX.

Conclusion.

A recluse, who was credited with the gift of second sight, having commanded the children of Israel to follow him to a mountain top in order to hear the revelation of certain mysteries, saw that he was accompanied by a crowd which took

up so much room on the road that, prophet as he was, his *amour-propre* was vastly tickled.

But as the mountain was a considerable distance off, it happened that at the first halt, an artisan remembered that he had to deliver a new pair of slippers to a duke and peer, a publican fell to thinking how he had some specie to negotiate, and off they went.

A little further on two lovers lingered under the olive trees and forgot the discourse of the prophet; for they thought that the promised land was the spot where they stood, and the divine word was heard when they talked to one another.

The fat people, loaded with paunches *à la* Sancho, had been wiping their foreheads with their handkerchiefs, for the last quarter of an hour, and began to grow thirsty, and therefore halted beside a clear spring.

Certain retired soldiers complained of the corns which tortured them, and spoke of Austerlitz, and of their tight boots.

At the second halt, certain men of the world whispered together:

"But this prophet is a fool."

"Have you ever heard him?"

"I? I came from sheer curiosity."

"And I because I saw the fellow had a large following." (The last man who spoke was a fashionable.)

"He is a mere charlatan."

The prophet kept marching on. But when he reached the plateau, from which a wide horizon spread before him, he turned back, and saw no one but a poor Israelite, to whom he might have said as the Prince de Ligne to the wretched little bandy-legged drummer boy, whom he found on the spot where he expected to see a whole garrison awaiting him: "Well, my readers, it seems that you have dwindled down to one."

Thou man of God who hast followed me so far—I hope that a short recapitulation will not terrify thee, and I have traveled on under the impression that thou, like me, hast kept saying to thyself, "Where the deuce are we going?"

Well, well, this is the place and the time to ask you, respected reader, what your opinion is with regard to the renewal of the tobacco monopoly, and what you think of the exorbitant taxes on wines, on the right to carry firearms, on gaming, on lotteries, on playing cards, on brandy, on soap, cotton, silks, etc.

"I think that since all these duties make up one-third of the public revenues, we should be seriously embarrassed if—"

So that, my excellent model husband, if no one got drunk, or gambled, or smoked, or hunted, in a word if we had neither vices, passions, nor maladies in France, the State would be within an ace of bankruptcy; for it seems that the capital of our national income consists of popular corruptions, as our commerce is kept alive by national luxury. If you cared to look a little closer into the matter you would see that all taxes are based upon some moral malady. As a matter of fact, if we continue this philosophical scrutiny it will appear that the gendarmes would want horses and leather breeches, if every one kept the peace, and if there were neither foes nor idle people in the world. Therefore impose virtue on mankind! Well, I consider that there are more parallels than people think between my honest woman and the budget, and I will undertake to prove this by a short essay on statistics, if you will permit me to finish my book on the same lines as those on which I have begun it. Will you grant that a lover must put on more clean shirts than are worn by either a husband, or a celibate unattached? This to me seems beyond doubt. The difference between a husband and a lover is seen even in the appearance of their toilette. The one is careless, he is unshaved, and the other never appears excepting in full dress. Sterne has pleasantly remarked that the account book of the laundress was the most authentic record he knew, as to the life of Tristram Shandy; and that it was easy to guess from the number of shirts he wore what passages of his book had cost him most. Well, with regard to lovers the account book of their laundresses is the most faithful historic record as well as the most impartial account of their various amours. And

really a prodigious quantity of tippets, cravats, dresses, which are absolutely necessary to coquetry, is consumed in the course of an amour. A wonderful prestige is gained by white stockings, the lustre of a collar, or a shirt-waist, the artistically arranged folds of a man's shirt, or the taste of his necktie or his collar. This will explain the passages in which I said of the honest woman [Meditation II], "She spends her life in having her dresses starched." I have sought information on this point from a lady in order to learn accurately at what sum was to be estimated the tax thus imposed by love, and after fixing it at one hundred francs per annum for a woman, I recollect what she said with great good humor: "It depends on the character of the man, for some are so much more particular than others." Nevertheless, after a very profound discussion, in which I settled upon the sum for the celibates, and she for her sex, it was agreed that, one thing with another, since the two lovers belong to the social sphere which this work concerns, they ought to spend between them, in the matter referred to, one hundred and fifty francs more than in time of peace.

By a like treaty, friendly in character and long discussed, we arranged that there should be a collective difference of four hundred francs between the expenditure for all parts of the dress on a war footing, and for that on a peace footing. This provision was considered very paltry by all the powers, masculine or feminine, whom we consulted. The light thrown upon these delicate matters by the contributions of certain persons suggested to us the idea of gathering together certain savants at a dinner party, and taking their wise counsels for our guidance in these important investigations. The gathering took place. It was with glass in hand and after listening to many brilliant speeches that I received for the following chapters on the budget of love, a sort of legislative sanction. The sum of one hundred francs was allowed for porters and carriages. Fifty crowns seemed very reasonable for the little patties that people eat on a walk, for bouquets of violets and theatre tickets. The sum of two hundred francs was con-

sidered necessary for the extra expense of dainties and dinners at restaurants. It was during this discussion that a young cavalryman, who had been made almost tipsy by the champagne, was called to order for comparing lovers to distilling machines. But the chapter that gave occasion for the most violent discussion, and the consideration of which was adjourned for several weeks, when a report was made, was that concerning presents. At the last session, the refined Madame de D—— was the first speaker; and in a graceful address, which testified to the nobility of her sentiments, she set out to demonstrate that most of the time the gifts of love had no intrinsic value. The author replied that all lovers had their portraits taken. A lady objected that a portrait was invested capital, and care could always be taken to recover it for a second investment. But suddenly a gentleman of Provence rose to deliver a philippic against women. He spoke of the greediness which most women in love exhibited for furs, satins, silks, jewels and furniture; but a lady interrrupted him by asking if Madame d'O——y, his intimate friend, had not already paid his debts twice over.

"You are mistaken, madame," said the Provençal, "it was her husband."

"The speaker is called to order," cried the president, "and condemned to dine the whole party, for having used the word *husband.*"

The Provençal was completely refuted by a lady who undertook to prove that women show much more self-sacrifice in love than men; that lovers cost very dear, and that the honest woman may consider herself very fortunate if she gets off with spending on them two thousand francs for a single year. The discussion was in danger of degenerating into an exchange of personalities, when a division was called for. The conclusions of the committee were adopted by vote. The conclusions were, in substance, that the amount for presents between lovers during the year should be reckoned at five hundred francs, but that in this computation should be included: (1) the expense of expeditions into the country; (2) the pharmaceutical expenses, occasioned by the colds

caught from walking in the damp pathways of parks, and in leaving the theatre, which expenses are veritable presents; (3) the carrying of letters, and law expenses; (4) journeys, and expenses whose items are forgotten, without counting the follies committed by the spenders; inasmuch as, according to the investigations of the committee, it had been proved that most of a man's extravagant expenditures profited the opera girls, rather than the married women. The conclusion arrived at from this pecuniary calculation was that, in one way or another, a passion costs nearly fifteen hundred francs a year, which were required to meet the expense borne more unequally by lovers, but which would not have occurred, but for their attachment. There was also a sort of unanimity in the opinion of the council that this was the lowest annual figure which would cover the cost of a passion. Now, my dear sir, since we have proved, by the statistics of our conjugal calculations [See Meditations I, II, and III] and proved irrefragably, that there exists a floating total of at least fifteen hundred thousand unlawful passions, it follows:

That the criminal conversations of a third among the French population contribute a sum of nearly three thousand millions to that vast circulation of money, the true blood of society, of which the budget is the heart;

That the honest woman not only gives life to the children of the peerage, but also to its financial funds;

That manufactures owe their prosperity to this *systolic* movement;

That the honest woman is a being essentially *budgetative,* and active as a consumer;

That the least decline in public love would involve incalculable miseries to the treasury, and to men of invested fortunes;

That a husband has at least a third of his fortune invested in the inconstancy of his wife, etc.

I am well aware that you are going to open your mouth and talk to me about manners, politics, good and evil. But, my dear victim of the Minotaur, is not happiness the object which all societies should set before them? Is it not this axiom that makes these wretched kings give themselves so much trouble

about their people? Well, the honest woman has not, like them, thrones, gendarmes and tribunals; she has only a bed to offer; but if our four hundred thousand women can, by this ingenious machine, make a million celibates happy, do not they attain in a mysterious manner, and without making any fuss, the end aimed at by a government, namely, the end of giving the largest possible amount of happiness to the mass of mankind?

"Yes, but the annoyances, the children, the troubles—"

Ah, you must permit me to proffer the consolatory thought with which one of our wittiest caricaturists closes his satiric observations: "Man is not perfect!" It is sufficient, therefore, that our institutions have no more disadvantages than advantages in order to be reckoned excellent; for the human race is not placed, socially speaking, between the good and the bad, but between the bad and the worse. Now if the work, which we are at present on the point of concluding, has had for its object the diminution of the worse, as it is found in matrimonial institutions, in laying bare the errors and absurdities due to our manners and our prejudices, we shall certainly have won one of the fairest titles that can be put forth by a man to a place among the benefactors of humanity. Has not the author made it his aim, by advising husbands, to make women more self-restrained and consequently to impart more violence to passions, more money to the treasury, more life to commerce and agriculture? Thanks to this last Meditation he can flatter himself that he has strictly kept the vow of eclecticism, which he made in projecting the work, and he hopes he has marshaled all details of the case, and yet like an attorney-general refrained from expressing his personal opinion. And really what do you want with an axiom in the present matter? Do you wish that this book should be a mere development of the last opinion held by Tronchet, who in his closing days thought that the law of marriage had been drawn up less in the interest of husbands than of children? I also wish it very much. Would you rather desire that this book should serve as proof to the peroration of the Capuchin, who preached before Anne of Austria, and when he saw the queen and her ladies over-

whelmed by his triumphant arguments against their frailty, said as he came down from the pulpit of truth, "Now you are all honorable women, and it is we who unfortunately are sons of Samaritan women"? I have no objection to that either. You may draw what conclusion you please; for I think it is very difficult to put forth two contrary opinions, without both of them containing some grains of truth. But the book has not been written either for or against marriage; all I have thought you needed was an exact description of it. If an examination of the machine shall lead us to make one wheel of it more perfect; if by scouring away some rust we have given more elastic movement to its mechanism; then give his wage to the workman. If the author has had the impertinence to utter truths too harsh for you, if he has too often spoken of rare and exceptional facts as universal, if he has omitted the commonplaces which have been employed from time immemorial to offer women the incense of flattery, oh, let him be crucified! But do not impute to him any motive of hostility to the institution itself; he is concerned merely for men and women. He knows that from the moment marriage ceases to defeat the purpose of marriage, it is unassailable; and, after all, if there do arise serious complaints against this institution, it is perhaps because man has no memory excepting for his disasters, that he accuses his wife, as he accuses his life, for marriage is but a life within a life. Yet people whose habit it is to take their opinions from newspapers would perhaps despise a book in which they see the mania of eclecticism pushed too far; for then they absolutely demand something in the shape of a peroration, it is not hard to find one for them. And since the words of Napoleon served to start this book, why should it not end as it began? Before the whole Council of State the First Consul pronounced the following startling phrase, in which he at the same time eulogized and satirized marriage, and summed up the contents of this book:

"If a man never grew old, I would never wish him to have a wife!"

POSTSCRIPT.

"And so you are going to be married?" asked the duchess of the author who had read his manuscript to her.

She was one of those ladies to whom the author has already paid his respects in the introduction of this work.

"Certainly, madame," I replied. "To meet a woman who has courage enough to become mine, would satisfy the wildest of my hopes."

"Is this resignation or infatuation?"

"That is my affair."

"Well, sir, as you are doctor of conjugal arts and sciences, allow me to tell you a little Oriental fable, that I read in a certain sheet, which is published annually in the form of an almanac. At the beginning of the Empire ladies used to play at a game in which no one accepted a present from his or her partner in the game, without saying the word, *Diadesté*. A game lasted, as you may well suppose, during a week, and the point was to catch some one receiving some trifle or other without pronouncing the sacramental word."

"Even a kiss?"

"Oh, I have won the *Diadesté* twenty times in that way," she laughingly replied.

"It was, I believe, from the playing of this game, whose origin is Arabian or Chinese, that my apologue takes its point. But if I tell you," she went on, putting her finger to her nose, with a charming air of coquetry, "let me contribute it as a finale to your work."

"This would indeed enrich me. You have done me so many favors already, that I cannot repay—"

She smiled slyly, and replied as follows:

A philosopher had compiled a full account of all the tricks that women could possibly play, and in order to verify it, he

always carried it about with him. One day he found himself in the course of his travels near an encampment of Arabs. A young woman, who had seated herself under the shade of a palm tree, rose on his approach. She kindly asked him to rest himself in her tent, and he could not refuse. Her husband was then absent. Scarcely had the traveler seated himself on a soft rug, when the graceful hostess offered him fresh dates, and a cup of milk; he could not help observing the rare beauty of her hands as she did so. But, in order to distract his mind from the sensations roused in him by the fair young Arabian girl, whose charms were most formidable, the sage took his book, and began to read.

The seductive creature piqued by this slight said to him in a melodious voice:

"That book must be very interesting since it seems to be the sole object worthy of your attention. Would it be taking a liberty to ask what science it treats of?"

The philosopher kept his eyes lowered as he replied:

"The subject of this book is beyond the comprehension of ladies."

This rebuff excited more than ever the curiosity of the young Arabian woman. She put out the prettiest little foot that had ever left its fleeting imprint on the shifting sands of the desert. The philosopher was perturbed, and his eyes were too powerfully tempted to resist wandering from these feet, which betokened so much, up to the bosom, which was still more ravishingly fair; and soon the flame of his admiring glance was mingled with the fire that sparkled in the pupils of the young Asiatic. She asked again the name of the book in tones so sweet that the philosopher yielded to the fascination, and replied:

"I am the author of the book; but the substance of it is not mine: it contains an account of all the ruses and stratagems of women."

"What! Absolutely all?" said the daughter of the desert.

"Yes, all! And it has been only by a constant study of womankind that I have come to regard them without fear."

"Ah!" said the young Arabian girl, lowering the long lashes of her white eyelids.

Then, suddenly darting the keenest of her glances at the pretended sage, she made him in one instant forget the book and all its contents. And now our philosopher was changed to the most passionate of men. Thinking he saw in the bearing of the young woman a faint trace of coquetry, the stranger was emboldened to make an avowal. How could he resist doing so? The sky was blue, the sand blazed in the distance like a scimitar of gold, the wind of the desert breathed love, and the woman of Arabia seemed to reflect all the fire with which she was surrounded; her piercing eyes were suffused with a mist; and by a slight nod of the head she seemed to make the luminous atmosphere undulate, as she consented to listen to the stranger's words of love. The sage was intoxicated with delirious hopes, when the young woman, hearing in the distance the gallop of a horse which seemed to fly, exclaimed:

"We are lost! My husband is sure to catch us. He is jealous as a tiger, and more pitiless than one. In the name of the prophet, if you love your life, conceal yourself in this chest!"

The author, frightened out of his wits, seeing no other way of getting out of a terrible fix, jumped into the box, and crouched down there. The woman closed down the lid, locked it, and took the key. She ran to meet her husband, and after some caresses which put him into a good humor, she said:

"I must relate to you a very singular adventure I have just had."

"I am listening, my gazelle," replied the Arab, who sat down on a rug and crossed his feet after the Oriental manner.

"There arrived here to-day a kind of philosopher," she began, "he professes to have compiled a book which describes all the wiles of which my sex is capable; and then this sham sage made love to me."

"Well, go on!" cried the Arab.

"I listened to his avowal. He was young, ardent—and you came just in time to save my tottering virtue."

The Arab leaped to his feet like a lion, and drew his scimi-

tar with a shout of fury. The philosopher heard all from the depths of the chest and consigned to Hades his book, and all the men and women of Arabia Petræa.

"Fatima!" cried the husband, "if you would save your life, answer me—Where is the traitor?"

Terrified at the tempest which she had roused, Fatima threw herself at her husband's feet, and trembling beneath the point of his sword, she pointed out the chest with a prompt though timid glance of her eye. Then she rose to her feet, as if in shame, and taking the key from her girdle presented it to the jealous Arab; but, just as he was about to open the chest, the sly creature burst into a peal of laughter. Faroun stopped with a puzzled expression, and looked at his wife in amazement.

"So I shall have my fine chain of gold, after all!" she cried, dancing for joy. "You have lost the *Diadesté*. Be more mindful next time."

The husband, thunderstruck, let fall the key, and offered her the longed-for chain on bended knee, and promised to bring to his darling Fatima all the jewels brought by the caravan in a year, if she would refrain from winning the *Diadesté* by such cruel stratagems. Then, as he was an Arab, and did not like forfeiting a chain of gold, although his wife had fairly won it, he mounted his horse again, and galloped off, to complain at his will, in the desert, for he loved Fatima too well to let her see his annoyance. The young woman then drew forth the philosopher from the chest, and gravely said to him, "Do not forget, Master Doctor, to put this feminine trick into your collection."

"Madame," said I to the duchess, "I understand! If I marry, I am bound to be unexpectedly outwitted by some infernal trick or other; but I shall in that case, you may be quite sure, furnish a model household for the admiration of my contemporaries."

PARIS, 1824-29.

PETTY TROUBLES OF MARRIED LIFE.

PART FIRST.

Preface.

In Which Every One Will Find His Own Impressions of Marriage.

A friend, in speaking to you of a young woman, says: "Good family, well bred, pretty, and three hundred thousand in her own right." You have expressed a desire to meet this charming creature.

Usually, chance interviews are premeditated. And you speak with this object, who has now become very timid.

You.—"A delightful evening!"

She.—"Oh! yes, sir."

You are allowed to become the suitor of this young person.

The mother-in-law (*to the intended groom*).—"You can't imagine how susceptible the dear girl is of attachment."

Meanwhile there is a delicate pecuniary question to be discussed by the two families.

Your father (*to the mother-in-law*).—"My property is valued at five hundred thousand francs, my dear madame!"

Your future mother-in-law.—"And our house, my dear sir, is on a corner lot."

A contract follows, drawn up by two hideous notaries, a small one, and a big one.

Then the two families judge it necessary to convoy you to the civil magistrate's and to the church, before conducting the bride to her chamber.

Then what? . . . . Why, then come a crowd of petty unforeseen troubles, like the following:

The Unkindest Cut of All.

Is it a petty or a profound trouble? I know not; it is profound for your sons-in-law or daughters-in-law, but exceedingly petty for you.

"Petty! you must be joking; why, a child costs terribly dear!" exclaims a ten-times-too-happy husband, at the baptism of his eleventh, called the little last newcomer,—a phrase with which women beguile their families.

"What trouble is this?" you ask me. Well! this is, like many petty troubles of married life, a blessing for some one.

You have, four months since, married off your daughter, whom we will call by the sweet name of Caroline, and whom we will make the type of all wives. Caroline is, like all other young ladies, very charming, and you have found for her a husband who is either a lawyer, a captain, an engineer, a judge, or perhaps a young viscount. But he is more likely to be what sensible families most seek,—the ideal of their desires—the only son of a rich landed proprietor. (See the *Preface.*)

This phœnix we will call Adolphe, whatever may be his position in the world, his age, and the color of his hair.

The lawyer, the captain, the engineer, the judge, in short, the son-in-law, Adolphe, and his family, have seen in Miss Caroline:

I.—Miss Caroline;

II.—The only daughter of your wife and you.

Here, as in the Chamber of Deputies, we are compelled to call for a division of the house:

1.—As to your wife.

Your wife is to inherit the property of a maternal uncle, a gouty old fellow whom she humors, nurses, caresses, and muffles up; to say nothing of her father's fortune. Caroline has always adored her uncle,—her uncle who trotted her on his knee, her uncle who—her uncle whom—her uncle, in short,—whose property is estimated at two hundred thousand.

Further, your wife is well preserved, though her age has been the subject of mature reflection on the part of your son-

in-law's grandparents and other ancestors. After many skirmishes between the mothers-in-law, they have at last confided to each other the little secrets peculiar to women of ripe years.

"How is it with you, my dear madame?"

"I, thank heaven, have passed the period; and you?"

"I really hope I have, too!" says your wife.

"You can marry Caroline," says Adolphe's mother to your future son-in-law; "Caroline will be the sole heiress of her mother, of her uncle, and her grandfather."

2.—As to yourself.

You are also the heir of your maternal grandfather, a good old man whose possessions will surely fall to you, for he has grown imbecile, and is therefore incapable of making a will.

You are an amiable man, but you have been very dissipated in your youth. Besides, you are fifty-nine years old, and your head is bald, resembling a bare knee in the middle of a gray wig.

III.—A dowry of three hundred thousand.

IV.—Caroline's only sister, a little dunce of twelve, a sickly child, who bids fair to fill an early grave.

V.—Your own fortune, father-in-law (in certain kinds of society they say *papa father-in-law*) yielding an income of twenty thousand, and which will soon be increased by an inheritance.

VI.—Your wife's fortune, which will be increased by two inheritances—from her uncle and her grandfather. In all, thus:

Three inheritances and interest,	750,000
Your fortune,	250,000
Your wife's fortune,	250,000
Total,	1,250,000 francs

which surely cannot take wing!

Such is the autopsy of all those brilliant marriages that conduct their processions of dancers and eaters, in white gloves, flowering at the button-hole, with bouquets of orange

flowers, furbelows, veils, coaches and coach-drivers, from the magistrate's to the church, from the church to the banquet, from the banquet to the dance, from the dance to the nuptial chamber, to the music of the orchestra and the accompaniment of the immemorial pleasantries uttered by relics of dandies, for are there not, here and there in society, relics of dandies, as there are relics of English horses? To be sure, and such is the osteology of the most amorous intent.

The majority of the relatives have had a word to say about this marriage.

Those on the side of the bridegroom:

"Adolphe has made a good thing of it."

Those on the side of the bride:

"Caroline has made a splendid match. Adolphe is an only son, and will have an income of sixty thousand, *some day or other!*"

Some time afterwards, the happy judge, the happy engineer, the happy captain, the happy lawyer, the happy only son of a rich landed proprietor, in short Adolphe, comes to dine with you, accompanied by his family.

Your daughter Caroline is exceedingly proud of the somewhat rounded form of her waist. All women display an innocent artfulness, the first time they find themselves facing motherhood. Like a soldier who makes a brilliant toilet for his first battle, they love to play the pale, the suffering; they rise in a certain manner, and walk with the prettiest affectation. While yet flowers, they bear a fruit; they enjoy their maternity by anticipation. All these little ways are exceedingly charming—the first time.

Your wife, now the mother-in-law of Adolphe, subjects herself to the pressure of tight corsets. When her daughter laughs, she weeps; when Caroline wishes her happiness public, she tries to conceal hers. After dinner, the discerning eye of the co-mother-in-law divines the work of darkness.

Your wife also is an expectant mother! The news spreads like lightning, and your oldest college friend says to you laughingly: "Ah! so you are trying to increase the population again!"

You have some hope in a consultation that is to take place to-morrow. You, kind-hearted man that you are, you turn red, you hope it is merely the dropsy; but the doctors confirm the arrival of a *little last one!*

In such circumstances some timorous husbands go to the country or make a journey to Italy. In short, a strange confusion reigns in your household; both you and your wife are in a false position.

"Why, you old rogue, you, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" says a friend to you on the Boulevard.

"Well! do as much if you can," is your angry retort.

"It's as bad as being robbed on the highway!" says your son-in-law's family. "Robbed on the highway" is a flattering expression for the mother-in-law.

The family hopes that the child which divides the expected fortune in three parts, will be, like all old men's children, scrofulous, feeble, an abortion. Will it be likely to live? The family awaits the delivery of your wife with an anxiety like that which agitated the house of Orleans during the confinement of the Duchess de Berri: a second son would secure the throne to the younger branch without the onerous conditions of July; Henry V. would easily seize the crown. From that moment the house of Orleans was obliged to play double or quits: the event gave them the game.

The mother and the daughter are put to bed nine days apart.

Caroline's first child is a pale, cadaverous little girl that will not live.

Her mother's last child is a splendid boy, weighing twelve pounds, with two teeth and luxuriant hair.

For sixteen years you have desired a son. This conjugal annoyance is the only one that makes you beside yourself with joy. For your rejuvenated wife has attained what must be called the *Indian Summer* of women: she nurses, she has a full breast of milk! her complexion is fresh, her color is pure pink and white. In her forty-second year, she affects the young woman, buys little baby stockings, walks about followed

by a nurse, embroiders caps and tries on the cunningest head-dresses. Alexandrine has resolved to instruct her daughter by her example; she is delightful and happy. And yet this is a trouble, a petty one for you, a serious one for your son-in-law. This annoyance is of the two sexes, it is common to you and your wife. In short, in this instance, your paternity renders you all the more proud from the fact that it is incontestable, my dear sir!

Revelations.

Generally speaking, a young woman does not exhibit her true character till she has been married two or three years. She hides her faults, without intending it, in the midst of her first joys, of her first parties of pleasure. She goes into society to dance, she visits her relatives to show you off, she journeys on with an escort of love's first wiles; she is gradually transformed from girlhood to womanhood. Then she becomes mother and nurse, and in this situation, full of charming pangs, that leaves neither a word nor a moment for observation, such are its multiplied cares, it is impossible to judge of a woman. You require, then, three or four years of intimate life before you discover an exceedingly melancholy fact, one that gives you cause for constant terror.

Your wife, the young lady in whom the first pleasures of life and love supplied the place of grace and wit, so arch, so animated, so vivacious, whose least movements spoke with delicious eloquence, has cast off, slowly, one by one, her natural artifices. At last you perceive the truth! You try to disbelieve it, you think yourself deceived; but no: Caroline lacks intellect, she is dull, she can neither joke nor reason, sometimes she has little tact. You are frightened. You find yourself forever obliged to lead this darling through thorny paths, where you must perforce leave your self-esteem in tatters.

You have already been annoyed several times by replies that, in society, were politely received: people have held their

tongues instead of smiling; but you were certain that after your departure the women looked at each other and said: "Did you hear Madame Adolphe?"

"Poor little woman, she is—"

"A regular cabbage-head."

"How could he, who is certainly a man of sense, choose—?"

"He should educate, teach his wife, or make her hold her tongue."

Axioms.

Axiom.—*In our system of civilization a man is entirely responsible for his wife.*

Axiom.—*The husband does not mould the wife.*

Caroline has one day obstinately maintained, at the house of Madame de Fischtaminel, a very distinguished lady, that her little last one resembled neither its father nor its mother, but looked like a certain friend of the family. She perhaps enlightens Monsieur de Fischtaminel, and overthrows the labors of three years, by tearing down the scaffolding of Madame de Fischtaminel's assertions, who, after this visit, will treat you with coolness, suspecting, as she does, that you have been making indiscreet remarks to your wife.

On another occasion, Caroline, after having conversed with a writer about his works, counsels the poet, who is already a prolific author, to try to write something likely to live. Sometimes she complains of the slow attendance at the tables of people who have but one servant and have put themselves to great trouble to receive her. Sometimes she speaks ill of widows who marry again, before Madame Deschars who has married a third time, and on this occasion, an ex-notary, Nicolas-Jean-Jérôme-Nepomucène-Ange-Marie-Victor-Joseph Deschars, a friend of your father's.

In short, you are no longer yourself when you are in society with your wife. Like a man who is riding a skittish horse and glares straight between the beast's two ears, you are

absorbed by the attention with which you listen to your Caroline.

In order to compensate herself for the silence to which young ladies are condemned, Caroline talks; or rather babbles. She wants to make a sensation, and she does make a sensation: nothing stops her. She addresses the most eminent men, the most celebrated women. She introduces herself, and puts you on the rack. Going into society is going to the stake.

She begins to think you are cross-grained, moody. The fact is, you are watching her, that's all! In short, you keep her within a small circle of friends, for she has already embroiled you with people on whom your interests depended.

How many times have you recoiled from the necessity of a remonstrance, in the morning, on awakening, when you had put her in a good humor for listening! A woman rarely listens. How many times have you recoiled from the burthen of your imperious obligations!

The conclusion of your ministerial communication can be no other than: "You have no sense." You foresee the effect of your first lesson. Caroline will say to herself: "Ah! I have no sense! haven't I though?"

No woman ever takes this in good part. Both of you must draw the sword and throw away the scabbard. Six weeks after, Caroline may prove to you that she has quite sense enough to *minotaurize* you without your perceiving it.

Frightened at such a prospect, you make use of all the eloquent phrases to gild this pill. In short, you find the means of flattering Caroline's various self-loves, for:

Axiom.—*A married woman has several self-loves.*

You say that you are her best friend, the only one well situated to enlighten her; the more careful you are, the more watchful and puzzled she is. At this moment she has plenty of sense.

You ask your dear Caroline, whose waist you clasp, how she, who is so brilliant when alone with you, who retorts so charm-

ingly (you remind her of sallies that she has never made, which you put in her mouth, and, which she smilingly accepts), how she can say this, that, and the other, in society. She is, doubtless, like many ladies, timid in company.

"I know," you say, "many very distinguished men who are just the same."

You cite the case of some who are admirable tea-party oracles, but who cannot utter half a dozen sentences in the tribune. Caroline should keep watch over herself; you vaunt silence as the surest method of being witty. In society, a good listener is highly prized.

You have broken the ice, though you have not even scratched its glossy surface: you have placed your hand upon the croup of the most ferocious and savage, the most wakeful and clear-sighted, the most restless, the swiftest, the most jealous, the most ardent and violent, the simplest and most elegant, the most unreasonable, the most watchful chimera of the moral world—THE VANITY OF A WOMAN!

Caroline clasps you in her arms with a saintly embrace, thanks you for your advice, and loves you the more for it; she wishes to be beholden to you for every thing, even for her intellect; she may be a dunce, but, what is better than saying fine things, she knows how to do them! But she desires also to be your pride! It is not a question of taste in dress, of elegance and beauty; she wishes to make you proud of her intelligence. You are the luckiest of men in having successfully managed to escape from this first dangerous pass in conjugal life.

"We are going this evening to Madame Deschars', where they never know what to do to amuse themselves; they play all sorts of forfeit games on account of a troop of young women and girls there; you shall see!" she says.

You are so happy at this turn of affairs, that you hum airs and carelessly chew bits of straw and thread, while still in your shirt and drawers. You are like a hare frisking on a flowering dew-perfumed meadow. You leave off your morning gown till the last extremity, when breakfast is on the table. During the day, if you meet a friend and he happens

to speak of women, you defend them; you consider women charming, delicious; there is something divine about them.

How often are our opinions dictated to us by the unknown events of our life!

You take your wife to Madame Deschars'. Madame Deschars is a mother and is exceedingly devout. You never see any newspapers at her house: she keeps watch over her daughters by three different husbands, and keeps them all the more closely from the fact that she herself has, it is said, some little things to reproach herself with during the career of her two former lords. At her house, no one dares risk a jest. Everything there is white and pink and perfumed with sanctity, as at the houses of widows who are approaching the confines of their third youth. It seems as if every day were Sunday there.

You, a young husband, join the juvenile society of young women and girls, misses and young people, in the chamber of Madame Deschars. The serious people, politicians, whist-players, and tea-drinkers, are in the parlor.

In Madame Deschars' room they are playing a game which consists in hitting upon words with several meanings, to fit the answers that each player is to make to the following questions:

How do you like it?

What do you do with it?

Where do you put it?

Your turn comes to guess the word, you go into the parlor, take part in a discussion, and return at the call of a smiling young lady. They have selected a word that may be applied to the most enigmatical replies. Everybody knows that, in order to puzzle the strongest heads, the best way is to choose a very ordinary word, and to invent phrases that will send the parlor Œdipus a thousand leagues from each of his previous thoughts.

This game is a poor substitute for lansquenet or dice, but it is not very expensive.

The word MAL has been made the Sphinx of this particular occasion. Every one has determined to put you off the scent.

The word, among other acceptations, has that of *mal* [evil], a substantive that signifies, in æsthetics, the opposite of good; of *mal* [pain, disease, complaint], a substantive that enters into a thousand pathological expressions; then *malle* [a mail-bag], and finally *malle* [a trunk], that box of various forms, covered with all kinds of skin, made of every sort of leather, with handles, that journeys rapidly, for it serves to carry traveling effects in, as a man of Delille's school would say.

For you, a man of some sharpness, the Sphinx displays his wiles; he spreads his wings and folds them up again; he shows you his lion's paws, his woman's neck, his horse's loins, and his intellectual head; he shakes his sacred fillets, he strikes an attitude and runs away, he comes and goes, and sweeps the place with his terrible equine tail; he shows his shining claws, and draws them in; he smiles, frisks, and murmurs. He puts on the looks of a joyous child and those of a matron; he is, above all, there to make fun of you.

You ask the group collectively, "How do you like it?"

"I like it for love's sake," says one.

"I like it regular," says another.

"I like it with a long mane."

"I like it with a spring lock."

"I like it unmasked."

"I like it on horseback."

"I like it as coming from God," says Madame Deschars.

"How do you like it?" you say to your wife.

"I like it legitimate."

This response of your wife is not understood, and sends you a journey into the constellated fields of the infinite, where the mind, dazzled by the multitude of creations, finds it impossible to make a choice.

"Where do you put it?"

"In a carriage."

"In a garret."

"In a steamboat."

"In the closet."

"On a cart."

"In prison."

"In the ears."

"In a shop."

Your wife says to you last of all: "In bed."

You were on the point of guessing it, but you know no word that fits this answer, Madame Deschars not being likely to have allowed anything improper.

"What do you do with it?"

"I make it my sole happiness," says your wife, after the answers of all the rest, who have sent you spinning through a whole world of linguistic suppositions.

This response strikes everybody, and you especially; so you persist in seeking the meaning of it. You think of the bottle of hot water that your wife has put to her feet when it is cold, —of the warming pan, above all! now of her night-cap,—of her handkerchief,—of her curling paper,—of the hem of her chemise,—of her embroidery,—of her flannel jacket,—of your bandanna,—of the pillow.

In short, as the greatest pleasure of the respondents is to see their Œdipus mystified, as each word guessed by you throws them into fits of laughter, superior men, perceiving no word that will fit all the explanations, will sooner give it up than make three unsuccessful attempts. According to the law of this innocent game you are condemned to return to the parlor after leaving a forfeit; but you are so exceedingly puzzled by your wife's answers, that you ask what the word was.

"Mal," exclaims a young miss.

You comprehend everything but your wife's replies: she has not played the game. Neither Madame Deschars, nor any one of the young women, understand. She has cheated. You revolt, there is an insurrection among the girls and young women. They seek and are puzzled. You want an explanation, and every one participates in your desire.

"In what sense did you understand the word, my dear?" you say to Caroline.

"Why, *mâle!*" [male].

Madame Deschars bites her lips and manifests the greatest displeasure; the young women blush and drop their eyes; the little girls open theirs, nudge each other and prick up their ears. Your feet are glued to the carpet, and you have so much salt in your throat that you believe in a repetition of the event which delivered Lot from his wife.

You see an infernal life before you: society is out of the question.

To remain at home with this triumphant stupidity is equivalent to condemnation to the state's prison.

Axiom.—*Moral tortures exceed physical sufferings by all the difference which exists between the soul and the body.*

You give up your plan of enlightening your wife.

Caroline is a second edition of Nebuchadnezzar, for, like the royal chrysalis, she will soon pass from the mildness of the beast to the ferocity of the imperial purple.

The Attentions of a Wife.

Among the keenest pleasures of bachelor life, every man reckons the independence of his getting up. The fancies of the morning compensate for the glooms of evening. A bachelor turns over and over in his bed: he is free to gape loud enough to justify apprehensions of murder, and to scream at a pitch authorizing the suspicion of joys untold. He can forget his oaths of the day before, let the fire burn upon the hearth and the candle sink to its socket,—in short, go to sleep again in spite of pressing work. He can curse the expectant boots which stand holding their black mouths open at him and pricking up their ears. He can pretend not to see the steel hooks which glitter in a sunbeam which has stolen through the curtains, can disregard the sonorous summons of the obstinate clock, can bury himself in a soft place, saying: "Yes, I was in a hurry, yesterday, but am so no longer to-day. Yesterday was a dotard. To-day is a sage: between them

stands the night which brings wisdom, the night which gives light. I ought to go, I ought to do it, I promised I would—I am weak, I know. But how can I resist the downy creases of my bed? My feet feel flaccid, I think I must be sick, I am too happy just here. I long to see the ethereal horizon of my dreams again, those women without claws, those winged beings and their obliging ways. In short, I have found the grain of salt to put upon the tail of that bird that was always flying away: the coquette's feet are caught in the line. I have her now—"

Your servant, meantime, reads your newspaper, half-opens your letters, and leaves you to yourself. And you go to sleep again, lulled by the rumbling of the morning wagons. Those terrible, vexatious, quivering teams, laden with meat, those trucks with big tin teats bursting with milk, though they make a clatter most infernal and even crush the paving stones, seem to you to glide over cotton, and vaguely remind you of the orchestra of Napoleon Musard. Though your house trembles in all its timbers and shakes upon its keel, you think yourself a sailor cradled by a zephyr.

You alone have the right to bring these joys to an end by throwing away your night-cap as you twist up your napkin after dinner, and by sitting up in bed. Then you take yourself to task with such reproaches as these: "Ah, mercy on me, I must get up!" "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy—!" "Get up, lazy bones!"

All this time you remain perfectly tranquil. You look round your chamber, you collect your wits together. Finally, you emerge from the bed, spontaneously! courageously! of your own accord! You go to the fireplace, you consult the most obliging of timepieces, you utter hopeful sentences thus couched: "Whatshisname is a lazy creature, I guess I shall find him in. I'll run. I'll catch him if he's gone. He's sure to wait for me. There is a quarter of an hour's grace in all appointments, even between debtor and creditor."

You put on your boots with fury, you dress yourself as if you were afraid of being caught half-dressed, you have the

delight of being in a hurry, you call your buttons into action, you finally go out like a conqueror, whistling, brandishing your cane, pricking up your ears and breaking into a canter.

After all, you say to yourself, you are responsible to no one, you are your own master!

But you, poor married man, you were stupid enough to say to your wife, "To-morrow, my dear" (sometimes she knows it two days beforehand), "I have got to get up early." Unfortunate Adolphe, you have especially proved the importance of this appointment: "It's to—and to—and above all to—in short to—"

Two hours before dawn, Caroline wakes you up gently and says to you softly: "Adolphy dear, Adolphy love!"

"What's the matter? Fire?"

"No, go to sleep again, I've made a mistake; but the hour hand was on it, any way! It's only four, you can sleep two hours more."

Is not telling a man, "You've only got two hours to sleep," the same thing, on a small scale, as saying to a criminal, "It's five in the morning, the ceremony will be performed at half-past seven"? Such sleep is troubled by an idea dressed in grey and furnished with wings, which comes and flaps, like a bat, upon the windows of your brain.

A woman in a case like this is as exact as a devil coming to claim a soul he has purchased. When the clock strikes five, your wife's voice, too well known, alas! resounds in your ear: she accompanies the stroke, and says with an atrocious calmness, "Adolphe, it's five o'clock, get up, dear."

"Ye-e-e-s, ah-h-h-h!"

"Adolphe, you'll be too late for your business, you said so yourself."

"Ah-h-h-h, ye-e-e-e-s." You turn over in despair.

"Come, come, love. I got everything ready last night; now you must, my dear; do you want to miss him? There, up, I say; it's broad daylight."

Caroline throws off the blankets and gets up: she wants to show you that *she* can rise without making a fuss. She opens

the blinds, she lets in the sun, the morning air, the noise of the street, and then comes back.

"Why, Adolphe, you *must* get up! Who ever would have supposed you had no energy! But it's just like you men! I am only a poor, weak woman, but when I say a thing, I do it."

You get up grumbling, execrating the sacrament of marriage. There is not the slightest merit in your heroism; it wasn't you, but your wife, that got up. Caroline gets you everything you want with provoking promptitude; she foresees everything, she gives you a muffler in winter, a blue-striped cambric shirt in summer, she treats you like a child; you are still asleep, she dresses you and has all the trouble. She finally thrusts you out of doors. Without her nothing would go straight! She calls you back to give you a paper, a pocketbook, you had forgotten. You don't think of anything, she thinks of everything!

You return five hours afterwards to breakfast, between eleven and noon. The chambermaid is at the door, or on the stairs, or on the landing, talking with somebody's valet: she runs in on hearing or seeing you. Your servant is laying the cloth in a most leisurely style, stopping to look out of the window or to lounge, and coming and going like a person who knows he has plenty of time. You ask for your wife, supposing that she is up and dressed.

"Madame is still in bed," says the maid.

You find your wife languid, lazy, tired and asleep. She had been awake all night to wake you in the morning, so she went to bed again, and is quite hungry now.

You are the cause of all these disarrangements. If breakfast is not ready, she says it's because you went out. If she is not dressed, and if everything is in disorder, it's all your fault. For everything which goes awry she has this answer: "Well, you would get up so early!" "He would get up so early!" is the universal reason. She makes you go to bed early, because you got up early. She can do nothing all day, because you would get up so unusually early.

Eighteen months afterwards, she still maintains, "Without me, you would never get up!" To her friends she says, "My husband get up! If it weren't for me, he never *would* get up!"

To this a man whose hair is beginning to whiten, replies, "A graceful compliment to you, madame!" This slightly indelicate comment puts an end to her boasts.

This petty trouble, repeated several times, teaches you to live alone in the bosom of your family, not to tell all you know, and to have no confidant but yourself: and it often seems to you a question whether the inconveniences of the married state do not exceed its advantages.

Small Vexations.

You have made a transition from the frolicsome allegretto of the bachelor to the heavy andante of the father of a family.

Instead of that fine English steed prancing and snorting between the polished shafts of a tilbury as light as your own heart, and moving his glistening croup under the quadruple network of the reins and ribbons that you so skillfully manage with what grace and elegance the Champs Elysées can bear witness—you drive a good solid Norman horse with a steady, family gait.

You have learned what paternal patience is, and you let no opportunity slip of proving it. Your countenance, therefore, is serious.

By your side is a domestic, evidently for two purposes like the carriage. The vehicle is four-wheeled and hung upon English springs: it is corpulent and resembles a Rouen scow: it has glass windows, and an infinity of economical arrangements. It is a barouche in fine weather, and a brougham when it rains. It is apparently light, but, when six persons are in it, it is heavy and tires out your only horse.

On the back seat, spread out like flowers, is your young wife in full bloom, with her mother, a big marshmallow with a great many leaves. These two flowers of the female species

twitteringly talk of you, though the noise of the wheels and your attention to the horses, joined to your fatherly caution, prevent you from hearing what they say.

On the front seat, there is a nice tidy nurse holding a little girl in her lap: by her side is a boy in a red plaited shirt, who is continually leaning out of the carriage and climbing upon the cushions, and who has a thousand times drawn down upon himself those declarations of every mother, which he knows to be threats and nothing else: "Be a good boy, Adolphe, or else—" "I declare I'll never bring you again, so there!"

His mamma is secretly tired to death of this noisy little boy: he has provoked her twenty times, and twenty times the face of the little girl asleep has calmed her.

"I am his mother," she says to herself. And so she finally manages to keep her little Adolphe quiet.

You have put your triumphant idea of taking your family to ride into execution. You left your house in the morning, all the opposite neighbors having come to their windows, envying you the privilege which your means give you of going to the country and coming back again without undergoing the miseries of a public conveyance. So you have dragged your unfortunate Norman horse through Paris to Vincennes, from Vincennes to Saint Maur, from Saint Maur to Charenton, from Charenton opposite some island or other which struck your wife and mother-in-law as being prettier than all the landscapes through which you had driven them.

"Let's go to Maison's!" somebody exclaims.

So you go to Maison's, near Alfort. You come home by the left bank of the Seine, in the midst of a cloud of very black Olympian dust. The horse drags your family wearily along. But alas! your pride has fled, and you look without emotion upon his sunken flanks, and upon two bones which stick out on each side of his belly. His coat is roughened by the sweat which has repeatedly come out and dried upon him, and which, no less than the dust, has made him gummy, sticky and shaggy. The horse looks like a wrathy porcupine: you are afraid he will be foundered, and you caress him with the whip.

lash in a melancholy way that he perfectly understands, for he moves his head about like an omnibus horse, tired of his deplorable existence.

You think a good deal of this horse; you consider him an excellent one and he cost you twelve hundred francs. When a man has the honor of being the father of a family, he thinks as much of twelve hundred francs as you think of this horse. You see at once the frightful amount of your extra expenses, in case Coco should have to lie by. For two days you will have to take hackney coaches to go to your business. Your wife will pout if she can't go out: but she will go out, and take a carriage. The horse will cause the purchase of numerous extras, which you will find in your coachman's bill,—your only coachman, a model coachman, whom you watch as you do a model anybody.

To these thoughts you give expression in the gentle movement of the whip as it falls upon the animal's ribs, up to his knees in the black dust which lines the road in front of La Verrerie.

At this moment, little Adolphe, who doesn't know what to do in this rolling box, has sadly twisted himself up into a corner, and his grandmother anxiously asks him, "What is the matter?"

"I'm hungry," says the child.

"He's hungry," says the mother to her daughter.

"And why shouldn't he be hungry? It is half-past five, we are not at the barrier, and we started at two!"

"Your husband might have treated us to dinner in the country."

"He'd rather make his horse go a couple of leagues further, and get back to the house."

"The cook might have had the day to herself. But Adolphe is right, after all: it's cheaper to dine at home," adds the mother-in-law.

"Adolphe," exclaims your wife, stimulated by the word "cheaper," "we go so slow that I shall be seasick, and you keep driving right in this nasty dust. What are you thinking of? My gown and hat will be ruined!"

"Would you rather ruin the horse?" you ask, with the air of a man who can't be answered.

"Oh, no matter for your horse; just think of your son who is dying of hunger: he hasn't tasted a thing for seven hours. Whip up your old horse! One would really think you cared more for your nag than your child!"

You dare not give your horse a single crack with the whip, for he might still have vigor enough left to break into a gallop and run away.

"No, Adolphe tries to vex me, he's going slower," says the young wife to her mother. "My dear, go as slow as you like. But I know you'll say I am extravagant when you see me buying another hat."

Upon this you utter a series of remarks which are lost in the racket made by the wheels.

"What's the use of replying with reasons that haven't got an ounce of common-sense?" cries Caroline.

You talk, turning your face to the carriage and then turning back to the horse, to avoid an accident.

"That's right, run against somebody and tip us over, do, you'll be rid of us. Adolphe, your son is dying of hunger. See how pale he is!"

"But Caroline," puts in the mother-in-law, "he's doing the best he can."

Nothing annoys you so much as to have your mother-in-law take your part. She is a hypocrite and is delighted to see your quarreling with her daughter. Gently and with infinite precaution she throws oil on the fire.

When you arrive at the barrier, your wife is mute. She says not a word, she sits with her arms crossed, and will not look at you. You have neither soul, heart, nor sentiment. No one but you could have invented such a party of pleasure. If you are unfortunate enough to remind Caroline that it was she who insisted on the excursion, that morning, for her children's sake, and in behalf of her milk—she nurses the baby—you will be overwhelmed by an avalanche of frigid and stinging reproaches.

You bear it all so as "not to turn the milk of a nursing mother, for whose sake you must overlook some little things," as your atrocious mother-in-law whispers in your ear.

All the furies of Orestes are rankling in your heart.

In reply to the sacramental words pronounced by the officer of the customs, "Have you anything to declare?" your wife says, "I declare a great deal of ill-humor and dust."

She laughs, the officer laughs, and you feel a desire to tip your family into the Seine.

Unluckily for you, you suddenly remember the joyous and perverse young woman who wore a pink bonnet and who made merry in your tilbury six years before, as you passed this spot on your way to the chop-house on the river's bank. What a reminiscence! Was Madame Schontz anxious about babies, about her bonnet, the lace of which was torn to pieces in the bushes? No, she had no care for anything whatever, not even for her dignity, for she shocked the rustic police of Vincennes by the somewhat daring freedom of her style of dancing.

You return home, you have frantically hurried your Norman horse, and have neither prevented an indisposition of the animal, nor an indisposition of your wife.

That evening, Caroline has very little milk. If the baby cries and if your head is split in consequence, it is all your fault, as you preferred the health of your horse to that of your son who was dying of hunger, and of your daughter whose supper has disappeared in a discussion in which your wife was right, *as she always is.*

"Well, well," she says, "men are not mothers!"

As you leave the chamber, you hear your mother-in-law consoling her daughter by these terrible words: "Come, be calm, Caroline: that's the way with them all: they are a selfish lot: your father was just like that!"

The Ultimatum.

It is eight o'clock; you make your appearance in the bedroom of your wife. There is a brilliant light. The chamber-

maid and the cook hover lightly about. The furniture is covered with dresses and flowers tried on and laid aside.

The hair-dresser is there, an artist par excellence, a sovereign authority, at once nobody and everything. You hear the other domestics going and coming: orders are given and recalled, errands are well or ill performed. The disorder is at its height. This chamber is a studio from whence is to issue a parlor Venus.

Your wife desires to be the fairest at the ball which you are to attend. Is it still for your sake, or only for herself, or is it for somebody else? Serious questions these.

The idea does not even occur to you.

You are squeezed, hampered, harnessed in your ball accoutrement: you count your steps as you walk, you look around, you observe, you contemplate talking business on neutral ground with a stock-broker, a notary or a banker, to whom you would not like to give an advantage over you by calling at their house.

A singular fact which all have probably observed, but the causes of which can hardly be determined, is the peculiar repugnance which men dressed and ready to go to a party have for discussions or to answer questions. At the moment of starting, there are few husbands who are not taciturn and profoundly absorbed in reflections which vary with their characters. Those who reply give curt and peremptory answers.

But women, at this time, are exceedingly aggravating. They consult you, they ask your advice upon the best way of concealing the stem of a rose, of giving a graceful fall to a bunch of briar, or a happy turn to a scarf. As a neat English expression has it, "they fish for compliments," and sometimes for better than compliments.

A boy just out of school would discern the motive concealed behind the willows of these pretexts: but your wife is so well known to you, and you have so often playfully joked upon her moral and physical perfections, that you are harsh enough to give your opinion briefly and conscientiously: you thus

She goes on exhibiting herself with all her little airs setting herself off like a fine peach magnificently exhibited in a fruiterer's window.
(Caroline and Adolphe)

force Caroline to put that decisive question, so cruel to women, even those who have been married twenty years:

"So I don't suit you then?"

Drawn upon the true ground by this inquiry, you bestow upon her such little compliments as you can spare and which are, as it were, the small change, the sous, the liards of your purse.

"The best gown you ever wore!" "I never saw you so well dressed." "Blue, pink, yellow, cherry [take your pick], becomes you charmingly." "Your head-dress is quite original." "As you go in, every one will admire you." "You will not only be the prettiest, but the best dressed." "They'll all be mad not to have your taste." "Beauty is a natural gift: taste is like intelligence, a thing that we may be proud of."

"Do you think so? Are you in earnest, Adolphe?"

Your wife is coquetting with you. She chooses this moment to force from you your pretended opinion of one and another of her friends, and to insinuate the price of the articles of her dress you so much admire. Nothing is too dear to please you. She sends the cook out of the room.

"Let's go," you say.

She sends the chambermaid out after having dismissed the hair-dresser, and begins to turn round and round before her glass, showing off to you her most glorious beauties.

"Let's go," you say.

"You are in a hurry," she returns.

And she goes on exhibiting herself with all her little airs, setting herself off like a fine peach magnificently exhibited in a fruiterer's window. But since you have dined rather heartily, you kiss her upon the forehead merely, not feeling able to countersign your opinions. Caroline becomes serious.

The carriage waits. All the household looks at Caroline as she goes out: she is the masterpiece to which all have contributed, and everybody admires the common work.

Your wife departs highly satisfied with herself, but a good deal displeased with you. She proceeds loftily to the ball, just as a picture, caressed by the painter and minutely

retouched in the studio, is sent to the annual exhibition in the vast bazaar of the Louvre. Your wife, alas! sees fifty women handsomer than herself: they have invented dresses of the most extravagant price, and more or less original: and that which happens at the Louvre to the masterpiece, happens to the object of feminine labor: your wife's dress seems pale by the side of another very much like it, but the livelier color of which crushes it. Caroline is nobody, and is hardly noticed. When there are sixty handsome women in a room, the sentiment of beauty is lost, beauty is no longer appreciated. Your wife becomes a very ordinary affair. The petty stratagem of her smile, made perfect by practice, has no meaning in the midst of countenances of noble expression, of self-possessed women of lofty presence. She is completely put down, and no one asks her to dance. She tries to force an expression of pretended satisfaction, but, as she is not satisfied, she hears people say, "Madame Adolphe is looking very ill to-night." Women hypocritically ask her if she is indisposed and "Why don't you dance?" They have a whole catalogue of malicious remarks veneered with sympathy and electroplated with charity, enough to damn a saint, to make a monkey serious, and to give the devil the shudders.

You, who are innocently playing cards or walking backwards and forwards, and so have not seen one of the thousand pin-pricks with which your wife's self-love has been tattooed, you come and ask her in a whisper, "What is the matter?"

"Order *my* carriage!"

This *my* is the consummation of marriage. For two years she has said *"my husband's* carriage," *"the* carriage," *"our* carriage," and now she says *"my* carriage."

You are in the midst of a game, you say, somebody wants his revenge, or you must get your money back.

Here, Adolphe, we allow that you have sufficient strength of mind to say yes, to disappear, and *not* to order the carriage.

You have a friend, you send him to dance with your wife, for you have commenced a system of concessions which will ruin you. You already dimly perceive the advantage of a friend.

Finally, you order the carriage. Your wife gets in with concentrated rage, she hurls herself into a corner, covers her face with her hood, crosses her arms under her pelisse, and says not a word.

O husbands! learn this fact; you may, at this fatal moment, repair and redeem everything: and never does the impetuosity of lovers who have been caressing each other the whole evening with flaming gaze fail to do it! Yes, you can bring her home in triumph, she has now nobody but you, you have one more chance, that of taking your wife by storm! But no, idiot, stupid and indifferent that you are, you ask her, "What is the matter?"

Axiom.—*A husband should always know what is the matter with his wife, for she always knows what is not.*

"I'm cold," she says.

"The ball was splendid."

"Pooh! nobody of distinction! People have the mania, nowadays, to invite all Paris into a hole. There were women even on the stairs: their gowns were horribly smashed, and mine is ruined."

"We had a good time."

"Ah, you men, you play and that's the whole of it. Once married, you care about as much for your wives as a lion does for the fine arts."

"How changed you are; you were so gay, so happy, so charming when we arrived."

"Oh, you never understand us women. I begged you to go home, and you left me there, as if a woman ever did anything without a reason. You are not without intelligence, but now and then you are so queer I don't know what you are thinking about."

Once upon this footing, the quarrel becomes more bitter. When you give your wife your hand to lift her from the carriage, you grasp a woman of wood: she gives you a "thank

you" which puts you in the same rank as her servant. You understood your wife no better before than you do after the ball: you find it difficult to follow her, for instead of going up stairs, she flies up. The rupture is complete.

The chambermaid is involved in your disgrace: she is received with blunt No's and Yes's, as dry as Brussells rusks, which she swallows with a slanting glance at you. "Monsieur's always doing these things," she mutters.

You alone might have changed Madame's temper. She goes to bed; she has her revenge to take: you did not comprehend her. Now she does not comprehend you. She deposits herself on her side of the bed in the most hostile and offensive posture: she is wrapped up in her chemise, in her sack, in her night-cap, like a bale of clocks packed for the East Indies. She says neither good-night, nor good-day, nor dear, nor Adolphe: you don't exist, you are a bag of wheat.

Your Caroline, so enticing five hours before in this very chamber where she frisked about like an eel, is now a junk of lead. Were you the Tropical Zone in person, astride of the Equator, you could not melt the ice of this little personified Switzerland that pretends to be asleep, and who could freeze you from head to foot, if she liked. Ask her one hundred times what is the matter with her, Switzerland replies by an ultimatum, like the Diet or the Conference of London.

Nothing is the matter with her: she is tired: she is going to sleep.

The more you insist, the more she erects bastions of ignorance, the more she isolates herself by chevaux-de-frise. If you get impatient, Caroline begins to dream! You grumble, you are lost.

Axiom.—*Inasmuch as women are always willing and able to explain their strong points, they leave us to guess at their weak ones.*

Caroline will perhaps also condescend to assure you that she does not feel well. But she laughs in her night-cap when

you have fallen asleep, and hurls imprecations upon your slumbering body.

Women's Logic.

You imagine you have married a creature endowed with reason: you are wofully mistaken, my friend.

Axiom.—*Sensitive beings are not sensible beings.*

Sentiment is not argument, reason is not pleasure, and pleasure is certainly not a reason.

"Oh! sir!" she says.

Reply "Ah! yes! Ah!" You must bring forth this "ah!" from the very depths of your thoracic cavern, as you rush in a rage from the house, or return, confounded, to your study.

Why? How? Who has conquered, killed, overthrown you! Your wife's logic, which is not the logic of Aristotle, nor that of Ramus, nor that of Kant, nor that of Condillac, nor that of Robespierre, nor that of Napoleon: but which partakes of the character of all these logics, and which we must call the universal logic of women, the logic of English women as it is that of Italian women, of the women of Normandy and Brittany (ah, these last are unsurpassed!), of the women of Paris, in short, that of the women in the moon, if there are women in that nocturnal land, with which the women of the earth have an evident understanding, angels that they are!

The discussion began after breakfast. Discussions can never take place in a household save at this hour. A man could hardly have a discussion with his wife in bed, even if he wanted to: she has too many advantages over him, and can too easily reduce him to silence. On leaving the nuptial chamber with a pretty woman in it, a man is apt to be hungry, if he is young. Breakfast is usually a cheerful meal, and cheerfulness is not given to argument. In short, you do not open the business till you have had your tea or your coffee.

You have taken it into your head, for instance, to send your son to school. All fathers are hypocrites and are never willing to confess that their own flesh and blood is very troublesome when it walks about on two legs, lays its dare-devil hands on everything, and is everywhere at once like a frisky pollywog. Your son barks, mews, and sings: he breaks, smashes and soils the furniture, and furniture is dear: he makes toys of everything, he scatters your papers, and he cuts paper dolls out of the morning's newspaper before you have read it.

His mother says to him, referring to anything of yours: "Take it!" but in reference to anything of hers she says: "Take care!"

She cunningly lets him have your things that she may be left in peace. Her bad faith as a good mother seeks shelter behind her child, your son is her accomplice. Both are leagued against you like Robert Macaire and Bertrand against the subscribers to their joint stock company. The boy is an axe with which foraging excursions are performed in your domains. He goes either boldly or slyly to maraud in your wardrobe: he reappears caparisoned in the drawers you laid aside that morning, and brings to the light of day many articles condemned to solitary confinement. He brings the elegant Madame Fischtaminel, a friend whose good graces you cultivate, your girdle for checking corpulency, bits of cosmetic for dyeing your moustache, old waistcoats discolored at the arm-holes, stockings slightly soiled at the heels and somewhat yellow at the toes. It is quite impossible to remark that these stains are caused by the leather!

Your wife looks at your friend and laughs; you dare not be angry, so you laugh too, but what a laugh! The unfortunate all know that laugh.

Your son, moreover, gives you a cold sweat, if your razors happen to be out of their place. If you are angry, the little rebel laughs and shows his two rows of pearls: if you scold him, he cries. His mother rushes in! And what a mother she is! A mother who will detest you if you don't give him the razor! With women there is no middle ground; a man is either a monster or a model.

At certain times you perfectly understand Herod and his famous decrees relative to the Massacre of the Innocents, which have only been surpassed by those of the good Charles X!

Your wife has returned to her sofa, you walk up and down, you stop, and you boldly introduce the subject by this interjectional remark:

"Caroline, we must send Charles to boarding school."

"Charles cannot go to boarding school," she returns in a mild tone.

"Charles is six years old, the age at which a boy's education begins."

"In the first place," she replies, "it begins at seven. The royal princes are handed over to their governor by their governess when they are seven. That's the law and the prophets. I don't see why you shouldn't apply to the children of private people the rule laid down for the children of princes. Is your son more forward than theirs? The king of Rome—"

"The king of Rome is not a case in point."

"What! Is not the king of Rome the son of the Emperor? [Here she changes the subject.] Well, I declare, you accuse the Empress, do you? Why, Doctor Dubois himself was present, besides—"

"I said nothing of the kind."

"How you do interrupt, Adolphe."

"I say that the king of Rome [here you begin to raise your voice] the king of Rome, who was hardly four years old when he left France, is no example for us."

"That doesn't prevent the fact of the Duke de Bordeaux's having been placed in the hands of the Duke de Rivière, his tutor, at seven years." [Logic.]

"The case of the young Duke of Bordeaux is different."

"Then you confess that a boy can't be sent to school before he is seven years old?" she says with emphasis. [More logic.]

"No, my dear, I don't confess that at all. There is a great deal of difference between private and public education."

"That's precisely why I don't want to send Charles to school yet. He ought to be much stronger than he is, to go there."

"Charles is very strong for his age."

"Charles? That's the way with men! Why, Charles has a very weak constitution; he takes after you. [Here she changes from *tu* to *vous*.] But if you are determined to get rid of your son, why put him out to board, of course. I have noticed for some time that the dear child annoys you."

"Annoys me? The idea! But we are answerable for our children, are we not? It is time Charles' education was began: he is getting very bad habits here, he obeys no one, he thinks himself perfectly free to do as he likes, he hits everybody and nobody dares to hit him back. He ought to be placed in the midst of his equals, or he will grow up with the most detestable temper."

"Thank you: so I am bringing Charles up badly!"

"I did not say that: but you will always have excellent reasons for keeping him at home."

Here the *vous* becomes reciprocal and the discussion takes a bitter turn on both sides. Your wife is very willing to wound you by saying *vous*, but she feels cross when it becomes mutual.

"The long and the short of it is that you want to get my child away, you find that he is between us, you are jealous of your son, you want to tyrannize over me at your ease, and you sacrifice your boy! Oh, I am smart enough to see through you!"

"You make me out like Abraham with his knife! One would think there were no such things as schools! So the schools are empty; nobody sends their children to school!"

"You are trying to make me appear ridiculous," she retorts. "I know that there are schools well enough, but people don't send boys of six there, and Charles shall not start now."

"Don't get angry, my dear."

"As if I ever did get angry! I am a woman and know how to suffer in silence."

"Come, let us reason together."

"You have talked nonsense enough."

"It is time that Charles should learn to read and write;

later in life, he would find difficulties sufficient to disgust him."

Here, you talk for ten minutes without interruption, and you close with an appealing "Well?" armed with an intonation which suggests an interrogation point of the most crooked kind.

"Well!" she replies, "it is not yet time for Charles to go to school."

You have gained nothing at all.

"But, my dear, Monsieur Deschars certainly sent his little Julius to school at six years. Go and examine the schools and you will find lots of little boys of six there."

You talk for ten minutes more without the slightest interruption, and when you ejaculate another "Well?"

"Little Julius Deschars came home with chilblains," she says.

"But Charles has chilblains here."

"Never," she replies, proudly.

In a quarter of an hour, the main question is blocked by a side discussion on this point: "Has Charles had chilblains or not?"

You bandy contradictory allegations; you no longer believe each other; you must appeal to a third party.

Axiom.—*Every household has its Court of Appeals which takes no notice of the merits, but judges matters of form only.*

The nurse is sent for. She comes, and decides in favor of your wife. It is fully decided that Charles has never had chilblains.

Caroline glances triumphantly at you and utters these monstrous words: "There, you see Charles can't possibly go to school!"

You go out breathless with rage. There is no earthly means of convincing your wife that there is not the slightest reason for your son's not going to school in the fact that he has never had chilblains.

That evening, after dinner, you hear this atrocious creature finishing a long conversation with a woman with these words: "He wanted to send Charles to school, but I made him see that he would have to wait."

Some husbands, at a conjuncture like this, burst out before everybody; their wives take their revenge six weeks after, but the husbands gain this by it, that Charles is sent to school the very day he gets into any mischief. Other husbands break the crockery, and keep their rage to themselves. The knowing ones say nothing and bide their time.

A woman's logic is exhibited in this way upon the slightest occasion, about a promenade or the proper place to put a sofa. This logic is extremely simple, inasmuch as it consists in never expressing but one idea, that which contains the expression of their will. Like everything pertaining to female nature, this system may be resolved into two algebraic terms—Yes: No. There are also certain little movements of the head which mean so much that they may take the place of either.

The Jesuitism of Women.

The most jesuitical Jesuit of Jesuits is yet a thousand times less jesuitical than the least jesuitical woman,—so you may judge what Jesuits women are! They are so jesuitical that the cunningest Jesuit himself could never guess to what extent of jesuitism a woman may go, for there are a thousand ways of being jesuitical, and a woman is such an adroit Jesuit, that she has the knack of being a Jesuit without having a jesuitical look. You can rarely, though you can sometimes, prove to a Jesuit that he is one: but try once to demonstrate to a woman that she acts or talks like a Jesuit. She would be cut to pieces rather than confess herself one.

She, a Jesuit! the very soul of honor and loyalty! She, a Jesuit! What do you mean by "Jesuit"? She does not know what a Jesuit is: what is a Jesuit? She has never seen or heard of a Jesuit! It's you who are a Jesuit! And she proves with jesuitical demonstration that you are a subtle Jesuit.

Here is one of the thousand examples of a woman's jesuitism, and this example constitutes the most terrible of the petty troubles of married life; it is perhaps the most serious.

Induced by a desire the thousandth time expressed by Caroline, who complained that she had to go on foot or that she could not buy a new hat, a new parasol, a new dress, or any other article of dress, often enough:

That she could not dress her baby as a sailor, as a lancer, as an artilleryman of the National Guard, as a Highlander with naked legs and a cap and feather, in a jacket, in a roundabout, in a velvet sack, in boots, in trousers: that she could not buy him toys enough, nor mechanical moving mice and Noah's Arks enough:

That she could not return Madame Deschars or Madame de Fischtaminel their civilities, a ball, a party, a dinner: nor take a private box at the theatre, thus avoiding the necessity of sitting cheek by jowl with men who are either too polite or not enough so, and of calling a cab at the close of the performance; apropos of which she thus discourses:

"You think it cheaper, but you are mistaken: men are all the same! I soil my shoes, I spoil my hat, my shawl gets wet and my silk stockings get muddy. You economize twenty francs by not having a carriage,—no not twenty, sixteen, for you pay four for the cab—and you lose fifty francs' worth of dress, besides being wounded in your pride on seeing a faded bonnet on my head: you don't see why it's faded, but it's those horrid cabs. I say nothing of the annoyance of being tumbled and jostled by a crowd of men, for it seems you don't care for that!"

That she could not buy a piano instead of hiring one, nor keep up with the fashions; (there are some women, she says, who have all the new styles, but just think what they give in return! She would rather throw herself out of the window than imitate them! She loves you too much. Here she sheds tears. She does not understand such women). That she could not ride in the Champs Elysées, stretched out in her own carriage, like Madame de Fischtaminel. (There's a

woman who understands life: and who has a well-taught, well-disciplined and very contented husband: his wife would go through fire and water for him!)

Finally, beaten in a thousand conjugal scenes, beaten by the most logical arguments (the late logicians Tripier and Merlin were nothing to her, as the preceding chapter has sufficiently shown you), beaten by the most tender caresses, by tears, by your own words turned against you, for under circumstances like these, a woman lies in wait in her house like a jaguar in the jungle; she does not appear to listen to you, or to heed you; but if a single word, a wish, a gesture, escapes you, she arms herself with it, she whets it to an edge, she brings it to bear upon you a hundred times over; beaten by such graceful tricks as "If you will do so and so, I will do this and that;" for women, in these cases, become greater bargainers than the Jews and Greeks (those, I mean, who sell perfumes and little girls), than the Arabs (those, I mean, who sell little boys and horses), greater higglers than the Swiss and the Genevese, than bankers, and, what is worse than all, than the Genoese!

Finally, beaten in a manner which may be called beaten, you determine to risk a certain portion of your capital in a business undertaking. One evening, at twilight, seated side by side, or some morning on awakening, while Caroline, half asleep, a pink bud in her white linen, her face smiling in her lace, is beside you, you say to her, "You want this, you say, or you want that: you told me this or you told me that:" in short, you hastily enumerate the numberless fancies by which she has over and over again broken your heart, for there is nothing more dreadful than to be unable to satisfy the desires of a beloved wife, and you close with these words:

"Well, my dear, an opportunity offers of quintupling a hundred thousand francs, and I have decided to make the venture."

She is wide awake now, she sits up in bed, and gives you a kiss, ah! this time, a real good one!

"You are a dear boy!" is her first word.

We will not mention her last, for it is an enormous and unpronounceable onomatope.

"Now," she says, "tell me all about it."

You try to explain the nature of the affair. But in the first place, women do not understand business, and in the next they do not wish to seem to understand it. Your dear, delighted Caroline says you were wrong to take her desires, her groans, her sighs for new dresses, in earnest. She is afraid of your venture, she is frightened at the directors, the shares, and above all at the running expenses, and doesn't exactly see where the dividend comes in.

Axiom.—*Women are always afraid of things that have to be divided.*

In short, Caroline suspects a trap: but she is delighted to know that she can have her carriage, her box, the numerous styles of dress for her baby, and the rest. While dissuading you from engaging in the speculation, she is visibly glad to see you investing your money in it.

First Period.—"Oh, I am the happiest woman on the face of the earth! Adolphe has just gone into the most splendid venture. I am going to have a carriage, oh! ever so much handsomer than Madame de Fischtaminel's; hers is out of fashion. Mine will have curtains with fringes. My horses shall be mouse-colored, hers are bay,—they are as common as coppers."

"What is this venture, madame?"

"Oh, it's splendid—the stock is going up; he explained it to me before he went into it, for Adolphe never does anything without consulting me."

"You are very fortunate."

"Marriage would be intolerable without entire confidence, and Adolphe tells me everything."

Thus, Adolphe, you are the best husband in Paris, you are adorable, you are a man of genius, you are all heart, an angel. You are petted to an uncomfortable degree. You bless the marriage tie. Caroline extols men, calling them "kings of

creation," women were made for them, man is naturally generous, and matrimony is a delightful institution.

For three, sometimes six, months, Caroline executes the most brilliant concertos and solos upon this delicious theme: "I shall be rich! I shall have a thousand a month for my dress: I am going to keep my carriage!"

If your son is alluded to, it is merely to ask about the school to which he shall be sent.

Second Period.—"Well, dear, how is your business getting on?—What has become of it?—How about that speculation which was to give me a carriage, and other things?—It is high time that affair should come to something.—It is a good while cooking.—When *will* it begin to pay? Is the stock going up?—There's nobody like you for hitting upon ventures that never amount to anything."

One day she says to you, "Is there really an affair?"

If you mention it eight or ten months after, she returns:

"Ah! Then there really *is* an affair!"

This woman, whom you thought dull, begins to show signs of extraordinary wit, when her object is to make fun of you. During this period, Caroline maintains a compromising silence when people speak of you, or else she speaks disparagingly of men in general: "Men are not what they seem: to find them out you must try them." "Marriage has its good and its bad points." "Men never can finish anything."

Third Period.—*Catastrophe.*—This magnificent affair which was to yield five hundred per cent, in which the most cautious, the best informed persons took part—peers, deputies, bankers—all of them Knights of the Legion of Honor—this venture has been obliged to liquidate! The most sanguine expect to get ten per cent of their capital back. You are discouraged.

Caroline has often said to you, "Adolphe, what is the matter? Adolphe, there is something wrong."

Finally, you acquaint Caroline with the fatal result: she begins by consoling you.

"One hundred thousand francs lost! We shall have to practice the strictest economy," you imprudently add.

The jesuitism of woman bursts out at this word "economy." It sets fire to the magazine.

"Ah! that's what comes of speculating! How is it that *you, ordinarily so prudent,* could go and risk a hundred thousand francs! *You know I was against it from the beginning!* BUT YOU WOULD NOT LISTEN TO ME!"

Upon this, the discussion grows bitter.

You are good for nothing—you have no business capacity; women alone take clear views of things. You have risked your children's bread, though she tried to dissuade you from it.—You cannot say it was for her. Thank God, she has nothing to reproach herself with. A hundred times a month she alludes to your disaster: "If my husband had not thrown away his money in such and such a scheme, I could have had this and that." "The next time you want to go into an affair, perhaps you'll consult me!" Adolphe is accused and convicted of having foolishly lost one hundred thousand francs, without an object in view, like a dolt, and without having consulted his wife. Caroline advises her friends not to marry. She complains of the incapacity of men who squander the fortunes of their wives. Caroline is vindictive, she makes herself generally disagreeable. Pity Adolphe! Lament, ye husbands! O bachelors, rejoice and be exceeding glad!

MEMORIES AND REGRETS.

After several years of wedded life, your love has become so placid, that Caroline sometimes tries, in the evening, to wake you up by various little coquettish phrases. There is about you a certain calmness and tranquillity which always exasperates a lawful wife. Women see in it a sort of insolence: they look upon the indifference of happiness as the fatuity of confidence, for of course they never imagine their inestimable qualities can be regarded with disdain: their virtue is therefore enraged at being so cordially trusted in.

In this situation, which is what every couple must come to, and which both husband and wife must expect, no husband dares confess that the constant repetition of the same dish has become wearisome; but his appetite certainly requires the condiments of dress, the ideas excited by absence, the stimulus of an imaginary rivalry.

In short, at this period, you walk very comfortably with your wife on your arm, without pressing hers against your heart with the solicitous and watchful cohesion of a miser grasping his treasure. You gaze carelessly round upon the curiosities in the street, leading your wife in a loose and distracted way, as if you were towing a Norman scow. Come now, be frank! If, on passing your wife, an admirer were gently to press her, accidentally or purposely, would you have the slightest desire to discover his motives? Besides, you say, no woman would seek to bring about a quarrel for such a trifle. Confess this, too, that the expression "such a trifle" is exceedingly flattering to both of you.

You are in this position, but you have as yet proceeded no farther. Still, you have a horrible thought which you bury in the depths of your heart and conscience: Caroline has not come up to your expectations. Caroline has imperfections, which, during the high tides of the honey-moon, were concealed under the water, but which the ebb of the gall-moon has laid bare. You have several times run against these breakers, your hopes have been often shipwrecked upon them, more than once your desires—those of a young marrying man —(where, alas, is that time!) have seen their richly laden gondolas go to pieces there: the flower of the cargo went to the bottom, the ballast of marriage remained. In short, to make use of a colloquial expression, as you talk over your marriage with yourself you say, as you look at Caroline, *"She is not what I took her to be!"*

Some evening, at a ball, in society, at a friend's house, no matter where, you meet a sublime young woman, beautiful, intellectual and kind: with a soul, oh! a soul of celestial purity, and of miraculous beauty! Yes, there is that unchangeable

oval cut of face, those features which time will never impair, that graceful and thoughtful brow. The unknown is rich, well-educated, of noble birth: she will always be what she should be, she knows when to shine, when to remain in the background: she appears in all her glory and power, the being you have dreamed of, your wife that should have been, she whom you feel you could love forever. She would always have flattered your little vanities, she would understand and admirably serve your interests. She is tender and gay, too, this young lady who reawakens all your better feelings, who rekindles your slumbering desires.

You look at Caroline with gloomy despair, and here are the phantom-like thoughts which tap, with the wings of a bat, the beak of a vulture, the body of a death's-head moth, upon the walls of the palace, in which, enkindled by desire, glows your brain like a lamp of gold:

First Stanza. Ah, dear me, why did I get married? Fatal idea! I allowed myself to be caught by a small amount of cash. And is it really over? Cannot I have another wife? Ah, the Turks manage things better! It is plain enough that the author of the Koran lived in the desert!

Second Stanza. My wife is sick, she sometimes coughs in the morning. If it is the design of Providence to remove her from the world, let it be speedily done for her sake and for mine. The angel has lived long enough.

Third Stanza. I am a monster! Caroline is the mother of my children!

You go home, that night, in a carriage with your wife: you think her perfectly horrible: she speaks to you, but you answer in monosyllables. She says, "What is the matter?" and you answer, "Nothing." She coughs, you advise her to see the doctor in the morning. Medicine has its hazards.

Fourth Stanza. I have been told that a physician, poorly paid by the heirs of his deceased patient, imprudently exclaimed, "What! they cut down my bill, when they owe me forty thousand a year." I would not haggle over fees!

"Caroline," you say to her aloud, "you must take care of yourself; cross your shawl, be prudent, my darling angel."

Your wife is delighted with you since you seem to take such an interest in her. While she is preparing to retire, you lie stretched out upon the sofa. You contemplate the divine apparition which opens to you the ivory portals of your castles in the air. Delicious ecstasy! 'Tis the sublime young woman that you see before you! She is as white as the sail of the treasure-laden galleon as it enters the harbor of Cadiz. Your wife, happy in your admiration, now understands your former taciturnity. You still see, with closed eyes, the sublime young woman; she is the burden of your thoughts, and you say aloud:

Fifth and Last Stanza. Divine! Adorable! Can there be another woman like her? Rose of Night! Column of ivory! Celestial maiden! Morning and Evening Star!

Every one says his prayers; you have said four.

The next morning, your wife is delightful, she coughs no more, she has no need of a doctor; if she dies, it will be of good health; you launched four maledictions upon her, in the name of your sublime young woman, and four times she blessed you for it. Caroline does not know that in the depths of your heart there wriggles a little red fish like a crocodile, concealed beneath conjugal love like the other would be hid in a basin.

A few days before, your wife had spoken of you in rather equivocal terms to Madame de Fischtaminel: your fair friend comes to visit her, and Caroline compromises you by a long and humid gaze; she praises you and says she never was happier.

You rush out in a rage, you are beside yourself, and are glad to meet a friend, that you may work off your bile.

"Don't you ever marry, George; it's better to see your heirs carrying away your furniture while the death-rattle is in your throat, better to go through an agony of two hours without

a drop to cool your tongue, better to be assassinated by inquiries about your will by a nurse like the one in Henry Monnier's terrible picture of a 'Bachelor's Last Moments!' Never marry under any pretext!"

Fortunately you see the sublime young woman no more. You are saved from the tortures to which a criminal passion was leading you. You fall back again into the purgatory of your married bliss; but you begin to be attentive to Madame de Fischtaminel, with whom you were dreadfully in love, without being able to get near her, while you were a bachelor.

Observations.

When you have arrived at this point in the latitude or longitude of the matrimonial ocean, there appears a slight chronic, intermittent affection, not unlike the toothache. Here, I see, you stop me to ask, "How are we to find the longitude in this sea? When can a husband be sure he has attained this nautical point? And can the danger be avoided?"

You may arrive at this point, look you, as easily after ten months as ten years of wedlock; it depends upon the speed of the vessel, its style of rigging, upon the trade winds, the force of the currents, and especially upon the composition of the crew. You have this advantage over the mariner, that he has but one method of calculating his position, while husbands have at least a thousand of reckoning theirs.

Example: Caroline, your late darling, your late treasure, who is now merely your humdrum wife, leans much too heavily upon your arm while walking on the boulevard, or else says it is much more elegant not to take your arm at all;

Or else she notices men, older or younger as the case may be, dressed with more or less taste, whereas she formerly saw no one whatever, though the sidewalk was black with hats and traveled by more boots than slippers;

Or, when you come home, she says, "It's no one but my husband:" instead of saying "Ah! 'tis Adolphe!" as she used

to say with a gesture, a look, an accent which caused her admirers to think, "Well, here's a happy woman at last!" This last exclamation of a woman is suitable for two eras,—first, while she is sincere; second, while she is hypocritical, with her "Ah! 'tis Adolphe!" When she exclaims, "It's only my husband," she no longer deigns to play a part.

Or, if you come home somewhat late—at eleven, or at midnight—you find her—snoring! Odious symptom!

Or else she puts on her stockings in your presence. Among English couples, this never happens but once in a lady's married life; the next day she leaves for the Continent with some captain or other, and no longer thinks of putting on her stockings at all.

Or else—but let us stop here.

This is intended for the use of mariners and husbands who are weatherwise.

The Matrimonial Gadfly.

Very well! In this degree of longitude, not far from a tropical sign upon the name of which good taste forbids us to make a jest at once coarse and unworthy of this thoughtful work, a horrible little annoyance appears, ingeniously called the Matrimonial Gadfly, the most provoking of all gnats, mosquitoes, blood-suckers, fleas and scorpions, for no net was ever yet invented that could keep it off. The gadfly does not immediately sting you; it begins by buzzing in your ears, and *you do not at first know what it is.*

Thus, apropos of nothing, in the most natural way in the world, Caroline says: "Madame Deschars had a lovely dress on, yesterday."

"She is a woman of taste," returns Adolphe, though he is far from thinking so.

"Her husband gave it to her," resumes Caroline, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Ah!"

"Yes, a four hundred franc dress! It's the very finest quality of velvet."

"Four hundred francs!" cries Adolphe, striking the attitude of the apostle Thomas.

"But then there are two extra breadths and enough for a high waist!"

"Monsieur Deschars does things on a grand scale," replies Adolphe, taking refuge in a jest.

"All men don't pay such attentions to their wives," says Caroline, curtly.

"What attentions?"

"Why, Adolphe, thinking of extra breadths and of a waist to make the dress good again, when it is no longer fit to be worn low in the neck."

Adolphe says to himself, "Caroline wants a dress."

Poor man!

Some time afterward, Monsieur Deschars furnishes his wife's chamber anew. Then he has his wife's diamonds set in the prevailing fashion. Monsieur Deschars never goes out without his wife, and never allows his wife to go out without offering her his arm.

If you bring Caroline anything, no matter what, it is never equal to what Monsieur Deschars has done. If you allow yourself the slightest gesture or expression a little livelier than usual, if you speak a little bit loud, you hear the hissing and viper-like remark:

"You wouldn't see Monsieur Deschars behaving like this! Why don't you take Monsieur Deschars for a model?"

In short, this idiotic Monsieur Deschars is forever looming up in your household on every conceivable occasion.

The expression—"Do you suppose Monsieur Deschars ever allows himself"—is a sword of Damocles, or what is worse, a Damocles pin: and your self-love is the cushion into which your wife is constantly sticking it, pulling it out, and sticking it in again, under a variety of unforeseen pretexts, at the same time employing the most winning terms of endearment, and with the most agreeable little ways.

Adolphe, stung till he finds himself tattooed, finally does what is done by police authorities, by officers of government, by military tacticians. He casts his eye on Madame de Fischtaminel, who is still young, elegant and a little bit coquettish, and places her (this had been the rascal's intention for some time) like a blister upon Caroline's extremely ticklish skin.

O you, who often exclaim, "I don't know what *is* the matter with my wife!" you will kiss this page of transcendent philosophy, for you will find in it *the key to every woman's character!* But as to knowing women as well as I know them, it will not be knowing them much; they don't know themselves! In fact, as you well know, God was Himself mistaken in the only one that He attempted to manage and to whose manufacture He had given personal attention.

Caroline is very willing to sting Adolphe at all hours, but this privilege of letting a wasp off now and then upon one's consort (the legal term), is exclusively reserved to the wife. Adolphe is a monster if he starts off a single fly at Caroline. On her part, it is a delicious joke, a new jest to enliven their married life, and one dictated by the purest intentions; while on Adolphe's part, it is a piece of cruelty worthy a Carib, a disregard of his wife's heart, and a deliberate plan to give her pain. But that is nothing.

"So you are really in love with Madame de Fischtaminel?" Caroline asks. "What is there so seductive in the mind or the manners of the spider?"

"Why, Caroline—"

"Oh, don't undertake to deny your eccentric taste," she returns, checking a negation on Adolphe's lips. "I have long seen that you prefer that Maypole [Madame de Fischtaminel is thin] to me. Very well! go on; you will soon see the difference."

Do you understand? You cannot suspect Caroline of the slightest inclination for Monsieur Deschars, a low, fat, red-faced man, formerly a notary, while you are in love with Madame de Fischtaminel! Then Caroline, the Caroline whose

simplicity caused you such agony, Caroline who has become familiar with society, Caroline becomes acute and witty: you have two gadflies instead of one.

The next day she asks you, with a charming air of interest, "How are you coming on with Madame de Fischtaminel?"

When you go out, she says: "Go and drink something calming, my dear." For, in their anger with a rival, all women, duchesses even, will use invectives, and even venture into the domain of Billingsgate; they make an offensive weapon of anything and everything.

To try to convince Caroline that she is mistaken and that you are indifferent to Madame de Fischtaminel, would cost you dear. This is a blunder that no sensible man commits; he would lose his power and spike his own guns.

Oh! Adolphe, you have arrived unfortunately at that season so ingeniously called the *Indian Summer of Marriage.*

You must now—pleasing task!—win your wife, your Caroline, over again, seize her by the waist again, and become the best of husbands by trying to guess at things to please her, so as to act according to her whims instead of according to your will. This is the whole question henceforth.

Hard Labor.

Let us admit this, which, in our opinion, is a truism made as good as new:

Axiom.—*Most men have some of the wit required by a difficult position, when they have not the whole of it.*

As for those husbands who are not up to their situation, it is impossible to consider their case here: without any struggle whatever they simply enter the numerous class of the *Resigned.*

Adolphe says to himself: "Women are children: offer them a lump of sugar, and you will easily get them to dance all the dances that greedy children dance; but you must always

have a sugar plum in hand, hold it up pretty high, and—take care that their fancy for sweetmeats does not leave them. Parisian women—and Caroline is one—are very vain, and as for their voracity—don't speak of it. Now you cannot govern men and make friends of them, unless you work upon them through their vices, and flatter their passions: my wife is mine!"

Some days afterward, during which Adolphe has been unusually attentive to his wife, he discourses to her as follows:

"Caroline, dear, suppose we have a bit of fun: you'll put on your new gown—the one like Madame Deschars!—and we'll go to see a farce at the Varieties."

This kind of proposition always puts a wife in the best possible humor. So away you go! Adolphe has ordered a dainty little dinner for two, at Borrel's *Rocher de Cancale.*

"As we are going to the Varieties, suppose we dine at the tavern," exclaims Adolphe, on the boulevard, with the air of a man suddenly struck by a generous idea.

Caroline, delighted with this appearance of good fortune, enters a little parlor where she finds the cloth laid and that neat little service set, which Borrel places at the disposal of those who are rich enough to pay for the quarters intended for the great ones of the earth, who make themselves small for an hour.

Women eat little at a formal dinner: their concealed harness hampers them, they are laced tightly, and they are in the presence of women whose eyes and whose tongues are equally to be dreaded. They prefer fancy eating to good eating, then: they will suck a lobster's claw, swallow a quail or two, punish a woodcock's wing, beginning with a bit of fresh fish, flavored by one of those sauces which are the glory of French cooking. France is everywhere sovereign in matters of taste: in painting, fashions, and the like. Gravy is the triumph of taste, in cookery. So that grisettes, shopkeepers' wives and duchesses are delighted with a tasty little dinner washed down with the choicest wines, of which, however, they drink but little, the whole concluded by fruit such as can only be had

at Paris; and especially delighted when they go to the theatre to digest the little dinner, and listen, in a comfortable box, to the nonsense uttered upon the stage, and to that whispered in their ears to explain it. But then the bill of the restaurant is one hundred francs, the box costs thirty, the carriage, dress, gloves, bouquet, as much more. This gallantry amounts to the sum of one hundred and sixty francs, which is hard upon four thousand francs a month, if you go often to the Comic, the Italian, or the Grand, Opera. Four thousand francs a month is the interest of a capital of two millions. But then the honor of being a husband is fully worth the price!

Caroline tells her friends things which she thinks exceedingly flattering, but which cause a sagacious husband to make a wry face.

"Adolphe has been delightful for some time past. I don't know what I have done to deserve so much attention, but he overpowers me. He gives value to everything by those delicate ways which have such an effect upon us women. After taking me Monday to the *Rocher de Cancale* to dine, he declared that Véry was as good a cook as Borrel, and he gave me the little party of pleasure that I told you of all over again, presenting me at dessert with a ticket for the opera. They sang 'William Tell,' which, you know, is my craze."

"You are lucky indeed," returns Madame Deschars with evident jealousy.

"Still, a wife who discharges all her duties, deserves such luck, it seems to me."

When this terrible sentiment falls from the lips of a married woman, it is clear that she *does her duty,* after the manner of school-boys, for the reward she expects. At school, a prize is the object: in marriage, a shawl or a piece of jewelry. No more love, then!

"As for me,"—Madame Deschars is piqued—"I am reasonable. Deschars committed such follies once, but I put a stop to it. You see, my dear, we have two children, and I confess that one or two hundred francs are quite a consideration for me, as the mother of a family."

"Dear me, madame," says Madame de Fischtaminel, "it's better that our husbands should have cosy little times with us than with—"

"Deschars!—" suddenly puts in Madame Deschars, as she gets up and says good-bye.

The individual known as Deschars (a man nullified by his wife) does not hear the end of the sentence, by which he might have learned that a man may spend his money with other women.

Caroline, flattered in every one of her vanities, abandons herself to the pleasures of pride and high living, two delicious capital sins. Adolphe is gaining ground again, but alas! (this reflection is worth a whole sermon in Lent) sin, like all pleasure, contains a spur. Vice is like an Autocrat, and let a single harsh fold in a rose-leaf irritate it, it forgets a thousand charming bygone flatteries. With Vice a man's course must always be crescendo!—and forever.

Axiom.—*Vice, Courtiers, Misfortune and Love, care only for the* PRESENT.

At the end of a period of time difficult to determine, Caroline looks in the glass, at dessert, and notices two or three pimples blooming upon her cheeks, and upon the sides, lately so pure, of her nose. She is out of humor at the theatre, and you do not know why, you, so proudly striking an attitude in your cravat, you, displaying your figure to the best advantage, as a complacent man should.

A few days after, the dressmaker arrives. She tries on a gown, she exerts all her strength, but cannot make the hooks and eyes meet. The waiting maid is called. After a two horse-power pull, a regular thirteenth labor of Hercules, a hiatus of two inches manifests itself. The inexorable dressmaker cannot conceal from Caroline the fact that her form is altered. Caroline, the aërial Caroline, threatens to become like Madame Deschars. In vulgar language, she is getting stout. The maid leaves her in a state of consternation.

"What! am I to have, like that fat Madame Deschars, cas-

cades of flesh *à la* Rubens? That Adolphe is an awful scoundrel. Oh, I see, he wants to make me an old mother Gigogne, and destroy my powers of fascination!"

Thenceforward Caroline is willing to go to the opera, she accepts two seats in a box, but she considers it very distingué to eat sparingly, and declines the dainty dinners of her husband.

"My dear," she says, "a well-bred woman should not go often to these places; you may go once for a joke; but as for making a habitual thing of it—fie, for shame!"

Borrel and Véry, those masters of the art, lose a thousand francs a day by not having a private entrance for carriages. If a coach could glide beneath an archway, and go out by another door, after leaving its fair occupants on the threshold of an elegant staircase, how many of them would bring the landlord fine, rich, solid old fellows for customers!

Axiom.—*Vanity is the death of good living.*

Caroline very soon gets tired of the theatre, and the devil alone can tell the cause of her disgust. Pray excuse Adolphe! A husband is not the devil.

Fully one-third of the women of Paris are bored by the theatre. Many of them are tired to death of music, and go to the opera for the singers merely, or rather to notice the difference between them in point of execution. What supports the theatre is this: the women are a spectacle before and after the play. Vanity alone will pay the exorbitant price of forty francs for three hours of questionable pleasure, in a bad atmosphere and at great expense, without counting the colds caught in going out. But to exhibit themselves, to see and be seen, to be the observed of five hundred observers! What a glorious mouthful! as Rabelais would say.

To obtain this precious harvest, garnered by self-love, a woman must be looked at. Now a woman with her husband is very little looked at. Caroline is chagrined to see the audience entirely taken up with women who are *not* with their husbands, with eccentric women, in short. Now, as the very slight

return she gets from her efforts, her dresses, and her attitudes, does not compensate, in her eyes, for her fatigue, her display and her weariness, it is very soon the same with the theatre as it was with the good cheer; high living made her fat, the theatre is making her yellow.

Here Adolphe—or any other man in Adolphe's place—resembles a certain Languedocian peasant who suffered agonies from an agacin, or, in French, corn,—but the term in Languedoc is so much prettier, don't you think so? This peasant drove his foot at each step two inches into the sharpest stones along the roadside, saying to the agacin, "Devil take you! Make me suffer again, will you?"

"Upon my word," says Adolphe, profoundly disappointed, the day when he receives from his wife a refusal, "I should like very much to know what would please you!"

Caroline looks loftily down upon her husband, and says, after a pause worthy of an actress, "I am neither a Strasburg goose nor a giraffe!"

"'Tis true, I might lay out four thousand francs a month to better effect," returns Adolphe.

"What do you mean?"

"With the quarter of that sum, presented to estimable burglars, youthful jail-birds and honorable criminals, I might become somebody, a Man in the Blue Cloak on a small scale; and then a young woman is proud of her husband," Adolphe replies.

This answer is the grave of love, and Caroline takes it in very bad part. An explanation follows. This must be classed among the thousand pleasantries of the following chapter, the title of which ought to make lovers smile as well as husbands. If there are yellow rays of light, why should there not be whole days of this extremely matrimonial color?

Forced Smiles.

On your arrival in this latitude, you enjoy numerous little scenes, which, in the grand opera of marriage, represent the intermezzos, and of which the following is a type:

You are one evening alone after dinner, and you have been so often alone already that you feel a desire to say sharp little things to each other, like this, for instance:

"Take care, Caroline," says Adolphe, who has not forgotten his many vain efforts to please her. "I think your nose has the impertinence to redden at home quite as well as at the restaurant."

"This is not one of your amiable days!"

General Rule.—*No man has ever yet discovered the way to give friendly advice to any woman, not even to his own wife.*

"Perhaps it's because you are laced too tight. Women make themselves sick that way."

The moment a man utters these words to a woman, no matter whom, that woman,—who knows that stays will bend,—seizes her corset by the lower end, and bends it out, saying, with Caroline:

"Look, you can get your hand in! I never lace tight."

"Then it must be your stomach."

"What has the stomach got to do with the nose?"

"The stomach is a centre which communicates with all the organs."

"So the nose is an organ, is it?"

"Yes."

"Your organ is doing you a poor service at this moment." She raises her eyes and shrugs her shoulders. "Come, Adolphe, what have I done?"

"Nothing, I'm only joking, and I am unfortunate enough not to please you," returns Adolphe, smiling.

"My misfortune is being your wife! Oh, why am I not somebody else's!"

"That's what *I* say!"

"If I were, and if I had the innocence to say to you, like a coquette who wishes to know how far she has got with a man, 'the redness of my nose really gives me anxiety,' you would

look at me in the glass with all the affectations of an ape, and would reply, 'O madame, you do yourself injustice; in the first place, nobody sees it: besides, it harmonizes with your complexion; then again we are all so after dinner!' and from this you would go on to flatter me. Do I ever tell you that you are growing fat, that you are getting the color of a stone-cutter, and that I prefer thin and pale men?"

They say in London, "Don't touch the axe!" In France we ought to say, "Don't touch a woman's nose."

"And all this about a little extra natural vermilion!" exclaims Adolphe. "Complain about it to Providence, whose office it is to put a little more color in one place than another, not to me, who loves you, who desires you to be perfect, and who merely says to you, take care!".

"You love me too much, then, for you've been trying, for some time past, to find disagreeable things to say to me. You want to run me down under the pretext of making me perfect —people said I *was* perfect, five years ago."

"I think you are better than perfect, you are stunning!

"With too much vermilion?"

Adolphe, who sees the atmosphere of the north pole upon his wife's face, sits down upon a chair by her side. Caroline, unable decently to go away, gives her gown a sort of flip on one side, as if to produce a separation. This motion is performed by some women with a provoking impertinence: but it has two significations; it is, as whist players would say, either a signal for *trumps* or a *renounce*. At this time, Caroline renounces.

"What is the matter?" says Adolphe.

"Will you have a glass of sugar and water?" asks Caroline, busying herself about your health, and assuming the part of a servant.

"What for?"

"You are not amiable while digesting, you must be in pain. Perhaps you would like a drop of brandy in your sugar and water? The doctor spoke of it as an excellent remedy."

"How anxious you are about my stomach!"

"It's a centre, it communicates with the other organs, it will

act upon your heart, and through that perhaps upon your tongue."

Adolphe gets up and walks about without saying a word, but he reflects upon the acuteness which his wife is acquiring: he sees her daily gaining in strength and in acrimony: she is getting to display an art in vexation and a military capacity for disputation which reminds him of Charles XII. and the Russians. Caroline, during this time, is busy with an alarming piece of mimicry: she looks as if she were going to faint.

"Are you sick?" asks Adolphe, attacked in his generosity, the place where women always have us.

"It makes me sick at my stomach, after dinner, to see a man going back and forth so, like the pendulum of a clock. But it's just like you: you are always in a fuss about something. You are a queer set: all men are more or less cracked."

Adolphe sits down by the fire opposite to his wife, and remains there pensive: marriage appears to him like an immense dreary plain, with its crop of nettles and mullen stalks.

"What, are you pouting?" asks Caroline, after a quarter of an hour's observation of her husband's countenance.

"No, I am meditating," replies Adolphe.

"Oh, what an infernal temper you've got!" she returns, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Is it for what I said about your stomach, your shape and your digestion? Don't you see that I was only paying you back for your vermilion? You'll make me think that men are as vain as women. [Adolphe remains frigid.] It is really quite kind in you to take our qualities. [Profound silence.] I made a joke and you got angry [she looks at Adolphe], for you are angry. I am not like you: I cannot bear the idea of having given you pain! Nevertheless, it's an idea that a man never would have had, that of attributing your impertinence to something wrong in your digestion. It's not my Dolph, it's his stomach that was bold enough to speak. I did not know you were a ventriloquist, that's all."

Caroline looks at Adolphe and smiles: Adolphe is as stiff as if he were glued.

"No, he won't laugh! And, in your jargon, you call this having character. Oh, how much better we are!"

She goes and sits down in Adolphe's lap, and Adolphe cannot help smiling. This smile, extracted as if by a steam engine, Caroline has been on the watch for, in order to make a weapon of it.

"Come, old fellow, confess that you are wrong," she says. "Why pout? Dear me, I like you just as you are: in my eyes you are as slender as when I married you, and slenderer perhaps."

"Caroline, when people get to deceive themselves in these little matters, where one makes concessions and the other does not get angry, do you know what it means?"

"What does it mean?" asks Caroline, alarmed at Adolphe's dramatic attitude.

"That they love each other less."

"Oh! you monster, I understand you: you were angry so as to make me believe you loved me!"

Alas! let us confess it, Adolphe tells the truth in the only way he can—by a laugh.

"Why give me pain?" she says. "If I am wrong in anything, isn't it better to tell me of it kindly, than brutally to say [here she raises her voice], 'Your nose is getting red!' No, that is not right! To please you, I will use an expression of the fair Fischtaminel, 'It's not the act of a gentleman!'"

Adolphe laughs and pays the expenses of the reconciliation; but instead of discovering therein what will please Caroline and what will attach her to him, he finds out what attaches him to her.

Nosography of the Villa.

Is it advantageous for a man not to know what will please his wife after their marriage? Some women (this still occurs in the country) are innocent enough to tell promptly what they want and what they like. But in Paris, nearly every woman

feels a kind of enjoyment in seeing a man wistfully obedient to her heart, her desires, her caprices—three expressions for the same thing!—and anxiously going round and round, half crazy and desperate, like a dog that has lost his master.

They call this *being loved,* poor things! And a good many of them say to themselves, as did Caroline, "How will he manage?"

Adolphe has come to this. In this situation of things, the worthy and excellent Deschars, that model of the citizen husband, invites the couple known as Adolphe and Caroline to help him and his wife inaugurate a delightful country house. It is an opportunity that the Deschars have seized upon, the folly of a man of letters, a charming villa upon which he lavished one hundred thousand francs and which has been sold at auction for eleven thousand. Caroline has a new dress to air, or a hat with a weeping willow plume—things which a tilbury will set off to a charm. Little Charles is left with his grandmother. The servants have a holiday. The youthful pair start beneath the smile of a blue sky, flecked with milk-white clouds merely to heighten the effect. They breathe the pure air, through which trots the heavy Norman horse, animated by the influence of spring. They soon reach Marnes, beyond Ville d'Avray, where the Deschars are spreading themselves in a villa copied from one at Florence, and surrounded by Swiss meadows, though without all the objectionable features of the Alps.

"Dear me! what a delightful thing a country house like this must be!" exclaims Caroline, as she walks in the admirable wood that skirts Marnes and Ville d'Avray. "It makes your eyes as happy as if they had a heart in them."

Caroline, having no one to take but Adolphe, takes Adolphe, who becomes her Adolphe again. And then you should see her run about like a fawn, and act once more the sweet, pretty, innocent, adorable school-girl that she was! Her braids come down! She takes off her bonnet, and holds it by the strings! She is young, pink and white again. Her eyes smile, her mouth is a pomegranate endowed with sensibility, with a sensibility which seems quite fresh.

"So a country house would please you very much, would it, darling?" says Adolphe, clasping Caroline round the waist, and noticing that she leans upon him as if to show the flexibility of her form.

"What, will you be such a love as to buy me one? But remember, no extravagance! Seize an opportunity like the Deschars."

"To please you and to find out what is likely to give you pleasure, such is the constant study of your own Dolph."

They are alone, at liberty to call each other their little names of endearment, and run over the whole list of their secret caresses.

"Does he really want to please his little girly?" says Caroline, resting her head on the shoulder of Adolphe, who kisses her forehead, saying to himself, "Gad! I've got her now!"

Axiom.—*When a husband and a wife have got each other, the devil only knows which has got the other.*

The young couple are captivating, whereupon the stout Madame Deschars gives utterance to a remark somewhat equivocal for her, usually so stern, prudish and devout.

"Country air has one excellent property: it makes husbands very amiable."

M. Deschars points out an opportunity for Adolphe to seize. A house is to be sold at Ville d'Avray, for a song, of course. Now, the country house is a weakness peculiar to the inhabitant of Paris. This weakness, or disease, has its course and its cure. Adolphe is a husband, but not a doctor. He buys the house and takes possession with Caroline, who has become once more his Caroline, his Carola, his fawn, his treasure, his girly girl.

The following alarming symptoms now succeed each other with frightful rapidity: a cup of milk, baptized, costs five sous; when it is anhydrous, as the chemists say, ten sous. Meat costs more at Sèvres than at Paris, if you carefully examine the qualities. Fruit cannot be had at any price A

fine pear costs more in the country than in the (anhydrous!) garden that blooms in Chevet's window.

Before being able to raise fruit for oneself, from a Swiss meadow measuring two square yards, surrounded by a few green trees which look as if they were borrowed from the scenic illusions of a theatre, the most rural authorities, being consulted on the point, declare that you must spend a great deal of money, and—wait five years! Vegetables dash out of the husbandman's garden to reappear at the city market. Madame Deschars, who possesses a gate-keeper that is at the same time a gardener, confesses that the vegetables raised on her land, beneath her glass frames, by dint of compost and top-soil, cost her twice as much as those she used to buy at Paris, of a woman who had rent and taxes to pay, and whose husband was an elector. Despite the efforts and pledges of the gate-keeper-gardener, early peas and things at Paris are a month in advance of those in the country.

From eight in the evening to eleven our couple don't know what to do, on account of the insipidity of the neighbors, their small ideas, and the questions of self-love which arise out of the merest trifles.

Monsieur Deschars remarks, with that profound knowledge of figures which distinguishes the ex-notary, that the cost of going to Paris and back, added to the interest of the cost of his villa, to the taxes, wages of the gate-keeper and his wife, are equal to a rent of three thousand francs a year. He does not see how he, an ex-notary, allowed himself to be so caught! For he has often drawn up leases of châteaux with parks and out-houses, for three thousand a year.

It is agreed by everybody in the parlor of Madame Deschars, that a country house, so far from being a pleasure, is an unmitigated nuisance.

"I don't see how they sell a cabbage for one sou at market, which has to be watered every day from its birth to the time you eat it," says Caroline.

"The way to get along in the country," replies a little retired grocer, "is to stay there, to live there, to become country-folks, and then everything changes."

On going home, Caroline says to her poor Adolphe, "What an idea that was of yours, to buy a country house! The best way to do about the country is to go there on visits to other people."

Adolphe remembers an English proverb, which says, "Don't have a newspaper or a country seat of your own: there are plenty of idiots who will have them for you."

"Bah!" returns Adolphe, who was enlightened once for all upon women's logic by the Matrimonial Gadfly, "you are right: but then you know the baby is in splendid health, here."

Though Adolphe has become prudent, this reply awakens Caroline's susceptibilities. A mother is very willing to think exclusively of her child, but she does not want him to be preferred to herself. She is silent; the next day, she is tired to death of the country. Adolphe being absent on business, she waits for him from five o'clock to seven, and goes alone with little Charles to the coach office. She talks for three-quarters of an hour of her anxieties. She was afraid to go from the house to the office. Is it proper for a young woman to be left alone, so? She cannot support such an existence.

The country house now creates a very peculiar phase; one which deserves a chapter to itself.

Trouble Within Trouble.

Axiom.—*There are parentheses in worry.*

Example.—A great deal of evil has been said of the stitch in the side; but it is nothing to the stitch to which we now refer, which the pleasures of the matrimonial second crop are everlastingly reviving, like the hammer of a note in the piano. This constitutes an irritant, which never flourishes except at the period when the young wife's timidity gives place to that fatal equality of rights which is at once devastating France and the conjugal relation. Every season has its peculiar vexation.

Caroline, after a week spent in taking note of her husband's

absences, perceives that he passes seven hours a day away from her. At last, Adolphe, who comes home as gay as an actor who has been applauded, observes a slight coating of hoar frost upon Caroline's visage. After making sure that the coldness of her manner has been observed, Caroline puts on a counterfeit air of interest,—the well-known expression of which possesses the gift of making a man inwardly swear,—and says: "You must have had a good deal of business to-day, dear?"

"Oh, lots!"

"Did you take many cabs?"

"I took seven francs' worth."

"Did you find everybody in?"

"Yes, those with whom I had appointments."

"When did you make appointments with them? The ink in your inkstand is dried up; it's like glue; I wanted to write, and spent a whole hour in moistening it, and even then only produced a thick mud fit to mark bundles with for the East Indies."

Here any and every husband looks suspiciously at his better half.

"It is probable that I wrote to them at Paris—"

"What business was it, Adolphe?"

"Why, I thought you knew. Shall I run over the list? First, there's Chaumontel's affair—"

"I thought Monsieur Chaumontel was in Switzerland—"

"Yes, but he has representatives, a lawyer—"

"Didn't you do anything else but business?" asks Caroline, interrupting Adolphe.

Here she gives him a direct, piercing look, by which she plunges into her husband's eyes when he least expects it: a sword in a heart.

"What could I have done? Made a little counterfeit money, run into debt, or embroidered a sampler?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know. And I can't even guess. I am too dull, you've told me so a hundred times."

"There you go, and take an expression of endearment in bad part. How like a woman that is!"

"Have you concluded anything?" she asks, pretending to take an interest in business.

"No, nothing."

"How many persons have you seen?"

"Eleven, without counting those who were walking in the streets."

"How you answer me!"

"Yes, and how you question me! As if you'd been following the trade of an examining judge for the last ten years!"

"Come, tell me all you've done to-day, it will amuse me. You ought to try to please me while you are here! I'm dull enough when you leave me alone all day long."

"You want me to amuse you by telling you about business?"

"Formerly, you told me everything—"

This friendly little reproach disguises the certitude that Caroline wishes to enjoy respecting the serious matters which Adolphe wishes to conceal. Adolphe then undertakes to narrate how he has spent the day. Caroline affects a sort of distraction sufficiently well played to induce the belief that she is not listening.

"But you said just now," she exclaims, at the moment when Adolphe is getting into a snarl, "that you had paid seven francs for cabs, and you now talk of a hack! You took it by the hour, I suppose? Did you do your business in a hack?" she asks, railingly.

"Why should hacks be interdicted?" inquires Adolphe, resuming his narrative.

"Haven't you been to Madame de Fischtaminel's?" she asks in the middle of an exceedingly involved explanation, insolently taking the words out of your mouth.

"Why should I have been there?"

"It would have given me pleasure: I wanted to know whether her parlor is done."

"It is."

"Ah! then you *have* been there?"

"No, her upholsterer told me."

"Do you know her upholsterer?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Braschon."

"So you met the upholsterer?"

"Yes."

"You said you only went in carriages."

"Yes, my dear, but to get carriages, you have to go and—"

"Pooh! I dare say Braschon was in the carriage, or the parlor was—one or the other is equally probable."

"You won't listen," exclaims Adolphe, who thinks that a long story will lull Caroline's suspicions.

"I've listened too much already. You've been lying for the last hour, worse than a drummer."

"Well, I'll say nothing more."

"I know enough. I know all I wanted to know. You say you've seen lawyers, notaries, bankers: now you haven't seen one of them! Suppose I were to go to-morrow to see Madame de Fischtaminel, do you know what she would say?"

Here, Caroline watches Adolphe closely: but Adolphe affects a delusive calmness, in the middle of which Caroline throws out her line to fish up a clue.

"Why, she would say that she had had the pleasure of seeing you! How wretched we poor creatures are! We never know what you are doing: here we are stuck, chained at home, while you are off at your business! Fine business, truly! If I were in your place, I would invent business a little bit better put together than yours! Ah, you set us a worthy example! They say women are perverse. Who perverted them?"

Here Adolphe tries, by looking fixedly at Caroline, to arrest the torrent of words. Caroline, like a horse who has just been touched up by the lash, starts off anew, and with the animation of one of Rossini's codas:

"Yes, it's a very neat idea, to put your wife out in the country so that you may spend the day as you like at Paris. So this is the cause of your passion for a country house! Snipe that I was, to be caught in the trap! You are right, sir, a villa is very convenient: it serves two objects. But the wife can

get along with it as well as the husband. You may take Paris and its hacks! I'll take the woods and their shady groves! Yes, Adolphe, I am really satisfied, so let's say no more about it."

Adolphe listens to sarcasm for an hour by the clock.

"Have you done, dear?" he asks, profiting by an instant in which she tosses her head after a pointed interrogation.

Then Caroline concludes thus: "I've had enough of the villa, and I'll never set foot in it again. But I know what will happen: you'll keep it, probably, and leave me in Paris. Well, at Paris, I can at least amuse myself, while you go with Madame de Fischtaminel to the woods. What is a *Villa Adolphini* where you get nauseated if you go six times round the lawn? where they've planted chair-legs and broom-sticks on the pretext of producing shade? It's like a furnace: the walls are six inches thick! and my gentleman is absent seven hours a day! That's what a country seat means!"

"Listen to me, Caroline."

"I wouldn't so much mind, if you would only confess what you did to-day. You don't know me yet: come, tell me, I won't scold you. I pardon you beforehand for all that you've done."

Adolphe, who knows the consequences of a confession too well to make one to his wife, replies—"Well, I'll tell you."

"That's a good fellow—I shall love you better."

"I was three hours—"

"I was sure of it—at Madame de Fischtaminel's!"

"No, at our notary's, as he had got me a purchaser; but we could not come to terms: he wanted our villa furnished. When I left there, I went to Braschon's, to see how much we owed him—"

"You made up this romance while I was talking to you! Look me in the face! I'll go to see Braschon to-morrow."

Adolphe cannot restrain a nervous shudder.

"You can't help laughing, you monster!"

"I laugh at your obstinacy."

"I'll go to-morrow to Madame de Fischtaminel's."

"Oh, go wherever you like!"

"What brutality!" says Caroline, rising and going away with her handkerchief at her eyes.

The country house, so ardently longed for by Caroline, has now become a diabolical invention of Adolphe's, a trap into which the fawn has fallen.

Since Adolphe's discovery that it is impossible to reason with Caroline, he lets her say whatever she pleases.

Two months after, he sells the villa which cost him twenty-two thousand francs for seven thousand! But he gains this by the adventure—he finds out that the country is not the thing that Caroline wants.

The question is becoming serious. Nature, with its woods, its forests, its valleys, the Switzerland of the environs of Paris, the artificial rivers, have amused Caroline for barely six months. Adolphe is tempted to abdicate and take Caroline's part himself.

A Household Revolution.

One morning, Adolphe is seized by the triumphant idea of letting Caroline find out for herself what she wants. He gives up to her the control of the house, saying, "Do as you like." He substitutes the constitutional system for the autocratic system, a responsible ministry for an absolute conjugal monarchy. This proof of confidence—the object of much secret envy—is, to women, a field-marshal's baton. Women are then, so to speak, mistresses at home.

After this, nothing, not even the memory of the honeymoon, can be compared to Adolphe's happiness for several days. A woman, under such circumstances, is all sugar. She is too sweet: she would invent the art of petting and cosseting and of coining tender little names, if this matrimonial sugar-plummery had not existed ever since the Terrestrial Paradise. At the end of the month, Adolphe's condition is like that of children towards the close of New Year's week. So Caroline is beginning to say, not in words, but in acts, in manner, in

mimetic expressions: "It's difficult to tell *what* to do to please a man!"

Giving up the helm of the boat to one's wife, is an exceedingly ordinary idea, and would hardly deserve the qualification of "triumphant," which we have given it at the commencement of this chapter, if it were not accompanied by that of taking it back again. Adolphe was seduced by a wish, which invariably seizes persons who are the prey of misfortune, to know how far an evil will go!—to try how much damage fire will do when left to itself, the individual possessing, or thinking he possesses, the power to arrest it. This curiosity pursues us from the cradle to the grave. Then, after his plethora of conjugal felicity, Adolphe, who is treating himself to a farce in his own house, goes through the following phases:

First Epoch. Things go on altogether too well. Caroline buys little account books to keep a list of her expenses in, she buys a nice little piece of furniture to store her money in, she feeds Adolphe superbly, she is happy in his approbation, she discovers that very many articles are needed in the house. It is her ambition to be an incomparable housekeeper. Adolphe, who arrogates to himself the right of censorship, no longer finds the slightest suggestion to make.

When he dresses himself, everything is ready to his hands. Not even in Armide's garden was more ingenious tenderness displayed than that of Caroline. For her phœnix husband, she renews the wax upon his razor strap, she substitutes new suspenders for old ones. None of his button-holes are ever widowed. His linen is as well cared for as that of the confessor of the devotee, all whose sins are venial. His stockings are free from holes. At table, his tastes, his caprices even, are studied, consulted: he is getting fat! There is ink in his inkstand, and the sponge is always moist. He never has occasion to say, like Louis XIV., "I came near having to wait!" In short, he hears himself continually called *a love of a man.* He is obliged to reproach Caroline for neglecting herself: she does not pay sufficient attention to her own needs. Of this gentle reproach Caroline takes note.

Second Epoch. The scene changes, at table. Everything is exceedingly dear. Vegetables are beyond one's means. Wood sells as if it came from Campêche. Fruit? Oh! as to fruit, princes, bankers and great lords alone can eat it. Dessert is a cause of ruin. Adolphe often hears Caroline say to Madame Deschars: "How do you manage?" Conferences are held in your presence upon the proper way to keep cooks under the thumb.

A cook who entered your service without effects, without clothes, and without talent, has come to get her wages in a blue merino gown, set off by an embroidered neckerchief, her ears embellished with a pair of ear-rings enriched with small pearls, her feet clothed in comfortable shoes which give you a glimpse of neat cotton stockings. She has two trunks full of property, and keeps an account at the savings bank.

Upon this Caroline complains of the bad morals of the lower classes: she complains of the education and the knowledge of figures which distinguish domestics. From time to time she utters little axioms like the following: There are some mistakes you *must* make!—It's only those who do nothing who do everything well.—She has the anxieties that belong to power.—Ah! men are fortunate in not having a house to keep.—Women bear the burden of the innumerable details.

Caroline incurs debts. But as she does not wish to be in the wrong, she begins by taking the ground that experience is an excellent thing, and that you can't pay too dear for it. Adolphe laughs in his beard, as he foresees a catastrophe which will restore him his authority.

Third Epoch. Caroline, absorbed in the idea that you should eat merely to live, treats Adolphe to the delights of a cenobitic table.

Adolphe's stockings are either full of holes or else rough with the lichen of hasty mendings, for the day is not long enough for all that his wife has to do. He wears suspenders blackened by use. His linen is old and gapes like a door-keeper, or like the door itself. At a time when Adolphe is in

haste to conclude a matter of business, it takes him an hour to dress: he has to pick out his garments one by one, opening many an article before finding one fit to wear. But Caroline is charmingly dressed. She has pretty bonnets, velvet boots, mantillas. She has made up her mind, she conducts her administration in virtue of this principle: Charity well understood begins at home. When Adolphe complains of the contrast between his poverty-stricken wardrobe and Caroline's splendor, she says, "Why, you reproached me with buying nothing for myself!"

The husband and the wife here begin to bandy jests more or less acrimonious. One evening Caroline makes herself very agreeable, in order to insinuate an avowal of a rather large deficit, just as the ministry begins to eulogize the tax-payers, and boast of the wealth of the country, when it is preparing to bring forth a bill for an additional appropriation. There is this further similitude that both are done in the chamber, whether in administration or in housekeeping. From this springs the profound truth that the constitutional system is infinitely dearer than the monarchical system. For a nation as for a household, it is the government of the happy balance, of mediocrity, of chicanery.

Adolphe, enlightened by his past annoyances, waits for an opportunity to explode, and Caroline slumbers in a delusive security.

What starts the quarrel? Do we ever know what electric current precipitates the avalanche or decides a revolution? It may result from anything or nothing. But finally, Adolphe, after a period to be determined in each case by the circumstances of the couple, utters this fatal phrase, in the midst of a discussion: "Ah! when I was a bachelor!"

Her husband's bachelor life is to a woman what the phrase, "My dear deceased," is to a widow's second husband. These two stings produce wounds which are never completely healed.

Then Adolphe goes on like General Bonaparte haranguing the Five Hundred: "We are on a volcano!—The house no longer has a head, the time to come to an understanding has

arrived.—You talk of happiness, Caroline, but you have compromised, imperiled it by your exactions, you have violated the civil code: you have mixed yourself up in the discussions of business, and you have invaded the conjugal authority.—We must reform our internal affairs."

Caroline does not shout, like the Five Hundred, "Down with the dictator!" For people never shout a man down, when they feel that they can put him down.

"When I was a bachelor I had none but new stockings! I had a clean napkin every day on my plate. The restaurateur only fleeced me of a determinate sum. I have given up to you my beloved liberty! What have you done with it?"

"Am I then so very wrong, Adolphe, to have sought to spare you numerous cares?" says Caroline, taking an attitude before her husband. "Take the key of the money-box back,—but do you know what will happen? I am ashamed, but you will compel me to go on to the stage to get the merest necessaries of life. Is this what you want? Degrade your wife, or bring in conflict two contrary, hostile interests—"

Such, for three quarters of the French people is an exact definition of marriage.

"Be perfectly easy, dear," resumes Caroline, seating herself in her chair like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, "I will never ask you for anything. I am not a beggar! I know what I'll do—you don't know me yet."

"Well, what will you do?" asks Adolphe; "it seems impossible to joke or have an explanation with you women. What will you do?"

"It doesn't concern you at all."

"Excuse me, madame, quite the contrary. Dignity, honor—"

"Oh, have no fear of that, sir. For your sake more than for my own, I will keep it a dead secret."

"Come, Caroline, my own Carola, what do you mean to do?"

Caroline darts a viper-like glance at Adolphe, who recoils and proceeds to walk up and down the room.

"There now, tell me, what will you do?" he repeats after much too prolonged a silence.

"I shall go to work, sir!"

At this sublime declaration, Adolphe executes a movement in retreat, detecting a bitter exasperation, and feeling the sharpness of a north wind which had never before blown in the matrimonial chamber.

The Art of Being a Victim.

On and after the Revolution, our vanquished Caroline adopts an infernal system, the effect of which is to make you regret your victory every hour. She becomes the opposition! Should Adolphe have one more such triumph, he would appear before the Court of Assizes, accused of having smothered his wife between two mattresses, like Shakespeare's Othello. Caroline puts on the air of a martyr; her submission is positively killing. On every occasion she assassinates Adolphe with a "Just as you like!" uttered in tones whose sweetness is something fearful. No elegiac poet could compete with Caroline, who utters elegy upon elegy: elegy in action, elegy in speech: her smile is elegiac, her silence is elegiac, her gestures are elegiac. Here are a few examples, wherein every household will find some of its impressions recorded:

After Breakfast. "Caroline, we go to-night to the Deschars' grand ball, you know."

"Yes, love."

After Dinner. "What, not dressed yet, Caroline?" exclaims Adolphe, who has just made his appearance, magnificently equipped.

He finds Caroline arrayed in a gown fit for an elderly lady of strong conversational powers, a black moire with an old-fashioned fan-waist. Flowers, too badly imitated to deserve the name of artificial, give a gloomy aspect to a head of hair which the chambermaid has carelessly arranged. Caroline's gloves have already seen wear and tear.

"I am ready, my dear."

"What, in that dress?"

"I have no other. A new dress would have cost three hundred francs."

"Why did you not tell me?"

"I, ask you for anything, after what has happened!"

"I'll go alone," says Adolphe, unwilling to be humiliated in his wife.

"I dare say you are very glad to," returns Caroline, in a captious tone, "it's plain enough from the way you are got up."

Eleven persons are in the parlor, all invited to dinner by Adolphe. Caroline is there, looking as if her husband had invited her too. She is waiting for dinner to be served.

"Sir," says the parlor servant in a whisper to his master, "the cook doesn't know what on earth to do!"

"What's the matter?"

"You said nothing to her, sir: and she has only two side-dishes, the beef, a chicken, a salad and vegetables."

"Caroline, didn't you give the necessary orders?"

"How did I know that you had company, and besides I can't take it upon myself to give orders here! You delivered me from all care on that point, and I thank heaven for it every day of my life."

Madame de Fischtaminel has called to pay Madame Caroline a visit. She finds her coughing feebly and nearly bent double over her embroidery.

"Ah, so you are working those slippers for your dear Adolphe?"

Adolphe is standing before the fire-place as complacently as may be.

"No, madame, it's for a tradesman who pays me for them: like the convicts, my labor enables me to treat myself to some little comforts."

Adolphe reddens; he can't very well beat his wife, and Madame de Fischtaminel looks at him as much as to say, "What does this mean?"

"You cough a good deal, my darling," says Madame de Fischtaminel.

"Oh!" returns Caroline, "what is life to me?"

Caroline is seated, conversing with a lady of your acquaintance, whose good opinion you are exceedingly anxious to retain. From the depths of the embrasure where you are talking with some friends, you gather, from the mere motion of her lips, these words: "My husband would have it so!" uttered with the air of a young Roman matron going to the circus to be devoured. You are profoundly wounded in your several vanities, and wish to attend to this conversation while listening to your guests: you thus make replies which bring you back such inquiries as: "Why, what are you thinking of?" For you have lost the thread of the discourse, and you fidget nervously with your feet, thinking to yourself, "What is she telling her about me?"

Adolphe is dining with the Deschars: twelve persons are at table, and Caroline is seated next to a nice young man named Ferdinand, Adolphe's cousin. Between the first and second course, conjugal happiness is the subject of conversation.

"There is nothing easier than for a woman to be happy," says Caroline in reply to a woman who complains of her husband.

"Tell us your secret, madame," says M. de Fischtaminel agreeably.

"A woman has nothing to do but to meddle with nothing to consider herself as the first servant in the house or as a slave that the master takes care of, to have no will of her own, and never to make an observation: thus all goes well."

This, delivered in a bitter tone and with tears in her voice, alarms Adolphe, who looks fixedly at his wife.

"You forget, madame, the happiness of telling about one's happiness," he returns, darting at her a glance worthy of the tyrant in a melodrama.

Quite satisfied with having shown herself assassinated or on

the point of being so, Caroline turns her head aside, furtively wipes away a tear, and says:

"Happiness cannot be described!"

This incident, as they say at the Chamber, leads to nothing, but Ferdinand looks upon his cousin as an angel about to be offered up.

Some one alludes to the frightful prevalence of inflammation of the stomach, or to the nameless diseases of which young women die.

"Ah, too happy they!" exclaims Caroline, as if she were foretelling the manner of her death.

Adolphe's mother-in-law comes to see her daughter. Caroline says, "My husband's parlor:" "Your master's chamber." Everything in the house belongs to "My husband."

"Why, what's the matter, children?" asks the mother-in-law; "you seem to be at swords' points."

"Oh, dear me," says Adolphe, "nothing but that Caroline has had the management of the house and didn't manage it right, that's all."

"She got into debt, I suppose?"

"Yes, dearest mamma."

"Look here, Adolphe," says the mother-in-law, after having waited to be left alone with her son, "would you prefer to have my daughter magnificently dressed, to have everything go on smoothly, *without its costing you anything?*"

Imagine, if you can, the expression of Adolphe's physiognomy, as he hears *this declaration of woman's rights!*

Caroline abandons her shabby dress and appears in a splendid one. She is at the Deschars': every one compliments her upon her taste, upon the richness of her materials, upon her lace, her jewels.

"Ah! you have a charming husband!" says Madame Deschars. Adolphe tosses his head proudly, and looks at Caroline.

"My husband, madame! I cost that gentleman nothing, thank heaven! All I have was given me by my mother."

Adolphe turns suddenly about and goes to talk with Madame de Fischtaminel.

After a year of absolute monarchy, Caroline says very mildly one morning:

"How much have you spent this year, dear?"

"I don't know."

"Examine your accounts."

Adolphe discovers that he has spent a third more than during Caroline's worst year.

"And I've cost you nothing for my dress," she adds.

Caroline is playing Schubert's melodies. Adolphe takes great pleasure in hearing these compositions well-executed: he gets up and compliments Caroline. She bursts into tears.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, I'm nervous."

"I didn't know you were subject to that."

"O Adolphe, you won't see anything! Look, my rings come off my fingers: you don't love me any more—I'm a burden to you—"

She weeps, she won't listen, she weeps afresh at every word Adolphe utters.

"Suppose you take the management of the house back again?"

"Ah!" she exclaims, rising sharply to her feet, like a spring figure in a box, "now that you've had enough of your experience! Thank you! Do you suppose it's money that I want? Singular method, yours, of pouring balm upon a wounded heart. No, go away."

"Very well, just as you like, Caroline."

This "just as you like" is the first expression of indifference towards a wife: and Caroline sees before her an abyss towards which she has been walking of her own free will.

The French Campaign.

The disasters of 1814 afflict every species of existence. After brilliant days of conquest, after the period during which obstacles change to triumphs, and the slightest check becomes a piece of good fortune, there comes a time when the happiest ideas turn out blunders, when courage leads to destruction, and when your very fortifications are a stumbling-block. Conjugal love, which, according to authors, is a peculiar phase of love, has, more than anything else, its French Campaign, its fatal 1814. The devil especially loves to dangle his tail in the affairs of poor desolate women, and to this Caroline has come.

Caroline is trying to think of some means of bringing her husband back. She spends many solitary hours at home, and during this time her imagination works. She goes and comes, she gets up, and often stands pensively at the window, looking at the street and seeing nothing, her face glued to the panes, and feeling as if in a desert, in the midst of her friends, in the bosom of her luxuriously furnished apartments.

Now, in Paris, unless a person occupy a house of his own, enclosed between a court and a garden, all life is double. At every story, a family sees another family in the opposite house. Everybody plunges his gaze at will into his neighbor's domains. There is a necessity for mutual observation, a common right of search from which none can escape. At a given time, in the morning, you get up early, the servant opposite is dusting the parlor, she has left the windows open and has put the rugs on the railing; you divine a multitude of things, and vice-versa. Thus, in a given time, you are acquainted with the habits of the pretty, the old, the young, the coquettish, the virtuous woman opposite, or the caprices of the coxcomb, the inventions of the old bachelor, the color of the furniture, and the cat of the two pair front. Everything furnishes a hint, and becomes matter for divination. At the fourth story, a grisette, taken by surprise, finds herself—too late, like the chaste Susanna,—the prey of the delighted

lorgnette of an aged clerk, who earns eighteen hundred francs a year, and who becomes criminal gratis. On the other hand, a handsome young gentleman, who, for the present, works without wages, and is only nineteen years old, appears before the sight of a pious old lady, in the simple apparel of a man engaged in shaving. The watch thus kept up is never relaxed, while prudence, on the contrary, has its moments of forgetfulness. Curtains are not always let down in time. A woman, just before dark, approaches the window to thread her needle, and the married man opposite may then admire a head that Raphael might have painted, and one that he considers worthy of himself—a National Guard truly imposing when under arms. Oh, sacred private life, where art thou! Paris is a city ever ready to exhibit itself half naked, a city essentially libertine and devoid of modesty. For a person's life to be decorous in it, the said person should have a hundred thousand a year. Virtues are dearer than vices in Paris.

Caroline, whose gaze sometimes steals between the protecting muslins which hide her domestic life from the five stories opposite, at last discovers a young couple plunged in the delights of the honey-moon, and newly established in the first story directly in view of her window. She spends her time in the most exciting observations. The blinds are closed early, and opened late. One day, Caroline, who has arisen at eight o'clock, notices, by accident, of course, the maid preparing a bath or a morning dress, a delicious deshabille. Caroline sighs. She lies in ambush like a hunter at the cover; she surprises the young woman, her face actually illuminated with happiness. Finally, by dint of watching the charming couple, she sees the gentleman and lady open the window, and lean gently one against the other, as, supported by the railing, they breathe the evening air. Caroline gives herself a nervous headache, by endeavoring to interpret the phantasmagorias, some of them having an explanation and others not, made by the shadows of these two young people on the curtains, one night when they have forgotten to close the shutters. The young woman is often seated, melancholy and

pensive, waiting for her absent husband; she hears the tread of a horse, or the rumble of a cab at the street corner; she starts from the sofa, and from her movements, it is easy for Caroline to see that she exclaims: "'Tis he!"

"How they love each other!" says Caroline to herself.

By dint of nervous headache, Caroline conceives an exceedingly ingenious plan: this plan consists in using the conjugal bliss of the opposite neighbors as a tonic to stimulate Adolphe. The idea is not without depravity, but then Caroline's intention sanctifies the means!

"Adolphe," she says, "we have a neighbor opposite, the loveliest woman, a brunette—"

"Oh, yes," returns Adolphe, "I know her. She is a friend of Madame de Fischtaminel's: Madame Foullepointe, the wife of a broker, a charming man and a good fellow, very fond of his wife: he's crazy about her. His office and rooms are here, in the court, while those on the street are madame's. I know of no happier household. Foullepointe talks about his happiness everywhere, even at the Exchange; he's really quite tiresome."

"Well then, be good enough to present Monsieur and Madame Foullepointe to me. I should be delighted to learn how she manages to make her husband love her so much: have they been married long?"

"Five years, just like us."

"O Adolphe, dear, I am dying to know her: make us intimately acquainted. Am I as pretty as she?"

"Well, if I were to meet you at an opera ball, and if you weren't my wife, I declare, I shouldn't know which—"

"You are real sweet to-day. Don't forget to invite them to dinner Saturday."

"I'll do it to-night. Foullepointe and I often meet on 'Change."

"Now," says Caroline, "this young woman will doubtless tell me what her method of action is."

Caroline resumes her post of observation. At about three she looks through the flowers which form as it were a bower at the window, and exclaims, "Two perfect doves!"

For the Saturday in question, Caroline invites Monsieur and Madame Deschars, the worthy Monsieur Fischtaminel, in short, the most virtuous couples of her society. She has brought out all her resources: she has ordered the most sumptuous dinner, she has taken the silver out of the chest: she means to do all honor to the model of wives.

"My dear, you will see to-night," she says to Madame Deschars, at the moment when all the women are looking at each other in silence, "the most admirable young couple in the world, our opposite neighbors: a young man of fair complexion, so graceful and with *such* manners! his head is like Lord Byron's, and he's a real Don Juan, only faithful: he's madly in love with his wife. The wife is charming and has discovered the secret of making love eternal: I shall perhaps obtain a second crop of it from her example. Adolphe, when he sees them, will blush at his conduct, and—"

The servant announces: "Monsieur and Madame Foullepointe."

Madame Foullepointe, a pretty brunette, a genuine Parisian, slight and erect in form, the brilliant light of her eye quenched by her long lashes, charmingly dressed, sits down upon the sofa. Caroline bows to a fat gentleman with thin gray hair, who follows this Paris Andalusian, and who exhibits a face and paunch fit for Silenus, a butter-colored pate, a deceitful, libertine smile upon his big, heavy lips,—in short, a philosopher! Caroline looks upon this individual with astonishment.

"Monsieur Foullepointe, my dear," says Adolphe, presenting the worthy quinquagenarian.

"I am delighted, madame," says Caroline, good-naturedly, "that you have brought your father-in-law [profound sensation], but we shall soon see your husband, I trust—"

"Madame—!"

Everybody listens and looks. Adolphe becomes the object of every one's attention: he is literally dumb with amazement: if he could, he would whisk Caroline off through a trap, as at the theatre.

"This is Monsieur Foullepointe, my husband," says Madame Foullepointe.

Caroline turns scarlet as she sees her ridiculous blunder, and Adolphe scathes her with a look of thirty-six candle-power.

"You said he was young and fair," whispers Madame Deschars. Madame Foullepointe,—knowing lady that she is,—boldly stares at the ceiling.

A month after, Madame Foullepointe and Caroline become intimate. Adolphe, who is taken up with Madame de Fischtaminel, pays no attention to this dangerous friendship, a friendship which will bear its fruits, for—pray learn this—

Axiom.—*Women have corrupted more women than men have ever loved.*

A Solo on the Hearse.

After a period, the length of which depends on the strength of Caroline's principles, she appears to be languishing; and when Adolphe, anxious for decorum's sake, as he sees her stretched out upon the sofa like a snake in the sun, asks her, "What is the matter, love? what do you want?"

"I wish I was dead!" she replies.

"Quite a merry and agreeable wish!"

"It isn't death that frightens me, it's suffering."

"I suppose that means that I don't make you happy! That's the way with women!"

Adolphe strides about the room, talking incoherently: but he is brought to a dead halt by seeing Caroline dry her tears, which are really flowing artistically, in an embroidered handkerchief.

"Do you feel sick?"

"I don't feel well. [Silence.] I only hope that I shall live long enough to see my daughter married, for I know the meaning, now, of the expression so little understood by the young—*the choice of a husband!* Go to your amusements, Adolphe: a woman who thinks of the future, a woman who suffers, is not at all diverting: come, go and have a good time."

"Where do you feel bad?"

"I don't feel bad, dear: I never was better. I don't need anything. No, really, I am better. There, leave me to myself."

This time, being the first, Adolphe goes away almost sad.

A week passes, during which Caroline orders all the servants to conceal from her husband her deplorable situation: she languishes, she rings when she feels she is going off, she uses a great deal of ether. The domestics finally acquaint their master with madame's conjugal heroism, and Adolphe remains at home one evening after dinner, and sees his wife passionately kissing her little Marie.

"Poor child! I regret the future only for your sake! What is life, I should like to know?"

"Come, my dear," says Adolphe, "don't take on so."

"I'm not taking on. Death doesn't frighten me—I saw a funeral this morning, and I thought how happy the body was! How comes it that I think of nothing but death? Is it a disease? I have an idea that I shall die by my own hand."

The more Adolphe tries to divert Caroline, the more closely she wraps herself up in the crape of her hopeless melancholy. This second time, Adolphe stays at home and is wearied to death. At the third attack of forced tears, he goes out without the slightest compunction. He finally gets accustomed to these everlasting murmurs, to these dying postures, these crocodile tears. So he says:

"If you are sick, Caroline, you'd better have a doctor."

"Just as you like! It will end quicker, so. But bring a famous one, if you bring any."

At the end of a month, Adolphe, worn out by hearing the funereal air that Caroline plays him on every possible key, brings home a famous doctor. At Paris, doctors are all men of discernment, and are admirably versed in conjugal nosography.

"Well, madame," says the great physician, "how happens it that so pretty a woman allows herself to be sick?"

"Ah! sir, like the nose of old father Aubry, I aspire to the tomb—"

Caroline, out of consideration for Adolphe, makes a feeble effort to smile.

"Tut, tut! But your eyes are clear: they don't seem to need our infernal drugs."

"Look again, doctor, I am eaten up with fever, a slow, imperceptible fever—"

And she fastens her most roguish glance upon the illustrious doctor, who says to himself, "What eyes!"

"Now, let me see your tongue."

Caroline puts out her taper tongue between two rows of teeth as white as those of a dog.

"It is a little bit furred at the root: but you have breakfasted—" observes the great physician, turning towards Adolphe.

"Oh, a mere nothing," returns Caroline; "two cups of tea—"

Adolphe and the illustrious leech look at each other, for the doctor wonders whether it is the husband or the wife that is trifling with him.

"What do you feel?" gravely inquires the physician.

"I don't sleep."

"Good!"

"I have no appetite."

"Well!"

"I have a pain, here."

The doctor examines the part indicated.

"Very good, we'll look at that by and by."

"Now and then a shudder passes over me—"

"Very good!"

"I have melancholy fits, I am always thinking of death, I feel promptings of suicide—"

"Dear me! Really!"

"I have rushes of heat to the face: look, there's a constant trembling in my eyelid."

"Capital! We call that a trismus."

The doctor goes into an explanation, which lasts a quarter of an hour, of the trismus, employing the most scientific

terms. From this it appears that the trismus is the trismus: but he observes with the greatest modesty that if science knows that the trismus is the trismus, it is entirely ignorant of the cause of this nervous affection, which comes and goes, appears and disappears—"and," he adds, "we have decided that it is altogether nervous."

"Is it very dangerous?" asks Caroline, anxiously.

"Not at all. How do you lie at night?"

"Doubled up in a heap."

"Good. On which side?"

"The left."

"Very well. How many mattresses are there on your bed?"

"Three."

"Good. Is there a spring bed?"

"Yes."

"What is the spring bed stuffed with?"

"Horse hair."

"Capital. Let me see you walk. No, no, naturally, and as if we weren't looking at you."

Caroline walks like Fanny Elssler, communicating the most Andalusian little motions to her tournure.

"Do you feel a sensation of heaviness in your knees?"

"Well, no—" she returns to her place. "Ah, now that I think of it, it seems to me that I do."

"Good. Have you been in the house a good deal lately?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a great deal too much—and alone."

"Good. I thought so. What do you wear on your head at night?"

"An embroidered night-cap, and sometimes a handkerchief over it."

"Don't you feel a heat there, a slight perspiration?"

"How can I, when I'm asleep?"

"Don't you find your night-cap moist on your forehead when you wake up?"

"Sometimes."

"Capital. Give me your hand."

The doctor takes out his watch.

"Did I tell you that I have a vertigo?" asks Caroline.

"Hush!" says the doctor, counting the pulse, "In the evening?"

"No, in the morning."

"Ah, bless me, a vertigo in the morning," says the doctor, looking at Adolphe.

"Well, sir, what do you think of my wife's condition?" asks Adolphe.

"The Duke of G. has not gone to London," says the great physician, while examining Caroline's skin, "and there's a good deal said about it in the faubourg St. Germain."

"Have you patients there?" asks Caroline.

"Nearly all my patients are there. Dear me, yes; I've got seven to see this morning; some of them are in danger."

"What do you think of me, sir?" says Caroline.

"Madame, you need attention, a great deal of attention, you must take quieting liquors, plenty of syrup of gum, a mild diet, white meat, and a good deal of exercise."

"There go twenty francs," says Adolphe to himself with a smile.

The great physician takes Adolphe by the arm, and draws him out with him, as he takes his leave: Caroline follows them on tiptoe.

"My dear sir," says the great physician, "I have just prescribed very insufficiently for your wife. I did not wish to frighten her: this affair concerns you more nearly than you imagine. Don't neglect her; she has a powerful temperament, and enjoys violent health; all this reacts upon her. Nature has its laws, which, when disregarded, compel obedience. She may get into a morbid state, which would cause you bitterly to repent having neglected her. If you love her, why, love her: but if you don't love her, and nevertheless desire to preserve the mother of your children, the resolution to come to is a matter of hygiene, but it can only proceed from you!"

"How well he understands me!" says Caroline to herself. She opens the door and says: "Doctor, you did not write down the doses!"

The great physician smiles, bows and slips the twenty franc piece into his pocket; he then leaves Adolphe to his wife, who takes him and says:

"What is the fact about my condition? Must I prepare for death?"

"Bah! He says you're too healthy!" cries Adolphe, impatiently.

Caroline retires to her sofa to weep.

"What is it, now?"

"So I am to live a long time—I am in the way—you don't love me any more—I won't consult that doctor again—I don't know why Madame Foullepointe advised me to see him, he told me nothing but trash—I know better than he what I need!"

"What do you need?"

"Can you ask, ungrateful man?" and Caroline leans her head on Adolphe's shoulder.

Adolphe, very much alarmed, says to himself: "The doctor's right, she may get to be morbidly exacting, and then what will become of me? Here I am compelled to choose between Caroline's physical extravagance, or some young cousin or other."

Meanwhile Caroline sits down and sings one of Schubert's melodies with all the agitation of a hypochondriac.

PART SECOND.

Preface.

If, reader, you have grasped the intent of this book,—and infinite honor is done you by the supposition: the profoundest author does not always comprehend, I may say never comprehends, the different meanings of his book, nor its bearing, nor the good nor the harm it may do—if, then, you have bestowed some attention upon these little scenes of married life, you have perhaps noticed their color—

"What color?" some grocer will doubtless ask; "books are bound in yellow, blue, green, pearl-gray, white—"

Alas! books possess another color, they are dyed by the author, and certain writers borrow their dye. Some books let their color come off on to others. More than this. Books are dark or fair, light brown or red. They have a sex, too! I know of male books, and female books, of books which, sad to say, have no sex, which we hope is not the case with this one, supposing that you do this collection of nosographic sketches the honor of calling it a book.

Thus far, the troubles we have described have been exclusively inflicted by the wife upon the husband. You have therefore seen only the masculine side of the book. And if the author really has the sense of hearing for which we give him credit, he has already caught more than one indignant exclamation or remonstrance:

"He tells us of nothing but vexations suffered by our husbands, as if we didn't have our petty troubles, too!"

Oh, women! you have been heard, for if you do not always make yourselves understood, you are always sure to make yourselves heard.

It would therefore be signally unjust to lay upon you alone

the reproaches that every being brought under the yoke (*conjugium*) has the right to heap upon that necessary, sacred, useful, eminently conservative institution,—one, however, that is often somewhat of an encumbrance, and tight about the joints, though sometimes it is also too loose there.

I will go further! Such partiality would be a piece of idiocy.

A man,—not a writer, for in a writer there are many men,—an author, rather, should resemble Janus, see behind and before, become a spy, examine an idea in all its phases, delve alternately into the soul of Alceste and into that of Philænete, know everything though he does not tell it, never be tiresome, and—

We will not conclude this programme, for we should tell the whole, and that would be frightful for those who reflect upon the present condition of literature.

Furthermore, an author who speaks for himself in the middle of his book, resembles the old fellow in "The Speaking Picture," when he puts his face in the hole cut in the painting. The author does not forget that in the Chamber, no one can take the floor *between two votes*. Enough, therefore!

Here follows the female portion of the book: for, to resemble marriage perfectly, it ought to be more or less hermaphroditic.

Husbands During the Second Month.

Two young married women, Caroline and Stephanie, who had been early friends, at M'lle Mâchefer's boarding school, one of the most celebrated educational institutions in the faubourg St. Honoré, met at a ball given by Madame de Fischtaminel, and the following conversation took place in a window-seat in the boudoir.

It was so hot that a man had acted upon the idea of going to breathe the fresh night air, some time before the two young women. He had placed himself in the angle of the balcony, and, as there were many flowers before the window, the two friends thought themselves alone. This man was the author's best friend.

One of the two ladies, standing at the corner of the embrasure, kept watch by looking at the boudoir and the parlors. The other had so placed herself as not to be in the draft, which was nevertheless tempered by the muslin and silk curtains.

The boudoir was empty, the ball was just beginning, the gaming-tables were open, offering their green cloths and their packs of cards still compressed in the frail case placed upon them by the customs office. The second quadrille was in progress.

All who go to balls will remember that phase of large parties when the guests are not yet all arrived, but when the rooms are already filled—a moment which gives the mistress of the house a transitory pang of terror. This moment is, other points of comparison apart, like that which decides a victory or the loss of a battle.

You will understand, therefore, how what was meant to be a secret now obtains the honors of publicity.

"Well, Caroline?"

"Well, Stephanie?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

A double sigh.

"Have you forgotten our agreement?"

"No."

"Why haven't you been to see me, then?"

"I am never left alone. Even here we shall hardly have time to talk."

"Ah! if Adolphe were to get into such habits as that!" exclaimed Caroline.

"You saw us, Armand and me, when he paid me what is called, I don't know why, his court."

"Yes, I admired him, I thought you very happy, you had found your ideal, a fine, good-sized man, always well dressed, with yellow gloves, his beard well shaven, patent leather boots, a clean shirt, exquisitely neat, and so attentive—"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"In short, quite an elegant man: his voice was femininely

sweet, and then such gentleness! And his promises of happiness and liberty! His sentences were veneered with rosewood. He stocked his conversation with shawls and laces. In his smallest expression you heard the rumbling of a coach and four. Your wedding presents were magnificent. Armand seemed to me like a husband of velvet, of a robe of birds' feathers in which you were to be wrapped."

"Caroline, my husband uses tobacco."

"So does mine; that is, he smokes."

"But mine, dear, uses it as they say Napoleon did: in short, he chews, and I hold tobacco in horror. The monster found it out, and went without it for seven months."

"All men have their habits. They absolutely must use something."

"You have no idea of the tortures I endure. At night I am awakened with a start by one of my own sneezes. As I go to sleep my motions bring the grains of snuff scattered over the pillow under my nose, I inhale, and explode like a mine. It seems that Armand, the wretch, is used to these *surprises,* and doesn't wake up. I find tobacco everywhere, and I certainly didn't marry the customs office."

"But, my dear child, what does this trifling inconvenience amount to, if your husband is kind and possesses a good disposition?"

"He is as cold as marble, as particular as an old bachelor, as communicative as a sentinel; and he's one of those men who say yes to everything, but who never do anything but what they want to."

"Deny him, once."

"I've tried it."

"What came of it?"

"He threatened to reduce my allowance, and to keep back a sum big enough for him to get along without me."

"Poor Stephanie! He's not a man, he's a monster."

"A calm and methodical monster, who wears a scratch, and who, every night—"

"Well, every night—"

"Wait a minute!—who takes a tumbler every night, and puts seven false teeth in it."

"What a trap your marriage was! At any rate, Armand is rich."

"Who knows?"

"Good heavens! Why, you seem to me on the point of becoming very unhappy—or very happy."

"Well, dear, how is it with you?"

"Oh, as for me, I have nothing as yet but a pin that pricks me: but it is intolerable."

"Poor creature! You don't know your own happiness: come, what is it?"

Here the young woman whispered in the other's ear, so that it was impossible to catch a single word. The conversation recommenced, or rather finished by a sort of inference.

"So, your Adolphe is jealous?"

"Jealous of whom? We never leave each other, and that, in itself, is an annoyance. I can't stand it. I don't dare to gape. I am expected to be forever enacting the woman in love. It's fatiguing."

"Caroline?"

"Well?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Resign myself. What are you?"

"Fight the customs office."

This little trouble tends to prove that in the matter of personal deception, the two sexes can well cry quits.

Disappointed Ambition.

I. Chodoreille the Great.

A young man has forsaken his natal city in the depths of one of the departments, rather clearly marked by M. Charles Dupin. He felt that glory of some sort awaited him: suppose that of a painter, a novelist, a journalist, a poet, a great statesman.

Young Adolphe de Chodoreille—that we may be perfectly understood—wished to be talked about, to become celebrated, to be somebody. This, therefore, is addressed to the mass of aspiring individuals brought to Paris by all sorts of vehicles, whether moral or material, and who rush upon the city one fine morning with the hydrophobic purpose of overturning everybody's reputation, and of building themselves a pedestal with the ruins they are to make,—until disenchantment follows. As our intention is to specify this peculiarity so characteristic of our epoch, let us take from among the various personages the one whom the author has elsewhere called *A Distinguished Provençal.*

Adolphe has discovered that the most admirable trade is that which consists in buying a bottle of ink, a bunch of quills, and a ream of paper, at a stationer's for twelve francs and a half, and in selling the two thousand sheets in the ream over again, for something like fifty thousand francs, after having, of course, written upon each leaf fifty lines replete with style and imagination.

This problem,—twelve francs and a half metamorphosed into fifty thousand francs, at the rate of five sous a line—urges numerous families who might advantageously employ their members in the retirement of the provinces, to thrust them into the vortex of Paris.

The young man who is the object of this exportation, invariably passes in his natal town for a man of as much imagination as the most famous author. He has always studied well, he writes very nice poetry, he is considered a fellow of parts: he is besides often guilty of a charming tale published in the local paper, which obtains the admiration of the department.

His poor parents will never know what their son has come to Paris to learn at great cost, namely: That it is difficult to be a writer and to understand the French language short of a dozen years of herculean labor: That a man must have explored every sphere of social life to become a genuine novelist, inasmuch as the novel is the private history of

nations: That the great story-tellers, Æsop, Lucian, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, La Fontaine, Lesage, Sterne, Voltaire, Walter Scott, the unknown Arabians of the *Thousand and One Nights,* were all men of genius as well as giants of erudition.

Their Adolphe serves his literary apprenticeship in two or three coffee-houses, becomes a member of the Society of Men of Letters, attacks, with or without reason, men of talent who don't read his articles, assumes a milder tone on seeing the powerlessness of his criticisms, offers novelettes to the papers which toss them from one to the other as if they were shuttlecocks: and, after five or six years of exercises more or less fatiguing, of dreadful privations which seriously tax his parents, he attains a certain position.

This position may be described as follows: Thanks to a sort of reciprocal support extended to each other, and which an ingenious writer has called "Mutual Admiration," Adolphe often sees his name cited among the names of celebrities, either in the prospectuses of the book-trade, or in the lists of newspapers about to appear. Publishers print the title of one of his works under the deceitful heading "In Press," which might be called the typographical menagerie of bears.* Chodoreille is sometimes mentioned among the promising young men of the literary world.

For eleven years Adolphe de Chodoreille remains in the ranks of the promising young men: he finally obtains a free entrance to the theatres, thanks to some dirty work or certain articles of dramatic criticism: he tries to pass for a good fellow; and as he loses his illusions respecting glory and the world of Paris, he gets into debt and his years begin to tell upon him.

A paper which finds itself in a tight place asks him for one

* A bear (*ours*) is a play which has been refused by a multitude of theatres, but which is finally represented at a time when some manager or other feels the need of one. The word has necessarily passed from the language of the stage into the jargon of journalism, and is applied to novels which wander the streets in search of a publisher.

of his bears revised by his friends. This has been retouched and revamped every five years, so that it smells of the pomatum of each prevailing and then forgotten fashion. To Adolphe it becomes what the famous cap, which he was constantly staking, was to Corporal Trim, for during five years "Anything for a Woman" (the title decided upon) "will be one of the most entertaining productions of our epoch."

After eleven years, Chodoreille is regarded as having written some respectable things, five or six tales published in the dismal magazines, in ladies' newspapers, or in works intended for children of tender age.

As he is a bachelor, and possesses a coat and a pair of black cassimere trousers, and when he pleases may thus assume the appearance of an elegant diplomat, and as he is not without a certain intelligent air, he is admitted to several more or less literary salons: he bows to the five or six academicians who possess genius, influence or talent, he visits two or three of our great poets, he allows himself, in coffee-rooms, to call the two or three justly celebrated women of our epoch by their Christian names; he is on the best of terms with the blue stockings of the second grade,—who ought to be called *socks*,—and he shakes hands and takes glasses of absinthe with the stars of the smaller newspapers.

Such is the history of every species of ordinary men—men who have been denied what they call good luck. This good luck is nothing less than unyielding will, incessant labor, contempt for an easily won celebrity, immense learning, and that patience which, according to Buffon, is the whole of genius, but which certainly is the half of it.

You do not yet see any indication of a petty trouble for Caroline. You imagine that this history of five hundred young men engaged at this moment in wearing smooth the paving stones of Paris, was written as a sort of warning to the families of the eighty-six departments of France: but read these two letters which lately passed between two girls differently married, and you will see that it was as necessary as the narrative by which every true melodrama was until lately

expected to open. You will divine the skillful manœuvres of the Parisian peacock spreading his tail in the recesses of his native village, and polishing up, for matrimonial purposes, the rays of his glory, which, like those of the sun, are only warm and brilliant at a distance.

From Madame Claire de la Roulandière, née Jugault, to Madame Adolphe de Chodorcille, née Heurtaut.

"Viviers.

"You have not yet written to me, and it's real unkind in you. Don't you remember that the happier was to write first and to console her who remained in the country?

"Since your departure for Paris, I have married Monsieur de la Roulandière, the president of the tribunal. You know him, and you can judge whether I am happy or not, with my heart *saturated,* as it is, with our ideas. I was not ignorant what my lot would be: I live with the ex-president, my husband's uncle, and with my mother-in-law, who has preserved nothing of the ancient parliamentary society of Aix but its pride and its severity of manners. I am seldom alone, I never go out unless accompanied by my mother-in-law or my husband. We receive the heavy people of the city in the evening. They play whist at two sous a point, and I listen to conversations of this nature:

" 'Monsieur Vitremont is dead, and leaves two hundred and eighty thousand francs,' says the associate judge, a young man of forty-seven, who is as entertaining as a northwest wind.

" 'Are you quite sure of that?'

"The *that* refers to the two hundred and eighty thousand francs. A little judge then holds forth, he runs over the investments, the others discuss their value, and it is definitely settled that if he has not left two hundred and eighty thousand, he left something near it.

"Then comes a universal concert of eulogy heaped upon the dead man's body, for having kept his bread under lock and key, for having shrewdly invested his little savings accumulated sou by sou, in order, probably, that the whole city and those who expect legacies may applaud and exclaim in admiration, 'He leaves two hundred and eighty thousand francs!' Now everybody has rich relations of whom they say 'Will he leave anything like it?' and thus they discuss the quick as they have discussed the dead.

"They talk of nothing but the prospects of fortune, the prospects of a vacancy in office, the prospects of the harvest.

"When we were children, and used to look at those pretty little white mice, in the cobbler's window in the rue St. Maclou, that turned and turned the circular cage in which they were imprisoned, how far I was from thinking that they would one day be a faithful image of my life!

"Think of it, my being in this condition!—I who fluttered my wings so much more than you, I whose imagination was so vagabond! My sins have been greater than yours, and I am the more severely punished. I have bidden farewell to my dreams: I am *Madame la Présidente* in all my glory, and I resign myself to giving my arm for forty years to my big awkward Roulandière, to living meanly in every way, and to having forever before me two heavy brows and two wall-eyes pierced in a yellow face, which is destined never to know what it is to smile.

"But you, Caroline dear, you who, between ourselves, were admitted among the big girls while I still gamboled among the little ones, you whose only sin was pride, you,—at the age of twenty-seven, and with a dowry of two hundred thousand francs,—capture and captivate a truly great man, one of the wittiest men in Paris, one of the two talented men that our village has produced.—What luck!

"You now circulate in the most brilliant society of Paris. Thanks to the sublime privileges of genius, you may appear in all the salons of the faubourg St. Germain, and be cordially received. You have the exquisite enjoyment of the company

of the two or three celebrated women of our age, where so many good things are said, where the happy speeches which arrive out here like Congreve rockets, are first fired off. You go to the Baron Schinner's of whom Adolphe so often spoke to us, whom all the great artists and foreigners of celebrity visit. In short, before long, you will be one of the queens of Paris, if you wish. You can receive, too, and have at your house the lions of literature, fashion and finance, whether male or female, for Adolphe spoke in such terms about his illustrious friendships and his intimacy with the favorites of the hour, that I imagine you giving and receiving honors.

"With your ten thousand francs a year, and the legacy from your Aunt Carabas, added to the twenty thousand francs that your husband earns, you must keep a carriage; and since you go to all the theatres without paying, since journalists are the heroes of all the inaugurations so ruinous for those who keep up with the movement of Paris, and since they are constantly invited to dinner, you live as if you had an income of sixty thousand francs a year! Happy Caroline! I don't wonder you forget me!

"I can understand how it is that you have not a moment to yourself. Your bliss is the cause of your silence, so I pardon you. Still, if, fatigued with so many pleasures, you one day, upon the summit of your grandeur, think of your poor Claire, write to me, tell me what a marriage with a great man is, describe those great Parisian ladies, especially those who write. Oh! I should *so* much like to know what they are made of! Finally don't forget anything, unless you forget that you are loved, as ever, by your poor

"Claire Jugault."

From Madame Adolphe de Chodoreille to Madame la Présidente de la Roulandière, at Viviers.

"Paris.

"Ah! my poor Claire, could you have known how many wretched little griefs your innocent letter would awaken, you

never would have written it. Certainly no friend, and not even an enemy, on seeing a woman with a thousand mosquito-bites and a plaster over them, would amuse herself by tearing it off and counting the stings.

"I will begin by telling you that for a woman of twenty-seven, with a face still passable, but with a form a little too much like that of the Emperor Nicholas for the humble part I play, I am happy! Let me tell you why: Adolphe, rejoicing in the deceptions which have fallen upon me like a hail-storm, smooths over the wounds in my self-love by so much affection, so many attentions, and such charming things, that, in good truth, women—so far as they are simply women—would be glad to find in the man they marry defects so advantageous. But all men of letters (Adolphe, alas! is barely a man of letters), who are beings not a bit less irritable, nervous, fickle and eccentric than women, are far from possessing such solid qualities as those of Adolphe, and I hope they have not all been as unfortunate as he.

"Ah! Claire, we love each other well enough for me to tell you the simple truth. I have saved my husband, dear, from profound but skillfully concealed poverty. Far from receiving twenty thousand francs a year, he has not earned that sum in the entire fifteen years that he has been at Paris. We occupy a third story in the rue Joubert, and pay twelve hundred francs for it; we have some eighty-five hundred francs left, with which I endeavor to keep house honorably.

"I have brought Adolphe luck; for since our marriage, he has obtained the control of a feuilleton which is worth four hundred francs a month to him, though it takes but a small portion of his time. He owes this situation to an investment. We employed the seventy thousand francs left me by my Aunt Carabas in giving security for a newspaper; on this we get nine per cent, and we have stock besides. Since this transaction, which was concluded some ten months ago, our income has doubled, and we now possess a competence. I can complain of my marriage in a pecuniary point of view no more than as regards my affections. My vanity alone has suffered,

and my ambition has been swamped. You will understand the various petty troubles which have assailed me, by a single specimen.

"Adolphe, you remember, appeared to us on intimate terms with the famous Baroness Schinner, so renowned for her wit, her influence, her wealth and her connection with celebrated men. I supposed that he was welcomed at her house as a friend: my husband presented me, and I was coldly received. I saw that her rooms were furnished with extravagant luxury; and instead of Madame Schinner's returning my call, I received a card, twenty days afterward, and at an insolently improper hour.

"On arriving at Paris, I went to walk upon the boulevard, proud of my anonymous great man. He nudged me with his elbow, and said, pointing out a fat little ill-dressed man, 'There's so and so!' He mentioned one of the seven or eight illustrious men in France. I got ready my look of admiration, and I saw Adolphe rapturously doffing his hat to the truly great man, who replied by the curt little nod that you vouchsafe a person with whom you have doubtless exchanged hardly four words in ten years. Adolphe had begged a look for my sake. 'Doesn't he know you?' I said to my husband. 'Oh, yes, but he probably took me for somebody else,' replied he.

"And so of poets, so of celebrated musicians, so of statesmen. But, as a compensation, we stop and talk for ten minutes in front of some arcade or other, with Messieurs Armand du Cantal, George Beaunoir, Felix Verdoret, of whom you have never heard. Mesdames Constantine Ramachard, Anaïs Crottat, and Lucienne Vouillon threaten me with their *blue* friendship. We dine editors totally unknown in our province. Finally, I have had the painful happiness of seeing Adolphe decline an invitation to an evening party to which I was not bidden.

"Oh! Clare dear, talent is still the rare flower of spontaneous growth, that no greenhouse culture can produce. I do not deceive myself: Adolphe is an ordinary man, known, estimated as such: he has no other chance, as he himself says, than to take his place among the *utilities* of literature. He

was not without wit at Viviers: but to be a man of wit at Paris, you must possess every kind of wit in formidable doses.

"I esteem Adolphe: for, after some few fibs, he frankly confessed his position, and, without humiliating himself too deeply, he promised that I should be happy. He hopes, like numerous other ordinary men, to obtain some place, that of an assistant librarian, for instance, or the pecuniary management of a newspaper. Who knows but we may get him elected deputy for Viviers, in the course of time?

"We live in obscurity: we have five or six friends of either sex whom we like, and such is the brilliant style of life which your letter gilded with all the social splendors.

"From time to time I am caught in a squall, or am the butt of some malicious tongue. Thus, yesterday, at the opera, I heard one of our most ill-natured wits, Léon de Lora, say to one of our most famous critics, 'It takes Chodoreille to discover the Caroline poplar on the banks of the Rhone!' They had heard my husband call me by my Christian name. At Viviers I was considered handsome. I am tall, well made, and fat enough to satisfy Adolphe! In this way I learn that the beauty of women from the country is, at Paris, precisely like the wit of country gentlemen.

"In short, I am absolutely nobody, if that is what you wish to know: but if you desire to learn how far my philosophy goes, understand that I am really happy in having found an ordinary man in my pretended great one.

"Farewell, dear Claire! It is still I, you see, who, in spite of my delusions and the petty troubles of my life, am the most favorably situated: for Adolphe is young, and a charming fellow.

"Caroline Heurtaut."

Claire's reply contained, among other passages, the following: "I hope that the indescribable happiness which you enjoy, will continue, thanks to your philosophy." Claire, as any intimate female friend would have done, consoled herself for her president by insinuations respecting Adolphe's prospects and future conduct.

II. ANOTHER GLANCE AT CHODOREILLE.

(Letter discovered one day in a casket, while she was making me wait a long time and trying to get rid of a hanger-on who could not be made to understand hidden meanings. I caught cold—but I got hold of this letter.)

This fatuous note was found on a paper which the notary's clerks had thought of no importance in the inventory of the estate of M. Ferdinand de Bourgarel, who was mourned of late by politics, arts and amours, and in whom is ended the great Provençal house of Borgarelli; for, as is generally known, the name Bourgarel is a corruption of Borgarelli just as the French Girardin is the Florentine Gherardini.

An intelligent reader will find little difficulty in placing this letter in its proper epoch in the lives of Adolphe and Caroline.

"My dear Friend:

"I thought myself lucky indeed to marry an artist as superior in his talent as in his personal attributes, equally great in soul and mind, worldly-wise, and likely to rise by following the public road without being obliged to wander along crooked, doubtful by-paths. However, you knew Adolphe; you appreciated his worth. I am loved, he is a father, I idolize our children. Adolphe is kindness itself to me; I admire and love him. But, my dear, in this complete happiness lurks a thorn. The roses upon which I recline have more than one fold. In the heart of a woman, folds speedily turn to wounds. These wounds soon bleed, the evil spreads, we suffer, the suffering awakens thoughts, the thoughts swell and change the course of sentiment.

"Ah! my dear, you shall know about it, though it is a cruel thing to say—but we live as much by vanity as by love. To live by love alone, one must dwell somewhere else than in Paris. What difference would it make to us whether we had only one white percale gown, if the man we love did not see other women dressed differently, more elegantly than we—

women who inspire ideas by their ways, by a multitude of little things which really go to make up great passions? Vanity, my dear, is cousin-german to jealousy, to that beautiful and noble jealousy which consists in not allowing one's empire to be invaded, in reigning undisturbed in a soul, and passing one's life happily in a heart.

"Ah, well, my woman's vanity is on the rack. Though some troubles may seem petty indeed, I have learned, unfortunately, that in the home there are no petty troubles. For everything there is magnified by incessant contact with sensations, with desires, with ideas. Such then is the secret of that sadness which you have surprised in me and which I did not care to explain. It is one of those things in which words go too far, and where writing holds at least the thought within bounds by establishing it. The effects of a moral perspective differ so radically between what is said and what is written! All is so solemn, so serious on paper! One cannot commit any more imprudences. Is it not this fact which makes a treasure out of a letter where one gives one's self over to one's thoughts?

"You doubtless thought me wretched, but I am only wounded. You discovered me sitting alone by the fire, and no Adolphe. I had just finished putting the children to bed; they were asleep. Adolphe for the tenth time had been invited out to a house where I do not go, where they want Adolphe without his wife. There are drawing-rooms where he goes without me, just as there are many pleasures in which he alone is the guest. If he were M. de Navarreins and I a d'Espard, society would never think of separating us; it would want us always together. His habits are formed; he does not suspect the humiliation which weighs upon my heart. Indeed, if he had the slightest inkling of this small sorrow which I am ashamed to own, he would drop society, he would become more of a prig than the people who come between us. But he would hamper his progress, he would make enemies, he would raise up obstacles by imposing me upon the salons where I would be subject to a thousand slights. That is why

I prefer my sufferings to what would happen were they discovered.

"Adolphe will succeed! He carries my revenge in his beautiful head, does this man of genius. One day the world shall pay for all these slights. But when? Perhaps I shall be forty-five. My beautiful youth will have passed in my chimney-corner, and with this thought: Adolphe smiles, he is enjoying the society of fair women, he is playing the devoted to them, while none of these attentions come my way.

"It may be that these will finally take him from me!

"No one undergoes slight without feeling it, and I feel that I am slighted, though young, beautiful and virtuous. Now, can I keep from thinking this way? Can I control my anger at the thought that Adolphe is dining in the city without me? I take no part in his triumphs; I do not hear the witty or profound remarks made to others! I could no longer be content with bourgeois receptions whence he rescued me, upon finding me *distinguée,* wealthy, young, beautiful and witty. There lies the evil, and it is irremediable.

"In a word, for some cause, it is only since I cannot go to a certain salon that I want to go there. Nothing is more natural of the ways of a human heart. The ancients were wise in having their *gyneceums.* The collisions between the pride of the women, caused by these gatherings, though it dates back only four centuries, has cost our own day much disaffection and numerous bitter debates.

"Be that as it may, my dear, Adolphe is always warmly welcomed when he comes back home. Still, no nature is strong enough to await always with the same ardor. What a morrow that will be, following the evening when his welcome is less warm!

"Now do you see the depth of the fold which I mentioned? A fold in the heart is an abyss, like a crevasse in the Alps—a profundity whose depth and extent we have never been able to calculate. Thus it is between two beings, no matter how near they may be drawn to each other. One never realizes the weight of suffering which oppresses his friend. This seems

such a little thing, yet one's life is affected by it in all its length, in all its breadth. I have thus argued with myself; but the more I have argued, the more thoroughly have I realized the extent of this hidden sorrow. And I can only let the current carry me whither it will.

"Two voices struggle for supremacy when—by a rarely fortunate chance—I am alone in my armchair waiting for Adolphe. One, I would wager, comes from Eugene Delacroix's *Faust* which I have on my table. Mephistopheles speaks, that terrible aide who guides the swords so dextrously. He leaves the engraving, and places himself diabolically before me, grinning through the hole which the great artist has placed under his nose, and gazing at me with that eye whence fall rubies, diamonds, carriages, jewels, laces, silks, and a thousand luxuries to feed the burning desire within me.

" 'Are you not fit for society?' he asks. 'You are the equal of the fairest duchesses. Your voice is like a siren's, your hands command respect and love. Ah! that arm!—place bracelets upon it, and how pleasingly it would rest upon the velvet of a robe! Your locks are chains which would fetter all men. And you could lay all your triumphs at Adolphe's feet, show him your power and never use it. Then he would fear, where now he lives in insolent certainty. Come! To action! Inhale a few mouthfuls of disdain and you will exhale clouds of incense. Dare to reign! Are you not next to nothing here in your chimney-corner? Sooner or later the pretty spouse, the beloved wife will die, if you continue like this, in a dressing-gown. Come, and you shall perpetuate your sway through the arts of coquetry! show yourself in salons, and your pretty foot shall trample down the love of your rivals.'

"The other voice comes from my white marble mantel, which rustles like a garment. I think I see a veritable goddess crowned with white roses, and bearing a palm-branch in her hand. Two blue eyes smile down on me. This simple image of virtue says to me:

" 'Be content! Remain good always, and make this man

happy. That is the whole of your mission. The sweetness of angels triumphs over all pain. Faith in themselves has enabled the martyrs to obtain solace even on the brasiers of their tormentors. Suffer a moment; you shall be happy in the end.'

"Sometimes Adolphe enters at that moment and I am content. But, my dear, I have less patience than love. I almost wish to tear in pieces the woman who can go everywhere, and whose society is sought out by men and women alike. What profound thought lies in the line of Molière:

"'The world, dear Agnes, is a curious thing!'

"You know nothing of this petty trouble, you fortunate Mathilde! You are well born. You can do a great deal for me. Just think! I can write you things that I dared not speak about. Your visits mean so much; come often to see your poor

"CAROLINE."

"Well," said I to the notary's clerk, "do you know what was the nature of this letter to the late Bourgarel?"

"No."

"A note of exchange."

Neither clerk nor notary understood my meaning. Do you?

THE PANGS OF INNOCENCE.

"Yes, dear, in the married state, many things will happen to you which you are far from expecting: but then others will happen which you expect still less. For instance—"

The author (may we say the ingenious author?) *qui castigat ridendo mores,* and who has undertaken the *Petty Troubles of Married Life,* hardly needs to remark, that, for prudence' sake, he here allows a lady of high distinction to speak, and that he does not assume the responsibility of her language, though he professes the most sincere admiration for the charming person to whom he owes his acquaintance with this petty trouble.

"For instance—" she says.

He nevertheless thinks proper to avow that this person is neither Madame Foullepointe, nor Madame de Fischtaminel, nor Madame Deschars.

Madame Deschars is too prudish, Madame Foullepointe too absolute in her household, and she knows it; indeed, what doesn't she know? She is good-natured, she sees good society, she wishes to have the best: people overlook the vivacity of her witticisms, as, under Louis XIV., they overlooked the remarks of Madame Cornuel. They overlook a good many things in her; there are some women who are the spoiled children of public opinion.

As to Madame de Fischtaminel, who is, in fact, connected with the affair, as you shall see, she, being unable to recriminate, abstains from words and recriminates in acts.

We give permission to all to think that the speaker is Caroline herself, not the silly little Caroline of tender years, but Caroline when she has become a woman of thirty.

"For instance," she remarks to a young woman whom she is edifying, "you will have children, God willing."

"Madame," I say, "don't let us mix the deity up in this, unless it is an allusion—"

"You are impertinent," she replies, "you shouldn't interrupt a woman—"

"When she is busy with children, I know: but, madame, you ought not to trifle with the innocence of young ladies. Mademoiselle is going to be married, and if she were led to count upon the intervention of the Supreme Being in this affair, she would fall into serious errors. We should not deceive the young. Mademoiselle is beyond the age when girls are informed that their little brother was found under a cabbage."

"You evidently want to get me confused," she replies, smiling and showing the loveliest teeth in the world. "I am not strong enough to argue with you, so I beg you to let me go on with Josephine. What was I saying?"

"That if I get married, I shall have children," returns the young lady.

"Very well. I will not represent things to you worse than they are, but it is extremely probable that each child will cost you a tooth. With every baby I have lost a tooth."

"Happily," I remark at this, "this trouble was with you less than petty, it was positively nothing."—They were side teeth.—"But take notice, miss, that this vexation has no absolute, unvarying character as such. The annoyance depends upon the condition of the tooth. If the baby causes the loss of a decayed tooth, you are fortunate enough to have a baby the more and a bad tooth the less. Don't let us confound blessings with bothers. Ah! if you were to lose one of your magnificent front teeth, that would be another thing! And yet there is many a woman that would give the best tooth in her head for a fine, healthy boy!"

"Well," resumes Caroline, with animation, "at the risk of destroying your illusions, poor child, I'll just show you a petty trouble that counts! Ah, it's atrocious! And I won't leave the subject of dress which this gentleman considers the only subject we women are equal to."

I protest by a gesture.

"I had been married about two years," continues Caroline, "and I loved my husband. I have got over it since and acted differently for his happiness and mine. I can boast of having one of the happiest homes in Paris. In short, my dear, I loved the monster, and, even when out in society, saw no one but him. My husband had already said to me several times, 'My dear, young women never dress well; your mother liked to have you look like a stick,—she had her reasons for it. If you care for my advice, take Madame de Fischtaminel for a model: she is a lady of taste.' I, unsuspecting creature that I was, saw no perfidy in the recommendation.

"One evening as we returned from a party, he said, 'Did you notice how Madame de Fischtaminel was dressed?' 'Yes, very neatly.' And I said to myself, 'He's always talking about Madame de Fischtaminel; I must really dress just like her.' I had noticed the stuff and the make of the dress, and the style of the trimmings. I was as happy as could be, as I went trotting

about town, doing everything I could to obtain the same articles. I sent for the very same dressmaker.

"'You work for Madame de Fischtaminel,' I said.

"'Yes, madame.'

"'Well, I will employ you as my dressmaker, but on one condition: you see I have procured the stuff of which her gown is made, and I want you to make me one exactly like it.'

"I confess that I did not at first pay any attention to a rather shrewd smile of the dressmaker, though I saw it and afterwards accounted for it. 'So like it,' I added, 'that you can't tell them apart.'

"Oh," says Caroline, interrupting herself and looking at me, "you men teach us to live like spiders in the depths of their webs, to see everything without seeming to look at it, to investigate the meaning and spirit of words, movements, looks. You say, 'How cunning women are!' But you should say, 'How deceitful men are!'

"I can't tell you how much care, how many steps, how many manœuvres, it cost me to become Madame de Fischtaminel's duplicate! But these are our battles, child," she adds, returning to Josephine. "I could not find a certain little embroidered neckerchief, a very marvel! I finally learned that it was made to order. I unearthed the embroideress, and ordered a kerchief like Madame de Fischtaminel's. The price was a mere trifle, one hundred and fifty francs! It had been ordered by a gentleman who had made a present of it to Madame de Fischtaminel. All my savings were absorbed by it. Now we women of Paris are all of us very much restricted in the article of dress. There is not a man worth a hundred thousand francs a year, that loses ten thousand a winter at whist, who does not consider his wife extravagant, and is not alarmed at her bills for what he calls 'rags'! 'Let my savings go,' I said. And they went. I had the modest pride of a woman in love: I would not speak a word to Adolphe of my dress; I wanted it to be a surprise, goose that I was! Oh, how brutally you men take away our blessed ignorance!"

This remark is meant for me, for me who had taken noth-

ing from the lady, neither tooth, nor anything whatever of the things with a name and without a name that may be taken from a woman.

"I must tell you that my husband took me to Madame de Fischtaminel's, where I dined quite often. I heard her say to him, 'Why, your wife looks very well!' She had a patronizing way with me that I put up with: Adolphe wished that I could have her wit and preponderance in society. In short, this phœnix of women was my model. I studied and copied her, I took immense pains not to be myself—oh! it was a poem that no one but us women can understand! Finally, the day of my triumph dawned. My heart beat for joy, as if I were a child, as if I were what we all are at twenty-two. My husband was going to call for me for a walk in the Tuileries: he came in, I looked at him radiant with joy, but he took no notice. Well, I can confess it now, it was one of those frightful disasters—but I will say nothing about it—this gentleman here would make fun of me."

I protest by another movement.

"It was," she goes on, for a woman never stops till she has told the whole of a thing, "as if I had seen an edifice built by a fairy crumble into ruins. Adolphe manifested not the slightest surprise. We got into the carriage. Adolphe noticed my sadness, and asked me what the matter was: I replied as we always do when our hearts are wrung by these petty vexations, 'Oh, nothing!' Then he took his eye-glass, and stared at the promenaders on the Champs Elysées, for we were to go the rounds of the Champs Elysées, before taking our walk at the Tuileries. Finally, a fit of impatience seized me. I felt a slight attack of fever, and when I got home, I composed myself to smile. 'You haven't said a word about my dress!' I muttered. 'Ah, yes, your gown is somewhat like Madame de Fischtaminel's.' He turned on his heel and went away.

"The next day I pouted a little, as you may readily imagine. Just as we were finishing breakfast by the fire in my room—I shall never forget it—the embroideress called to get her money for the neckerchief. I paid her. She bowed to my husband

as if she knew him. I ran after her on pretext of getting her to receipt the bill, and said: 'You didn't ask *him* so much for Madame de Fischtaminel's kerchief!' 'I assure you, madame, it's the same price, the gentleman did not beat me down a mite.' I returned to my room where I found my husband looking as foolish as—"

She hesitates and then resumes: "As a miller just made a bishop. 'I understand, love, now, that I shall never be anything more than *somewhat like* Madame de Fischtaminel.' 'You refer to the neckerchief, I suppose: well, I *did* give it to her,—it was for her birthday. You see, we were formerly—' 'Ah, you were formerly more intimate than you are now!' Without replying to this, he added, *'But it's altogether moral.'*

"He took his hat and went out, leaving me with this fine declaration of the Rights of Man. He did not return and came home late at night. I remained in my chamber and wept like a Magdalen, in the chimney-corner. You may laugh at me, if you will," she adds, looking at me, "but I shed tears over my youthful illusions, and I wept, too, for spite, at having been taken for a dupe. I remembered the dressmaker's smile! ah, that smile reminded me of the smiles of a number of women, who laughed at seeing me so innocent and unsuspecting at Madame de Fischtaminel's! I wept sincerely. Until now I had a right to give my husband credit for many things which he did not possess, but in the existence of which young married women pertinaciously believe.

"How many great troubles are included in this petty one! You men are a vulgar set. There is not a woman who does not carry her delicacy so far as to embroider her past life with the most delightful fibs, while you—but I have had my revenge."

"Madame," I say, "you are giving this young lady too much information."

"True," she returns, "I will tell you the sequel some other time."

"Thus, you see, mademoiselle," I say, "you imagine you are

buying a neckerchief and you find a *petty trouble* round your neck: if you get it given to you—"

"It's a *great* trouble," retorts the woman of distinction. "Let us stop here."

The moral of this fable is that you must wear your neckerchief without thinking too much about it. The ancient prophets called this world, even in their time, a valley of woe. Now, at that period, the Orientals had, with the permission of the constituted authorities, a swarm of comely slaves, besides their wives! What shall we call the valley of the Seine between Calvary and Charenton, where the law allows but one lawful wife.

The Universal Amadis.

You will understand at once that I began to gnaw the head of my cane, to consult the ceiling, to gaze at the fire, to examine Caroline's foot, and I thus held out till the marriageable young lady was gone.

"You must excuse me," I said, "if I have remained behind, perhaps in spite of you: but your vengeance would lose by being recounted by and by, and if it constituted a petty trouble for your husband, I have the greatest interest in hearing it, and you shall know why."

"Ah," she returned, "that expression, *'it's altogether moral,'* which he gave as an excuse, shocked me to the last degree. It was a great consolation, truly, to me, to know that I held the place, in his household, of a piece of furniture, a block; that my kingdom lay among the kitchen utensils, the accessories of my toilet, and the physicians' prescriptions; that our conjugal love had been assimilated to dinner pills, to veal soup and white mustard; that Madame de Fischtaminel possessed my husband's soul, his admiration, and that she charmed and satisfied his intellect, while I was a kind of purely physical necessity! What do you think of a woman's being degraded to the situation of a soup or a plate of boiled beef, and without parsley, at that! Oh, I composed a catilinic, that evening—"

"Philippic is better."

"Well, either. I'll say anything you like, for I was perfectly furious, and I don't remember what I screamed in the desert of my bedroom. Do you suppose that this opinion that husbands have of their wives, the parts they give them, is not a singular vexation for us? Our petty troubles are always pregnant with greater ones. My Adolphe needed a lesson. You know the Vicomte de Lustrac, a desperate amateur of women and music, an epicure, one of those ex-beaux of the Empire, who live upon their earlier successes, and who cultivate themselves with excessive care, in order to secure a second crop?"

"Yes," I said, "one of those laced, braced, corseted old fellows of sixty, who work such wonders by the grace of their forms, and who might give a lesson to the youngest dandies among us."

"Monsieur de Lustrac is as selfish as a king, but gallant and pretentious, spite of his jet black wig."

"As to his whiskers, he dyes them."

"He goes to ten parties in an evening: he's a butterfly."

"He gives capital dinners and concerts, and patronizes inexperienced songstresses."

"He takes bustle for pleasure."

"Yes, but he makes off with incredible celerity whenever a misfortune occurs. Are you in mourning, he avoids you. Are you confined, he awaits your churching before he visits you. He possesses a mundane frankness and a social intrepidity which challenge admiration."

"But does it not require courage to appear to be what one really is?" I asked.

"Well," she resumed, after we had exchanged our observations on this point, "this young old man, this universal Amadis, whom we call among ourselves Chevalier *Petit-Bon-Homme-vit-encore,* became the object of my admiration. I made him a few of those advances which never compromise a woman; I spoke of the good taste exhibited in his latest waistcoats and in his canes, and he thought me a lady of extreme

amiability. I thought him a chevalier of extreme youth; he called upon me; I put on a number of little airs, and pretended to be unhappy at home, and to have deep sorrows. You know what a woman means when she talks of her sorrows, and complains that she is not understood. The old ape replied much better than a young man would, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping a straight face while I listened to him.

"'Ah, that's the way with husbands, they pursue the very worst policy, they respect their wives, and, sooner or later, every woman is enraged at finding herself respected, and divines the secret education to which she is entitled. Once married, you ought not to live like a little school-girl, etc.'

"As he spoke, he leaned over me, he squirmed, he was horrible to see. He looked like a wooden Nuremberg doll, he stuck out his chin, he stuck out his chair, he stuck out his hand—in short, after a variety of marches and countermarches, of declarations that were perfectly angelic—"

"No!"

"Yes. *Petit-Bon-Homme-vit-encore* had abandoned the classicism of his youth for the romanticism now in fashion: he spoke of the soul, of angels, of adoration, of submission, he became ethereal, and of the darkest blue. He took me to the opera, and handed me to my carriage. This old young man went when I went, his waistcoats multiplied, he compressed his waist, he excited his horse to a gallop in order to catch and accompany my carriage to the promenade: he compromised me with the grace of a young collegian, and was considered madly in love with me. I was steadfastly cruel, but accepted his arm and his bouquets. We were talked about. I was delighted, and managed before long to be surprised by my husband, with the viscount on the sofa in my boudoir, holding my hands in his, while I listened in a sort of external ecstasy. It is incredible how much a desire for vengeance will induce us to put up with! I appeared vexed at the entrance of my husband, who made a scene on the viscount's departure: 'I assure you, sir,' said I, after having listened to his reproaches, 'that *it's altogether moral.*' My

husband saw the point and went no more to Madame de Fischtaminel's. I received Monsieur de Lustrac no more, either."

"But," I interrupted, "this Lustrac that you, like many others, take for a bachelor, is a widower, and childless."

"Really!"

"No man ever buried his wife deeper than he buried his: she will hardly be found at the day of judgment. He married before the Revolution, and your *altogether moral* reminds me of a speech of his that I shall have to repeat for your benefit. Napoleon appointed Lustrac to an important office, in a conquered province. Madame de Lustrac, abandoned for governmental duties, took a private secretary for her private affairs, though it was altogether moral: but she was wrong in selecting him without informing her husband. Lustrac met this secretary in a state of some excitement, in consequence of a lively discussion in his wife's chamber, and at an exceedingly early hour in the morning. The city desired nothing better than to laugh at its governor, and this adventure made such a sensation that Lustrac himself begged the Emperor to recall him. Napoleon desired his representatives to be men of morality, and he held that such disasters as this must inevitably take from a man's consideration. You know that among the Emperor's unhappy passions, was that of reforming his court and his government. Lustrac's request was granted, therefore, but without compensation. When he returned to Paris, he reappeared at his mansion, with his wife; he took her into society—a step which is certainly conformable to the most refined habits of the aristocracy—but then there are always people who want to find out about it. They inquired the reason of this chivalrous championship. 'So you are reconciled, you and Madame de Lustrac,' some one said to him in the lobby of the Emperor's theatre, 'you have pardoned her, have you? So much the better.' 'Oh,' replied he, with a satisfied air, 'I became convinced—' 'Ah, that she was innocent, very good.' 'No, I became convinced that it was altogether physical.'"

Caroline smiled.

"The opinion of your admirer reduced this weighty trouble to what is, in this case as in yours, a very petty one."

"A petty trouble!" she exclaimed, "and pray for what do you take the fatigue of coquetting with a de Lustrac, of whom I have made an enemy! Ah, women often pay dearly enough for the bouquets they receive and the attentions they accept. Monsieur de Lustrac said of me to Monsieur de Bourgarel, 'I would not advise you to pay court to that woman; she is too dear.'"

Without an Occupation.

"Paris, 183—

"You ask me, dear mother, whether I am happy with my husband. Certainly Monsieur de Fischtaminel was not the ideal of my dreams. I submitted to your will, as you know. His fortune, that supreme consideration, spoke, indeed, sufficiently loud. With these arguments,—a marriage, without stooping, with the Comte de Fischtaminel, his having thirty thousand a year, and a home at Paris—you were strongly armed against your poor daughter. Besides, Monsieur de Fischtaminel is good looking for a man of thirty-six years; he received the cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon upon the field of battle, he is an ex-colonel, and had it not been for the Restoration, which put him upon half-pay, he would be a general. These are certainly extenuating circumstances.

"Many women consider that I have made a good match, and I am bound to confess that there is every appearance of happiness,—for the public, that is. But you will acknowledge that if you had known of the return of my Uncle Cyrus and of his intention to leave me his money, you would have given me the privilege of choosing for myself.

"I have nothing to say against Monsieur de Fischtaminel: he does not gamble, he is indifferent to women, he doesn't like wine, and he has no expensive fancies: he possesses, as you

said, all the negative qualities which make husbands passable. Then, what is the matter with him? Well, mother, he has nothing to do. We are together the whole blessed day! Would you believe that it is during the night, when we are the most closely united, that I am the most alone? His sleep is my asylum, my liberty begins when he slumbers. This state of siege will yet make me sick: I am never alone. If Monsieur de Fischtaminel were jealous, I should have a resource. There would then be a struggle, a comedy: but how could the aconite of jealousy have taken root in his soul? He has never left me since our marriage. He feels no shame in stretching himself out upon a sofa and remaining there for hours together.

"Two felons pinioned to the same chain do not find time hang heavy: for they have their escape to think of. But we have no subject of conversation; we have long since talked ourselves out. A little while ago he was so far reduced as to talk politics. But even politics are exhausted, Napoleon, unfortunately for me, having died at St. Helena, as is well known.

"Monsieur de Fischtaminel abhors reading. If he sees me with a book, he comes and says a dozen times an hour—'Nina, dear, haven't you finished yet?'

"I endeavored to persuade this innocent persecutor to ride out every day on horseback, and I alleged a consideration usually conclusive with men of forty years,—his health! But he said that after having been twelve years on horseback, he felt the need of repose.

"My husband, dear mother, is a man who absorbs you, he uses up the vital fluid of his neighbor, his ennui is gluttonous: he likes to be amused by those who call upon us, and, after five years of wedlock, no one ever comes: none visit us but those whose intentions are evidently dishonorable for him, and who endeavor, unsuccessfully, to amuse him, in order to earn the right to weary his wife.

"Monsieur de Fischtaminel, mother, opens the door of my chamber, or of the room to which I have flown for refuge, five

or six times an hour, and comes up to me in an excited way, and says, 'Well, what are you doing, my belle?' (the expression in fashion during the Empire) without perceiving that he is constantly repeating the same phrase, which is to me like the one pint too much that the executioner formerly poured into the torture by water.

"Then there's another bore! We can't go to walk any more. A promenade without conversation, without interest, is impossible. My husband walks with me for the walk, as if he were alone. I have the fatigue without the pleasure.

"The interval between getting up and breakfast is employed in my toilet, in my household duties; and I manage to get through with this part of the day. But between breakfast and dinner, there is a whole desert to plough, a waste to traverse. My husband's want of occupation does not leave me a moment of repose, he overpowers me by his uselessness; his idle life positively wears me out. His two eyes always open and gazing at mine compel me to keep them lowered. Then his monotonous remarks:

"'What o'clock is it, love? What are you doing now? What are you thinking of? What do you mean to do? Where shall we go this evening? Anything new? What weather! I don't feel well, etc., etc.'

"All these variations upon the same theme—the interrogation point—which compose Fischtaminel's repertory, will drive me mad. Add to these leaden arrows everlastingly shot off at me, one last trait which will complete the description of my happiness, and you will understand my life.

"Monsieur de Fischtaminel, who went away in 1809, with the rank of sub-lieutenant, at the age of eighteen, has had no other education than that due to discipline, to the natural sense of honor of a noble and a soldier: but though he possesses tact, the sentiment of probity, and a proper subordination, his ignorance is gross, he knows absolutely nothing, and he has a horror of learning anything. Oh, dear mother, what an accomplished door-keeper this colonel would have made, had he been born in indigence! I don't think a bit the better of him

for his bravery, for he did not fight against the Russians, the Austrians, or the Prussians: he fought against ennui. When he rushed upon the enemy, Captain Fischtaminel's purpose was to get away from himself. He married because he had nothing else to do.

"We have another slight difficulty to contend with: my husband harasses the servants to such a degree that we change them every six months.

"I so ardently desire, dear mother, to remain a virtuous woman, that I am going to try the effect of traveling for half the year. During the winter, I shall go every evening to the Italian or the French opera, or to parties: but I don't know whether our fortune will permit such an expenditure. Uncle Cyrus ought to come to Paris—I would take care of him as I would of an inheritance.

"If you discover a cure for my woes, let your daughter know of it—your daughter who loves you as much as she deplores her misfortunes, and who would have been glad to call herself by some other name than that of

"Nina Fischtaminel."

Besides the necessity of describing this petty trouble, which could only be described by the pen of a woman,—and what a woman she was!—it was necessary to make you acquainted with a character whom you saw only in profile in the first half of this book, the queen of the particular set in which Caroline lived,—a woman both envied and adroit, who succeeded in conciliating, at an early date, what she owed to the world with the requirements of the heart. This letter is her absolution.

Indiscretions.

Women are either chaste—or vain—or simply proud. They are therefore all subject to the following petty trouble:

Certain husbands are so delighted to have, in the form of a wife, a woman to themselves,—a possession exclusively due

to the legal ceremony,—that they dread the public's making a mistake, and they hasten to brand their consort, as lumber-dealers brand their logs while floating down stream, or as the Berry stock-raisers brand their sheep. They bestow names of endearment, right before people, upon their wives: names taken, after the Roman fashion (*columbella*), from the animal kingdom, as: my chick, my duck, my dove, my lamb; or, choosing from the vegetable kingdom, they call them: my cabbage, my fig (this only in Provence), my plum (this only in Alsatia). Never:—My flower! Pray note this discretion.

Or else, which is more serious, they call their wives:—Bobonne,—mother,—daughter,—good woman,—old lady: this last when she is very young.

Some venture upon names of doubtful propriety, such as: Mon bichon, ma niniche, Tronquette!

We once heard one of our politicians, a man extremely remarkable for his ugliness, call his wife, *Moumoutte!*

"I would rather he would strike me," said this unfortunate to her neighbor.

"Poor little woman, she is really unhappy," resumed the neighbor, looking at me when Moumoutte had gone: "when she is in company with her husband, she is upon pins and needles, and keeps out of his way. One evening, he actually seized her by the neck and said: 'Come fatty, let's go home!'"

It has been alleged that the cause of a very famous husband-poisoning with arsenic, was nothing less than a series of constant indiscretions like these that the wife had to bear in society. This husband used to give the woman he had won at the point of the Code, public little taps on her shoulder, he would startle her by a resounding kiss, he dishonored her by a conspicuous tenderness, seasoned by those impertinent attentions the secret of which belongs to the French savages who dwell in the depths of the provinces, and whose manners are very little known, despite the efforts of the realists in fiction. It was, it is said, this shocking situation,—one perfectly appreciated by a discerning jury,—which won the prisoner a verdict softened by the extenuating circumstances.

The jurymen said to themselves:

"For a wife to murder her husband for these conjugal offences, is certainly going rather far; but then a woman is very excusable, when she is so harassed!"

We deeply regret, in the interest of elegant manners, that these arguments are not more generally known. Heaven grant, therefore, that our book may have an immense success, as women will obtain this advantage from it, that they will be treated as they deserve, that is, as queens.

In this respect, love is much superior to marriage, it is proud of indiscreet sayings and doings. There are some women that seek them, fish for them, and woe to the man who does not now and then commit one!

What passion lies in an accidental *thou!*

Out in the country I heard a husband call his wife: "Ma berline!" She was delighted with it, and saw nothing ridiculous in it: she called her husband, "Mon fiston!" This delicious couple were ignorant of the existence of such things as petty troubles.

It was in observing this happy pair that the author discovered this axiom:

Axiom.—*In order to be happy in wedlock, you must either be a man of genius married to an affectionate and intellectual woman, or, by a chance which is not as common as might be supposed, you must both of you be exceedingly stupid.*

The too celebrated history of the cure of a wounded self-love by arsenic, proves that, properly speaking, there are no petty troubles for women in married life.

Axiom.—*Woman exists by sentiment where man exists by action.*

Now, sentiment can at any moment render a petty trouble either a great misfortune, or a wasted life, or an eternal misery. Should Caroline begin, in her ignorance of life and the world,

by inflicting upon her husband the vexations of her stupidity (re-read REVELATIONS), Adolphe, like any other man, may find a compensation in social excitement: he goes out, comes back, goes here and there, has business. But for Caroline, the question everywhere is, To love or not to love, to be or not to be loved.

Indiscretions are in harmony with the character of the individuals, with times and places. Two examples will suffice.

Here is the first. A man is by nature dirty and ugly: he is ill-made and repulsive. There are men, and often rich ones, too, who, by a sort of unobserved constitution, soil a new suit of clothes in twenty-four hours. They were born disgusting. It is so disgraceful for a woman to be anything more than just simply a wife to this sort of Adolphe, that a certain Caroline had long ago insisted upon the suppression of the modern *thee* and *thou* and all other insignia of the wifely dignity. Society had been for five or six years accustomed to this sort of thing, and supposed Madame and Monsieur completely separated, and all the more so as it had noticed the accession of a Ferdinand II.

One evening, in the presence of a dozen persons, this man said to his wife: "Caroline, hand me the tongs, there's a love." It is nothing, and yet everything. It was a domestic revelation.

Monsieur de Lustrac, the Universal Amadis, hurried to Madame de Fischtaminel's, narrated this little scene with all the spirit at his command, and Madame de Fischtaminel put on an air something like Célimène's and said: "Poor creature, what an extremity she must be in!"

I say nothing of Caroline's confusion,—you have already divined it.

Here is the second. Think of the frightful situation in which a lady of great refinement was lately placed: she was conversing agreeably at her country seat near Paris, in the midst of a circle of ten or twelve persons, when her husband's servant came and whispered in her ear, "Monsieur has come, madame."

"Very well, Benoît."

Everybody had heard the rumblings of the vehicle. It was known that the husband had been at Paris since Monday, and this took place on Saturday, at four in the afternoon.

"He's got something important to say to you, madame."

Though this dialogue was held in a whisper, it was perfectly understood, and all the more so from the fact that the lady of the house turned from the pale hue of the Bengal rose to the brilliant crimson of the wheatfield poppy. She nodded and went on with the conversation, and managed to leave her company on the pretext of learning whether her husband had succeeded in an important undertaking or not: but she seemed plainly vexed at Adolphe's want of consideration for the company who were visiting her.

During their youth, women want to be treated as divinities, they love the ideal; they cannot bear the idea of being what nature intended them to be.

Some husbands, on retiring to the country, after a week in town, are worse than this: they bow to the company, put their arm round their wife's waist, take a little walk with her, appear to be talking confidentially, disappear in a clump of trees, get lost, and reappear half an hour afterward.

This, ladies, is a genuine petty trouble for a young woman, but for women beyond forty, this sort of indiscretion is so delightful, that the greatest prudes are flattered by it, for, be it known:

That women of a certain age, women on the shady side, want to be treated as mortals, they love the actual: they cannot bear the idea of no longer being what nature intended them to be.

Axiom.—*Modesty is a relative virtue; there is the modesty of the woman of twenty, the woman of thirty, the woman of forty-five.*

Thus the author said to a lady who told him to guess at her age: "Madame, yours is the age of indiscretion."

This charming young woman of thirty-nine was making a Ferdinand much too conspicuous, while her daughter was trying to conceal her Ferdinand I.

Brutal Disclosures.

First Style. Caroline adores Adolphe, she thinks him handsome, she thinks him superb, especially in his National Guard uniform. She starts when a sentinel presents arms to him, she considers him moulded like a model, she regards him as a man of wit, everything he does is right, nobody has better taste than he, in short, she is crazy about Adolphe.

It's the old story of Cupid's bandage. This is washed every ten years, and newly embroidered by the altered manners of the period, but it has been the same old bandage since the days of Greece.

Caroline is at a ball with one of her young friends. A man well known for his bluntness, whose acquaintance she is to make later in life, but whom she now sees for the first time, Monsieur Foullepointe, has commenced a conversation with Caroline's friend. According to the custom of society, Caroline listens to this conversation without mingling in it.

"Pray tell me, madame," says Monsieur Foullepointe, "who is that queer man who has been talking about the Court of Assizes before a gentleman whose acquittal lately created such a sensation: he is all the while blundering, like an ox in a bog, against everybody's sore spot. A lady burst into tears at hearing him tell of the death of a child, as she lost her own two months ago."

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, that fat man, dressed like a waiter in a café, frizzled like a barber's apprentice, there, he's trying now to make himself agreeable to Madame de Fischtaminel."

"Hush," whispers the lady quite alarmed, "it's the husband of the little woman next to me!"

"Ah, it's your husband?" says Monsieur Foullepointe. "I am delighted, madame, he's a charming man, so vivacious,

gay and witty. I am going to make his acquaintance immediately."

And Foullepointe executes his retreat, leaving a bitter suspicion in Caroline's soul, as to the question whether her husband is really as handsome as she thinks him.

Second Style. Caroline, annoyed by the reputation of Madame Schinner, who is credited with the possession of epistolary talents, and styled the "Sévigné of the note", tired of hearing about Madame de Fischtaminel, who has ventured to write a little 32mo book on the education of the young, in which she has boldly reprinted Fénelon, without the style:— Caroline has been working for six months upon a tale tenfold poorer than those of Berquin, nauseatingly moral, and flamboyant in style.

After numerous intrigues such as women are skillful in managing in the interest of their vanity, and the tenacity and perfection of which would lead you to believe that they have a third sex in their head, this tale, entitled "The Lotus," appears in three instalments in a leading daily paper. It is signed Samuel Crux.

When Adolphe takes up the paper at breakfast, Caroline's heart beats up in her very throat: she blushes, turns pale, looks away and stares at the ceiling. When Adolphe's eyes settle upon the feuilleton, she can bear it no longer: she gets up, goes out, comes back, having replenished her stock of audacity, no one knows where.

"Is there a feuilleton this morning?" she asks with an air that she thinks indifferent, but which would disturb a husband still jealous of his wife.

"Yes, one by a beginner, Samuel Crux. The name is a disguise, clearly: the tale is insignificant enough to drive an insect to despair, if he could read: and vulgar, too: the style is muddy, but then it's—"

Caroline breathes again. "It's—" she suggests.

"It's incomprehensible," resumes Adolphe. "Somebody must have paid Chodorcille five or six hundred francs to insert

it; or else it's the production of a blue-stocking in high society who has promised to invite Madame Chodoreille to her house; or perhaps it's the work of a woman in whom the editor is personally interested. Such a piece of stupidity cannot be explained any other way. Imagine, Caroline, that it's all about a little flower picked on the edge of a wood in a sentimental walk, which a gentleman of the Werther school has sworn to keep, which he has had framed, and which the lady claims again eleven years after (the poor man has had time to change his lodgings three times). It's quite new, about as old as Sterne or Gessner. What makes me think it's a woman, is that the first literary idea of the whole sex is to take vengeance on some one."

Adolphe might go on pulling "The Lotus" to pieces; Caroline's ears are full of the tinkling of bells. She is like the woman who threw herself over the Pont des Arts, and tried to find her way ten feet below the level of the Seine.

Another Style. Caroline, in her paroxysms of jealousy, has discovered a hiding place used by Adolphe, who, as he can't trust his wife, and as he knows she opens his letters and rummages in his drawers, has endeavored to save his correspondence with Hector from the hooked fingers of the conjugal police.

Hector is an old schoolmate, who has married in the Loire Inferieure.

Adolphe lifts up the cloth of his writing desk, a cloth the border of which has been embroidered by Caroline, the ground being blue, black or red velvet,—the color, as you see, is perfectly immaterial,—and he slips his unfinished letters to Madame de Fischtaminel, to his friend Hector, between the table and the cloth.

The thickness of a sheet of paper is almost nothing, velvet is a downy, discreet material, but, no matter, these precautions are in vain. The male devil is fairly matched by the female devil: Tophet will furnish them of all genders. Caroline has Mephistopheles on her side, the demon who causes tables to

spurt forth fire, and who, with his ironic finger, points out the hiding place of keys—the secret of secrets.

Caroline has noticed the thickness of a letter sheet between this velvet and this table: she hits upon a letter to Hector instead of hitting upon one to Madame de Fischtaminel, who has gone to Plombières Springs, and reads the following:

"My dear Hector:

"I pity you, but you have acted wisely in entrusting me with a knowledge of the difficulties in which you have voluntarily involved yourself. You never would see the difference between the country woman and the woman of Paris. In the country, my dear boy, you are always face to face with your wife, and, owing to the ennui which impels you, you rush headforemost into the enjoyment of your bliss. This is a great error: happiness is an abyss, and when you have once reached the bottom, you never get back again, in wedlock.

"I will show you why. Let me take, for your wife's sake, the shortest path—the parable.

"I remember having made a journey from Paris to Ville-Parisis, in that vehicle called a 'bus; distance, twenty miles: 'bus, lumbering: horse, lame. Nothing amuses me more than to draw from people, by the aid of that gimlet called the interrogation, and to obtain, by means of an attentive air, the sum of information, anecdotes and learning that everybody is anxious to part with: and all men have such a sum, the peasant as well as the banker, the corporal as well as the marshal of France.

"I have often noticed how ready these casks, overflowing with wit, are to open their sluices while being transported by diligence or 'bus, or by any vehicle drawn by horses, for nobody talks in a railway car.

"At the rate of our exit from Paris, the journey would take full seven hours: so I got an old corporal to talk, for my diversion. He could neither read nor write: he was entirely illiterate. Yet the journey seemed short. The corporal had been through all the campaigns, he told me of things perfectly unheard of, that historians never trouble themselves about.

"Ah! Hector, how superior is practice to theory! Among other things, and in reply to a question relative to the infantry, whose courage is much more tried by marching than by fighting, he said this, which I give you free from circumlocution:

"'Sir, when Parisians were brought to our 45th, which Napoleon called The Terrible (I am speaking of the early days of the Empire, when the infantry had legs of steel, and when they needed them), I had a way of telling beforehand which of them would remain in the 45th. They marched without hurrying, they did their little six leagues a day, neither more nor less, and they pitched camp in condition to begin again on the morrow. The plucky fellows who did ten leagues and wanted to run to the victory, stopped half way at the hospital.'

"This worthy corporal was talking of marriage while he thought he was talking of war, and you have stopped half way, Hector, at the hospital.

"Remember the sympathetic condolence of Madame de Sévigné counting out three hundred thousand francs to Monsieur de Grignan, to induce him to marry one of the prettiest girls in France! 'Why,' said she to herself, 'he will have to marry her every day, as long as she lives! Decidedly, I don't think three hundred thousand francs too much.' Is it not enough to make the bravest tremble?

"My dear fellow, conjugal happiness is founded, like that of nations, upon ignorance. It is a felicity full of negative conditions.

"If I am happy with my little Caroline, it is due to the strictest observance of that salutary principle so strongly insisted upon in the *Physiology of Marriage*. I have resolved to lead my wife through paths beaten in the snow, until the happy day when infidelity will be difficult.

"In the situation in which you have placed yourself, and which resembles that of Duprez, who, on his first appearance at Paris, went to singing with all the voice his lungs would yield, instead of imitating Nourrit, who gave the audience just enough to enchant them, the following, I think, is your proper course to—"

The letter broke off here: Caroline returned it to its place, at the same time wondering how she would make her dear Adolphe expiate his obedience to the execrable precepts of the *Physiology of Marriage*.

A Truce.

This trouble doubtless occurs sufficiently often and in different ways enough in the existence of married women, for this personal incident to become the type of the genus.

The Caroline in question here is very pious, she loves her husband very much, her husband asserts that she loves him too much, even: but this is a piece of marital conceit, if, indeed, it is not a provocation, as he only complains to his wife's young lady friends.

When a person's conscience is involved, the least thing becomes exceedingly serious. Madame de *** has told her young friend, Madame de Fischtaminel, that she had been compelled to make an extraordinary confession to her spiritual director, and to perform penance, the director having decided that she was in a state of mortal sin. This lady, who goes to mass every morning, is a woman of thirty-six years, thin and slightly pimpled. She has large soft black eyes, her upper lip is strongly shaded: still her voice is sweet, her manners gentle, her gait noble—she is a woman of quality.

Madame de Fischtaminel, whom Madame de *** has made her friend (nearly all pious women patronize a woman who is considered worldly, on the pretext of converting her),—Madame de Fischtaminel asserts that these qualities, in this Caroline of the Pious Sort, are a victory of religion over a rather violent natural temper.

These details are necessary to describe the trouble in all its horror.

This lady's Adolphe had been compelled to leave his wife for two months, in April, immediately after the forty days' fast that Caroline scrupulously observes. Early in June, therefore, madame expected her husband, she expected him day by day. From one hope to another,

"Conceived every morn and deferred every eve."

she got along as far as Sunday, the day when her presentiments, which had now reached a state of paroxysm, told her that the longed-for husband would arrive at an early hour.

When a pious woman expects her husband, and that husband has been absent from home nearly four months, she takes much more pains with her toilet than a young girl does, though waiting for her first betrothed.

This virtuous Caroline was so completely absorbed in exclusively personal preparations, that she forgot to go to eight o'clock mass. She proposed to hear a low mass, but she was afraid of losing the delight of her dear Adolphe's first glance, in case he arrived at early dawn. Her chambermaid—who respectfully left her mistress alone in the dressing-room where pious and pimpled ladies let no one enter, not even their husbands, especially when they are thin—her chambermaid heard her exclaim several times, "If it's your master let me know!"

The rumbling of a vehicle having made the furniture rattle, Caroline assumed a mild tone to conceal the violence of her legitimate emotions.

"Oh! 'tis he! Run, Justine: tell him I am waiting for him here." Caroline trembled so that she dropped into an arm-chair.

The vehicle was a butcher's wagon.

It was in anxieties like this that the eight o'clock mass slipped by, like an eel in his slime. Madame's toilet operations were resumed, for she was engaged in dressing. The chambermaid's nose had already been the recipient of a superb muslin chemise, with a simple hem, which Caroline had thrown at her from the dressing-room, though she had given her the same kind for the last three months.

"What are you thinking of, Justine? I told you to choose from the chemises that are not numbered."

The unnumbered chemises were only seven or eight, in the most magnificent trousseau. They are chemises gotten up and embroidered with the greatest care: a woman must be a queen, a young queen, to have a dozen. Each one of Caroline's was trimmed with valenciennes round the bottom, and still

more coquettishly garnished about the neck. This feature of our manners will perhaps serve to suggest a suspicion, in the masculine world, of the domestic drama revealed by this exceptional chemise.

Caroline had put on a pair of Scotch thread stockings, little prunella buskins, and her most deceptive corsets. She had her hair dressed in the fashion that most became her, and embellished it with a cap of the most elegant form. It is unnecessary to speak of her morning gown. A pious lady who lives at Paris and who loves her husband, knows as well as a coquette how to choose those pretty little striped patterns, have them cut with an open waist, and fastened by loops to buttons in a way which compels her to refasten them two or three times in an hour, with little airs more or less charming, as the case may be.

The nine o'clock mass, the ten o'clock mass, every mass, went by in these preparations, which, for women in love, are one of their twelve labors of Hercules.

Pious women rarely go to church in a carriage, and they are right. Except in the case of a pouring shower, or intolerably bad weather, a person ought not to appear haughty in the place where it is becoming to be humble. Caroline was afraid to compromise the freshness of her dress and the purity of her thread stockings. Alas! these pretexts concealed a reason.

"If I am at church when Adolphe comes, I shall lose the pleasure of his first glance: and he will think I prefer high mass to him."

She made this sacrifice to her husband in a desire to please him—a fearfully worldly consideration. Prefer the creature to the Creator! A husband to heaven! Go and hear a sermon and you will learn what such an offence will cost you.

"After all," says Caroline, quoting her confessor, "society is founded upon marriage, which the Church has included among its sacraments."

And this is the way in which religious instruction may be put aside in favor of a blind though legitimate love. Madame

refused to breakfast, and ordered the meal to be kept hot, just as she kept herself ready, at a moment's notice, to welcome the precious absentee.

Now these little things may easily excite a laugh: but in the first place they are continually occurring with couples who love each other, or where one of them loves the other: besides, in a woman so strait-laced, so reserved, so worthy, as this lady, these acknowledgments of affection went beyond the limits imposed upon her feelings by the lofty self-respect which true piety induces. When Madame de Fischtaminel narrated this little scene in a devotee's life, dressing it up with choice by-play, acted out as ladies of the world know how to act out their anecdotes, I took the liberty of saying that it was the Canticle of canticles in action.

"If her husband doesn't come," said Justine to the cook, "what will become of us? She has already thrown her chemise in my face."

At last, Caroline heard the crack of a postilion's whip, the well-known rumbling of a traveling carriage, the racket made by the hoofs of post-horses, and the jingling of their bells! Oh, she could doubt no longer, the bells made her burst forth, as thus:

"The door! Open the door! 'Tis he, my husband! Will you never go to the door!" And the pious woman stamped her foot and broke the bell-rope.

"Why, madame," said Justine, with the vivacity of a servant doing her duty, "it's some people going away."

"Upon my word," replied Caroline, half ashamed, to herself, "I will never let Adolphe go traveling again without me."

A Marseilles poet—it is not known whether it was Méry or Barthélemy—acknowledged that if his best friend did not arrive punctually at the dinner hour, he waited patiently five minutes: at the tenth minute, he felt a desire to throw the napkin in his face: at the twelfth he hoped some great calamity would befall him: at the fifteenth, he would not be able to restrain himself from stabbing him several times with a dirk.

All women, when expecting somebody, are Marseilles poets, if, indeed, we may compare the vulgar throes of hunger to the sublime Canticle of canticles of a pious wife, who is hoping for the joys of a husband's first glance after a three months' absence. Let all those who love and who have met again after an absence ten thousand times accursed, be good enough to recall their first glance: it says so many things that the lovers, if in the presence of a third party, are fain to lower their eyes! This poem, in which every man is as great as Homer, in which he seems a god to the woman who loves him, is, for a pious, thin and pimpled lady, all the more immense, from the fact that she has not, like Madame de Fischtaminel, the resource of having several copies of it. In her case, her husband is all she's got!

So you will not be surprised to learn that Caroline missed every mass and had no breakfast. This hunger and thirst for Adolphe gave her a violent cramp in the stomach. She did not think of religion once during the hours of mass, nor during those of vespers. She was not comfortable when she sat, and she was very uncomfortable when she stood: Justine advised her to go to bed. Caroline, quite overcome, retired at about half past five in the evening, after having taken a light soup: but she ordered a dainty supper at ten.

"I shall doubtless sup with my husband," she said.

This speech was the conclusion of dreadful catalinics, internally fulminated. She had reached the Marseilles poet's several stabs with a dirk. So she spoke in a tone that was really terrible. At three in the morning Caroline was in a profound sleep: Adolphe arrived without her hearing either carriage, or horse, or bell, or opening door!

Adolphe, who would not permit her to be disturbed, went to bed in the spare room. When Caroline heard of his return in the morning, two tears issued from her eyes; she rushed to the spare room without the slightest preparatory toilet; a hideous attendant, posted on the threshold, informed her that her husband, having traveled two hundred leagues and been two nights without sleep, requested that he might not be awakened: he was exceedingly tired.

Caroline—pious woman that she was—opened the door violently without being able to wake the only husband that heaven had given her, and then hastened to church to listen to a thanksgiving mass.

As she was visibly snappish for three whole days, Justine remarked, in reply to an unjust reproach, and with a chambermaid's finesse:

"Why, madame, your husband's got back!"

"He has only got back to Paris," returned the pious Caroline.

Useless Care.

Put yourself in the place of a poor woman of doubtful beauty, who owes her husband to the weight of her dowry, who gives herself infinite pains, and spends a great deal of money to appear to advantage and follow the fashions, who does her best to keep house sumptuously and yet economically—a house, too, not easy to manage—who, from morality and dire necessity, perhaps, loves no one but her husband, who has no other study but the happiness of this precious husband, who, to express all in one word, joins the maternal sentiment *to the sentiment of her duties.* This underlined circumlocution is the paraphrase of the word love in the language of prudes.

Have you put yourself in her place? Well, this too-much-loved husband by chance remarked at his friend Monsieur de Fischtaminel's, that he was very fond of mushrooms *à l'Italienne.*

If you have paid some attention to the female nature, in its good, great, and grand manifestations, you know that for a loving wife there is no greater pleasure than that of seeing the beloved one absorbing his favorite viands. This springs from the fundamental idea upon which the affection of women is based: that of being the source of all his pleasures, big and little. Love animates everything in life, and conjugal love has a peculiar right to descend to the most trivial details.

Caroline spends two or three days in inquiries before she

learns how the Italians dress mushrooms. She discovers a Corsican abbé who tells her that at Biffi's, in the rue de Richelieu, she will not only learn how the Italians dress mushrooms, but that she will be able to obtain some Milanese mushrooms. Our pious Caroline thanks the Abbé Serpolini, and resolves to send him a breviary in acknowledgment.

Caroline's cook goes to Biffi's, comes back from Biffi's, and exhibits to the countess a quantity of mushrooms as big as the coachman's ears.

"Very good," she says, "did he explain to you how to cook them?"

"Oh, for us cooks, them's a mere nothing," replies the cook.

As a general rule, cooks know everything, in the cooking way, except how a cook may feather his nest.

At evening, during the second course, all Caroline's fibres quiver with pleasure at observing the servant bringing to the table a certain suggestive dish. She has positively waited for this dinner as she had waited for her husband.

But between waiting with certainty and expecting a positive pleasure, there is, to the souls of the elect—and everybody will include a woman who adores her husband among the elect—there is, between these two worlds of expectation, the difference that exists between a fine night and a fine day.

The dish is presented to the beloved Adolphe, he carelessly plunges his spoon in and helps himself, without perceiving Caroline's extreme emotion, to several of those soft, fat, round things, that travelers who visit Milan do not for a long time recognize; they take them for some kind of shell-fish.

"Well, Adolphe?"

"Well, dear."

"Don't you recognize them?"

"Recognize what?"

"Your mushrooms *à l'Italienne?*"

"These, mushrooms! I thought they were—well, yes, they *are* mushrooms!"

"Yes, and *à l'Italienne,* too."

"Pooh, they are old preserved mushrooms, *à la milanaise*. I abominate them!"

"What kind is it you like, then?"

"Fungi trifolati."

Let us observe—to the disgrace of an epoch which numbers and labels everything, which puts the whole creation in bottles, which is at this moment classifying one hundred and fifty thousand species of insects, giving them all the termination *us*, so that a *Silbermanus* is the same individual in all countries for the learned men who dissect a butterfly's legs with pincers—that we still want a nomenclature for the chemistry of the kitchen, to enable all the cooks in the world to produce precisely similar dishes. It should be diplomatically agreed that French should be the language of the kitchen, as Latin has been adopted by the scientific for botany and entomology, unless it were desired to imitate them in that, too, and thus really have kitchen Latin.

"My dear," resumes Adolphe, on seeing the clouded and lengthened face of his chaste Caroline, "in France the dish in question is called Mushrooms *à l'Italienne, à la provençale, à la bordelaise*. The mushrooms are minced, fried in oil with a few ingredients whose names I have forgotten. You add a taste of garlic, I believe—"

Talk about calamities, of petty troubles! This, do you see, is, to a woman's heart, what the pain of an extracted tooth is to a child of eight. *Ab uno disce omnes*: which means, "There's one of them: find the rest in your memory." For we have taken this culinary description as a prototype of the vexations which afflict loving but indifferently loved women.

Smoke without Fire.

A woman full of faith in the man she loves is a romancer's fancy. This feminine personage no more exists than does a rich dowry. A woman's confidence glows perhaps for a few moments, at the dawn of love, and disappears in a trice like a shooting star.

With women who are neither Dutch, nor English, nor Belgian, nor from any marshy country, love is a pretext for suffering, an employment for the superabundant powers of their imaginations and their nerves.

Thus the second idea that takes possession of a happy woman, one who is really loved, is the fear of losing her happiness, for we must do her the justice to say that her first idea is to enjoy it. All who possess treasures are in dread of thieves, but they do not, like women, lend wings and feet to their golden stores.

The little blue flower of perfect felicity is not so common, that the heaven-blessed man who possesses it, should be simpleton enough to abandon it.

Axiom.—*A woman is never deserted without a reason.*

This axiom is written in the heart of hearts of every woman. Hence the rage of a woman deserted.

Let us not infringe upon the petty troubles of love: we live in a calculating epoch when women are seldom abandoned, do what they may: for, of all wives or women, nowadays, the legitimate is the least expensive. Now, every woman who is loved, has gone through the petty annoyance of suspicion. This suspicion, whether just or unjust, engenders a multitude of domestic troubles, and here is the biggest of all.

Caroline is one day led to notice that her cherished Adolphe leaves her rather too often upon a matter of business, that eternal Chaumontel's affair, which never comes to an end.

Axiom.—*Every household has its Chaumontel's affair.* (*See* Trouble within Trouble.)

In the first place, a woman no more believes in matters of business than publishers and managers do in the illness of actresses and authors. The moment a beloved creature absents himself, though she has rendered him even too happy, every woman straightway imagines that he has hurried away to

some easy conquest. In this respect, women endow men with superhuman faculties. Fear magnifies everything, it dilates the eyes and the heart: it makes a woman mad.

"Where is my husband going? What is my husband doing? Why has he left me? Why did he not take me with him?"

These four questions are the four cardinal points of the compass of suspicion, and govern the stormy sea of soliloquies. From these frightful tempests which ravage a woman's heart springs an ignoble, unworthy resolution, one which every woman, the duchess as well as the shopkeepers' wife, the baroness as well as the stockbroker's lady, the angel as well as the shrew, the indifferent as well as the passionate, at once puts into execution. They imitate the government, every one of them; they resort to espionage. What the State has invented in the public interest, they consider legal, legitimate and permissible, in the interest of their love. This fatal woman's curiosity reduces them to the necessity of having agents, and the agent of any woman who, in this situation, has not lost her self-respect,—a situation in which her jealousy will not permit her to respect anything: neither your little boxes, nor your clothes, nor the drawers of your treasury, of your desk, of your table, of your bureau, nor your pocketbook with private compartments, nor your papers, nor your traveling dressing-case, nor your toilet articles (a woman discovers in this way that her husband dyed his moustache when he was a bachelor), nor your india-rubber girdles—her agent, I say, the only one in whom a woman trusts, is her maid, for her maid understands her, excuses her, and approves her.

In the paroxysm of excited curiosity, passion and jealousy, a woman makes no calculations, takes no observations. She simply wishes to know the whole truth.

And Justine is delighted: she sees her mistress compromising herself with her, and she espouses her passion, her dread, her fears and her suspicions, with terrible friendship. Justine and Caroline hold councils and have secret interviews.

All espionage involves such relationships. In this pass, a maid becomes the arbitress of the fate of the married couple. Example: Lord Byron.

"Madame," Justine one day observes, "monsieur really *does* go out to see a woman."

Caroline turns pale.

"But don't be alarmed, madame, it's an old woman."

"Ah, Justine, to some men no women are old: men are inexplicable."

"But, madame, it isn't a lady, it's a woman, quite a common woman."

"Ah, Justine, Lord Byron loved a fish-wife at Venice, Madame de Fischtaminel told me so."

And Caroline bursts into tears.

"I've been pumping Benoît."

"What is Benoît's opinion?"

"Benoît thinks that the woman is a go-between, for monsieur keeps his secret from everybody, even from Benoît."

For a week Caroline lives the life of the damned; all her savings go to pay spies and to purchase reports.

Finally, Justine goes to see the woman, whose name is Madame Mahuchet; she bribes her and learns at last that her master has preserved a witness of his youthful follies, a nice little boy that looks very much like him, and that this woman is his nurse, the second-hand mother who has charge of little Frederick, who pays his quarterly school-bills, and through whose hands pass the twelve hundred or two thousand francs which Adolphe is supposed annually to lose at cards.

"What of the mother?" exclaims Caroline.

To end the matter, Justine, Caroline's good genius, proves to her that M'lle Suzanne Beauminet, formerly a grisette and somewhat later Madame Sainte-Suzanne, died at the hospital, or else that she has made her fortune, or else, again, that her place in society is so low there is no danger of madame's ever meeting her.

Caroline breathes again: the dirk has been drawn from her heart, she is quite happy; but she has no children but daugh-

ters, and would like a boy. This little drama of unjust suspicion, this comedy of the conjectures to which Mother Mahuchet gives rise, these phases of a causeless jealousy, are laid down here as the type of a situation, the varieties of which are as innumerable as characters, grades and sorts.

This source of petty troubles is pointed out here, in order that women seated upon the river's bank may contemplate in it the course of their own married life, following its ascent or descent, recalling their own adventures to mind, their untold disasters, the foibles which caused their errors, and the peculiar fatalities to which were due an instant of frenzy, a moment of unnecessary despair, or sufferings which they might have spared themselves, happy in their self-delusions.

This vexation has a corollary in the following, one which is much more serious and often without remedy, especially when its root lies among vices of another kind, and which do not concern us, for, in this work, women are invariably esteemed honest—until the end.

The Domestic Tyrant.

"My dear Caroline," says Adolphe one day to his wife, "are you satisfied with Justine?"

"Yes, dear, quite so."

"Don't you think she speaks to you rather impertinently?"

"Do you suppose I would notice a maid? But it seems *you* notice her!"

"What do you say?" asks Adolphe in an indignant way that is always delightful to women.

Justine is a genuine maid for an actress, a woman of thirty stamped by the small-pox with innumerable dimples, in which the loves are far from sporting: she is as brown as opium, has a good deal of leg and not much body, gummy eyes, and a tournure to match. She would like to have Benoît marry her, but at this unexpected suggestion, Benoît asked for his discharge. Such is the portrait of the domestic tyrant enthroned by Caroline's jealousy.

Justine takes her coffee in the morning, in bed, and manages to have it as good as, not to say better than, that of her mistress. Justine sometimes goes out without asking leave, dressed like the wife of a second-class banker. She sports a pink hat, one of her mistress' old gowns made over, an elegant shawl, shoes of bronze kid, and jewelry of doubtful character.

Justine is sometimes in a bad humor, and makes her mistress feel that she too is a woman like herself, though she is not married. She has her whims, her fits of melancholy, her caprices. She even dares to have her nerves! She replies curtly, she makes herself insupportable to the other servants, and, to conclude, her wages have been considerably increased.

"My dear, this girl is getting more intolerable every day," says Adolphe one morning to his wife, on noticing Justine listening at the key-hole, "and if you don't send her away, I will!"

Caroline, greatly alarmed, is obliged to give Justine a talking to, while her husband is out.

"Justine, you take advantage of my kindness to you: you have high wages, here, you have perquisites, presents: try to keep your place, for my husband wants to send you away."

The maid humbles herself to the earth, she sheds tears: she is so attached to madame! Ah! she would rush into the fire for her: she would let herself be chopped into mince-meat: she is ready for anything.

"If you had anything to conceal, madame, I would take it on myself and say it was me!"

"Very well, Justine, very good, my girl," says Caroline, terrified: "but that's not the point: just try to keep in your place."

"Ah, ha!" says Justine to herself, "monsieur wants to send me away, does he? Wait and see the deuce of a life I'll lead you, you old curmudgeon!"

A week after, Justine, who is dressing her mistress' hair, looks in the glass to make sure that Caroline can see all the grimaces of her countenance: and Caroline very soon inquires, "Why, what's the matter, Justine?"

"I would tell you, readily, madame, but then, madame, you are so weak with monsieur!"

"Come, go on, what is it?"

"I know now, madame, why master wanted to show me the door: he has confidence in nobody but Benoît, and Benoît is playing the mum with me."

"Well, what does that prove? Has anything been discovered?"

"I'm sure that between the two they are plotting something against you, madame," returns the maid with authority.

Caroline, whom Justine watches in the glass, turns pale: all the tortures of the previous petty trouble return, and Justine sees that she has become as indispensable to her mistress as spies are to the government when a conspiracy is discovered. Still, Caroline's friends do not understand why she keeps so disagreeable a servant girl, one who wears a hat, whose manners are impertinent, and who gives herself the airs of a lady.

This stupid domination is talked of at Madame Deschars', at Madame de Fischtaminel's, and the company consider it funny. A few ladies think they can see certain monstrous reasons for it, reasons which compromise Caroline's honor.

Axiom.—*In society, people can put cloaks on every kind of truth, even the prettiest.*

In short the *aria della calumnia* is executed precisely as if Bartholo were singing it.

It is averred that Caroline cannot discharge her maid.

Society devotes itself desperately to discovering the secret of this enigma. Madame de Fischtaminel makes fun of Adolphe who goes home in a rage, has a scene with Caroline and discharges Justine.

This produces such an effect upon Justine, that she falls sick, and takes to her bed. Caroline observes to her husband, that it would be awkward to turn a girl in Justine's condition into the street, a girl who is so much attached to them, too, and who has been with them since their marriage.

"Let her go then as soon as she is well!" says Adolphe.

Caroline, reassured in regard to Adolphe, and indecently swindled by Justine, at last comes to desire to get rid of her: she applies a violent remedy to the disease, and makes up her mind to go under the Caudine Forks of another petty trouble, as follows:

The Avowal.

One morning, Adolphe is petted in a very unusual manner. The too happy husband wonders what may be the cause of this development of affection, and he hears Caroline, in her most winning tones, utter the word: "Adolphe?"

"Well?" he replies, in alarm at the internal agitation betrayed by Caroline's voice.

"Promise not to be angry."

"Well."

"Not to be vexed with me."

"Never. Go on."

"To forgive me and never say anything about it."

"But tell me what it is!"

"Besides, you are the one that's in the wrong—"

"Speak, or I'll go away."

"There's no one but you that can get me out of the scrape —and it was you that got me into it."

"Come, come."

"It's about—"

"About—"

"About Justine!"

"Don't speak of her, she's discharged. I won't see her again, her style of conduct exposes your reputation—"

"What can people say—what have they said?"

The scene changes, the result of which is a secondary explanation which makes Caroline blush, as she sees the bearing of the suppositions of her best friends.

"Well, now, Adolphe, it's to you I owe all this. Why didn't you tell me about Frederick?"

"Frederick the Great? The King of Prussia?"

"What creatures men are! Hypocrite, do you want to make me believe that you have forgotten your son so soon, M'lle Suzanne Beauminet's son?"

"Then you know—?"

"The whole thing! And old mother Mahuchet, and your absences from home to give him a good dinner on holidays!"

"How like moles you pious women can be if you try!" exclaims Adolphe, in his terror.

"It was Justine that found it out."

"Ah! Now I understand the reason of her insolence."

"Oh, your Caroline has been very wretched, dear, and this spying system, which was produced by my love for you, for I do love you, and madly too,—if you deceived me, I would fly to the extremity of creation,—well, as I was going to say, this unfounded jealousy has put me in Justine's power, so, my precious, get me out of it the best way you can!"

"Let this teach you, my angel, never to make use of your servants, if you want them to be of use to you. It is the lowest of tyrannies, this being at the mercy of one's people."

Adolphe takes adavantage of this circumstance to alarm Caroline, he thinks of future Chaumontel's affairs, and would be glad to have no more espionage.

Justine is sent for, Adolphe peremptorily dismisses her without waiting to hear her explanation. Caroline imagines her vexations at an end. She gets another maid.

Justine, whose twelve or fifteen thousand francs have attracted the notice of a water carrier, becomes Madame Chavagnac, and goes into the apple business. Ten months after, in Adolphe's absence, Caroline receives a letter written upon school-boy paper, in strides which would require orthopedic treatment for three months, and thus conceived:

"Madam!

"Yu ar shaimphoolly diseeved bi yure huzban fur mame Deux fischtaminelle, hee goze their evry eavning, yu ar az blynde az a Batt. your gott wott yu dizzurv, and i am Glad

ovit, and i havv thee honur ov prezenting yu the assurunz ov Mi moaste ds Sting guischt respecks."

Caroline starts like a lion who has been stung by a bumble-bee; she places herself once more, and of her own accord, upon the griddle of suspicion, and begins her struggle with the unknown all over again.

When she has discovered the injustice of her suspicions, there comes another letter with an offer to furnish her with details relative to a Chaumontel's affair which Justine has unearthed.

The petty trouble of avowals, ladies, is often more serious than this, as you perhaps have occasion to remember.

Humiliations.

To the glory of women, let it be said, they care for their husbands even when their husbands care no more for them, not only because there are more ties, socially speaking, between a married woman and a man, than between the man and the wife; but also because woman has more delicacy and honor than man, the chief conjugal question apart, as a matter of course.

Axiom.—*In a husband, there is only a man; in a married woman, there is a man, a father, a mother and a woman.*

A married woman has sensibility enough for four, or for five even, if you look closely.

Now, it is not improper to observe in this place, that, in a woman's eyes, love is a general absolution: the man who is a good lover may commit crimes, if he will, he is always as pure as snow in the eyes of her who loves him, if he truly loves her. As to a married woman, loved or not, she feels so deeply that the honor and consideration of her husband are the fortune of her children, that she acts like the woman in love,—so active is the sense of community of interest.

This profound sentiment engenders, for certain Carolines, petty troubles which, unfortunately for this book, have their dismal side.

Adolphe is compromised. We will not enumerate all the methods of compromising oneself, for we might become personal. Let us take, as an example, the social error which our epoch excuses, permits, understands and commits the most of any—the case of an honest robbery, of skillfully concealed corruption in office, or of some misrepresentation that becomes excusable when it has succeeded, as, for instance, having an understanding with parties in power, for the sale of property at the highest possible price to a city, or a country.

Thus, in a bankruptcy, Adolphe, in order to protect himself (this means to recover his claims), has become mixed up in certain unlawful doings which may bring a man to the necessity of testifying before the Court of Assizes. In fact, it is not known that the daring creditor will not be considered a party.

Take notice that in all cases of bankruptcy, protecting oneself is regarded as the most sacred of duties, even by the most respectable houses: the thing is to keep the bad side of the protection out of sight, as they do in prudish England.

Adolphe does not know what to do, as his counsel has told him not to appear in the matter: so he has recourse to Caroline. He gives her a lesson, he coaches her, he teaches her the Code, he examines her dress, he equips her as a brig sent on a voyage, and despatches her to the office of some judge, or some syndic. The judge is apparently a man of severe morality, but in reality a libertine: he retains his serious expression on seeing a pretty woman enter, and makes sundry very uncomplimentary remarks about Adolphe.

"I pity you, madame, you belong to a man who may involve you in numerous unpleasant affairs: a few more matters like this, and he will be quite disgraced. Have you any children? Excuse my asking; you are so young, it is perfectly natural." And the judge comes as near to Caroline as possible.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, great heavens! what a prospect is yours! My first thought was for the woman, but now I pity you doubly, I think of the mother. Ah, how you must have suffered in coming here! Poor, poor woman!"

"Ah, sir, you take an interest in me, do you not?"

"Alas, what can I do?" says the judge, darting a glance sidewise at Caroline. "What you ask of me is a dereliction of duty, and I am a magistrate before I am a man."

"Oh, sir, only be a man—"

"Are you aware of the full bearing of that request, fair creature?" At this point the magistrate tremblingly takes Caroline's hand.

Caroline, who remembers that the honor of her husband and children is at stake, says to herself that this is not the time to play the prude. She abandons her hand, making just resistance enough for the old man (happily he is an old man) to consider it a favor.

"Come, come, my beauty," resumes the judge, "I should be loath to cause so lovely a woman to shed tears; we'll see about it. You shall come to-morrow evening and tell me the whole affair. We must look at the papers, we will examine them together—"

"Sir—"

"It's indispensable."

"But, sir—"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear, a judge is likely to know how to grant what is due to justice and—" he puts on a shrewd look here—"to beauty."

"But, sir—"

"Be quite at your ease," he adds, holding her hand closely in his, "and we'll try to reduce this great crime down to a peccadillo." And he goes to the door with Caroline, who is frightened to death at an appointment thus proposed.

The syndic is a lively young man, and he receives Madame Adolphe with a smile. He smiles at everything, and he smiles as he takes her round the waist with an agility which leaves Caroline no time to resist, especially as she says to

herself, "Adolphe particularly recommended me not to vex the syndic."

Nevertheless Caroline escapes, in the interest of the syndic himself, and again pronounces the "Sir!" which she had said three times to the judge.

"Don't be angry with me, you are irresistible, you are an angel, and your husband is a monster: for what does he mean by sending a siren to a young man whom he knows to be inflammable!"

"Sir, my husband could not come himself; he is in bed, very sick, and you threatened him so terribly that the urgency of the matter—"

"Hasn't he got a lawyer, an attorney?"

Caroline is terrified by this remark which reveals Adolphe's profound rascality.

"He supposed, sir, that you would have pity upon the mother of a family, upon her children—"

"Ta, ta, ta," returns the syndic. "You have come to influence my independence, my conscience, you want me to give the creditors up to you: well, I'll do more, I give you up my heart, my fortune! Your husband wants to save *his* honor, *my* honor is at your disposal!"

"Sir," cries Caroline, as she tries to raise the syndic who has thrown himself at her feet. "You alarm me!"

She plays the terrified female and thus reaches the door, getting out of a delicate situation as women know how to do it, that is, without compromising anything or anybody.

"I will come again," she says smiling, "when you behave better."

"You leave me thus! Take care! Your husband may yet find himself seated at the bar of the Court of Assizes: he is accessory to a fraudulent bankruptcy, and we know several things about him that are not by any means honorable. It is not his first departure from rectitude; he has done a good many dirty things, he has been mixed up in disgraceful intrigues, and you are singularly careful of the honor of a man who cares as little for his own honor as he does for yours."

Caroline, alarmed by these words, lets go the door, shuts it and comes back.

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaims, furious at this outrageous broadside.

"Why, this affair—"

"Chaumontel's affair?"

"No, his speculations in houses that he had built by people that were insolvent."

Caroline remembers the enterprise undertaken by Adolphe to double his income: (See *The Jesuitism of Women*) she trembles. Her curiosity is in the syndic's favor.

"Sit down here. There, at this distance, I will behave well, but I can look at you."

And he narrates, at length, the conception due to du Tillet the banker, interrupting himself to say: "Oh, what a pretty, cunning, little foot; no one but you could have such a foot as that— *Du Tillet, therefore, compromised.* What an ear, too! You have been doubtless told that you had a delicious ear— *And du Tillet was right, for judgment had already been given*— I love small ears, let me have a model of yours, and I will do anything you like— *du Tillet profited by this to throw the whole loss on your idiotic husband:* oh, what a charming silk, you are divinely dressed!"

"Where were we, sir?"

"How can I remember while admiring your Raphaelistic head?"

At the twenty-seventh compliment, Caroline considers the syndic a man of wit: she makes him a polite speech, and goes away without learning much more of the enterprise which, not long before, had swallowed up three hundred thousand francs.

There are many huge variations of this petty trouble.

Example. Adolphe is brave and susceptible: he is walking on the Champs Elysées, where there is a crowd of people; in this crowd are several ill-mannered young men who indulge in jokes of doubtful propriety: Caroline puts up with them and pretends not to hear them, in order to keep her husband out of a duel.

Another Example. A child belonging to the genus Terrible, exclaims in the presence of everybody:

"Mamma, would you let Justine hit me?"

"Certainly not."

"Why do you ask, my little man?" inquires Madame Foullepointe.

"Because she just gave father a big slap, and he's ever so much stronger than me."

Madame Foullepointe laughs, and Adolphe, who intended to pay court to her, is cruelly joked by her, after having had a first last quarrel with Caroline.

The Last Quarrel.

In every household, husbands and wives must one day hear the striking of a fatal hour. It is a knell, the death and end of jealousy, a great, noble and charming passion, the only true symptom of love, if it is not even its double. When a woman is no longer jealous of her husband, all is over, she loves him no more. So, conjugal love expires in the last quarrel that a woman gives herself the trouble to raise.

Axiom.—*When a woman ceases to quarrel with her husband, the Minotaur has seated himself in a corner arm-chair, tapping his boots with his cane.*

Every woman must remember her last quarrel, that supreme petty trouble which often explodes about nothing, but more often still on some occasion of a brutal fact or of a decisive proof. This cruel farewell to faith, to the childishness of love, to virtue even, is in a degree as capricious as life itself. Like life it varies in every house.

Here, the author ought perhaps to search out all the varieties of quarrels, if he desires to be precise.

Thus, Caroline may have discovered that the judicial robe of the syndic in Chaumontel's affair, hides a robe of infinitely softer stuff, of an agreeable, silky color: that Chaumontel's hair, in short, is fair, and that his eyes are blue.

Or else Caroline, who arose before Adolphe, may have seen his greatcoat thrown wrong side out across a chair; the edge of a little perfumed paper, just peeping out of the side-pocket, may have attracted her by its whiteness, like a ray of the sun entering a dark room through a crack in the window: or else, while taking Adolphe in her arms and feeling his pocket, she may have caused the note to crackle: or else she may have been informed of the state of things by a foreign odor that she has long noticed upon him, and may have read these lines:

"Ungraitfull wun, wot du yu supoz i no About Hipolite. Kum, and yu shal se weather i Love yu."

Or this:

"Yesterday, love, you made me wait for you: what will it be to-morrow?"

Or this:

"The women who love you, my dear sir, are very unhappy in hating you so, when you are not with them: take care, for the hatred which exists during your absence, may possibly encroach upon the hours you spend in their company."

Or this:

"You traitorous Chodoreille, what were you doing yesterday on the boulevard with a woman hanging on your arm? If it was your wife, accept my compliments of condolence upon her absent charms: she has doubtless deposited them at the pawnbroker's, and the ticket to redeem them with is lost."

Four notes emanating from the grisette, the lady, the pretentious woman in middle life, and the actress, among whom Adolphe has chosen his *belle* (according to the Fischtaminellian vocabulary).

Or else Caroline, taken veiled by Ferdinand to Ranelagh Garden, sees with her own eyes Adolphe abandoning himself

furiously to the polka, holding one of the ladies of honor to Queen Pomaré in his arms; or else, again, Adolphe has for the seventh time, made a mistake in the name, and called his wife Juliette, Charlotte or Lisa: or, a grocer or restaurateur sends to the house, during Adolphe's absence, certain damning bills which fall into Caroline's hands.

PAPERS RELATING TO CHAUMONTEL'S AFFAIR.

(*Private Tables Served.*)

M. Adolphe to Perrault,	Dr.
To 1 Pâté de Foie Gras delivered at Madame Schontz's, the 6th of January,	fr. 22.50
Six bottles of assorted wines,	70.00
To one special breakfast delivered at Congress Hotel, the 11th of February, at No. 21—stipulated price,	100.00
Total,	Francs, 192.50

Caroline examines the dates and remembers them as appointments made for business connected with Chaumontel's affair. Adolphe had designated the sixth of January as the day fixed for a meeting at which the creditors in Chaumontel's affair were to receive the sums due them. On the eleventh of February he had an appointment with the notary, in order to sign a receipt relative to Chaumontel's affair.

Or else—but an attempt to mention all the chances of discovery would be the undertaking of a madman.

Every woman will remember for herself how the bandage with which her eyes were bound fell off: how, after many doubts, and agonies of heart, she made up her mind to have a final quarrel for the simple purpose of finishing the romance, putting the seal to the book, stipulating for her independence, or beginning life over again.

Some women are fortunate enough to have anticipated their husbands, and they then have the quarrel as a sort of justification.

Nervous women give way to a burst of passion and commit acts of violence.

Women of mild temper assume a decided tone which appals the most intrepid husbands. Those who have no vengeance ready shed a great many tears.

Those who love you forgive you. Ah, they conceive so readily, like the woman called "Ma berline," that their Adolphe must be loved by the women of France, that they are rejoiced to possess, legally, a man about whom everybody goes crazy.

Certain women with lips tight shut like a vice, with a muddy complexion and thin arms, treat themselves to the malicious pleasure of promenading their Adolphe through the quagmires of falsehood and contradiction: they question him (see *Troubles within Troubles*), like a magistrate examining a criminal, reserving the spiteful enjoyment of crushing his denials by positive proof at a decisive moment. Generally, in this supreme scene of conjugal life, the fair sex is the executioner, while, in the contrary case, man is the assassin.

This is the way of it: This last quarrel (you shall know why the author has called it the *last*), is always terminated by a solemn, sacred promise, made by scrupulous, noble, or simply intelligent women (that is to say, by all women), and which we give here in its grandest form.

"Enough, Adolphe! we love each other no more; you have deceived me, and I shall never forget it. I may forgive it, but I can never forget it."

Women represent themselves as implacable only to render their forgiveness charming: they have anticipated God.

"We have now to live in common like two friends," continues Caroline. "Well, let us live like two comrades, two brothers. I do not wish to make your life intolerable, and I never again will speak to you of what has happened—"

Adolphe gives Caroline his hand: she takes it, and shakes it in the English style. Adolphe thanks Caroline, and catches a glimpse of bliss: he has converted his wife into a sister, and hopes to be a bachelor again.

The next day Caroline indulges in a very witty allusion (Adolphe cannot help laughing at it) to Chaumontel's affair. In society she makes general remarks which, to Adolphe, are very particular remarks, about their last quarrel.

At the end of a fortnight a day never passes without Caroline's recalling their last quarrel by saying: "It was the day when I found Chaumontel's bill in your pocket:" or "it happened since our last quarrel:" or, "it was the day when, for the first time, I had a clear idea of life," etc. She assassinates Adolphe, she martyrizes him! In society she gives utterance to terrible things.

"We are happy, my dear [to a lady], when we love each other no longer: it's then that we learn how to make ourselves beloved," and she looks at Ferdinand.

In short, the last quarrel never comes to an end, and from this fact flows the following axiom:

Axiom.—*Putting yourself in the wrong with your lawful wife, is solving the problem of Perpetual Motion.*

A Signal Failure.

Women, and especially married women, stick ideas into their brain-pan precisely as they stick pins into a pincushion, and the devil himself,—do you mind?—could not get them out: they reserve to themselves the exclusive right of sticking them in, pulling them out, and sticking them in again.

Caroline is riding home one evening from Madame Foullepointe's in a violent state of jealousy and ambition.

Madame Foullepointe, the lioness—but this word requires an explanation. It is a fashionable neologism, and gives expression to certain rather meagre ideas relative to our present society: you must use it, if you want to describe a woman who is all the rage. This lioness rides on horseback every day, and Caroline has taken it into her head to learn to ride also.

Observe that in this conjugal phase, Adolphe and Caroline

are in the season which we have denominated *A Household Revolution,* and that they have had two or three *Last Quarrels.*

"Adolphe," she says, "do you want to do me a favor?"

"Of course."

"Won't you refuse?"

"If your request is reasonable, I am willing—"

"Ah, already—that's a true husband's word—if—"

"Come, what is it?"

"I want to learn to ride on horseback."

"Now, is it a possible thing, Caroline?"

Caroline looks out of the window, and tries to wipe away a dry tear.

"Listen," resumes Adolphe; "I cannot let you go alone to the riding-school; and I cannot go with you while business gives me the annoyance it does now. What's the matter? I think I have given you unanswerable reasons."

Adolphe foresees the hiring of a stable, the purchase of a pony, the introduction of a groom and of a servant's horse into the establishment—in short, all the nuisance of female lionization.

When a man gives a woman reasons instead of giving her what she wants—well, few men have ventured to descend into that small abyss called the heart, to test the power of the tempest that suddenly bursts forth there.

"Reasons! If you want reasons, here they are!" exclaims Caroline. "I am your wife: you don't seem to care to please me any more. And as to the expenses, you greatly overrate them, my dear."

Women have as many inflections of voice to pronounce these words, *My dear,* as the Italians have to say *Amico.* I have counted twenty-nine which express only various degrees of hatred.

"Well, you'll see," resumes Caroline, "I shall be sick, and you will pay the apothecary and the doctor as much as the price of a horse. I shall be walled up here at home, and that's all you want. I asked the favor of you, though I was sure of a refusal: I only wanted to know how you would go to work to give it."

"But, Caroline—"

"Leave me alone at the riding-school!" she continues without listening. "Is that a reason? Can't I go with Madame de Fischtaminel? Madame de Fischtaminel is learning to ride on horseback, and I don't imagine that Monsieur de Fischtaminel goes with her."

"But Caroline—"

"I am delighted with your solicitude. You think a great deal of me, really. Monsieur de Fischtaminel has more confidence in his wife, than you have in yours. He does not go with her, not he! Perhaps it's on account of this confidence that you don't want me at the school, where I might see your goings on with the fair Fischtaminel."

Adolphe tries to hide his vexation at this torrent of words, which begins when they are still half way from home, and has no sea to empty into. When Caroline is in her room, she goes on in the same way.

"You see that if reasons could restore my health or prevent me from desiring a kind of exercise pointed out by nature herself, I should not be in want of reasons, and that I know all the reasons that there are, and that I went over with the reasons before I spoke to you."

This, ladies, may with the more truth be called the prologue to the conjugal drama, from the fact that it is vigorously delivered, embellished with a commentary of gestures, ornamented with glances and all the other vignettes with which you usually illustrate such masterpieces.

Caroline, when she has once planted in Adolphe's heart the apprehension of a scene of constantly reiterated demands, feels her hatred for his control largely increase. Madame pouts, and she pouts so fiercely, that Adolphe is forced to notice it, on pain of very disagreeable consequences, for all is over, be sure of that, between two beings married by the mayor, or even at Gretna Green, when one of them no longer notices the sulkings of the other.

Axiom.—*A sulk that has struck in is a deadly poison.*

It was to prevent this suicide of love that our ingenious France invented boudoirs. Women could not well have Virgil's willows in the economy of our modern dwellings. On the downfall of oratories, these little cubbies became boudoirs.

This conjugal drama has three acts. The act of the prologue is already played. Then comes the act of false coquetry: one of those in which French women have the most success.

Adolphe is walking about the room, divesting himself of his apparel, and the man thus engaged, divests himself of his strength as well as of his clothing. To every man of forty, this axiom will appear profoundly just:

Axiom.—*The ideas of a man who has taken his boots and his suspenders off, are no longer those of a man who is still sporting these two tyrants of the mind.*

Take notice that this is only an axiom in wedded life. In morals, it is what we call a relative theorem.

Caroline watches, like a jockey on the race course, the moment when she can distance her adversary. She makes her preparations to be irresistibly fascinating to Adolphe.

Women possess a power of mimicking pudicity, a knowledge of secrets which might be those of a frightened dove, a particular register for singing, like Isabella, in the fourth act of *Robert le Diable: "Grâce pour toi! Grâce pour moi!"* which leave jockeys and horse trainers whole miles behind. As usual, the *Diable* succumbs. It is the eternal history, the grand Christian mystery of the bruised serpent, of the delivered woman becoming the great social force, as the Fourierists say. It is especially in this that the difference between the Oriental slave and the Occidental wife appears.

Upon the conjugal pillow, the second act ends by a number of onomatopes, all of them favorable to peace. Adolphe, precisely like children in the presence of a slice of bread and molasses, promises everything that Caroline wants.

Third Act. As the curtain rises, the stage represents a

chamber in a state of extreme disorder. Adolphe, in his dressing gown, tries to go out furtively and without waking Caroline, who is sleeping profoundly, and finally does go out.

Caroline, exceedingly happy, gets up, consults her mirror, and makes inquiries about breakfast. An hour afterward, When she is ready, she learns that breakfast is served.

"Tell monsieur."

"Madame, he is in the little parlor."

"What a nice little man, he is," she says, going up to Adolphe, and talking the babyish, caressing language of the honey-moon.

"What for, pray?"

"Why, to let his little Liline ride the horsey."

Observation. During the honey-moon, some few married couples,—very young ones,—make use of languages, which, in ancient days, Aristotle classified and defined. (See his Pedagogy.) Thus they are perpetually using such terminations as *lala, nana, coachy-poachy*, just as mothers and nurses use them to babies. This is one of the secret reasons, discussed and recognized in big quartos by the Germans, which determined the Cabires, the creators of the Greek mythology, to represent Love as a child. There are other reasons very well known to women, the principal of which is, that, in their opinion, love in men is always *small*.

"Where did you get that idea, my sweet? You must have dreamed it!"

"What!"

Caroline stands stark still: she opens wide her eyes which are already considerably widened by amazement. Being inwardly epileptic, she says not a word: she merely gazes at Adolphe. Under the satanic fires of their gaze, Adolphe turns

half way round toward the dining-room; but he asks himself whether it would not be well to let Caroline take one lesson, and to tip the wink to the riding-master, to disgust her with equestrianism by the harshness of his style of instruction.

There is nothing so terrible as an actress who reckons upon a success, and who *fait four.*

In the language of the stage, to *faire four* is to play to a wretchedly thin house, or to obtain not the slightest applause. It is taking great pains for nothing, in short, a *signal failure.*

This petty trouble—it is very petty—is reproduced in a thousand ways in married life, when the honey-moon is over, and when the wife has no personal fortune.

In spite of the author's repugnance to inserting anecdotes in an exclusively aphoristic work, the tissue of which will bear nothing but the most delicate and subtle observations,—from the nature of the subject at least,—it seems to him necessary to illustrate this page by an incident narrated by one of our first physicians. This repetition of the subject involves a rule of conduct very much in use with the doctors of Paris.

A certain husband was in our Adolphe's situation. His Caroline, having once made a signal failure, was determined to conquer, for Caroline often does conquer! She played the farce of the nervous affection. (See *The Physiology of Marriage,* Meditation XXVI, Paragraph *Nerves.*) She had been lying about on sofas for two months, getting up at noon, taking no part in the amusements of the city. She would not go to the theatre,—oh, the disgusting atmosphere!—the lights, above all, the lights! Then the bustle, coming out, going in, the music,—it might be fatal, it's so terribly exciting!

She would not go on excursions to the country, oh, certainly it was her desire to do so!—but she would like (*desiderata*) a carriage of her own, horses of her own—her husband would not give her an equipage. And as to going in hacks, in hired conveyances, the bare thought gave her a rising at the stomach!

She would not have any cooking—the smell of the meats

produced a sudden nausea. She drank innumerable drugs that her maid never saw her take.

In short, she expended large amounts of time and money in attitudes, privations, effects, pearl-white to give her the pallor of a corpse, machinery, and the like, precisely as when the manager of a theatre spreads rumors about a piece gotten up in a style of Oriental magnificence, without regard to expense!

This couple had got so far as to believe that even a journey to the springs, to Ems, to Hombourg, to Carlsbad, would hardly cure the invalid; but madame would not budge, unless she could go in her own carriage. Always that carriage!

Adolphe held out, and would not yield.

Caroline, who was a woman of great sagacity, admitted that her husband was right.

"Adolphe is right," she said to her friends, "it is I who am unreasonable: he can not, he ought not, have a carriage yet: men know better than we do the situation of their business."

At times Adolphe was perfectly furious! Women have ways about them that demand the justice of Tophet itself. Finally, during the third month, he met one of his school friends, a lieutenant in the corps of physicians, modest as all young doctors are; he had had his epaulettes one day only, and could give the order to fire!

"For a young woman, a young doctor," said our Adolphe to himself.

And he proposed to the future Bianchon to visit his wife and tell him the truth about her condition.

"My dear, it is time that you should have a physician," said Adolphe that evening to his wife, "and here is the best for a pretty woman."

The novice makes a conscientious examination, questions madame, feels her pulse discreetly, inquires into the slightest symptoms, and, at the end, while conversing, allows a smile, an expression, which, if not ironical, are extremely incredulous, to play involuntarily upon his lips, and his lips are

quite in sympathy with his eyes. He prescribes some insignificant remedy, and insists upon its importance, promising to call again to observe its effect. In the ante-chamber, thinking himself alone with his school-mate, he indulges in an inexpressible shrug of the shoulders.

"There's nothing the matter with your wife, my boy," he says: "she is trifling with both you and me."

"Well, I thought so."

"But if she continues the joke, she will make herself sick in earnest: I am too sincerely your friend to enter into such a speculation, for I am determined that there shall be an honest man beneath the physician, in me—"

"My wife wants a carriage."

As in the *Solo on the Hearse,* this Caroline listened at the door.

Even at the present day, the young doctor is obliged to clear his path of the calumnies which this charming woman is continually throwing into it: and for the sake of a quiet life, he has been obliged to confess his little error—a young man's error—and to mention his enemy by name, in order to close her lips.

The Chestnuts in the Fire.

No one can tell how many shades and gradations there are in misfortune, for everything depends upon the character of the individual, upon the force of the imagination, upon the strength of the nerves. If it is impossible to catch these so variable shades, we may at least point out the most striking colors, and the principal attendant incidents. The author has therefore reserved this petty trouble for the last, for it is the only one that is at once comic and disastrous.

The author flatters himself that he has mentioned the principal examples. Thus, women who have arrived safely at the haven, the happy age of forty, the period when they are delivered from scandal, calumny, suspicion, when their liberty begins: these women will certainly do him the justice to state

that all the critical situations of a family are pointed out or represented in this book.

Caroline has her Chaumontel's affair. She has learned how to induce Adolphe to go out unexpectedly, and has an understanding with Madame de Fischtaminel.

In every household, within a given time, ladies like Madame de Fischtaminel become Caroline's main resource.

Caroline pets Madame de Fischtaminel with all the tenderness that the African army is now bestowing upon Abd-el-Kader: she is as solicitous in her behalf as a physician is anxious to avoid curing a rich hypochondriac. Between the two, Caroline and Madame de Fischtaminel invent occupations for dear Adolphe, when neither of them desire the presence of that demigod among their penates. Madame de Fischtaminel and Caroline, who have become, through the efforts of Madame Foullepointe, the best friends in the world, have even gone so far as to learn and employ that feminine freemasonry, the rites of which cannot be made familiar by any possible initiation.

If Caroline writes the following little note to Madame de Fischtaminel:

"Dearest angel:

"You will probably see Adolphe to-morrow, but do not keep him too long, for I want to go to ride with him at five: but if you are desirous of taking him to ride yourself, do so and I will take him up. You ought to teach me your secret for entertaining used-up people as you do."

Madame de Fischtaminel says to herself: "Gracious! So I shall have that fellow on my hands to-morrow from twelve o'clock to five."

Axiom. *Men do not always know a woman's positive request when they see it; but another woman never mistakes it: she does the contrary.*

Those sweet little beings called women, and especially

Parisian women, are the prettiest jewels that social industry has invented. Those who do not adore them, those who do not feel a constant jubilation at seeing them laying their plots while braiding their hair, creating special idioms for themselves and constructing with their slender fingers machines strong enough to destroy the most powerful fortunes, must be wanting in a positive sense.

On one occasion Caroline takes the most minute precautions. She writes the day before to Madame Foullepointe to go to St. Maur with Adolphe, to look at a piece of property for sale there. Adolphe would go to breakfast with her. She aids Adolphe in dressing. She twits him with the care he bestows upon his toilet, and asks absurd questions about Madame Foullepointe.

"She's real nice, and I think she is quite tired of Charles: you'll inscribe her yet upon your catalogue, you old Don Juan: but you won't have any further need of Chaumontel's affair: I'm no longer jealous, you've got a passport. Do you like that better than being adored? Monster, observe how considerate I am."

So soon as her husband has gone, Caroline, who had not omitted, the previous evening, to write to Ferdinand to come to breakfast with her, equips herself in a costume which, in that charming eighteenth century so calumniated by republicans, humanitarians and idiots, women of quality called their fighting-dress.

Caroline has taken care of everything. Love is the first house servant in the world, so the table is set with positively diabolic coquetry. There is the white damask cloth, the little blue service, the silver gilt urn, the chiseled milk pitcher, and flowers all round!

If it is winter, she has got some grapes, and has rummaged the cellar for the very best old wines. The rolls are from the most famous baker's. The succulent dishes, the *pâté de foie gras,* the whole of this elegant entertainment, would have made the author of the Glutton's Almanac neigh with impatience: it would make a note-shaver smile, and tell a professor of the Old University what the matter in hand is.

Everything is prepared. Caroline has been ready since the night before: she contemplates her work. Justine sighs and arranges the furniture. Caroline picks off the yellow leaves of the plants in the windows. A woman, in these cases, disguises what we may call the prancings of the heart, by those meaningless occupations in which the fingers have all the grip of pincers, when the pink nails burn, and when this unspoken ejaculation rasps the throat: "He hasn't come yet!"

What a blow is this announcement by Justine: "Madame, here's a letter!"

A letter in place of a Ferdinand! How does she ever open it? What ages of life slip by as she unfolds it! Women know this by experience! As to men, when they are in such maddening passes, they murder their shirt-frills.

"Justine, Monsieur Ferdinand is ill!" exclaims Caroline. "Send for a carriage."

As Justine goes down stairs, Adolphe comes up.

"My poor mistress!" observes Justine. "I guess she won't want the carriage now."

"Oh my! Where have you come from?" cries Caroline, on seeing Adolphe standing in ecstasy before her voluptuous breakfast.

Adolphe, whose wife long since gave up treating *him* to such charming banquets, does not answer. But he guesses what it all means, as he sees the cloth inscribed with the delightful ideas which Madame de Fischtaminel or the syndic of Chaumontel's affair have often inscribed for him upon tables quite as elegant.

"Whom are you expecting?" he asks in his turn.

"Who could it be, except Ferdinand?" replies Caroline.

"And is he keeping you waiting?"

"He is sick, poor fellow."

A quizzical idea enters Adolphe's head, and he replies, winking with one eye only: "I have just seen him."

"Where?"

"In front of the Café de Paris, with some friends."

"But why have you come back?" says Caroline, trying to conceal her murderous fury.

"Madame Foullepointe, who was tired of Charles, you said, has been with him at Ville d'Avray since yesterday."

Adolphe sits down, saying: "This has happened very appropriately, for I'm as hungry as two bears."

Caroline sits down, too, and looks at Adolphe stealthily: she weeps internally: but she very soon asks, in a tone of voice that she manages to render indifferent, "Who was Ferdinand with?"

"With some fellows who lead him into bad company. The young man is getting spoiled: he goes to Madame Schontz's. You ought to write to your uncle. It was probably some breakfast or other, the result of a bet made at M'lle Malaga's." He looks slyly at Caroline, who drops her eyes to conceal her tears. "How beautiful you have made yourself this morning," Adolphe resumes. "Ah, you are a fair match for your breakfast. I don't think Ferdinand will make as good a meal as I shall," etc., etc.

Adolphe manages the joke so cleverly that he inspires his wife with the idea of punishing Ferdinand. Adolphe, who claims to be as hungry as two bears, causes Caroline to forget that a carriage waits for her at the door.

The female that tends the gate at the house Ferdinand lives in, arrives at about two o'clock, while Adolphe is asleep on a sofa. That Iris of bachelors comes to say to Caroline that Monsieur Ferdinand is very much in need of some one.

"He's drunk, I suppose," says Caroline in a rage.

"He fought a duel this morning, madame."

Caroline swoons, gets up and rushes to Ferdinand, wishing Adolphe at the bottom of the sea.

When women are the victims of these little inventions, which are quite as adroit as their own, they are sure to exclaim, "What abominable monsters men are!"

Ultima Ratio.

We have come to our last observation. Doubtless this work is beginning to tire you quite as much as its subject does, if you are married.

This work, which, according to the author, is to the *Physiology of Marriage* what Fact is to Theory, or History to Philosophy, has its logic, as life, viewed as a whole, has its logic, also.

This logic—fatal, terrible—is as follows. At the close of the first part of the book—a book filled with serious pleasantry—Adolphe has reached, as you must have noticed, a point of complete indifference in matrimonial matters.

He has read novels in which the writers advise troublesome husbands to embark for the other world, or to live in peace with the fathers of their children, to pet and adore them: for if literature is the reflection of manners, we must admit that our manners recognize the defects pointed out by the *Physiology of Marriage* in this fundamental institution. More than one great genius has dealt this social basis terrible blows, without shaking it.

Adolphe has especially read his wife too closely, and disguises his indifference by this profound word: indulgence. He is indulgent with Caroline, he sees in her nothing but the mother of his children, a good companion, a sure friend, a brother.

When the petty troubles of the wife cease, Caroline, who is more clever than her husband, has come to profit by this advantageous indulgence: but she does not give her dear Adolphe up. It is woman's nature never to yield any of her rights. DIEU ET MON DROIT—CONJUGAL! is, as is well known, the motto of England, and is especially so to-day.

Women have such a love for domination that we will relate an anecdote, not ten years old, in point. It is a very young anecdote.

One of the grand dignitaries of the Chamber of Peers had a Caroline, as lax as Carolines usually are. The name is an auspicious one for women. This dignitary, extremely old at the time, was on one side of the fireplace, and Caroline on the other. Caroline was hard upon the lustrum when women no longer tell their age. A friend came in to inform them of the marriage of a general who had lately been intimate in their house.

Caroline at once had a fit of despair, with genuine tears: she screamed and made the grand dignitary's head ache to such a degree, that he tried to console her. In the midst of his condolences, the count forgot himself so far as to say —"What can you expect, my dear, he really could not marry you!"

And this was one of the highest functionaries of the state, but a friend of Louis XVIII., and necessarily a little bit Pompadour.

The whole difference, then, between the situation of Adolphe and that of Caroline, consists in this: though he no longer cares about her, she retains the right to care about him.

Now, let us listen to "What *they* say," the theme of the concluding chapter of this work.

Commentary.

IN WHICH IS EXPLAINED LA FELICITA OF FINALES.

Who has not heard an Italian opera in the course of his life? You must then have noticed the musical abuse of the word *felicità,* so lavishly used by the librettist and the chorus at the moment when everybody is deserting his box or leaving the house.

Frightful image of life. We quit it just when we hear *la felicità.*

Have you reflected upon the profound truth conveyed by this finale, at the instant when the composer delivers his last note and the author his last line, when the orchestra gives the last pull at the fiddle-bow and the last puff at the bassoon, when the principal singers say "Let's go to supper!" and the chorus people exclaim "How lucky, it doesn't rain!" Well, in every condition in life, as in an Italian opera, there comes a time when the joke is over, when the trick is done, when people must make up their minds to one thing or the other, when everybody is singing his own *felicità* for himself. After having gone through with all the duos, the solos, the stretti,

the codas, the concerted pieces, the duettos, the nocturnes, the phases which these few scenes, chosen from the ocean of married life, exhibit you, and which are themes whose variations have doubtless been divined by persons with brains as well as by the shallow—for so far as suffering is concerned, we are all equal—the greater part of Parisian households reach, within a given time, the following final chorus:

THE WIFE, *to a young woman in the conjugal Indian Summer.* My dear, I am the happiest woman in the world. Adolphe is the model of husbands, kind, obliging, not a bit of a tease. Isn't he, Ferdinand?

Caroline addresses Adolphe's cousin, a young man with a nice cravat, glistening hair and patent leather boots: his coat is cut in the most elegant fashion: he has a crush hat, kid gloves, something very choice in the way of a waistcoat, the very best style of moustaches, whiskers, and a goatee *à la* Mazarin; he is also endowed with a profound, mute, attentive admiration of Caroline.

FERDINAND. Adolphe is happy to have a wife like you! What does he want? Nothing.

THE WIFE. In the beginning, we were always vexing each other: but now we get along marvelously. Adolphe no longer does anything but what he likes, he never puts himself out: I never ask him where he is going nor what he has seen. Indulgence, my dear, is the great secret of happiness. You, doubtless, are still in the period of petty troubles, causeless jealousies, cross-purposes, and all sorts of little botherations. What is the good of all this? We women have but a short life, at the best. How much? Ten good years! Why should we fill them with vexation? I was like you. But, one fine morning, I made the acquaintance of Madame de Fischtaminel, a charming woman, who taught me how to make a husband happy. Since then, Adolphe has changed radically; he has become perfectly delightful. He is the first to say to me, with anxiety, with alarm, even, when I am going to the theatre, and he and I are still alone at seven o'clock: "Ferdinand is coming for you, isn't he?" Doesn't he, Ferdinand?

FERDINAND. We are the best cousins in the world.

The Indian Summer Wife, *very much afflicted.* Shall I ever come to that?

The Husband, *on the Italian Boulevard.* My dear boy [*he has button-holed Monsieur de Fischtaminel*], you still believe that marriage is based upon passion. Let me tell you that the best way, in conjugal life, is to have a plenary indulgence, one for the other, on condition that appearances be preserved. I am the happiest husband in the world. Caroline is a devoted friend, she would sacrifice everything for me, even my cousin Ferdinand, if it were necessary: oh, you may laugh, but she is ready to do anything. You entangle yourself in your laughable ideas of dignity, honor, virtue, social order. We can't have our life over again, so we must cram it full of pleasure. Not the smallest bitter word has been exchanged between Caroline and me for two years past. I have, in Caroline, a friend to whom I can tell everything, and who would be amply able to console me in a great emergency. There is not the slightest deceit between us, and we know perfectly well what the state of things is. We have thus changed our duties into pleasures. We are often happier, thus, than in that insipid season called the honeymoon. She says to me, sometimes, "I'm out of humor, go away." The storm then falls upon my cousin. Caroline never puts on her airs of a victim, now, but speaks in the kindest manner of me to the whole world. In short, she is happy in my pleasures. And as she is a scrupulously honest woman, she is conscientious to the last degree in her use of our fortune. My house is well kept. My wife leaves me the right to dispose of my reserve without the slightest control on her part. That's the way of it. We have oiled our wheels and cogs, while you, my dear Fischtaminel, have put gravel in yours.

Chorus, *in a parlor during a ball.* Madame Caroline is a charming woman.

A woman in a turban. Yes, she is very proper, very dignified.

A woman who has seven children. Ah! she learned early how to manage her husband.

ONE OF FERDINAND'S FRIENDS. But she loves her husband exceedingly. Besides, Adolphe is a man of great distinction and experience.

ONE OF MADAME DE FISCHTAMINEL'S FRIENDS. He adores his wife. There's no fuss at their house, everybody is at home there.

MONSIEUR FOULLEPOINTE. Yes, it's a very agreeable house.

A WOMAN ABOUT WHOM THERE IS A GOOD DEAL OF SCANDAL. Caroline is kind and obliging, and never talks scandal of anybody.

A YOUNG LADY, *returning to her place after a dance.* Don't you remember how tiresome she was when she visited the Deschars?

MADAME DE FISCHTAMINEL. Oh! She and her husband were two bundles of briars—continually quarreling. [*She goes away.*]

AN ARTIST. I hear that the individual known as Deschars is getting dissipated: he goes round town—

A WOMAN, *alarmed at the turn the conversation is taking, as her daughter can hear.* Madame de Fischtaminel is charming, this evening.

A WOMAN OF FORTY, *without employment.* Monsieur Adolphe appears to be as happy as his wife.

A YOUNG LADY. Oh! what a sweet young man Monsieur Ferdinand is! [*Her mother reproves her by a sharp nudge with her foot.*] What's the matter, mamma?

HER MOTHER, *looking at her fixedly.* A young woman should not speak so, my dear, of any one but her betrothed, and Monsieur Ferdinand is not a marrying man.

A LADY DRESSED RATHER LOW IN THE NECK, *to another lady dressed equally low, in a whisper.* The fact is, my dear, the moral of all this is that there are no happy couples but couples of four.

A FRIEND, *whom the author was so imprudent as to consult.* Those last words are false.

THE AUTHOR. Do you think so?

THE FRIEND, *who has just been married.* You all of you use

your ink in depreciating social life, on the pretext of enlightening us! Why, there are couples a hundred, a thousand times happier than your boasted couples of four.

THE AUTHOR. Well, shall I deceive the marrying class of the population, and scratch the passage out?

THE FRIEND. No, it will be taken merely as the point of a song in a vaudeville.

THE AUTHOR. Yes, a method of passing truths off upon society.

THE FRIEND, *who sticks to his opinion.* Such truths as are destined to be passed off upon it.

THE AUTHOR. *who wants to have the last word.* Who and what is there that does not pass off, or become passé? When your wife is twenty years older, we will resume this conversation.

THE FRIEND. You revenge yourself cruelly for your inability to write the history of happy homes.

THE END.

Professor George Saintsbury.

REPERTORY OF THE COMÉDIE HUMAINE

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

"Work crowned by the French Academy" is a significant line borne by the title-page of the original edition of Messieurs Cerfberr and Christophe's monumental work. The motto indicates the high esteem in which the French authorities hold this very necessary adjunct to the great Balzacian structure. And even without this word of approval, the intelligent reader needs but a glance within the pages of the *Repertory of the Comédie Humaine* to convince him at once of its utility.

In brief, the purpose of the *Repertory* is to give in alphabetical sequence the names of all the characters forming this Balzacian society, together with the salient points in their lives. It is, of course, well known that Balzac made his characters appear again and again, thus creating out of his distinct novels a miniature world. To cite a case in point, Rastignac, who comes as near being the hero of the *Comédie* as any other single character, makes his first appearance in *Father Goriot*, as a student of law; then appearing and disappearing fitfully in a score of the principal novels, he is finally made a minister and peer of France. Without the aid of the *Repertory* it would be difficult for any save a reader of the entire *Comédie* to trace out his career. But here it is arranged in temporal sequence, thus giving us a concrete view of the man and his relation to this society.

In reading any separate story, when reference is made in passing to a character, the reader will find it helpful and interesting to turn to the *Repertory* and find what manner

of man it is that is under advisement. A little systematic reading of this nature will speedily render the reader a "confirmed Balzacian."

A slight confusion may arise in the use of the *Repertory* on account of the subdivision of titles. This is the fault neither of Messieurs Cerfberr and Christophe nor of the translator, but of Balzac himself, who was continually changing titles, dividing and subdividing stories, and revamping and working other changes in his books. *Cousin Betty* and *Cousin Pons* were placed together by him under the general title of *Poor Relations*. Being separate stories, we have retained the separate titles. Similarly, the three divisions of *Lost Illusions* were never published together until 1843—in the first complete edition of the *Comédie;* before assuming final shape its parts had received several different titles. In the present text the editor has deemed it best to retain two of the parts under *Lost Illusions*, while the third, which presents a separate Rubempré episode, is given as *A Distinguished Provincial at Paris*. The three parts of *The Thirteen—Ferragus*, *The Duchesse de Langeais*, and *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*—are given under the general title. The fourth part of *Scenes from a Courtesan's Life*, *Vautrin's Last Avatar*, which until the Edition Definitive had been published separately, is here merged into its final place. But the three parts of *The Celibates—Pierrette*, *The Vicar of Tours* and *A Bachelor's Establishment*, being detached, are given separately. Other minor instances occur, but should be readily cleared up by reference to the Indices, also to the General Introduction given elsewhere.

In the preparation of this English text, great care has been exercised to gain accuracy—a quality not found in other versions now extant. In one or two instances, errors

have been discovered in the original French, notably in dates —probably typographical errors—which have been corrected by means of foot-notes. A few unimportant elisions have been made for the sake of brevity and coherence. Many difficulties confront the translator in the preparation of material of this nature, involving names, dates and titles. Opportunities are constantly afforded for error, and the work must necessarily be painstaking in order to be successful. We desire here to express appreciation for the valuable assistance of Mr. Norman Hinsdale Pitman.

To Balzac, more than to any other author, a Repertory of characters is applicable; for he it was who not only created an entire human society, but placed therein a multitude of personages so real, so instinct with vitality, that biographies of them seem no more than simple justice. We can do no more, then, than follow the advice of Balzac—to quote again from the original title-page—and "give a parallel to the civil register."

J. Walker McSpadden

INTRODUCTION

Are you a confirmed *Balzacian*?—to employ a former expression of Gautier in *Jeune France* on the morrow following the appearance of that mystic Rabelaisian epic, *The Magic Skin*. Have you experienced, while reading at school or clandestinely some stray volume of the *Comédie Humaine*, a sort of exaltation such as no other book had aroused hitherto, and few have caused since? Have you dreamed at an age when one plucks in advance all the fruit from the tree of life—yet in blossom—I repeat, have you dreamed of being a Daniel d'Arthez, and of covering yourself with glory by the force of your achievements, in order to be requited, some day, for all the sufferings of your poverty-stricken youth, by the sublime Diane, Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, Princesse de Cadignan?

Or, perchance, being more ambitious and less literary, you have desired to see—like a second Rastignac—the doors of high society opened to your eager gaze by means of the golden key suspended from Delphine de Nucingen's bracelet?

Romancist, have you sighed for the angelic tenderness of a Henriette de Mortsauf, and realized in your dreams the innocent emotions excited by culling nosegays, by listening to tales of grief, by furtive hand-clasps on the banks of a narrow river, blue and placid, in a valley where your friendship flourishes like a fair, delicate lily the ideal, the chaste flower?

Misanthrope, have you caressed the chimera, to ward off the dark hours of advancing age, of a friendship equal to that

with which the good Schmucke enveloped even the whims of his poor Pons? Have you appreciated the sovereign power of secret societies, and deliberated with yourself as to which of your acquaintances would be most worthy to enter The Thirteen? In your mind's eye has the map of France ever appeared to be divided up into as many provinces as the *Comédie Humaine* has stories? Has Tours stood for Birotteau, La Gamard, for the formidable Abbé Troubert; Douai, Claës; Limoges, Madame Graslin; Besançon, Savarus and his misguided love; Angoulême, Rubempré; Sancerre, Madame de la Baudraye; Alençon, that touching, artless old maid to whom her uncle, the Abbé de Sponde, remarked with gentle irony: "You have too much wit. You don't need so much to be happy"?

Oh, sorcery of the most wonderful magician of letters the world has seen since Shakespeare! If you have come under the spell of his enchantments, be it only for an hour, here is a book that will delight you, a book that would have pleased Balzac himself—Balzac, who was more the victim of his work than his most fanatical readers, and whose dream was to compete with the civil records. This volume of nearly six hundred pages is really the civil record of all the characters in the *Comédie Humaine*, by which you may locate, detail by detail, the smallest adventures of the heroes who pass and repass through the various novels, and by which you can recall at a moment's notice the emotions once awakened by the perusal of such and such a masterpiece. More modestly, it is a kind of table of contents, of a unique type; a table of living contents!

Many Balzacians have dreamed of compiling such a civil record. I myself have known of five or six who attempted this singlar task. To cite only two names out of the many,

the idea of this unusual Vapereau ran through the head of that keen and delicate critic, M. Henri Meilhac, and of that detective in continued stories, Emile Gaboriau. I believe that I also have among the papers of my eighteenth year some sheets covered with notes taken with the same intention. But the labor was too exhaustive. It demanded an infinite patience, combined with an inextinguishable ardor and enthusiasm. The two faithful disciples of the master who have conjoined their efforts to uprear this monument, could not perhaps have overcome the difficulties of the undertaking if they had not supported each other, bringing to the common work, M. Christophe his painstaking method, M. Cerfberr his accurate memory, his passionate faith in the genius of the great Honoré, a faith that carried unshakingly whole mountains of documents.

A pleasing chapter of literary gossip might be written anent this collaboration; a melancholy chapter, since it brings with it the memory of a charming man, who first brought Messieurs Cerfberr and Christophe together, and who has since died under mournful circumstances. His name was Albert Allenet, and he was chief editor of a courageous little review, *La Jeune France*, which he maintained for some years with a perseverance worthy of the Man of Business in the *Comédie Humaine*. I can see him yet, a feverish fellow, wan and haggard, but with his face always lit up by enthusiasm, stopping me in a theatre lobby to tell me about a plan of M. Cerfberr's; and almost immediately we discovered that the same plan had been conceived by M. Christophe. The latter had already prepared a cabinet of pigeon-holes, arranged and classified by the names of Balzacian characters. When two men encounter in the same enterprise as compilers, they will either hate each other or unite their efforts. Thanks

to the excellent Allenet, the two confirmed Balzacians took to each other wonderfully.

Poor Allenet! It was not long afterwards that we accompanied his body to the grave, one gloomy afternoon towards the end of autumn—all of us who had known and loved him. He is dead also, that other Balzacian who was so much interested in this work, and for whom the *Comédie Humaine* was an absorbing thought, Honoré Granoux. He was a merchant of Marseilles, with a wan aspect and already an invalid when I met him. But he became animated when speaking of Balzac; and with what a mysterious, conspirator-like veneration did he pronounce these words: "The Vicomte"—meaning, of course, to the thirty-third degree Balzacolatrites, that incomparable bibliophile to whom we owe the history of the novelist's works, M. de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul!—"The Vicomte will approve—or disapprove." That was the unvarying formula for Granoux, who had devoted himself to the enormous task of collecting all the articles, small or great, published about Balzac since his entry as a writer. And just see what a fascination this *devil of a man*—as Theophile Gautier once called him—exercises over his followers; I am fully convinced that these little details of Balzacian mania will cause the reader to smile. As for me, I have found them, and still find them, as natural as Balzac's own remark to Jules Sandeau, who was telling him about a sick sister: "Let us go back to reality. Who is going to marry Eugénie Grandet?"

Fascination! That is the only word that quite characterizes the sort of influence wielded by Balzac over those who really enjoy him; and it is not to-day that the phenomenon began. Vallès pointed it out long ago in an eloquent page of the *Réfractaires* concerning "book victims."

Sainte Beuve, who can scarcely be suspected of fondness towards the editor-in-chief of the *Revue Parisienne*, tells a story stranger and more significant than every other. At one time an entire social set in Venice, and the most aristocratic, decided to give out among its members different characters drawn from the *Comédie Humaine;* and some of these rôles, the critic adds, mysteriously, were artistically carried out to the very end;—a dangerous experiment, for we are well aware that the heroes and heroines of Balzac often skirt the most treacherous abysses of the social Hell.

All that happened about 1840. The present year is 1887, and there seems no prospect of the sorcery weakening. The work to which these notes serve as an introduction may be taken as a proof. Indeed, somebody has said that the men of Balzac have appeared as much in literature as in life, especially since the death of the novelist. Balzac seems to have observed the society of his day less than he contributed to form a new one. Such and such personages are truer to life in 1860 than in 1835. When one considers a phenomenon of such range and intensity, it does not suffice to employ words like infatuation, fashion, mania. The attraction of an author becomes a psychological fact of prime importance and subject to analysis. I think I can see two reasons for this particular strength of Balzac's genius. One dwells in the special character of his vision, the other in the philosophical trend which he succeeded in giving to all his writing.

As to the scope of his vision, this *Repertory* alone will suffice to show. Turn over the leaves at random and estimate the number of fictitious deeds going to make up these two thousand biographies, each individual, each distinct, and

most of them complete—that is to say, taking the character at his birth and leaving him only at his death. Balzac not only knows the date of birth or of death, he knows as well the local coloring of the time and the country and profession to which the man belongs. He is thoroughly conversant with questions of taxation and income and the agricultural conditions. He is not ignorant of the fact that Grandet cannot make his fortune by the same methods employed by Gobseck, his rival in avarice; nor Ferdinand du Tillet, that jackal, with the same magnitude of operations worked out by that elephant of a Nucingen. He has outlined and measured the exact relation of each character to his environment in the same way that he has outlined and measured the bonds uniting the various characters; so well that each individual is defined separately as to his personal and his social side, and in the same manner each family is defined. It is the skeleton of these individuals and of these families that is laid bare for your contemplation in these notes of Messieurs Cerfberr and Christophe. But this structure of facts, dependent one upon another by a logic equal to that of life itself, is the smallest effort of Balzac's genius. Does a birth-certificate, a marriage-contract or an inventory of wealth represent a person? Certainly not. There is still lacking, for a bone covering, the flesh, the blood, the muscles and the nerves. A glance from Balzac, and all these tabulated facts become imbued with life; to this circumstantial view of the conditions of existence with certain beings is added as full a view of the beings themselves.

And first of all he knows them physiologically. The inner workings of their corporeal mechanism is no mystery for him. Whether it is Birotteau's gout, or Mortsauf's nervousness, or Fraisier's skin trouble, or the secret reason for Rouget's subjugation by Flore, or Louis Lambert's catalepsy, he is as

conversant with the case as though he were a physician; and he is as well informed, also, as a confessor concerning the spiritual mechanism which this animal machine supports. The slightest frailties of conscience are perceptible to him. From the portress Cibot to the Marquise d'Espard, not one of his women has an evil thought that he does not fathom. With what art, comparable to that of Stendhal, or Laclos, or the most subtle analysts, does he note—in *The Secrets of a Princess*—the transition from comedy to sincerity! He knows when a sentiment is simple and when it is complex, when the heart is a dupe of the mind and when of the senses. And through it all he hears his characters speak, he distinguishes their voices, and we ourselves distinguish them in the dialogue. The growling of Vautrin, the hissing of La Gamard, the melodious tones of Madame de Mortsauf still linger in our ears. For such intensity of evocation is as contagious as an enthusiasm or a panic.

There is abundant testimony going to show that with Balzac this evocation is accomplished, as in the mystic arts, by releasing it, so to speak, from the ordinary laws of life. Pray note in what terms M. le Docteur Fournier, the real mayor of Tours, relates incidents of the novelist's method of work, according to the report of a servant employed at the château of Saché: "Sometimes he would shut himself up in his room and stay there several days. Then it was that, plunged into a sort of ecstasy and armed with a crow quill, he would write night and day, abstaining from all food and merely contenting himself with decoctions of coffee which he himself prepared."[1]

[1] Brochure of M. le Docteur Fournier in regard to the statue of Balzac, that statue a piece of work to which M. Henry Renault—another devotee who had established *Le Balzac*—had given himself so ardently. In this brochure is found a very curious portrait of Balzac, after a sepia by Louis Boulanger belonging to M. le Baron Larrey.

In the opening pages of *Facino Cane* this phenomenon is thus described: "With me observation had become intuitive from early youth. It penetrated the soul without neglecting the body, or rather it seized so completely the external details that it went beyond them. It gave me the faculty of living the life of the individual over whom it obtained control, and allowed me to substitute myself for him like the dervish in *Arabian Nights* assumed the soul and the body of persons over whom he pronounced certain words." And he adds, after describing how he followed a workman and his wife along the street: "I could espouse their very life, I felt their rags on my back. I trod in their tattered shoes. Their desires, their needs, all passed into my soul, or my soul passed into them. It was the dream of a man awakened." One day while he and a friend of his were watching a beggar pass by, the friend was astonished to see Balzac touch his own sleeve; he seemed to feel the rent which gaped at the elbow of the beggar.

Am I wrong in connecting this sort of imagination with that which one witnesses in fanatics of religious faith? With such a faculty Balzac could not be, like Edgar Poe, merely a narrator of nightmares. He was preserved from the fantastic by another gift which seems contradictory to the first. This visionary was in reality a philosopher, that is to say, an experimenter and a manipulator of general ideas. Proof of this may be found in his biography, which shows him to us, during his college days at Vendôme, plunged into a whirl of abstract reading. The entire theological and occult library which he discovered in the old Oratorian institution was absorbed by the child, till he had to quit school sick, his brain benumbed by this strange opium. The story of Louis Lambert is a monograph of his own mind. During his youth

and in the moments snatched from his profession, to what did he turn his attention? Still to general ideas. We find him an interested onlooker at the quarrel of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire and Cuvier, troubling himself about the hypothesis of the unity of creation, and still dealing with mysticism; and, in fact, his romances abound in theories. There is not one of his works from which you cannot obtain abstract thoughts by the hundreds. If he describes, as in *The Vicar of Tours*, the woes of an old priest, he profits by the opportunity to exploit a theory concerning the development of sensibility, and a treatise on the future of Catholicism. If he describes, as in *The Firm of Nucingen*, a supper given to Parisian *blasés*, he introduces a system of credit, reports of the Bank and Bureau of Finance, and—any number of other things! Speaking of Daniel d'Arthez, that one of his heroes who, with Albert Savarus and Raphaël, most nearly resembles himself, he writes: "Daniel would not admit the existence of talent without profound metaphysical knowledge. At this moment he was in the act of despoiling both ancient and modern philosophy of all their wealth in order to assimilate it. He desired, like Molière, to become a profound philosopher first of all, a writer of comedies afterwards." Some readers there are, indeed, who think that philosophy superabounds with Balzac, that the surplus of general hypotheses overflows at times, and that the novels are too prone to digressions. Be that as it may, it seems incontestible that this was his master faculty, the virtue and vice of his thought. Let us see, however, by what singular detour this power of generalization—the antithesis, one might say, of the creative power—increased in him the faculty of the poetic visionary.

It is important, first of all, to note that this power of the visionary could not be put directly into play. Balzac had

not long enough to live. The list of his works, year by year, prepared by his sister, shows that from the moment he achieved his reputation till the day of his death he never took time for rest or observation or the study of mankind by daily and close contact, like Molière or Saint-Simon. He cut his life in two, writing by night, sleeping by day, and after sparing not a single hour for calling, promenades or sentiment. Indeed, he would not admit this troublesome factor of sentiment, except at a distance and through letters—"because it forms one's style"! At any rate, that is the kind of love he most willingly admitted—unless an exception be made of the mysterious intimacies of which his correspondence has left traces. During his youth he had followed this same habit of heavy labor, and as a result the experience of this master of exact literature was reduced to a minimum; but this minimum sufficed for him, precisely because of the philosophical insight which he possessed to so high a degree. To this meagre number of positive faculties furnished by observation, he applied an analysis so intuitive that he discovered, behind the small facts amassed by him in no unusual quantity, the profound forces, the generative influences, so to speak.

He himself describes—once more in connection with Daniel d'Arthez—the method pursued in this analytical and generalizing work. He calls it a "retrospective penetration." Probably he lays hold of the elements of experience and casts them into a seeming retort of reveries. Thanks to an alchemy somewhat analogous to that of Cuvier, he was enabled to reconstruct an entire temperament from the smallest detail, and an entire class from a single individual; but that which guided him in this work of reconstruction was always and everywhere the habitual process of philosophers: the quest and investigation of causes.

It is due to this analysis that this dreamer has defined almost all the great principles of the psychological changes incident to our time. He saw clearly, while democracy was establishing itself with us on the ruins of the ancient régime, the novelty of the sentiments which these transfers from class to class were certain to produce. He fathomed every complication of heart and mind in the modern woman by an intuition of the laws which control her development. He divined the transformation in the lives of artists, keeping pace with the change in the national situation; and to this day the picture he has drawn of journalism in *Lost Illusions*[1] remains strictly true. It seems to me that this same power of locating causes, which has brought about such a wealth of ideas in his work, has also brought about the magic of it all. While other novelists describe humanity from the outside, he has shown man to us both from within and without. The characters which crowd forth from his brain are sustained and impelled by the same social waves which sustain and impel us. The generative facts which created them are the same which are always in operation about us. If many young men have taken as a model a Rastignac, for instance, it is because the passions by which this ambitious pauper was consumed are the same which our age of unbridled greed multiplies around disinherited youth. Add to this that Balzac was not content merely to display the fruitful sources of a modern intellect, but that he cast upon them the glare of the most ardent imagination the world has ever known. By a rare combination this philosopher was also a man, like the story-tellers of the Orient, to whom solitude and the over-excitement of night-work had communicated a brilliant and unbroken hallucination. He was able to impart this

[1] "A Distinguished Provincial at Paris."

fever to his readers, and to plunge them into a sort of *Arabian Nights* country, where all the passions, all the desires of real life appear, but expanded to the point of fantasy, like the dreams brought on by laudanum or hasheesh. Why, then, should we not understand the reason that, for certain readers, this world of Balzac's is more real than the actual world, and that they devoted their energies to imitating it?

It is possible that to-day the phenomenon is becoming rarer, and that Balzac, while no less admired, does not exercise the same fascinating influence. The cause for this is that the great social forces which he defined have almost ended their work. Other forces now shape the oncoming generations and prepare them for further sensitive influences. It is none the less a fact that, to penetrate the central portions of the nineteenth century in France, one must read and reread the *Comédie Humaine*. And we owe sincere thanks to Messieurs Cerfberr and Christophe for this *Repertory*. Thanks to them, we shall the more easily traverse the long galleries, painted and frescoed, of this enormous palace—a palace still unfinished, inasmuch as it lacks those Scenes of Military Life whose titles awaken dreams within us: *Forced Marches; The Battle of Austerlitz; After Dresden.* Incontestably, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is an admirable book, but how can we help regretting the loss of the painting of the Grand Army and of our Great Emperor, by Balzac, our Napoleon of letters?

PAUL BOURGET.

REPERTORY OF THE COMEDIE HUMAINE

A

Abramko, Polish Jew of gigantic strength, thoroughly devoted to the broker, Elie Magus, whose porter he was, and whose daughter and treasures he guarded with the aid of three fierce dogs, in 1844, in an old house on the Minimes road hard by the Palais Royale, Paris. Abramko had allowed himself to be compromised in the Polish insurrection and Magus was interested in saving him. [Cousin Pons.]

Adèle, sturdy, good-hearted Briarde servant of Denis Rogron and his sister, Sylvie, from 1824 to 1827 at Provins. Contrary to her employers, she displayed much sympathy and pity for their youthful cousin, Pierrette Lorrain. [Pierrette.]

Adèle, chambermaid of Madame du Val-Noble at the time when the latter was maintained so magnificently by the stock-broker, Jacques Falleix, who failed in 1829. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Adolphe, slight, blonde young man employed at the shop of the shawl merchant, Fritot, in the Bourse quarter, Paris, at the time of the reign of Louis Philippe. [Gaudissart II.]

Adolphus, head of the banking firm of Adolphus & Company of Manheim, and father of the Baroness Wilhelmine d'Aldrigger. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Agathe (Sister), *née* Langeais, nun of the convent of Chelles, and, with her sister Martha and the Abbé de Marolles, a refugee under the Terror in a poor house of the Faubourg Saint-Martin, Paris. [An Episode Under the Terror.]

Aiglemont (Général, Marquis Victor d'), heir of the Marquis d'Aiglemont and nephew of the dowager Comtesse de Listomère-Landon; born in 1783. After having been the

lover of the Maréchale de Carigliano, he married, in the latter part of 1813 (at which time he was one of the youngest and most dashing colonels of the French cavalry), Mlle. Julie de Chatillonest, his cousin, with whom he resided successively at Touraine, Paris and Versailles.[1] He took part in the great struggle of the Empire; but the Restoration freed him from his oath to Napoleon, restored his titles, entrusted to him a station in the Body Guard, which gave him the rank of general, and later made him a peer of France. Gradually he forsook his wife, whom he deceived on account of Madame de Sérizy. In 1817 the Marquis d'Aiglemont became the father of a daughter (*See* Hélène d'Aiglemont) who was his image physically and morally; his last three children came into the world during a *liaison* between the Marquise d'Aiglemont and the brilliant diplomat, Charles de Vandenesse. In 1827 the general, as well as his protégé and cousin, Godefroid de Beaudenord, was hurt by the fraudulent failure of the Baron de Nucingen. Moreover, he sank a million in the Wortschin mines where he had been speculating with hypothecated securities of his wife's. This completed his ruin. He went to America, whence he returned, six years later, with a new fortune. The Marquis d'Aiglemont died, overcome by his exertions, in 1833.[2] [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. The Firm of Nucingen. A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Générale, Marquise Julie d'), wife of the preceding; born in 1792. Her father, M. de Chatillonest, advised her against, but gave her in marriage to her cousin, the attractive Colonel Victor d'Aiglemont, in 1813. Quickly disillusioned and attacked from another source by an "inflammation very often fatal, and which is spoken of by women only in confidence," she sank into a profound melancholy. The death of the Comtesse de Listomère-Landon, her aunt by marriage, deprived her of valuable protection and advice.

[1] It appears that the residence of the Marquis d'Aiglemont at Versailles was located at number 57, on the present Avenue de Paris; until recently it was occupied by one of the authors of this work.

[2] Given erroneously in the original as 1835.

Shortly thereafter she became a mother and found, in the realization of her new duties, strength to resist the mutual attachment between herself and the young and romantic Englishman, Lord Arthur Ormond Grenville, a student of medicine who had nursed her and healed her bodily ailments, and who died rather than compromise her. Heart-broken, the marquise withdrew to the solitude of an old château situated between Moret and Montereau in the midst of a neglected waste. She remained a recluse for almost a year, given over utterly to her grief, refusing the consolations of the Church offered her by the old curé of the village of Saint-Lange. Then she re-entered society at Paris. There, at the age of about thirty, she yielded to the genuine passion of the Marquis de Vandenesse. A child, christened Charles, was born of this union, but he perished at an early age under very tragic circumstances. Two other children, Moïna and Abel, were also the result of this love union. They were favored by their mother above the two eldest children, Hélène and Gustave, the only ones really belonging to the Marquis d'Aiglemont. Madame d'Aiglemont, when nearly fifty, a widow, and having none of her children remaining alive save her daughter Moïna, sacrificed all her own fortune for a dower in order to marry the latter to M. de Saint-Héreen, heir of one of the most famous families of France. She then went to live with her son-in-law in a magnificent mansion overlooking the Esplanade des Invalides. But her daughter gave her slight return for her love. Ruffled one day by some remarks made to her by Madame d'Aiglemont concerning the suspicious devotion of the Marquis de Vandenesse, Moïna went so far as to fling back at her mother the remembrance of the latter's own guilty relations with the young man's father. Terribly overcome by this attack, the poor woman, who was a physical wreck, deaf and subject to heart disease, died in 1844. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Hélène d'), eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont; born in 1817. She and her brother Gustave were neglected by her mother for Charles,

Abel and Moïna. On this account Hélène became jealous and defiant. When about eight years old, in a paroxysm of ferocious hate, she pushed her brother Charles into the Bièvre, where he was drowned. This childish crime always passed for a terrible accident. When a young woman one Christmas night—Hélène eloped with a mysterious adventurer who was being tracked by justice and who was, for the time being, in hiding at the home of the Marquis Victor d'Aiglemont, at Versailles. Her despairing father sought her vainly. He saw her no more till seven years later, and then only once, when on his return from America to France. The ship on which he returned was captured by pirates, whose captain, "The Parisian," the veritable abductor of Hélène, protected the marquis and his fortune. The two lovers had four beautiful children and lived together in the most perfect happiness, sharing the same perils. Hélène refused to follow her father. In 1835, some months after the death of her husband, Madame d'Aiglemont, while taking the youthful Moïna to a Pyrenees watering-place, was asked to aid a poor sufferer. It was her daughter, Hélène, who had just escaped shipwreck, saving only one child. Both presently succumbed before the eyes of Madame d'Aiglemont. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Gustave d'), second child of the Marquis and Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont, and born under the Restoration. His first appearance is while still a child, about 1827 or 1828, when returning in company with his father and his sister Hélène from the presentation of a gloomy melodrama at the Gaîté theatre. He was obliged to flee hastily from a scene, which violently agitated Hélène, because it recalled the circumstances surrounding the death of his brother, some two or three years earlier. Gustave d'Aiglemont is next found in a Lyceum garb reading "Arabian Nights" in the drawing-room at Versailles, where the family is assembled, on the same evening of the abduction of Hélène. He died at an early age of the cholera, leaving a widow and children for whom the Dowager Marquise d'Aiglemont showed little love. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Charles d'), third child of the Marquis and the Marquise d'Aiglemont, born at the time of the intimacy of Madame d'Aiglemont with the Marquis de Vandenesse. He appears but a single time, one spring morning about 1824 or 1825, then being four years old. He was out walking with his sister Hélène, his mother and the Marquis de Vandenesse. In a sudden outburst of jealous hate, Hélène pushed the little Charles into the Bièvre, where he was drowned. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Moïna d'), fourth child and second daughter of the Marquis and Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont. (*See* Comtesse de Saint-Héreen.) [A Woman of Thirty.]

Aiglemont (Abel d'), fifth and last child of the Marquis and Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont, born during the relations of his mother with M. de Vandenesse. Moïna and he were the favorites of Madame d'Aiglemont. Killed in Africa before Constantine. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Ajuda-Pinto (Marquis Miguel d'), Portuguese belonging to a very old and wealthy family, the oldest branch of which was connected with the Bragance and the Grandlieu houses. In 1819 he was enrolled among the most distinguished dandies who graced Parisian society. At this same period he began to forsake Claire de Bourgogne, Vicomtesse de Beauséant, with whom he had been intimate for three years. After having caused her much uneasiness concerning his real intentions, he returned her letters, on the intervention of Eugène de Rastignac, and married Mlle. Berthe de Rochefide. [Father Goriot. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In 1832 he was present at one of Madame d'Espard's receptions, where every one there joined in slandering the Princesse de Cadignan before Daniel d'Arthez, then violently enamored of her. [The Secrets of a Princess.] Towards 1840, the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto, then a widower, married again—this time Mlle. Joséphine de Grandlieu, third daughter of the last duke of this name. Shortly thereafter, the marquis was accomplice in a plot hatched by the friends of the Duchesse

de Grandlieu and Madame du Guénic to rescue Calyste du Guénic from the clutches of the Marquise de Rochefide. [Béatrix.]

Ajuda-Pinto (Marquise Berthe d'), *née* Rochefide. Married to the Marquis Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto in 1820. Died about 1840. [Béatrix.]

Ajuda-Pinto (Marquise Joséphine d'), daughter of the Duc and Duchesse Ferdinand de Grandlieu; second wife of the Marquis Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto, her kinsman by marriage. Their marriage was celebrated about 1840. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Alain (Frédéric), born about 1767. He was clerk in the office of Bordin, procureur of Châtelet. In 1798 he lent one hundred crowns in gold to Monegod his life-long friend. This sum not being repaid, M. Alain found himself almost insolvent, and was obliged to take an insignificant position at the Mont-de-Piété. In addition to this he kept the books of César Birotteau, the well-known perfumer. Monegod became wealthy in 1816, and he forced M. Alain to accept a hundred and fifty thousand francs in payment of the loan of the hundred crowns. The good man then devoted his unlooked-for fortune to philanthropies in concert with Judge Popinot. Later, at the close of 1825, he became one of the most active aides of Madame de la Chanterie and her charitable association. It was M. Alain who introduced Godefroid into the Brotherhood of the Consolation. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Albertine, Madame de Bargeton's chambermaid, between the years 1821 and 1824. [Lost Illusions.]

Albon (Marquis d'), court councillor and ministerial deputy under the Restoration. Born in 1777. In September, 1819, he went hunting in the edge of the forest of l'Isle-Adam with his friend Philippe de Sucy, who suddenly fell senseless at the sight of a poor madwoman whom he recognized as a former mistress, Stéphanie de Vandières. The Marquis d'Albon, assisted by two passers by, M. and Mme. de Granville,

resuscitated M. de Sucy. Then the marquis returned, at his friend's entreaty, to the home of Stéphanie, where he learned from the uncle of this unfortunate one the sad story of the love of his friend and Madame de Vandières. [Farewell.]

Albrizzi (Comtesse), a friend, in 1820, at Venice, of the celebrated melomaniac, Capraja. [Massimilla Doni.]

Aldrigger (Jean-Baptiste, Baron d'), born in Alsace in 1764. In 1800 a banker at Strasbourg, where he was at the apogee of a fortune made during the Revolution, he wedded, partly through ambition, partly through inclination, the heiress of the Adolphuses of Manheim. The young daughter was idolized by every one in her family and naturally inherited all their fortune after some ten years. Aldrigger, created baron by the Emperor, was passionately devoted to the great man who had bestowed upon him his title, and he ruined himself, between 1814 and 1815, by believing too deeply in "the sun of Austerlitz." At the time of the invasion, the trustworthy Alsatian continued to pay on demand and closed up his bank, thus meriting the remark of Nucingen, his former head-clerk: "Honest, but stoobid." The Baron d'Aldrigger went at once to Paris. There still remained to him an income of forty-four thousand francs, reduced at his death, in 1823, by more than half on account of the expenditures and carelessness of his wife. The latter was left a widow with two daughters, Malvina and Isaure. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Aldrigger (Théodora-Marguerite-Wilhelmine, Baronne d'), *née* Adolphus. Daughter of the banker Adolphus of Manheim, greatly spoiled by her parents. In 1800 she married the Strasbourg banker, Aldrigger, who spoiled her as badly as they had done and as later did the two daughters whom she had by her husband. She was superficial, incapable, egotistic, coquettish and pretty. At forty years of age she still preserved almost all her freshness and could be called "the little Shepherdess of the Alps." In 1823, when the baron died, she came near following him through her

violent grief. The following morning at breakfast she was served with small pease, of which she was very fond, and these small pease averted the crisis. She resided in the rue Joubert, Paris, where she held receptions until the marriage of her younger daughter. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Aldrigger (Malvina d'), elder daughter of the Baron and Baroness d'Aldrigger, born at Strasbourg in 1801, at the time when the family was most wealthy. Dignified, slender, swarthy, sensuous, she was a good type of the woman "you have seen at Barcelona." Intelligent, haughty, wholesouled, sentimental and sympathetic, she was nevertheless smitten by the dry Ferdinand du Tillet, who sought her hand in marriage at one time, but forsook her when he learned of the bankruptcy of the Aldrigger family. The lawyer Desroches also considered asking the hand of Malvina, but he too gave up the idea. The young girl was counseled by Eugène de Rastignac, who took it upon himself to see that she got married. Nevertheless, she ended by being an old maid, withering day by day, giving piano lessons, living rather meagrely with her mother in a modest flat on the third floor, in the rue du Mont-Thabor. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Aldrigger (Isaure d'), second daughter of the Baron and Baroness d'Aldrigger, married to Godefroid de Beaudenord. (*See* that name.) [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Aline, a young Auvergne chambermaid in the service of Madame Véronique Graslin, to whom she was devoted body and soul. She was probably the only one to whom was confided all the terrible secrets pertaining to the life of Madame Graslin. [The Country Parson.]

Allegrain[1] (Christophe-Gabriel), French sculptor, born in 1710. With Lauterbourg and Vien, at Rome, in 1758, he assisted his friend Sarrasine to abduct Zambinella, then a famous singer. The prima-donna was a eunuch. [Sarrasine.]

[1] To the sculptor Allegrain who died in 1795, the Louvre Museum is indebted for a "Narcisse," a "Diana," and a "Venus entering the Bath."

Alphonse, a friend of the ruined orphan, Charles Grandet, tarrying temporarily at Saumur. In 1819 he acquitted himself most creditably of a mission entrusted to him by that young man. He wound up Charles' business at Paris, paying all his debts by a single little sale. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Al-Sartchild, name of a German banking-house, where Gédéon Brunner was compelled to deposit the funds belonging to his son Frédéric and inherited from his mother. [Cousin Pons.]

Althor (Jacob), a Hambourg banker, who opened up a business at Havre in 1815. He had a son, whom in 1829 M. and Mme. Mignon desired for a son-in-law. [Modeste Mignon.]

Althor (Francisque), son of Jacob Althor. Francisque was the dandy of Havre in 1829. He wished to marry Modeste Mignon, but forsook her quickly enough when he found out that her family was bankrupt. Not long afterwards he married Mlle. Vilquin the elder. [Modeste Mignon.]

Amanda, Parisian modiste at the time of Louis Philippe. Among her customers was Marguerite Turquet, known as Malaga, who was slow in paying bills. [A Man of Business.]

Amaury (Madame), owner, in 1829, of a pavilion at Sauvic, near Ingouville, which Canalis leased when he went to Havre to see Mlle. Mignon. [Modeste Mignon.]

Ambermesnil (Comtesse de l') went in 1819, when about thirty-six years old, to board with the widow, Mme. Vauquer, rue Neuve Sainte-Genevieve, now Tournefort, Paris. Mme. de l'Ambermesnil gave it out that she was awaiting the settlement of a pension which was due her on account of being the widow of a general killed "on the battlefield." Mme. Vauquer gave her every attention, confiding all her own affairs to her. The comtesse vanished at the end of six months, leaving a board bill unsettled. Mme. Vauquer sought her eagerly, but was never able to obtain a trace of this adventuress. [Father Goriot.]

Amédée, nickname bestowed on Félix de Vandenesse by Lady Dudley when she thought she saw a rival in Madame de Mortsauf. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Anchise (Père), a surname given by La Palférine to a little Savoyard of ten years who worked for him without pay. "I have never seen such silliness coupled with such intelligence," the Prince of Bohemia said of this child; "he would go through fire for me, he understands everything, and yet he does not see that I cannot help him." [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Angard—At Paris, in 1840, the "professor" Angard was consulted, in connection with the Doctors Bianchon and Larabit, on account of Mme. Hector Hulot, who it was feared was losing her reason. [Cousin Betty.]

Angélique (Sister), nun of the Carmellite convent at Blois under Louis XVIII. Celebrated for her leanness. She was known by Renée de l'Estorade (Mme. de Maucombe) and Louise de Chaulieu (Mme. Marie Gaston), who went to school at the convent. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Anicette, chambermaid of the Princesse de Cadignan in 1839. The artful and pretty Champagne girl was sought by the sub-prefect of Arcis-sur-Aube, by Maxime de Trailles, and by Mme. Beauvisage, the mayor's wife, each trying to bribe and enlist her on the side of one of the various candidates for deputy. [The Member for Arcis.]

Annette, Christian name of a young woman of the Parisian world, under the Restoration. She had been brought up at Ecouen, where she had received the practical counsels of Mme. Campan. Mistress of Charles Grandet before his father's death. Towards the close of 1819, a prey to suspicion, she must needs sacrifice her happiness for the time being, so she made a weary journey with her husband into Scotland. She made her lover effeminate and materialistic, advising with him about everything. He returned from the Indies in 1827, when she quickly brought about his engagement with Mlle. d'Aubrion. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Annette, maid servant of Rigou at Blangy, Burgundy. She was nineteen years old, in 1823, and had held this place for more than three years, although Grégoire Rigou never kept servants for a longer period than this, however much he might and did favor them. Annette, sweet, blonde, delicate, a true masterpiece of dainty, piquant loveliness, worthy to wear a duchess' coronet, earned nevertheless only thirty francs a year. She kept company with Jean-Louis Tonsard without letting her master once suspect it; ambition had prompted this young woman to flatter her employer as a means of hoodwinking this lynx. [The Peasantry.]

Anselme, Jesuit, living in rue des Postes (now rue Lhomond). Celebrated mathematician. Had some dealings with Félix Phellion, whom he tried to convert to his religious belief. This rather meagre information concerning him was furnished by a certain Madame Komorn. [The Middle Classes.]

Antoine, born in the village of Echelles, Savoy. In 1824 he had served longest as clerk in the Bureau of Finance, where he had secured positions, still more modest than his own, for a couple of his nephews, Laurent and Gabriel, both of whom were married to lace laundresses. Antoine meddled with every act of the administration. He elbowed, criticised, scolded and toadied to Clément Chardin des Lupeaulx and other office-holders. He doubtless lived with his nephews. [The Government Clerks.]

Antoine, old servant of the Marquise Béatrix de Rochefide, in 1840, on the rue de Chartres-du-Roule, near Monceau Park, Paris. [Béatrix.]

Antonia—*See* Chocardelle, Mlle.

Aquilina, a Parisian courtesan of the time of the Restoration and Louis Philippe. She claimed to be a Piedmontese. Of her true name she was ignorant. She had appropriated this *nom de guerre* from a character in the well-known tragedy by Otway, "Venice Preserved," that she

had chanced to read. At sixteen, pure and beautiful, at the time of her downfall, she had met Castanier, Nucingen's cashier, who resolved to save her from evil for his own gain, and live maritally with her in the rue Richter. Aquilina then took the name of Madame de la Garde. At the same time of her relations with Castanier, she had for a lover a certain Léon, a petty officer in a regiment of infantry, and none other than one of the sergeants of Rochelle to be executed on the Place de Grève in 1822. Before this execution, in the reign of Louis XVIII., she attended a performance of "Le Comédien d'Etampes," one evening at the Gymnase, when she laughed immoderately at the comical part played by Perlet. At the same time, Castanier, also present at this mirthful scene, but harassed by Melmoth, was experiencing the insufferable doom of a cruel hidden drama. [Melmoth Reconciled.] Her next appearance is at a famous orgy at the home of Frédéric Taillefer, rue Joubert, in company with Emile Blondet, Rastignac, Bixiou and Raphael de Valentin. She was a magnificent girl of good figure, superb carriage, and striking though irregular features. Her glance and smile startled one. She always included some red trinket in her attire, in memory of her executed lover. [The Magic Skin.]

Arcos (Comte d'), a Spanish grandee living in the Peninsula at the time of the expedition of Napoleon I. He would probably have married Maria-Pepita-Juana Marana de Mancini, had it not been for the peculiar incidents which brought about her marriage with the French officer, François Diard. [The Maranas.]

Argaïolo (Duc d'), a very rich and well-born Italian, the respected though aged husband of her who later became the Duchesse de Rhétoré, to the perpetual grief of Albert Savarus. Argaïolo died, almost an octogenarian, in 1835. [Albert Savarus.]

Argaïolo (Duchesse d'), *née* Soderini, wife of the Duc d'Argaïolo. She became a widow in 1835, and took as her second husband the Duc de Rhétoré. (*See* Duchesse de Rhétoré.) [Albert Savarus.]

Arrachelaine, surname of the rogue, Ruffard. (*See* that name.) [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Arthez (Daniel d'), one of the most illustrious authors of the nineteenth century, and one of those rare men who display "the unity of excellent talent and excellent character." Born about 1794 or 1796. A Picard gentleman. In 1821, when about twenty-five, he was poverty-stricken and dwelt on the fifth floor of a dismal house in the rue des Quatre-Vents, Paris, where had also resided the illustrious surgeon Desplein, in his youth. There he fraternized with: Horace Bianchon, then house-physician at Hotêl-Dieu; Léon Giraud, the profound philosopher; Joseph Bridau, the painter who later achieved so much renown; Fulgence Ridal, comic poet of great sprightliness; Meyraux, the eminent physiologist who died young; lastly, Louis Lambert and Michel Chrestien, the Federalist Republican, both of whom were cut off in their prime. To these men of heart and of talent Lucien de Rubempré, the poet, sought to attach himself. He was introduced by Daniel d'Arthez, their recognized leader. This society had taken the name of the "Cénacle." D'Arthez and his friends advised and aided, when in need, Lucien the "Distinguished Provincial at Paris" who ended so tragically. Moreover, with a truly remarkable disinterestedness d'Arthez corrected and revised "The Archer of Charles IX.," written by Lucien, and the work became a superb book, in his hands. Another glimpse of d'Arthez is as the unselfish friend of Marie Gaston, a young poet of his stamp, but "effeminate." D'Arthez was swarthy, with long locks, rather small and bearing some resemblance to Bonaparte. He might be called the rival of Rousseau, "the Aquatic," since he was very temperate, very pure, and drank water only. For a long time he ate at Flicoteaux's in the Latin Quarter. He had grown famous in 1832, besides enjoying an income of thirty thousand francs bequeathed by an uncle who had left him a prey to the most biting poverty so long as the author was unknown. D'Arthez then resided in a pretty house of his own in the rue de Bellefond, where he lived in other respects as formerly, in the rigor

of work. He was a deputy sitting on the right and upholding the Royalist platform of Divine Right. When he had acquired a competence, he had a most vulgar and incomprehensible *liaison* with a woman tolerably pretty, but belonging to a lower society and without either education or breeding. D'Arthez maintained her, nevertheless, carefully concealing her from sight; but, far from being a pleasurable manner of life, it became odious to him. It was at this time that he was invited to the home of Diane de Maufrigneuse, Princesse de Cadignan, who was then thirty-six, but did not look it. The famous "great coquette" told him her (so-called) "secrets," offered herself outright to this man whom she treated as a "famous simpleton," and whom she made her lover. After that day there was no doubt about the relations of the princesse and Daniel d'Arthez. The great author, whose works became very rare, appeared only during some of the winter months at the Chamber of Deputies. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis. The Secrets of a Princess.]

Asie, one of the pseudonyms of Jacqueline Collin. (*See* that name.) [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Athalie, cook for Mme. Schontz in 1836. According to her mistress, she was specially gifted in preparing venison. [The Muse of the Department.]

Aubrion (Marquis d'), a gentleman-in-waiting of the Bedchamber, under Charles X. He was of the house of Aubrion de Buch, whose last head died before 1789. He was silly enough to wed a woman of fashion, though he was already an old man of but twenty thousand francs income, a sum hardly sufficient in Paris. He tried to marry his daughter without a dowry to some man who was intoxicated with nobility. In 1827, to quote Mme. d'Aubrion, this ancient wreck was madly devoted to the Duchesse de Chaulieu. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Aubrion (Marquise d'), wife of the preceding. Born in 1789. At thirty-eight she was still pretty, and, having

always been somewhat aspiring, she endeavored (in 1827), by hook or by crook, to entangle Charles Grandet, lately returned from the Indies. She wished to make a son-in-law out of him, and she succeeded. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Aubrion (Mathilde d'), daughter of the Marquis and Marquise d'Aubrion; born in 1808; married to Charles Grandet. (*See* that name.) [Eugénie Grandet.]

Aubrion (Comte d'), the title acquired by Charles Grandet after his marriage to the daughter of the Marquis d'Aubrion. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Auffray, grocer at Provins, in the period of Louis XV., Louis XVI. and the Revolution. M. Auffray married the first time when eighteen, the second time at sixty-nine. By his first wife he had a rather ugly daughter who married, at sixteen, a landlord of Provins, Rogron by name. Auffray had another daughter, by his second marriage, a charming girl, this time, who married a Breton captain in the Imperial Guard. Pierrette Lorrain was the daughter of this officer. The old grocer Auffray died at the time of the Empire without having had time enough to make his will. The inheritance was so skillfully manipulated by Rogron, the first son-in-law of the deceased, that almost nothing was left for the goodman's widow, then only about thirty-eight years old. [Pierrette.]

Auffray (Madame), wife of the preceding. (*See* Néraud, Mme.) [Pierrette.]

Auffray, a notary of Provins in 1827. Husband of Mme. Guénée's third daughter. Great-grand-nephew of the old grocer, Auffray. Appointed a guardian of Pierrette Lorrain. On account of the ill-treatment to which this young girl was subjected at the home of her guardian, Denis Rogron, she was removed, an invalid, to the home of the notary Auffray, a designated guardian, where she died, although tenderly cared for. [Pierrette.]

Auffray (Madame), born Guénée. Wife of the preceding. The third daughter of Mme. Guénée, born Tiphaine. She

exhibited the greatest kindness for Pierrette Lorrain, and nursed her tenderly in her last illness. [Pierrette.]

Auguste, name borne by Boislaurier, as chief of "brigands," in the uprisings of the West under the Republic and under the Empire. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Auguste, *valet de chambre* of the Général Marquis Armand de Montriveau, under the Restoration, at the time when the latter dwelt in the rue de Seine hard by the Chamber of Peers, and was intimate with the Duchesse Antoinette de Langeais. [The Thirteen.]

Auguste, notorious assassin, executed in the first years of the Restoration. He left a mistress, surnamed Rousse, to whom Jacques Collin had faithfully remitted (in 1819) some twenty odd thousands of francs, on behalf of her lover after his execution. This woman was married in 1821, by Jacques Collin's sister, to the head clerk of a rich, wholesale hardware merchant. Nevertheless, though once more in respectable society, she remained bound, by a secret compact, to the terrible Vautrin and his sister. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Auguste (Madame), dressmaker of Esther Gobseck, and her creditor in the time of Louis XVIII. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Augustin, *valet de chambre* of M. de Sérizy in 1822. [A Start in Life.]

Aurélie, a Parisian courtesan, under Louis Philippe, at the time when Mme. Fabien du Ronceret commenced her conquests. [Béatrix.]

Aurélie (La Petite), one of the nicknames of Joséphine Schiltz, also called Schontz, who became, later, Mme. Fabien du Ronceret. [Béatrix.]

Auvergnat (L'), one of the assumed names of the rogue Sélérier, alias Père Ralleau, alias Rouleur, alias Fil-de-soie. (*See* Sélérier.) [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

B

Babylas, groom or "tiger" of Amédée de Soulas, in 1834, at Besançon. Was fourteen years old at this time. The son of one of his master's tenants. He earned thirty-six francs a month by his position to support himself, but he was neat and skillful. [Albert Savarus.]

Baptiste, *valet de chambre* to the Duchesse de Lenoncourt-Chaulieu in 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Barbanchu, Bohemian with a cocked hat, who was called into Véfour's by some journalists who breakfasted there at the expense of Jérôme Thuillier, in 1840, and invited by them to "sponge" off of this urbane man, which he did. [The Middle Classes.]

Barbanti (The), a Corsican family who brought about the reconciliation of the Piombos and the Portas in 1800. [The Vendetta.]

Barbet, a dynasty of second-hand book-dealers in Paris under the Restoration and Louis Philippe. They were Normans. In 1821 and the years following, one of them ran a little shop on the quay des Grands-Augustins, and purchased Lousteau's books. In 1836, a Barbet, partner in a book-shop with Métivier and Morand, owned a wretched house on the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs and the boulevard du Mont-Parnasse, where dwelt the Baron Bourlac with his daughter and grandson. In 1840 the Barbets had become regular usurers dealing in credits with the firm of Cérizet and Company. The same year a Barbet occupied, in a house belonging to Jérôme Thuillier, rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer (now rue Royer-Collard), a room on the first flight up and a shop on the ground floor. He was then a "publisher's shark." Barbet junior, a nephew of the foregoing, and editor in the alley des Panoramas, placed on the market at this time a brochure composed by Th. de la Peyrade, but signed by Thuillier and having the title "Capital and Taxes." [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Man of Business. The Seamy Side of History. The Middle Classes.]

Barbette, wife of the great Cibot, known as Galope-Chopine. (*See* Cibot, Barbette.) [Les Chouans.]

Barchou de Penhoen (Auguste-Théodore-Hilaire), born at Morlaix (Finistère), April 28, 1801, died at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, July 29, 1855. A school-mate of Balzac, Jules Dufaure and Louis Lambert, and his neighbors in the college dormitory of Vendôme in 1811. Later he was an officer, then a writer of transcendental philosophy, a translator of Fichte, a friend and interpreter of Ballanche. In 1849 he was elected, by his fellow-citizens of Finistère, to the Legislative Assembly where he represented the Legitimists and the Catholics. He protested against the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851 (*See* "The Story of a Crime," by Victor Hugo). When a child he came under the influence of Pyrrhonism. He once gainsaid the talent of Louis Lambert, his Vendôme school-mate. [Louis Lambert.]

Bargeton (De), born between 1761 and 1763. Great-grandson of an Alderman of Bordeaux named Mirault, ennobled during the reign of Louis XIII., and whose son, under Louis XIV., now Mirault de Bargeton, was an officer of the Guards de la Porte. He owned a house at Angoulême, in the rue du Minage, where he lived with his wife, Marie-Louise-Anaïs de Nègrepelisse, to whom he was entirely obedient. On her account, and at her instigation, he fought with one of the habitues of his salon, Stanislas de Chandour, who had circulated in the town a slander on Mme. de Bargeton. Bargeton lodged a bullet in his opponent's neck. He had for a second his father-in-law, M. de Nègrepelisse. Following this, M. de Bargeton retired into his estate at Escarbas, near Barbezieux, while his wife, as a result of the duel, left Angoulême for Paris. M. de Bargeton had been of good physique, but "injured by youthful excesses." He was commonplace, but a great gourmand. He died of indigestion towards the close of 1821. [Lost Illusions.]

Bargeton (Madame de), *née* Marie-Louise-Anaïs Négrepelisse, wife of the foregoing. Left a widow, she married again, this time the Baron Sixte du Chatelet. (*See* that name.)

Barillaud, known by Frédéric Alain whose suspicion he aroused with regard to Monegod. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Barimore (Lady), daughter of Lord Dudley, and apparently the wife of Lord Barimore, although it is a disputed question. Just after 1830, she helped receive at a function of Mlle. des Touches, rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, where Marsay told about his first love affair. [Another Study of Woman.]

Barker (William), one of Vautrin's "incarnations." In 1824 or 1825, under this assumed name, he posed as one of the creditors of M. d'Estourny, making him endorse some notes of Cérizet's, the partner of this M. d'Estourny. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Barnheim, family in good standing at Bade. On the maternal side, the family of Mme. du Ronceret, *née* Schiltz, alias Schontz. [Béatrix.]

Barnioi, Phellion's son-in-law. Head of an academy (in 1840), rue Saint-Hyacinthe-Saint-Michel (now, rue Le Goff and rue Malebranche). A rather influential man in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques. Visited the salon of Thuillier. [The Middle Classes.]

Barniol (Madame), *née* Phellion, wife of the preceding. She had been under-governess in the boarding school of the Mlles. Lagrave, rue Notre-Dame des Champs. [The Middle Classes.]

Barry (John), a young English huntsman, well known in the district whence the Prince of Loudon brought him to employ him at his own home. He was with this great lord in 1829, 1830. [Modeste Mignon.]

Bartas (Adrien de), of Angoulême. In 1821, he and his wife were very devoted callers at the Bargetons. M. de Bartas gave himself up entirely to music, talking about this subject incessantly, and courting invitations to sing with his heavy bass voice. He posed as the lover of Mme. de Brébion, the wife of his best friend. M. de Brébion became the lover of Mme. de Bartas. [Lost Illusions.]

Bartas (Madame Joséphine de), wife of the preceding, always called Fifine, "for short." [Lost Illusions.]

Bastienne, Parisian modiste in 1821. Finot's journal vaunted her hats, for a pecuniary consideration, and derogated those of Virginie, formerly praised. [Lost Illusions.]

Batailles (The), belonging to the bourgeoisie of Paris, traders of Marais, neighbors and friends of the Baudoyers and the Saillards in 1824. M. Bataille was a captain in the National Guard, a fact which he allowed no one to ignore. [The Government Clerks.]

Baudenord (Godefroid de), born in 1800. In 1821 he was one of the kings of fashion, in company with Marsay, Vandenesse, Ajuda-Pinto, Maxime de Trailles, Rastignac, the Duc de Maufrigneuse and Manerville. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] His nobility and breeding were perhaps not very orthodox. According to Mlle. Emilie de Fontaine, he was of bad figure and stout, having but a single advantage —that of his brown locks. [The Ball at Sceaux.] A cousin, by marriage, of his guardian, the Marquis d'Aiglemont, he was, like him, ruined by the Baron de Nucingen in the Wortschin mine deal. At one time Beaudenord thought of paying court to his pretty cousin, the Marquise d'Aiglemont. In 1827 he wedded Isaure d'Aldrigger and, after having lived with her in a cosy little house on the rue de le Planche, he was obliged to solicit employment of the Minister of Finance, a position which he lost on account of the Revolution of 1830. However, he was reinstated through the influence of Nucingen, in 1836. He now lived modestly with his mother-in-law, his unmarried sister-in-law Malvina, his wife and four children which she had given him, on the third floor, over the entresol, rue du Mont-Thabor. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Baudoyer (Monsieur and Madame), formerly tanners at Paris, rue Censier. They owned their house, besides having a country seat at l'Isle Adam. They had but one child, Isidore, whose sketch follows. Mme. Baudoyer, born Mitral, was the sister of the bailiff of that name. [The Government Clerks.]

Baudoyer (Isidore), born in 1788; only son of M. and Mme. Baudoyer, tanners, rue Censier, Paris. Having finished a course of study, he obtained a position in the Bureau of Finance, where, despite his notorious incapacity—and through "wire-pulling"—he became head of the office. In 1824, a head of the division, M. de La Billardière died, when the meritorious clerk, Xavier Rabourdin, aspired to succeed him; but the position went to Isidore Baudoyer, who was backed by the power of money and the influence of the Church. He did not retain this post long; six months thereafter he became a preceptor at Paris. Isidore Baudoyer lived with his wife and her parents in a house on Palais Royale (now Place des Vosges), of which they were joint owners. [The Government Clerks.] He dined frequently, in 1840, at Thuillier's, an old employé of the Bureau of Finance, then domiciled at the rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer, who had renewed his acquaintance with his old-time colleagues. [The Middle Classes.] In 1845, this man, who had been a model husband and who made a great pretence of religion maintained Héloïse Brisetout. He was then mayor of the arrondissement of the Palais Royale. [Cousin Pons.]

Baudoyer (Madame), wife of the preceding and daughter of a cashier of the Minister of Finance; born Elisabeth Saillard in 1795. Her mother, an Auvergnat, had an uncle, Bidault, alias Gigonnet, a short-time money lender in the Halles quarter. On the other side, her mother-in-law was the sister of the bailiff Mitral. Thanks to these two men of means, who exercised a veritable secret power, and through her piety, which put her on good terms with the clergy, she succeeded in raising her husband up to the highest official positions—profiting also by the financial straits of Clément Chardin des Lupeaulx, Secretary General of Finance. [The Government Clerks.]

Baudoyer (Mademoiselle), daughter of Isidore Baudoyer and Elisabeth Saillard, born in 1812. Reared by her parents with the idea of becoming the wife of the shrewd and energetic speculator Martin Falleix, brother of Jacques Falleix the stock-broker. [The Government Clerks.]

Baudrand, cashier of a boulevard theatre, of which Gaudissart became the director about 1834. In 1845 he was succeeded by the proletariat Topinard. [Cousin Pons.]

Baudry (Planat de), Receiver General of Finances under the Restoration. He married one of the daughters of the Comte de Fontaine. He usually passed his summers at Sçeaux, with almost all his wife's family. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Bauvan (Comte de), one of the instigators of the Chouan insurrection in the department d'Ille-et-Vilaine, in 1799. Through a secret revelation made to his friend the Marquis de Montauran on the part of Mlle. de Varneuil, the Comte de Bauvan caused, indirectly, the Massacre des Bleus at Vivetière. Later, surprised in an ambuscade by soldiers of the Republic, he was made prisoner by Mlle. de Verneuil and owed his life to her; for this reason he became entirely devoted to her, assisting as a witness at her marriage with Montauran. [The Chouans.]

Bauvan (Comtesse de), in all likelihood the wife of the foregoing, whom she survived. In 1822 she was manager of a Parisian lottery bureau which employed Madame Agatha Bridau, about the same time. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bauvan (Comte and Comtesse de), father and mother of Octave de Bauvan. Relics of the old Court, living in a tumble-down house on the rue Payenne at Paris, where they died, about 1815, within a few months of each other, and before the conjugal infelicity of their son. (*See* Octave de Bauvan.) Probably related to the two preceding. [Honorine.]

Bauvan (Comte Octave de), statesman and French magistrate. Born in 1787. When twenty-six he married Honorine, a beautiful young heiress who had been reared carefully at the home of his parents, M. and Mme. de Bauvan, whose ward she was. Two or three years afterwards she left the conjugal roof, to the infinite despair of the comte, who gave

himself over entirely to winning her back again. At the end of several years he succeeded in getting her to return to him through pity, but she died soon after this reconciliation, leaving one son born of their reunion. The Comte de Bauvan, completely broken, set out for Italy about 1836. He had two residences at Paris, one on rue Payenne, an heirloom, the other on Faubourg Saint-Honoré, which was the scene of the domestic reunion. [Honorine.] In 1830, the Comte de Bauvan, then president of the Court of Cassation, with MM. de Granville and de Sérizy, tried to save Lucien de Rubempré from a criminal judgment, and, after the suicide of that unhappy man, he followed his remains to the grave. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Bauvan (Comtesse Honorine de), wife of the preceding. Born in 1794. Married at nineteen to the Comte Octave de Bauvan. After having abandoned her husband, she was in turn, while expecting a child, abandoned by her lover, some eighteen months later. She then lived a very retired life in the rue Saint-Maur, yet all the time being under the secret surveillance of the Comte de Bauvan who paid exorbitant prices for the artificial flowers which she made. She thus derived from him a rather large part of the sustenance which she believed she owed only to her own efforts. She died, reunited to her husband, shortly after the Revolution of July, 1830. Honorine de Bauvan lost her child born out of wedlock, and she always mourned it. During her years of toilsome exile in the Parisian faubourg, she came in contact successively with Marie Gobain, Jean-Jules Popinot, Félix Gaudissart, Maurice de l'Hostal and Abbé Loraux. [Honorine.]

Beaudenord (Madame de), wife of the preceding. Born Isaure d'Aldrigger, in 1807, at Strasbourg. An indolent blonde, fond of dancing, but a nonentity from both the moral and the intellectual standpoints. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Beaumesnil (Mademoiselle), a celebrated actress of the Théâtre-Français, Paris. Mature at the time of the Restora-

tion. She was the mistress of the police-officer Peyrade, by whom she had a daughter, Lydie, whom he acknowledged. The last home of Mlle. Beaumesnil was on rue de Tournon It was there that she suffered the loss by theft of her valuable diamonds, through Charles Crochard, her real lover. This was at the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Middle Classes. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. A Second Home.]

Beaupied, or Beau-Pied, an alias of Jean Falcon. (*See* that name.)

Beaupré (Fanny), an actress at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, time of Charles X. Young and beautiful, in 1825, she made a name for herself in the rôle of marquise in a melodrama entitled "La Famille d'Anglade." At this time she had replaced Coralie, then dead, in the affections of Camusot the silk-merchant. It was at Fanny Beaupré's that Oscar Husson, one of the clerks of lawyer Desroches, lost in gaming the sum of five hundred francs belonging to his employer, and that he was discovered lying dead-drunk on a sofa by his uncle Cardot. [A Start in Life.] In 1829 Fanny Beaupré, for a money consideration, posed as the best friend of the Duc d'Hérouville. [Modeste Mignon.] In 1842, after his liaison with Mme. de la Baudraye, Lousteau lived maritally with her. [The Muse of the Department.] A frequent inmate of the mansion magnificently fitted up for Esther Gobseck by the Baron de Nucingen, she knew all the fast set of the years 1829 and 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Beauséant (Marquis and Comte de), the father and eldest brother of the Vicomte de Beauséant, husband of Claire de Bourgogne. [The Deserted Woman.] In 1819, the marquis and the comte dwelt together in their house, rue Saint-Dominique, Paris. [Father Goriot.] While the Revolution was on, the marquis had emigrated. The Abbé de Marolles had dealings with him. [An Episode under the Terror.]

Beauséant (Marquise de). In 1824 a Marquise de Beauséant, then rather old, is found to have dealings with the Chaulieus. It was probably the widow of the marquis of this name, and the mother of the Comte and Vicomte de Beauséant. [Letters of Two Brides.] The Marquise de Beauséant was a native of Champagne, coming of a very old family. [The Deserted Woman.]

Beauséant (Vicomte de), husband of Claire de Bourgogne. He understood the relations of his wife with Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto, and, whether he liked it or not, he respected this species of morganatic alliance recognized by society. The Vicomte de Beauséant had his residence in Paris on the rue de Grenelle in 1819. At that time he kept a dancer and liked nothing better than high living. He became a marquis on the death of his father and eldest brother. He was a polished man, courtly, methodical, and ceremonious. He insisted upon living selfishly. His death would have allowed Mme. de Beauséant to wed Gaston de Nueil. [Father Goriot. The Deserted Woman.]

Beauséant (Vicomtesse de), born Claire de Bourgogne, in 1792. Wife of the preceding and cousin of Eugène de Rastignac. Of a family almost royal. Deceived by her lover, Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto, who, while continuing his intimacy with her, asked and obtained the hand of Berthe de Rochefide, the vicomtesse left Paris secretly before this wedding and on the morning following a grand ball was given at her home where she shone in all her pride and splendor. In 1822 this "deserted woman" had lived for three years in the most rigid seclusion at Courcelles near Bayeux. Gaston de Nueil, a young man of three and twenty, who had been sent to Normandy for his health, succeeded in making her acquaintance, was immediately smitten with her and, after a long siege, became her lover. This was at Geneva, whither she had fled. Their intimacy lasted for nine years, being broken by the marriage of the young man. In 1819 the Vicomtesse de Beauséant received at Paris the most famous "high-rollers" of the day—Malincour, Ronquerolles,

Maxime de Trailles, Marsay, Vandenesse, together with an intermingling of the most elegant dames, as Lady Brandon, the Duchesse de Langeais, the Comtesse de Kergarouët, Mme. de Sérizy, the Duchesse Carigliano, the Comtesse Ferraud, Mme. de Lantry, the Marquise d'Aiglemont, Mme. Firmiani, the Marquise de Listomère, the Marquise d'Espard and the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse. She was equally intimate with Grandlieu, and the Général de Montriveau. Rastignac, then poor at the time of his start in the world, also received cards to her receptions. [Father Goriot. The Deserted Woman. Albert Savarus.]

Beaussier, a bourgeois of Issoudun under the Restoration. Upon seeing Joseph Bridau in the diligence, while the artist and his mother were on a journey in 1822, he remarked that he would not care to meet him at night in the corner of a forest—he looked so much like a highwayman. That same evening Beaussier, accompanied by his wife, came to call at Hochon's in order to get a nearer view of the painter. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Beaussier the younger, known as Beaussier the Great; son of the preceding and one of the Knights of Idlesse at Issoudun, commanded by Maxence Gilet, under the Restoration. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Beauvisage, physician of the Convent des Carmélites at Blois, time of Louis XVIII. He was known by Louise de Chaulieu and by Renée de Maucombe, who were reared in the convent. According to Louise de Chaulieu, he certainly belied his name. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Beauvisage, at one time tenant of the splendid farm of Bellache, pertaining to the Gondreville estate at Arcis-sur-Aube. The father of Philéas Beauvisage. Died about the beginning of the nineteenth century. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Beauvisage (Madame), wife of the preceding. She survived him for quite a long period and helped her son Philéas win his success. [The Member for Arcis.

Beauvisage (Philéas), son of Beauvisage the farmer. Born in 1792. A hosier at Arcis-sur-Aube during the Restoration. Mayor of the town in 1839. After a preliminary defeat he was elected deputy at the time when Sallenauve sent in his resignation, in 1841. An ardent admirer of Crevel whose affectations he aped. A millionaire and very vain, he would have been able, according to Crevel, to advance Mme. Hulot, for a consideration, the two hundred thousand francs of which that unhappy lady stood in so dire a need about 1842. [Cousin Betty. The Member for Arcis.]

Beauvisage (Madame), born Séverine Grévin in 1795. Wife of Philéas Beauvisage, whom she kept in complete subjugation. Daughter of Grévin the notary of Arcis-sur-Aube, Senator Malin de Gondreville's intimate friend. She inherited her father's marvelous faculty of discretion; and, though diminutive in stature, reminded one forcibly, in her face and ways, of Mlle. Mars. [The Member for Arcis.]

Beauvisage (Cécile-Renée), only daughter of Philéas Beauvisage and Séverine Grévin. Born in 1820. Her natural father was the Vicomte Melchior de Chargeboeuf who was sub-prefect of Arcis-sur-Aube at the commencement of the Restoration. She looked exactly like him, besides having his aristocratic airs. [The Member for Arcis.]

Beauvoir (Charles-Félix-Theodore, Chevalier de), cousin of the Duchesse de Maillé. A Chouan prisoner of the Republic in the château de l'Escarpe in 1799. The hero of a tale of marital revenge related by Lousteau, in 1836, to Mme. de la Baudraye, the story being obtained—so the narrator said—from Charles Nodier. [The Muse of the Department.]

Bécanière (La), surname of Barbette Cibot. *(See* that name.)

Becker (Edme), a student of medicine who dwelt in 1828 at number 22, rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviéve—the residence of the Marquis d'Espard. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Bedeau, office boy and roustabout for Maître Bordin, attorney to the Châtelet in 1787. [A Start in Life.]

Béga, surgeon in a French regiment of the Army of Spain in 1808. After having privately accouched a Spaniard under the espionage of her lover, he was assassinated by her husband, who surprised him in the telling of this clandestine operation. The foregoing adventure was told Mme. de la Baudraye, in 1836, by the Receiver of Finances, Gravier, former paymaster of the Army. [The Muse of the Department.]

Bégrand (La), a dancer at the theatre of Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, in 1820.[1] Mariette, who made her début at this time, also scored a success. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bellefeuille (Mademoiselle de), assumed name of Caroline Crochard.

Bellejambe, servant of Lieutenant-Colonel Husson in 1837. [A Start in Life.]

Belor (Mademoiselle de), young girl of Bordeaux living there about 1822. She was always in search of a husband, whom, for some cause or other, she never found. Probably intimate with Evangelista. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Bemboni (Monsignor), attaché to the Secretary of State at Rome, who was entrusted with the transmission to the Duc de Soria at Madrid of the letters of Baron de Macumer his brother, a Spanish refugee at Paris in 1823, 1824. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Bénard (Pieri). After corresponding with a German for two years, he discovered an engraving by Muller entitled the "Virgin of Dresden." It was on Chinese paper and made before printing was discovered. It cost César Birotteau fifteen hundred francs. The perfumer destined this engraving for the savant Vauquelin, to whom he was under obligations. [César Birotteau.]

[1] She shone for more than sixty years as a famous chorographical artist in the boulevards.

Benassis (Doctor), born about 1779 in a little town of Languedoc. He received his early training at the College of Sorèze, Tarn, which was managed by the Oratorians. After that he pursued his medical studies at Paris, residing in the Latin quarter. When twenty-two he lost his father, who left him a large fortune; and he deserted a young girl by whom he had had a son, in order to give himself over to the most foolish dissipations. This young girl, who was thoroughly well meant and devoted to him, died two years after the desertion despite the most tender care of her now contrite lover. Later Benassis sought marriage with another young girl belonging to a Jansenist family. At first the affair was settled, but he was thrown over when the secret of his past life, hitherto concealed, was made known. He then devoted his whole life to his son, but the child died in his youth. After wavering between suicide and the monastery of Grande-Chartreuse, Doctor Benassis stopped by chance in the poor village of l'Isère, five leagues from Grenoble. He remained there until he had transformed the squalid settlement, inhabited by good-for-nothing Crétins, into the chief place of the Canton, bustling and prosperous. Benassis died in 1829, mayor of the town. All the populace mourned the benefactor and man of genius. [The Country Doctor.]

Benedetto, an Italian living at Rome in the first third of the nineteenth century. A tolerable musician, and a police spy, "on the side." Ugly, small and a drunkard, he was nevertheless the lucky husband of Luigia, whose marvelous beauty was his continual boast. After an evening spent by him over the wine-cups, his wife in loathing lighted a brasier of charcoal, after carefully closing all the exits of the bedchamber. The neighbors rushing in succeeded in saving her alone; Benedetto was dead. [The Member for Arcis.]

Bérénice, chambermaid and cousin of Coralie the actress of the Panorama and Gymnase Dramatique. A large Norman woman, as ugly as her mistress was pretty, but tender and sympathetic in direct proportion to her corpulence.

She had been Coralie's childhood playmate and was absolutely bound up in her. In October, 1822, she gave Lucien de Rubempré, then entirely penniless, four five-franc pieces which she undoubtedly owed to the generosity of chance lovers met on the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. This sum enabled the unfortunate poet to return to Angoulême. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Bergerin was the best doctor at Saumur during the Restoration. He attended Félix Grandet in his last illness. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Bergmann (Monsieur and Madame), Swiss. Venerable gardeners of a certain Comte Borromeo, tending his parks located on the two famous isles in Lake Major. In 1823 they owned a house at Gersau, near Quatre-Canton Lake, in the Canton of Lucerne. For a year back they had let one floor of this house to the Prince and Princess Gandolphini,—personages of a novel entitled, "L'Ambitieux par Amour," published by Albert Savarus in the Revue de l'Est, in 1834. [Albert Savarus.]

Bernard. (*See* Baron de Bourlac.)

Bernus, diligence messenger carrying the passengers, freight and, perhaps, the letters of Saint-Nazaire to Guérande, during the times of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. [Béatrix.]

Berquet, workman of Besançon who erected an elevated kiosk in the garden of the Watteville, whence their daughter Rosalie could see every act and movement of Albert Savarus, a near neighbor. [Albert Savarus.]

Berthier (Alexandre), marshal of the Empire, born at Versailles in 1753, dying in 1815. He wrote, as Minister of War at the close of 1799, to Hulot, then in command of the Seventy-second demi-brigade, refusing to accept his resignation and giving him further orders. [The Chouans.] On the evening of the battle of Jéna, October 13, 1806, he accompanied the Emperor and was present at the latter's interview with the Marquis de Chargebœuf and Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, special envoys to France to implore pardon

for the Simeuses, the Hauteserres, and Michu who had been condemned as abductors of Senator Malin de Gondreville. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Berthier, Parisian notary, successor of Cardot, whose assistant head-clerk he had been and whose daughter Félicité (or Félicie) he married. In 1843 he was Mme. Marneffe's notary. At the same time he had in hand the affairs of Camusot de Marville; and Sylvain Pons often dined with him. Master Berthier drew up the marriage settlement of Wilhelm Schwab with Emilie Graff, and the copartnership articles between Fritz Brunner and Wilhelm Schwab. [Cousin Betty. Cousin Pons.]

Berthier (Madame), *née* Félicie Cardot, wife of the preceding. She had been wronged by the chief-clerk in her father's office. This young man died suddenly, leaving her enceinte. She then espoused the second clerk, Berthier, in 1837, after having been on the point of accepting Lousteau. Berthier was cognizant of all the head-clerk's doings. In this affair both acted for a common interest. The marriage was measurably happy. Madame Berthier was so grateful to her husband that she made herself his slave. About the end of 1844 she welcomed very coldly Sylvain Pons, then in disgrace in the family circle. [The Muse of the Department. Cousin Pons.]

Berton, tax-collector at Arcis-sur-Aube in 1839. [The Member for Arcis.]

Berton (Mademoiselle), daughter of the tax-collector of Arcis-sur-Aube. A young, insignificant girl who acted the satellite to Cécile Beauvisage and Ernestine Mollot. [The Member for Arcis.]

Berton (Doctor), physician of Paris. In 1836 he lived on rue d'Enfer (now rue Denfert-Rochereau). An assistant in the benevolent work of Mme. de la Chanterie, he visited the needy sick whom she pointed out. Among others he attended Vanda de Mergi, daughter of the Baron de Bourlac—M. Bernard. Doctor Berton was gruff and frigid. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Béthune (Prince de), the only man of fashion who knew "what a hat was"—to quote a saying of Vital the hatter, in 1845. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Beunier & Co., the firm Bixiou inquired after in 1845, near Mme. Nourrisson's. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Bianchi. Italian. During the first Empire a captain in the sixth regiment of the French line, which was made up almost entirely of men of his nationality. Celebrated in his company for having bet that he would eat the heart of a Spanish sentinel, and winning the bet. Captain Bianchi was first to plant the French colors on the wall of Tarragone, Spain, in the attack of 1808. But a friar killed him. [The Maranas.]

Bianchon (Doctor), a physician of Sancerre, father of Horace Bianchon, brother of Mme. Popinot, the wife of Judge Popinot. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Bianchon (Horace), a physician of Paris, celebrated during the times of Charles X. and Louis Philippe; an officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Institute, professor of the Medical Faculty, physician-in-charge, at the same time, of a hospital and the Ecole Polytechnique. Born at Sancerre, Cher, about the end of the eighteenth century. He was "interne" at the Cochin Hospital in 1819, at which time he boarded at the Vauquer Pension where he knew Eugène de Rastignac, then studying law, and Goriot and Vautrin. [Father Goriot.] Shortly thereafter, at Hotel Dieu, he became the favored pupil of the surgeon Desplein, whose last days he tended. [The Atheist's Mass.] Nephew of Judge Jean-Jules Popinot and relative of Anselme Popinot, he had dealings with the perfumer César Birotteau, who acknowledged indebtedness to him for a prescription of his famous hazelnut oil, and who invited him to the grand ball which precipitated Birotteau's bankruptcy. [César Birotteau. The Commission in Lunacy.] Member of the "Cénacle" in rue des Quatre-Vents, and on intimate terms with all the young fellows composing this clique, he was

consequently enabled, to an extent, to bring Daniel d'Arthez to the notice of Rastignac now Under-Secretary of State. He nursed Lucien de Rubempré who was wounded in a duel with Michel Chrestien in 1822; also Coralie, Lucien's mistress, and Mme. Bridau in their last illnesses. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment. The Secrets of a Princess.] In 1824 the young Doctor Bianchon accompanied Desplein, who was called in to attend to the dying Flamet de la Billardière. [The Government Clerks.] In Provins in 1828, with the same Desplein and Dr. Martener, he gave the most assiduous attention to Pierrette Lorrain. [Pierrette.] In this same year of 1828 he had a momentary desire to become one of an expedition to Morea. He was then physician to Mme. de Listomère, whose misunderstanding with Rastignac he learned and afterwards related. [A Study of Woman.] Again in company with Desplein, in 1829, he was called in by Mme. de Nucingen with the object of studying the case of Baron de Nucingen, her husband, love-sick for Esther Gobseck. In 1830, still with his celebrated chief, he was cited by Corentin to express opinion on the death of Peyrade and the lunacy of Lydie his daughter. Then, with Desplein and with Dr. Sinard, to attend Mme. de Sérizy, who it was feared would go crazy over the suicide of Lucien de Rubempré. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Associated with Desplein, at this same time, he cared for the dying Honorine, wife of Comte de Bauvan [Honorine], and examined the daughter of Baron de Bourlac—M. Bernard—who was suffering from a peculiar Polish malady, the plica. [The Seamy Side of History.] In 1831 Horace Bianchon was the friend and physician of Raphaël de Valentin. [The Magic Skin.] In touch with the Comte de Granville in 1833, he attended the latter's mistress, Caroline Crochard. [A Second Home.] He also attended Mme. du Bruel, then mistress of La Palférine, who had injured herself by falling and striking her head against the sharp corner of a fireplace. [A Prince of Bohemia.] In 1835 he attended Mme. Marie Gaston—Louise de Chaulieu—though a hopeless case. [Letters of Two Brides.] In 1837 at Paris he accouched

Mme. de la Baudraye who had been intimate with Lousteau; he was assisted by the celebrated accoucheur Duriau. [The Muse of the Department.] In 1838 he was Comte Laginski's physician. [The Imaginary Mistress.] In 1840 Horace Bianchon resided on rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, in the house where his uncle, Judge Popinot, died, and he was asked to become one of the Municipal Council, in place of that upright magistrate. But he declined, declaring in favor of Thuillier. [The Middle Classes.] The physician of Baron Hulot, Crevel and Mme. Marneffe, he observed, with seven of his colleagues, the terrible malady which carried off Valerie and her second husband in 1842. In 1843 he also visited Lisbeth Fischer in her last illness. [Cousin Betty.] Finally, in 1844, Dr. Bianchon was consulted by Dr. Roubaud regarding Mme. Graslin at Montégnac. [The Country Parson.] Horace Bianchon was a brilliant and inspiring conversationalist. He gave to society the adventures known by the following titles: A Study of Woman; Another Study of Woman; La Grande Bretêche.

Bibi-Lupin, chief of secret police between 1819 and 1830; a former convict. In 1819 he personally arrested at Mme. Vauquer's boarding-house Jacques Collin, alias Vautrin, his old galley-mate and personal enemy. Under the name of Gondureau, Bibi-Lupin had made overtures to Mlle. Michonneau, one of Mme. Vauquer's guests, and through her he had obtained the necessary proofs of the real identity of Vautrin who was then without the pale of the law, but who later, May, 1830, became his successor as chief of secret police. [Father Goriot. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Bidault (Monsieur and Madame), brother and sister-in-law of Bidault, alias Gigonnet; father and mother of M. and Mme. Saillard, furniture-dealers under the Central Market pillars during the latter part of the eighteenth and perhaps the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. [The Government Clerks.]

Bidault, known as Gigonnet, born in 1755; originally an Auvergnat; uncle of Mme. Saillard on the paternal side.

A paper-merchant at one time, retired from business since the year II of the Republic, he opened an account with a Dutchman called Sieur Werbrust, who was a friend of Gobseck. In business relations with the latter, he was one of the most formidable usurers in Paris, during the Empire, the Restoration and the first part of the July Government. He dwelt in rue Greneta. [The Government Clerks. Gobseck.] Luigi Porta, a ranking officer retired under Louis XVIII., sold all his back pay to Gigonnet. [The Vendetta.] Bidault was one of the syndicate that engineered the bankruptcy of Birotteau in 1819. At this time he persecuted Mme. Madou, a market dealer in filberts, who was his debtor. [César Birotteau.] In 1824 he succeeded in making his grand-nephew, Isidore Baudoyer, chief of division under the Minister of Finance; in this he was aided by Gobseck and Mitral, and worked on the General Secretary, Chardin des Lupeaulx, through the medium of the latter's debts and the fact of his being candidate for deputy. [The Government Clerks.] Bidault was shrewd enough; he saw through —and much to his profit—the pretended speculation involved in the third receivership which was operated by Nucingen in 1826. [The Firm of Nucingen.] In 1833 M. du Tillet advised Nathan, then financially stranded, to apply to Gigonnet, the object being to involve Nathan. [A Daughter of Eve.] The nick-name of Gigonnet was applied to Bidault on account of a feverish, involuntary contraction of a leg muscle. [The Government Clerks.]

Biddin, goldsmith, rue de l'Arbe-Sec, Paris, in 1829; one of Esther Gobseck's creditors. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Biffe (La), concubine of the criminal Riganson, alias Le Biffon. This woman, who was a sort of Jacques Collin in petticoats, evaded the police, thanks to her disguises. She could ape the marquise, the baronne and the comtesse to perfection. She had her own carriage and footmen. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Biffon (Le), an alias of Riganson.

Bigorneau, sentimental clerk of Fritot's, the shawl merchant in the Bourse quarter, Paris, time of Louis Philippe. [Gaudissart II.]

Bijou (Olympe). (*See* Grenouville, Madame.)

Binet, inn-keeper in the Department of l'Orne in 1809. He was concerned in a trial which created some stir, and cast a shadow over Mme. de la Chanterie, striking at her daughter, Mme. des Tours-Minières. Binet harbored some brigands known as "chauffeurs." He was brought to trial for it and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Birotteau (Jacques), a gardener hard by Chinon. He married the chambermaid of a lady on whose estate he trimmed vines. Three boys were born to them: François, Jean and César. He lost his wife on the birth of the last child (1779), and himself died shortly after. [César Birotteau.]

Birotteau (Abbé François), eldest son of Jacques Birotteau; born in 1766; vicar of the church of Saint-Gatien at Tours, and afterwards curé of Saint-Symphorien in the same city. After the death of the Abbé de la Berge, in 1817, he became confessor of Mme. de Mortsauf, attending her last moments. [The Lily of the Valley.] His brother César, the perfumer, wrote him after his—César's—business failure in 1819, asking aid. Abbé Birotteau, in a touching letter, responded with a sum of one thousand francs which represented all his own little hoard and, in addition, a loan obtained from Mme. de Listomère. [César Birotteau.] Accused of having inveigled Mme. de Listomère to leave him the income of fifteen hundred francs, which she bequeathed him on her death, Abbé Birotteau was placed under interdiction, in 1826, the victim of the terrible hatred of the Abbé Troubert. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Birotteau (Jean), second son of Jacques Birotteau. A captain in the army, killed in the historic battle of La Trebia which lasted three days, June 17-19, 1799. [César Birotteau.]

Birotteau (César), third son of Jacques Birotteau, born in 1779; dealer in perfumes in Paris at number 397 rue Saint-Honoré, near the Place Vendome, in the old shop once occupied by the grocer Descoings, who was executed with André Chénier in 1794. After the eighteenth Brumaire, César Birotteau succeeded Sieur Ragon, and moved the source of the "Queen of Roses" to the above address. Among his customers were the Georges, the La Billardières, the Montaurans, the Bauvans, the Longuys, the Mandas, the Berniers, the Guénics, and the Fontaines. These relations with the militant Royalists implicated him in the plot of the 13th Vendémaire, 1795, against the Convention; and he was wounded, as he told over and over, "by Bonaparte on the borders of Saint-Roch." In May, 1800, Birotteau the perfumer married Constance-Barbe-Joséphine Pillerault. By her he had an only daughter, Césarine, who married Anselme Popinot in 1822. Successively captain, then chief of battalion in the National Guard and adjunct-mayor of the eleventh arrondissement, Birotteau was appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1818. To celebrate his nomination in the Order, he gave a grand ball[1] which, on account of the very radical changes necessitated in his apartments, and coupled with some bad speculations, brought about his total ruin; he filed a petition in bankruptcy the year following. By stubborn effort and the most rigid economy, Birotteau was able to indemnify his creditors completely, three years later (1822). But he died soon after the formal court reinstating. He numbered among his patrons in 1818 the following: the Duc and Duchesse de Lenoncourt, the Princesse de Blamont-Chauvry, the Marquise d'Espard, the two Vandenesses, Marsay, Ronquerolles, and the Marquis d'Aiglemont. [César Birotteau. A Bachelor's Establishment.] César Birotteau was likewise on friendly terms with the Guillaumes, clothing dealers in the rue Saint-Denis. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

[1] The 17th of December was really Thursday and not Sunday, as erroneously given.

Birotteau (Madame), born Constance-Barbe-Joséphine Pillerault in 1782. Married César Birotteau in May, 1800 Previous to her marriage she was head "saleslady" at the "Little Sailor"[1] novelty shop, corner of Quai Anjou and rue des Deux Ponts, Paris. Her surviving relative and guardian was her uncle, Claude-Joseph Pillerault. [César Birotteau.]

Birotteau (Césarine). (*See* Popinot, Madame Anselme.)

Bixiou,[2] Parisian grocer, in rue Saint-Honoré, before the Revolution in the eighteenth century. He had a clerk called Descoings, who married his widow. The grocer Bixiou was the grandfather of Jean-Jacques Bixiou, the celebrated cartoonist. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bixiou, son of the preceding and father of Jean Jacques Bixiou. He was a colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment; killed at the battle of Dresden, on the 26th or 27th of August, 1813. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bixiou (Jean-Jacques), famous artist; son of Colonel Bixiou who was killed at Dresden; grandson of Mme. Descoings, whose first husband was the grocer Bixiou. Born in 1797, he pursued a course of study at the Lyceum, to which he had obtained a scholarship. He had for friends Philippe and Joseph Bridau, and Master Desroches. Later he entered the painter Gros's studio. Then in 1819, through the influence of the Ducs de Maufrigneuse and de Rhétoré, whom he met at some dancer's, he obtained a position with the Minister of Finance. He remained with this administration until December, 1824, when he resigned. In this same year he was one of the best men for Philippe Bridau, who married Flore Brazier, known as La Rabouilleuse, the widow of J.-J. Rouget. After this woman's death, in 1828, he was led, disguised as a priest, to the residence of the Soulanges, where he told the comte about the scandal connected with her death, knowingly caused by her husband; he told, also, about the bad habits and vulgarities of Philippe Bridau,

[1] This shop still exists at the same place, No. 43 Quai d'Anjou and 40 rue des Deux-Ponts, being run by M. L. Bellevaut.

[2] Pronounced "Bissiou."

and thus caused the breaking off of the marriage of this weather-beaten soldier with Mlle. Amélie de Soulanges. A talented cartoonist, distinguished practical joker, and recognized as one of the kings of *bon mot*, he led a free and easy life. He was on speaking terms with all the artists and all the lorettes of his day. Among others he knew the painter, Hippolyte Schinner. He turned a pretty penny, during the trial of De Fualdès and De Castaing, by illustrating in a fantastic way the account of this trial. [A Bachelor's Establishment. The Government Clerks. The Purse.] He designed some vignettes for the writing of Canalis. [Modeste Mignon.] With Blondet, Lousteau and Nathan he was a habitue of the house of Esther Gobseck, rue Saint-Georges, in 1829, 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In a private room of a well-known restaurant, in 1836, he wittily related to Finot, Blondet and Couture the source of Nucingen's fortune. [The Firm of Nucingen.] In January, 1837, his friend Lousteau had him come especially to upbraid him, Lousteau, on account of the latter's irregular ways with Mme. de la Baudraye, while she, concealed in an ante-room, heard it all. This scene had been arranged beforehand; its object was to give Lousteau a chance to declare, apparently, his unquenchable attachment for his mistress. [The Muse of the Department.] In 1838 he attended the house-warming of Héloïse Brisetout in rue Chauchat. In the same year he was attendant at the marriage of Steinbock with Hortense Hulot, and of Crevel with the widow Marneffe. [Cousin Betty.] In 1839 the sculptor Dorlange-Sallenauve knew of Bixiou and complained of his slanders. [The Member for Arcis.] Mme. Schontz treated him most cordially in 1838, and he had to pass for her "special," although their relations, in fact, did not transcend the bounds of friendship. [Béatrix.] In 1840, at the home of Marguerite Turquet, maintained by the notary Cardot, when Lousteau, Nathan and La Palférine were also present, he heard a story by Desroches. [A Man of Business.] About 1844, Bixiou helped in a high comedy relative to a Selim shawl sold by Fritot to Mistress Noswell. Bixiou himself had purchased,

in a shop with M. du Ronceret, a shawl for Mme. Schontz. [Gaudissart II.] In 1845 Bixiou showed Paris and the "Unconscious Humorists" to a Pyrrenean named Gazonal, in company with Lèon de Lora, a cousin of the countryman. At this time Bixiou dwelt at number 112 rue Richelieu, sixth floor; when he had a regular position he had lived in rue de Ponthieu. [The Unconscious Humorists.] In the rue Richelieu period he was the lover of Héloïse Brïsetout. [Cousin Pons.]

Blamont-Chauvry (Princesse de), mother of Mme. d'Espard; aunt of the Duchesse de Langeais; great aunt of Mme. de Mortsauf; a veritable d'Hozier in petticoats. Her drawing-room set the fashion in Faubourg Saint-Germain, and the sayings of this feminine Talleyrand were listened to as oracles. Very aged at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVIII., she was one of the most poetic relics of the reign of Louis XV., the "Well-Beloved;" and to this nick-name—as the records had it—she had contributed her full share. [The Thirteen.] Mme. Firmiani was received by the princess on account of the Cadignans, to whom she was related on her mother's side. [Madame Firmiani.] Félix de Vandenesse was admitted to her "At Homes," on the recommendation of Mme. de Mortsauf; nevertheless he found in this old lady a friend whose affection had a quality almost maternal. The princess was in the family conclave which met to consider an amorous escapade of the Duchesse Antoinette de Langeais. [The Lily of the Valley. The Thirteen.]

Blandureaus (The), wealthy linen merchants at Alençon, time of the Restoration. They had an only daughter, to whom the President du Ronceret wished to marry his son. She, however, married Joseph Blondet, the oldest son of Judge Blondet. This marriage caused secret hostility between the two fathers, one being the other's superior in office. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Blondet, judge at Alençon in 1824; born in 1758; father of Joseph and Emile Blondet. At the time of the Revolution he was public prosecutor. A botanist of note, he had a

remarkable conservatory where he cultivated geraniums only. This conservatory was visited by the Empress Marie-Louise, who spoke of it to the Emperor and obtained for the judge the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Following the Victurien d'Esgrignon episode, about 1825, Judge Blondet was made an officer in the Order and chosen councillor at the Royal Court. Here he remained in office no longer than absolutely necessary, retreating to his dear Alençon home. He married in 1798, at the age of forty, a young girl of eighteen, who in consequence of this disparity was unfaithful to him. He knew that his second son, Emile, was not his own; he therefore cared only for the elder and sent the younger elsewhere as soon as possible. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] About 1838 Fabien du Ronceret obtained credit in an agricultural convention for a flower which the old Blondet had given him, but which he exhibited as a product of his own green-house. [Béatrix.]

Blondet (Madame), wife of the preceding; born in 1780; married in 1798. She was intimate with a prefect of Orne, who was the natural father of Emile Blondet. Distant ties bound her to the Troisville family, and it was to them that she sent Emile, her favored son. Before her death, in 1818, she commended him to her old-time lover and also to the future Madame de Montcornet, with whom he had been reared. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Blondet (Joseph), elder son of Judge Blondet of Alençon; born in that city about 1799. In 1824 he practiced law and aspired to become a substitute judge. Meanwhile he succeeded his father, whose post he filled till his death. He was one of the numerous men of ordinary talent. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Blondet (Madame Joseph), *née* Claire Blandureau, wife of Joseph Blondet, whom she married when he was appointed judge at Alençon. She was the daughter of wealthy linen, dealers in the city. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Blondet (Emile), born at Alençon about 1800; legally the younger son of Judge Blondet, but really the son of a

prefect of Orne. Tenderly loved by his mother, but hated by Judge Blondet, who sent him, in 1818, to study law in Paris. Emile Blondet knew the noble family of d'Esgrignon in Alençon, and for the youngest daughter of this illustrious house he felt an esteem that was really admiration. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] In 1821 Emile Blondet was a remarkably handsome young fellow. He made his first appearance in the "Débats" by a series of masterly articles which called forth from Lousteau the remark that he was "one of the princes of criticism." [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1824 he contributed to a review edited by Finot, where he collaborated with Lucien de Rubempré and where he was allowed full swing by his chief. Emile Blondet had the most desultory of habits; one day he would be a boon companion, without compunction, with those destined for slaughter on the day following. He was always "broke" financially. In 1829, 1830, Bixiou, Lousteau, Nathan and he were frequenters of Esther's house, rue Saint-Georges. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] A cynic was Blondet, with little regard for glory undefiled. He won a wager that he could upset the poet Canalis, though the latter was full of assurance. He did this by staring fixedly at the poet's curls, his boots, or his coat-tails, while he recited poetry or gesticulated with proper emphasis, fixed in a studied pose. [Modeste Mignon.] He was acquainted with Mlle. des Touches, being present at her home on one occasion, about 1830, when Henri de Marsay told the story of his first love affair. He took part in the conversation and depicted the "typical woman" to Comte Adam Laginski. [Another Study of Woman.] In 1832 he was a guest at Mme. d'Espard's, where he met his childish flame, Mme. de Montcornet, also the Princesse de Cadignan, Lady Dudley, d'Arthez, Nathan, Rastignac, the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto, Maxime de Trailles, the Marquis d'Esgrignon, the two Vandenesses, du Tillet, the Baron Nucingen and the Chevalier d'Espard, brother-in-law of the marquise. [The Secrets of a Princess.] About 1833 Blondet presented Nathan to Mme. de Montcornet, at whose home the young Countess Félix

de Vandenesse made the acquaintance of the poet and was much smitten with him for some time. [A Daughter of Eve.] In 1836 he and Finot and Couture chimed in on the narrative of the rise of Nucingen, told with much zest by Bixiou in a private room of a famous restaurant. [The Firm of Nucingen.] Eight or ten years prior to February, 1848, Emile Blondet, on the brink of suicide, witnessed an entire transition in his affairs. He was chosen a prefect, and he married the wealthy widow of Comte de Montcornet, who offered him her hand when she became free. They had known and loved each other since childhood. [The Peasantry.]

Blondet (Virginie), wife by second marriage of Emile Blondet; born in 1797; daughter of the Vicomte de Troisville; granddaughter of the Russian Princesse Scherbelloff. She was brought up at Alençon, with her future husband. In 1819 she married the Général de Montcornet. Twenty years later, a widow, she married the friend of her youth, who this long time had been her lover. [Jealousies of a Country Town. The Secrets of a Princess. The Peasantry.] She and Mme. d'Espard tried to convert Lucien de Rubempré to the monarchical side in 1821. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] She was present at Mlle. des Touches', about 1830, when Marsay told about his first love, and she joined in the conversation. [Another Study of Woman.] She received a rather mixed set, from an aristocratic standpoint, but here might be found the stars of finance, art and literature. [The Member for Arcis.] Mme. Félix de Vandenesse saw Nathan the poet for the first time and noticed him particularly at Mme. de Montcornet's, in 1834, 1835. [A Daughter of Eve.] Mme. Emile Blondet, then Madame la Générale de Montcornet, passed the summer and autumn of 1824 in Burgundy, at her beautiful estate of Aigues, where she lived a burdened and troubled life among the many and varied types of peasantry. Remarried, and now the wife of a prefect, eight years or so before February, 1848, time of Louis Philippe, she visited her former properties. [The Peasantry.]

Bluteau (Pierre), assumed name of Genestas. [The Country Doctor.]

Bocquillon, an acquaintance of Mme. Etienne Gruget. In 1820, rue des Enfants-Rouges, Paris, she mistook for him the stock-broker, Jules Desmarets, who was entering her door. [The Thirteen.]

Bogseck (Madame van), name bestowed by Jacques Collin on Esther van Gobseck when, in 1825, he gave her, transformed morally and intellectually, to Lucien de Rubempré, in an elegant flat on rue Taitbout. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Boirouge, president of the Sancerre Court at the time when the Baronne de la Baudraye held social sway over that city. Through his wife, he was related to the Popinot-Chandiers, to Judge Popinot of Paris, and to Anselme Popinot. He was hereditary owner of a house which he did not need, and which he very gladly leased to the baronne for the purpose of starting a literary society that, however, degenerated very soon into an ordinary clique. Actuated by jealousy, President Boirouge was one of the principals in the defeat of Procureur Clagny for deputy. He was reputed to be unchaste at repartee. [The Muse of the Department.]

Boirouge (Madame), *née* Popinot-Chandier, wife of President Boirouge; stood well among the middle-class of Sancerre. After having been leader in the opposition to Mme. de la Baudraye for nine years, she induced her son Gatien to attend the Baudraye receptions, persuading herself that he would soon make his way. Profiting by the visit of Bianchon to Sancerre, Mme. Boirouge obtained of the famous physician, her relative, a gratuitous consultation by giving him full particulars regarding some pretended nervous trouble of the stomach, in which complaint he recognized a periodic dyspepsia. [The Muse of the Department.]

Boirouge (Gatien), son of President Boirouge; born in 1814; the junior "patito" of Mme. de la Baudraye, who

employed him in all sorts of small ways. Gatien Boirouge was made game of by Lousteau, to whom he had confessed his love for that masterful woman. [The Muse of the Department.]

Boisfranc (De), procureur-general, then first president of a royal court under the Restoration. (*See* Dubut.)

Boisfranc (Dubut de), president of the Aides court under the old régime; brother of Dubut de Boisfrelon and of Dubut de Boislaurier. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Boisfrelon (Dubut de), brother of Dubut de Boisfranc and of Dubut de Boislaurier; at one time councillor in Parliament; born in 1736; died in 1832 in the home of his niece, the Baronne de la Chanterie. Godefroid succeeded him. M. de Boisfrelon had been one of the "Brotherhood of Consolation." He was married, but his wife probably died before him. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Boislaurier (Dubut de), junior brother of Dubut de Boisfranc and of Dubut de Boisfrelon. Commander-in-chief of the Western Rebellion in 1808-1809, and designated then by the surname of Augustus. With Rifoël, Chevalier du Vissard, he plotted the organization of the "Chauffeurs" of Mortagne. Then, in the trial of the "brigands," he was condemned to death by default. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Bois-Levant, chief of division under the Minister of Finance in 1824, at the time when Xavier Rabourdin and Isidore Baudoyer contested the succession of office in another division, that of F. de la Billardière. [The Government Clerks.]

Boleslas, Polish servant of the Comte and Comtesse Laginski, in rue de la Pépinière, Paris, between 1835 and 1842. [The Imaginary Mistress.]

Bonamy (Ida), aunt of Mlle. Antonia Chocardelle. At the time of Louis Philippe, she conducted, on rue Coquenard (since 1848 rue Lamartine), "just a step or two from rue Pigalle," a reading-room given to her niece by Maxime de Trailles. [A Man of Business.]

Bonaparte (Napoleon), Emperor of the French; born at Ajaccio, August 15, 1768, or 1769, according to varying accounts; died at St. Helena May 5, 1821. As First Consul in 1800 he received at the Tuileries the Corsican, Bartholomeo di Piombo, and disentangled his countryman from the latter's implication in a vendetta. [The Vendetta.] On the evening of the battle of Jena, October 13, 1806, he was met on that ground by Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, who had come post haste from France, and to whom he accorded pardon for the Simeuses and the Hauteserres, compromised in the abduction of Senator Malin de Gondreville. [The Gondreville Mystery.] Napoleon Bonaparte was strongly concerned in the welfare of his lieutenant, Hyacinthe Chabert, during the battle of Eylau. [Colonel Chabert.] In November, 1809, he was to have attended a grand ball given by Senator Malin de Gondreville; but he was detained at the Tuileries by a scene—noised abroad that same evening—between Joséphine and himself, a scene which disclosed their impending divorce. [Peace in the House.] He condoned the infamous conduct of the police officer Contenson. [The Seamy Side of History.] In April, 1813, during a dress-parade on the Place du Carrousel, Paris, Napoleon noticed Mlle. de Chatillonest, who had come with her father to see the handsome Colonel d'Aiglemont, and leaning towards Duroc he made a brief remark which made the Grand Marshal smile. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Bonaparte (Lucien), brother of Napoleon Bonaparte; born in 1775; died in 1840. In June, 1800, he went to the house of Talleyrand, the Foreign Minister, and there announced to him and also to Fouché, Sieyès and Carnot, the victory of his brother at Montebello. [The Gondreville Mystery.] In the month of October of the same year he was encountered by his countryman, Bartholomeo di Piombo, whom he introduced to the First Consul; he also gave his purse to the Corsican and afterwards contributed towards relieving his difficulties. [The Vendetta.]

Bonfalot, or **Bonvalot** (Madame), an aged relative of F. du Bruel at Paris. La Palferine first met Mme. du Bruel

in 1834 on the boulevard, and boldly followed her all the way to Mme. de Bonfalot's, where she was calling. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Bonfons (Cruchot de), nephew of Cruchot the notary and Abbé Cruchot; born in 1786; president of the Court of First Instance of Saumur in 1819. The Cruchot trio, backed by a goodly number of cousins and allied to twenty families in the city, formed a party similar to that of the olden-time Medicis at Florence; and also, like the Medicis, the Cruchots had their Pazzis in the persons of the Grassins. The prize contested for between the Cruchots and the Grassins was the hand of the rich heiress, Eugénie Grandet. In 1827, after nine years of suing, the President Cruchot de Bonfons married the young woman, now left an orphan. Previous to this he had been commissioned by her to settle in full, both principal and interest, with the creditors of Charles Grandet's father. Six months after his marriage, Bonfons was elected councillor to the Royal Court of Angers. Then after some years signalized by devoted service he became first president. Finally chosen deputy for Saumur in 1832, he died within a week, leaving his widow in possession of an immense fortune, still further augmented by the bequests of the Abbé and the notary Cruchot. Bonfons was the name of an estate of the magistrate. He married Eugénie only through cupidity. He looked like "a big, rusty nail." [Eugénie Grandet.]

Bonfons (Eugénie Cruchot de), only daughter of M. and Mme. Félix Grandet; born at Saumur in 1796. Strictly reared by a mother gentle and devout, and by a father hard and avaricious. The single bright ray across her life was an absolutely platonic love for her cousin Charles Grandet. But, once away from her, this young man was forgetful of her; and, on his return from the Indies in 1827, a rich man, he married the young daughter of a nobleman. Upon this occurrence, Eugénie Grandet, now an orphan, settled in full with the creditors of Charles' father, and then bestowed her hand upon the President Cruchot de Bonfons, who had

paid her court for nine years. At the age of thirty-six she was left a widow without having ceased to be a virgin, following her expressed wish. Sadly she secluded herself in the gloomy home of her childhood at Saumur, where she devoted the rest of her life to works of benevolence and charity. After her father's death, Eugénie was often alluded to, by the Cruchot faction, as Mlle. de Froidfond, from the name of one of her holdings. In 1832 an effort was made to induce Mme. de Bonfons to wed with Marquis de Froidfond, a bankrupt widower of fifty odd years and possessed of numerous progeny. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Bongrand, born in 1769; first an advocate at Melun, then justice of the peace at Nemours from 1814 to 1837. He was a friend of Doctor Mirouët's and helped educate Ursule Mirouët, protecting her to the best of his ability after the death of the old physician, and aiding in the restitution of her fortune which Minoret-Levrault had impaired by the theft of the doctor's will. M. Bongrand had wanted to make a match between Ursule Mirouët and his son, but she loved Savinien de Portenduère. The justice of the peace became president of the court at Melun, after the marriage of the young lady with Savinien. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Bongrand (Eugène), son of Bongrand the justice of the peace. He studied law at Paris under Derville the attorney, this constituting all his course. He became public prosecutor at Melun after the Revolution of 1830, and general prosecutor in 1837. Failing in his love suit with Ursule Mirouët, he probably married the daughter of M. Levrault, former mayor of Nemours. [Ursule Mirouët].

Bonnac, a rather handsome young fellow, who was head clerk for the notary Lupin at Soulanges in 1823. His accomplishments were his only dowry. He was loved in platonic fashion by his employer's wife, Mme. Lupin, otherwise known as Bébelle, a fat ridiculous female without education. [The Peasantry.]

Bonnébault, retired cavalry soldier, the Lovelace of the village of Blangy, Burgundy, and its suburbs in 1823.

Bonnébault was the lover of Marie Tonsard who was perfectly foolish about him. He had still other "good friends" and lived at their expense. Their generosity did not suffice for his dissipations, his café bills and his unbridled taste for billiards. He dreamed of marrying Aglaé Socquard, only daughter of Père Socquard, proprietor of the "Café de la Paix" at Soulanges. Bonnébault obtained three thousand francs from General de Montcornet by coming to him to confess voluntarily that he had been commissioned to kill him for this price. This revelation, with other things, led the general to weary of his fierce struggle with the peasantry, and to put up for sale his property at Aigues, which became the prey of Gaubertin, Rigou and Soudry. Bonnébault was squint-eyed and his physical appearance did not belie his depravity. [The Peasantry.]

Bonnébault (Mère), grandmother of Bonnébault the veteran. In 1823, at Conches, Burgundy, where she lived, she owned a cow which she did not hesitate to pasture in the fields belonging to General de Montcornet. The numerous depredations of the old woman, added to convictions for many similar offences, caused the general to decide to confiscate the cow. [The Peasantry.]

Bonnet (Abbé), Curé of Montégnac near Limoges from 1814 on. In this capacity, he assisted at the public confession of his penitent, Mme. Graslin, in the summer of 1844. Upon leaving the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, Paris, he was sent to this village of Montégnac, which he never after wished to leave. Here, sometimes unaided, sometimes with the help of Mme. Graslin, he toiled for a material and moral betterment, bringing about an entire regeneration of a wretched country. It was he who brought the outlawed Tascheron back into the Church, and who accompanied him to the very foot of the scaffold, with a devotion which caused his own very sensitive nature much cringing. Born in 1788, he had embraced the ecclesiastical calling through choice, and all his studies had been to that end. He belonged to a family of more than easy circumstances. His father was a self-made man,

stern and unyielding. Abbé Bonnet had an older brother, and a sister whom he counseled with his mother to marry as soon as possible, in order to release the young woman from the terrible paternal yoke. [The Country Parson.]

Bonnet, older brother of Abbé Bonnet, who enlisted as a private about the beginning of the Empire. He became a general in 1813; fell at Leipsic. [The Country Parson.]

Bonnet (Germain), *valet de chambre* of Canalis in 1829, at the time when the poet went to Havre to contest the hand of Modeste Mignon. A servant full of *finesse* and irreproachable in appearance, he was of the greatest service to his master. He courted Philoxène Jacmin, chambermaid of Mme. de Chaulieu. Here the pantry imitated the parlor, for the academician's mistress was the great lady herself. [Modeste Mignon.]

Bontems, a country landowner in the neighborhood of Bayeux, who feathered his nest well during the Revolution, by purchasing government confiscations at his own terms. He was a pronounced "red cap," and became president of his district. His daughter, Angélique Bontems, married Granville during the Empire; but at this time Bontems was dead. [A Second Home.]

Bontems (Madame), wife of the preceding; outwardly pious, inwardly vain; mother of Angélique Bontems, whom she had reared in much the same attitude, and whose marriage with a Granville was, in consequence, so unhappy. [A Second Home.]

Bontems (Angélique). (*See* Granville, Madame de.)

Borain (Mademoiselle), the most stylish costumer in Provins, at the time of Charles X. She was commissioned by the Rogrons to make a complete wardrobe for Pierrette Lorrain, when that young girl was sent them from Brittany. [Pierrette.]

Bordevin (Madame), Parisian butcher in rue Charlot, at the time when Sylvain Pons dwelt hard by in rue de Normandie. Mme. Bordevin was related to Mme. Sabatier. [Cousin Pons.]

Bordin, procureur at the Châtelet before the Revolution; then advocate of the Court of First Instance of the Seine, under the Empire. In 1798 he instructed and advised with M. Alain, a creditor of Monegod's. Both had been clerks at the procureur's. In 1806, the Marquis de Chargeboeuf went to Paris to hunt for Master Bordin, who defended the Simeuses before the Criminal Court of Troyes in the trial regarding the abduction and sequestration of Senator Malin. In 1809 he also defended Henriette Bryond des Tours-Minières, *née* La Chanterie, in the trial docketed as the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne." [The Gondreville Mystery. The Seamy Side of History.] In 1816 Bordin was consulted by Mme. d'Espard regarding her husband. [The Commission in Lunacy.] During the Restoration a banker at Alençon made quarterly payments of one hundred and fifty livres to the Chevalier de Valois through the Parisian medium of Bordin. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] For ten years Bordin represented the nobility. Derville succeeded him. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Bordin (Jérome-Sebastien), was also procureur at the Châtelet, and, in 1806, advocate of the Seine Court. He succeeded Master Guerbet, and sold his practice to Sauvagnest, who disposed of it to Desroches. [A Start in Life.]

Born (Comte de), brother of the Vicomtesse de Grandlieu. In the winter of 1829-1830, he is discovered at the home of his sister, taking part in a conversation in which the advocate Derville related the marital infelicities of M. de Restaud, and the story of his will and his death. The Comte de Born seized the chance to exploit the character of Maxime de Trailles, the lover of Mme. de Restaud. [Gobseck.]

Borniche, son-in-law of M. Hochon, the old miser of Issoudun. He died of chagrin at business failures, and at not having received any assistance from his father or mother. His wife preceded him but a short time to the tomb. They left a son and a daughter, Baruch and Adolphine, who were brought up by their maternal grandfather, with François Hochon, another grandchild of the goodman's. Borniche was probably a Calvinist. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Borniche (Monsieur and Madame), father and mother of the preceding. They were still living in 1823, when their son and their daughter-in-law had been deceased some time. In April of this year, old Mme. Borniche and her friend Mme. Hochon, who ruled socially in Issoudun, assisted at the wedding of La Rabouilleuse with Jean-Jacques Rouget. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Borniche (Baruch), grandson of the preceding, and of M. and Mme. Hochon. Born in 1800. Early left an orphan, he and his sister were reared by his grandfather on the maternal side. He had been one of the accomplices of Maxence Gilet, and took part in the nocturnal raids of the "Knights of Idlesse." When his conduct became known to his grandfather, in 1822, the latter lost no time in removing him from Issoudun, sending him to Monegod's office, Paris, to study law. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Borniche (Adolphine), sister of Baruch Borniche; born in 1804. Brought up almost a recluse in the frigid, dreary house of her grandfather, Hochon, she spent most of her time peering through the windows, in the hope of discovering some of the terrible things which—as Dame Rumor had it—occurred in the home of Jean-Jacques Rouget, next door. She likewise awaited with some impatience the arrival of Joseph Bridau in Issoudun, wishing to inspire some sentiment in him, and taking the liveliest interest in the painter, on account of the monstrosities which were attributed to him because of his being an artist. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Boucard, head-clerk of the attorney Derville in 1818, at the time when Colonel Chabert sought to recover his rights with his wife who had been remarried to Comte Ferraud. [Colonel Chabert.]

Boucher, Besançon merchant in 1834, who was the first client of Albert Savarus in that city. He assumed financial control of the "Revue de l'Est," founded by the lawyer. M. Boucher was related by marriage to one of the ablest editors of great theological works. [Albert Savarus.]

Boucher (Alfred), eldest son of the preceding. Born in 1812. A youth, eager for literary fame, whom Albert Savarus put on the staff of his "Revue de l'Est," giving him his themes and subjects. Alfred Boucher conceived a strong admiration for the managing editor, who treated him as a friend. The first number of the "Revue" contained a "Meditation" by Alfred. This Alfred Boucher believed he was exploiting Savarus, whereas the contrary was the case. [Albert Savarus.]

Bouffé (Marie), alias Vignol, actor born in Paris, September 4, 1800. He appeared about 1822 at the Panorama-Dramatique theatre, on the Boulevard du Temple, Paris, playing the part of the Alcade in a three-act imbroglio by Raoul Nathan and Du Bruel entitled "L'Alcade dans l'embarras." At the first night performance he announced that the authors were Raoul and Cursy. Although very young at the time, this artist made his first great success in this rôle, and revealed his talent for depicting an old man. The critique of Lucien de Rubempré established his position. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Bougival (La). (*See* Cabirolle, Madame.)

Bougniol (Mesdemoiselles), proprietors of an inn at Guérande (Loire-Inférieure), at the time of Louis Philippe. They had as guests some artist friends of Félicité des Touches —Camille Maupin—who had come from Paris to see her. [Béatrix.]

Bourbonne (De), wealthy resident of Tours, time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. An uncle of Octave de Camps. In 1824 he visited Paris to ascertain the cause of the ruin of his nephew and sole heir, which ruin was generally credited to dissipations with Mme. Firmiani. M. de Bourbonne, a retired musketeer in easy circumstances, was well connected. He had entry into the Faubourg Saint-Germain through the Listomères, the Lenoncourts and the Vandenesses. He caused himself to be presented at Mme. Firmiani's as M. de Rouxellay, the name of his estate. The advice

of Bourbonne, which was marked by much perspicacity, if followed, would have extricated François Birotteau from Troubert's clutches; for the uncle of M. de Camps fathomed the plottings of the future Bishop of Troyes. Bourbonne saw a great deal more than did the Listomères of Tours. [Madame Firmiani. The Vicar of Tours.]

Bourdet (Benjamin) old soldier of the Empire, formerly serving under Philippe Bridau's command. He lived quietly in the suburbs of Vatan, in touch with Fario. In 1822 he placed himself at the entire disposal of the Spaniard, and also of the officer who previously had put him under obligations. Secretly he served them in their hatred of and plots against Maxence Gilet. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bourgeat, foundling of Saint-Flour. Parisian water-carrier about the end of the eighteenth century. The friend and protector of the young Desplein, the future famous surgeon. He lived in rue Quatre-Vents in an humble house rendered doubly famous by the sojourn of Desplein and by that of Daniel d'Arthez. A fervent Churchman of unswerving faith. The future famous savant (Desplein) watched by his bedside at the last and closed his eyes. [The Atheist's Mass.]

Bourget, uncle of the Chaussard brothers. An old man who became implicated in the trial of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne in 1809. He died during the taking of the testimony, while making some confessions. His wife, also apprehended, appeared before the court and was sentenced to twenty-two years' imprisonment. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Bourgneufs (The), a family ruined by the De Camps and living in poverty and seclusion at Saint-Germain en Laye, during the early part of the nineteenth century. This family consisted of: the aged father, who ran a lottery-office; the mother, almost always sick; and two delightful daughters, who took care of the home and attended to the correspondence. The Bourgneufs were rescued from their troubles by Octave

de Camps who, prompted by Mme. Firmiani, and at the cost of his entire property, restored to them the fortune made away with by his father. [Madame Firmiani.]

Bourgnier (Du). (*See* Bousquier, Du.)

Bourignard (Gratien-Henri-Victor-Jean-Joseph), father of Mme. Jules Desmarets. One of the "Thirteen" and the former chief of the Order of the Devorants under the title of Ferragus XXIII. He had been a laborer, but afterwards was a contractor of buildings. His daughter was born to an abandoned woman. About 1807 he was sentenced to twenty years of hard labor, but he managed to escape during a journey of the chain-gang from Paris to Toulon, and he returned to Paris. In 1820 he lived there under diverse names and disguises, lodging successively on rue des Vieux Augustins (now rue d'Argout), corner of rue Soly (an insignificant street which disappeared when the Hotel des Postes was rebuilt); then at number seven rue Joquelet; finally at Mme. E. Gruget's, number twelve rue des Enfants-Rouges (now part of the rue des Archives running from rue Pastourelle to rue Portefoin), changing lodgings at this time to evade the investigations of Auguste de Maulincour. Stunned by the death of his daughter, whom he adored and with whom he held secret interviews to prevent her becoming amenable to the law, he passed his last days in an indifferent, almost idiotic way, idly watching match games at bowling on the Place de l'Observatoire; the ground between the Luxembourg and the Boulevard de Montparnasse was the scene of these games. One of the assumed names of Bourignard was the Comte de Funcal. In 1815, Bourignard, alias Ferragus, assisted Henri de Marsay, another member of the "Thirteen," in his raid on Hotel San-Réal, where dwelt Paquita Valdès. [The Thirteen.]

Bourlac (Bernard-Jean-Baptiste-Macloud, Baron de), former procureur-general of the Royal Court of Rouen, grand officer of the Legion of Honor. Born in 1771. He fell in love with and married the daughter of the Pole, Tarlowski, a colonel in the French Imperial Guard. By her he had a

daughter, Vanda, who became the Baronne de Mergi. A widower and reserved by nature, he came to Paris in 1829 to take care of Vanda, who was seized by a strange and very dangerous malady. After having lived in the Quartier du Roule in 1838, with his daughter and grandson, he dwelt for several years, in very straitened circumstances, in a tumble-down house on the Boulevard du Montparnasse, where Godefroid, a recent initiate into the "Brotherhood of the Consolation" and under the direction of Mme. de la Chanterie and her associates, came to his relief. Afterwards it was discovered that the Baron de Bourlac was none other than the terrible magistrate who had pronounced judgment on this noble woman and her daughter during the trial of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne in 1809. Nevertheless, the aiding of the family was not abated in the least. Vanda was cured, thanks to a foreign physician, Halpersohn, procured by Godefroid. M. de Bourlac was enabled to publish his great work on the "Spirit of Modern Law." At Sorbonne a chair of comparative legislation was created for him. At last he obtained forgiveness from Mme. de la Chanterie, at whose feet he flung himself. [The Seamy Side of History.] In 1817 the Baron de Bourlac, then procureur-general, and superior of Soudry the younger, royal procureur, helped, with the assistance also of the latter, to secure for Sibilet the position of estate-keeper to the General de Montcornet at Aigues. [The Peasantry.]

Bournier, natural son of Gaubertin and of Mme. Socquard, the wife of the café manager of Soulanges. His existence was unknown to Mme. Gaubertin. He was sent to Paris where, under Leclercq, he learned the printer's trade and finally became a foreman. Gaubertin then brought him to Ville-aux-Fayes where he established a printing office and a paper known as "Le Courrier de l'Avonne", entirely devoted to the interests of the triumvirate, Rigou, Gaubertin and Soudry. [The Peasantry.]

Bousquier (Du), or Croisier (Du), or Bourguier (Du), a descendant of an old Alençon family. Born about 1760,

He had been commissary agent in the army from 1793 to 1799; had done business with Ouvrard, and kept a running account with Barras, Bernadotte and Fouché. He was at that time one of the great folk of finance. Discharged by Bonaparte in 1800, he withdrew to his natal town After selling the Beauséant house, which he owned, for the benefit of his creditors, he had remaining an income of not more than twelve hundred francs. About 1816 he married Mlle Cormon, a spinster who had been courted also by the Chevalier de Valois and Athanase Granson. This marriage set him on his feet again financially. He took the lead in the party of the opposition, established a Liberal paper called "Le Courrier de l'Orne," and was elected Receiver-General of the Exchequer, after the Revolution of 1830. He waged bitter war on the white flag Royalists, his hatred of them causing him secretly to condone the excesses of Victurnien d'Esgrignon, until the latter involved him in an affair, when Bousquier had him arrested, thinking thus to dispose of him summarily. The affair was smoothed over only by tremendous pressure. But the young nobleman provoked Du Bousquier into a duel where the latter dangerously wounded him. Afterwards Bousquier gave him in marriage the hand of his niece, Mlle. Duval, dowered with three millions. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] Probably he was the father of Flavie Minoret, the daughter of a celebrated Opéra danseuse. But he never acknowledged this child, and she was dowered by Princesse Galathionne and married Colleville. [The Middle Classes.]

Bousquier (Madame du), born Cormon (Rose-Marie-Victoire) in 1773. She was a very wealthy heiress, living with her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Sponde, in an old house of Alençon (rue du Val-Noble), and receiving, in 1816, the aristocracy of the town, with which she was related through marriage. Courted simultaneously by Athanase Granson, the Chevalier de Valois and Du Bousquier, she gave her hand to the old commissariat, whose athletic figure and *passé* libertinism had impressed her vaguely. But her

secret desires were uttely dashed by him; she confessed later that she couldn't endure the idea of dying a maid. Mme. du Bousquier was very devout. She was descended from the stewards of the ancient Ducs d'Alencon. In this same year of 1816, she hoped in vain to wed a Troisville, but he was already married. She found it difficult to brook the state of hostility declared between M. du Bousquier and the Esgrignons. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Boutin, at one time sergeant in the cavalry regiment of which Chabert was colonel. He lived at Stuttgart in 1814, exhibiting white bears very well trained by him. In this city he encountered his former ranking officer, shorn of all his possessions, and just emerging from an insane asylum. Boutin aided him as best he could and took it upon himself to go to Paris and inform Mme. Chabert of her husband's whereabouts. But Boutin fell on the field of Waterloo, and could hardly have accomplished his mission. [Colonel Chabert.]

Bouvard (Doctor), physician of Paris, born about 1758. A friend of Dr. Minoret, with whom he had some lively tilts about Mesmer. He had adopted that system, while Minoret gainsaid the truth thereof. These discussions ended in an estrangement, for some time, between the two cronies. Finally, in 1829, Bouvard wrote Minoret asking him to come to Paris to assist in some conclusive tests of magnetism. As a result of these tests, Dr. Minoret, materialist and atheist that he was, became a devout Spiritualist and Catholic. In 1829 Dr. Bouvard lived on rue Férou. [Ursule Mirouët.] He had been as a father to Dr. Lebrun, physician of the Conciergerie in 1830, who, according to his own avowal, owed to him his position, since he often drew from his master his own ideas regarding nervous energy. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Bouyonnet, a lawyer at Mantes, under Louis Philippe, who, urged by his confreres and stimulated by the public prosecutor, "showed up" Fraisier, another lawyer in the town, who had been retained in a suit for both parties

at once. The result of this denunciation was to make Fraisier sell his office and leave Mantes. [Cousin Pons.]

Brambourg (Comte de), title of Philippe Bridau to which his brother Joseph succeeded. [A Bachelor's Establishment. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Brandon (Lady Marie-Augusta), mother of Louis and Marie Gaston, children born out of wedlock. Together with the Vicomtesse de Beauséant she assisted, in company with Colonel Franchessini, probably her lover, at the famous ball on the morning following which the duped mistress of D'Ajuda-Pinto secretly left Paris. [The Member for Arcis] In 1820, while living with her two children in seclusion at La Grenadière, in the neighborhood of Tours, she saw Félix de Vandenesse, at the time when Mme. de Mortsauf died, and charged him with a pressing message to Lady Arabelle Dudley. [The Lily of the Valley.] She died, aged thirty-six, during the Restoration, in the house at La Grenadière, and was buried in the Saint-Cyr Cemetery. Her husband, Lord Brandon, who had abandoned her, lived in London, Brandon Square, Hyde Park, at this time. In Touraine Lady Brandon was known only by the assumed name of Mme. Willemsens. [La Grenadière.]

Braschon, upholsterer and cabinet-maker in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, famous under the Restoration. He did a considerable amount of work for César Birotteau and figured among the creditors in his bankruptcy. [César Birotteau. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Braulard, born in 1782. The head *claquer* at the theatre of the Panorama-Dramatique, and then at the Gymnase, about 1822. The lover of Mlle. Millot. At this time he lived on rue Faubourg du Temple, in a rather comfortable flat where he gave fine dinners to actresses, managing editors and authors—among others, Adèle Dupuis, Finot, Ducange and Frédéric du Petit-Méré. He was credited with having gained an income of twenty thousand francs by discounting authors' and other complimentary tickets. [A Distinguished

Provincial at Paris] When chief *claquer*, about 1843, he had in his following Chardin, alias Idamore [Cousin Betty], and commanded his "Romans" at the Boulevard theatre, which presented operas, spectaculars and ballets at popular prices, and was run by Félix Gaudissart. [Cousin Pons.]

Brazier, this family included the following:

A peasant of Vatan (Indre), the paternal uncle and guardian of Mlle. Flore Brazier, known as "La Rabouilleuse." In 1799 he placed her in the house of Dr. Rouget on very satisfactory conditions for himself, Brazier. Rendered comparatively rich by the doctor, he died two years before the latter, in 1805, from a fall received on leaving an inn where he spent his time after becoming well-to-do.

His wife, who was a very harsh aunt of Flore's.

Lastly the brother and brother-in-law of this girl's guardians, the real father of "La Rabouilleuse," who died in 1799, a demented widower, in the hospital of Bourges. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Brazier (Flore). (*See* Bridau, Madame Philippe.)

Breautey (Comtesse de), a venerable woman of Provins, who maintained the only aristocratic salon in that city, in 1827-1828. [Pierrette.]

Brébian (Alexandre de), member of the Angoulême aristocracy in 1821. He frequented the Bargeton receptions. An artist like his friend Bartas, he also was daft over drawing and would ruin every album in the department with his grotesque productions. He posed as Mme. de Bartas' lover, since Bartas paid court to Mme. de Brébian. [Lost Illusions.]

Brébian (Charlotte de), wife of the preceding. Currently called "Lolotte." [Lost Illusions.]

Breintmayer, a banking house of Strasbourg, entrusted by Michu in 1803 with the transmission of funds to the De Simeuses, young officers of the army of Condé. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Brézacs (The), Auvergnats, dealers in general merchandise and the furnishings of châteaux during the Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration. They had business dealings with Pierre Graslin, Jean-Baptiste Sauviat and Martin Falleix. [The Country Parson. The Government Clerks.]

Bridau, father of Philippe and Joseph Bridau; one of the secretaries of Roland, Minister of the Interior in 1792, and the right arm of succeeding ministers. He was attached fanatically to Napoleon, who could appreciate him, and who made him chief of division in 1804. He died in 1808, at the moment when he had been promised the offices of director general and councillor of state with the title of comte. He first met Agathe Rouget, whom he made his wife, at the home of the grocer Descoings, the man whom he tried to save from the scaffold. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bridau (Agathe Rouget, Madame), wife of the preceding; born in 1773. Legal daughter of Dr. Rouget of Issoudun, but possibly the natural daughter of Sub-delegate Lousteau. The doctor did not waste any affection upon her, and lost no time in sending her to Paris, where she was reared by her uncle, the grocer Descoings. She died at the close of 1828. Of her two sons, Philippe and Joseph, Mme. Bridau always preferred the elder, though he caused her nothing but grief. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bridau (Philippe), elder son of Bridau and Agathe Rouget. Born in 1796. Placed in the Saint-Cyr school in 1813, he remained but six months, leaving it to become under-lieutenant of the cavalry. On account of a skirmish of the advance guard he was made full lieutenant, during the French campaign, then captain after the battle of La Fère-Champenoise, where Napoleon made him artillery officer. He was decorated at Montereau. After witnessing the farewell at Fontainebleu, he came back to his mother in July, 1814, being then hardly nineteen. He did not wish

to serve the Bourbons. In March, 1815, Philippe Bridau rejoined the Emperor at Lyons, accompanying him to the Tuileries. He was promised a captaincy in a squadron of dragoons of the Guard, and made officer of the Legion of Honor at Waterloo. Reduced to half-pay, during the Restoration, he nevertheless preserved his rank and officer's cross. He rejoined General Lallemand in Texas, returning from America in October, 1819, thoroughly degenerated. He ran an opposition newspaper in Paris in 1820-1821. He led a most dissolute life; was the lover of Mariette Godeschal; and attended all the parties of Tullia, Florentine, Florine, Coralie, Matifat and Camusot. Not content with using the income of his brother Joseph, he stole a coffer entrusted to him, and despoiled of her last savings Mme. Descoings, who died of grief. Involved in a military plot in 1822, he was sent to Issoudun, under the surveillance of the police. There he created a disturbance in the "bachelor's establishment" of his uncle, Jean-Jacques Rouget; killed in a duel Maxence Gilet, the lover of Flore Brazier; brought about the girl's marriage with his uncle; and married her himself when she became a widow in 1824. When Charles X. succeeded to the throne, Philippe Bridau re-entered the army as lieutenant-colonel of the Duc de Maufrigneuse's regiment. In 1827 he passed with this grade into a regiment of cavalry of the Royal Guard, and was made Comte de Brambourg from the name of an estate which he had purchased. He was promised further the office of commander in the Legion of Honor, as well as in the Order of Saint-Louis. After having consciously caused the death of his wife, Flore Brazier, he tried to marry Amélie de Soulanges, who belonged to a great family. But his manœuvres were frustrated by Bixiou. The Revolution of 1830 resulted in the loss to Philippe Bridau of a portion of the fortune which he had obtained from his uncle by his marriage. Once more he entered military service, under the July Government, which made him a colonel. In 1839 he fell in an engagement with the Arabs in Africa. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Bridau (Joseph), painter; younger brother of Philippe Bridau; born in 1799. He studied with Gros, and made his first exhibit at the Salon of 1823. He received great stimulus from his fellow-members of the "Cénacle," in rue Quatre-Vents, also from his master, from Gérard and from Mlle. des Touches. Moreover he was a hard-worker and an artist of genius. He was decorated in 1827, and about 1839, through the interest of the Comte de Sérizy, for whose home he had formerly done some work, he married the only daughter of a retired farmer, now a millionaire. On the death of his brother Philippe, he inherited his house in rue de Berlin, his estate of Brambourg, and his title of comte. [A Bachelor's Establishment. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Start in Life.] Joseph Bridau made some vignettes for the works of Canalis. [Modeste Mignon.] He was intimate with Hippolyte Schinner, whom he had known at Gros' studio. [The Purse.] Shortly after 1830, he was present at an "at home" at Mlle. des Touches, when Henri de Marsay told about his first love affair. [Another Study of Woman.] In 1832 he rushed in to see Pierre Grassou, borrowed five hundred francs of him, and told him to "cater to his talent" and even to plunge into literature since he was nothing more than a poor painter. At this same time, Joseph Bridau painted the dining-hall in the D'Arthez château. [Pierre Grassou.] He was a friend of Marie Gaston, and was attendant at his marriage with Louise de Chaulieu, widow of Macumer, in 1833. [Letters of Two Brides.] He also assisted at the wedding of Steinbock with Hortense Hulot, and in 1838, at the instigation of Stidmann, clubbed in with Léon de Lora to raise four thousand francs for the Pole, who was imprisoned for debt. He had made the portrait of Josépha Mirah. [Cousin Betty.] In 1839, at Mme. Montcornet's, Joseph Bridau praised the talent and character displayed by Dorlange, the sculptor. [The Member for Arcis.]

Bridau (Flore Brazier, Madame Philippe), born in 1787 at Vatan Indre, known as "La Rabouilleuse," on account of her uncle having put her to work, when a child, at stirring

up (to "rabouiller") the streamlets, so that he might find crayfishes. She was noticed on account of her great beauty by Dr. Rouget of Issoudun, and taken to his home in 1799. Jean-Jacques Rouget, the doctor's son, became much enamored of her, but obtained favor only through his money. On her part she was smitten with Maxence Gilet, whom she entertained in the house of the old bachelor at the latter's expense. But everything was changed by the arrival of Philippe Bridau at Issoudun. Gilet was killed in a duel, and Rouget married La Rabouilleuse in 1823. Left a widow soon after, she married the soldier. She died in Paris in 1828, abandoned by her husband, in the greatest distress, a prey to innumerable terrible complaints, the products of the dissolute life into which Philippe Bridau had designedlythrown her. She dwelt then on rue du Houssay, on the fifth floor. She left here for the Dubois Hospital in Faubourg Saint-Denis. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bridau (Madame Joseph), only daughter of Leger, an old farmer, afterwards a multi-millionaire at Beaumont-sur-Oise; married to the painter Joseph Bridau about 1839. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Brigaut (Major), of Pen-Hoël, Vendée; retired major of the Catholic Army which contested with the French Republic. A man of iron, but devout and entirely unselfish. He had served under Charette, Mercier, the Baron du Guénic and the Marquis de Montauran. He died in 1819, six months after Mme. Lorrain, the widow of a major in the Imperial Army, whom he was said to have consoled on the loss of her husband. Major Brigaut had received twenty-seven wounds. [Pierrette. The Chouans.]

Brigaut (Jacques), son of Major Brigaut; born about 1811. Childhood companion of Pierrette Lorrain, whom he loved in innocent fashion similar to that of Paul and Virginia, and whose love was reciprocated in the same way. When Pierrette was sent to Provins, to the home of the Rogrons, her relatives, Jacques also went to this town and

worked at the carpenter's trade. He was present at the death-bed of the young girl and immediately thereafter enlisted as a soldier; he became head of a battalion, after having several times sought death vainly. [Pierrette.]

Brigitte. (*See* Cottin, Madame.)

Brigitte, servant of Chesnel from 1795 on. In 1824 she was still with him in rue du Bercail, Alençon, at the time of the pranks of the young D'Esgrignon. Brigitte humored the gormandizing of her master, the only weakness of the goodman. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Brignolet, clerk with lawyer Bordin in 1806. [A Start in Life.]

Brisetout (Héloïse), mistress of Célestin Crevel in 1838, at the time when he was elected mayor. She succeeded Joséphа Mirah, in a little house on rue Chauchat, after having lived on rue Notre-Dame-de Lorette. [Cousin Betty.] In 1844-1845 she was *première danseuse* in the Théâtre du Boulevard, when she was claimed by both Bixiou and Gaudissart, her manager. She was a very literary young woman, much spoken of in Bohemian circles for elegance and graciousness. She knew all the great artists, and favored her kinsman, the musician Garangeot. [Cousin Pons.] Towards the end of the reign of Louis Philippe, she had Isidore Baudoyer for a "protector"; he was then mayor of the arrondissement of Paris, which included the Palais Royale. [The Middle Classes.]

Brisset, a celebrated physician of Paris, time of Louis Philippe. A materialist and successor to Bichat, and Cabanis. At the head of the "Organists," opposed to Caméristus head of the "Vitalists." He was called in consultation regarding Raphaël de Valentin, whose condition was serious. [The Magic Skin.]

Brochon, a half-pay soldier who, in 1822, tended the horses and did chores for Moreau, manager of Presles, the estate of the Comte de Sérizy. [A Start in Life.]

Brossard (Madame), widow received at Mme. de Bargeton's, at Angoulême in 1821. Poor but well-born, she sought to marry her daughter, and in the end, despite her precise dignity and "sour-sweetness," she got along fairly well with the other sex. [Lost Illusions.]

Brossard (Camille du), daughter of the preceding. Born in 1794. Fleshy and imposing. Posed as a good pianist. Not yet married at twenty-seven. [Lost Illusions.]

Brossette (Abbé), born about 1790; curé of Blangy, Burgundy, in 1823, at the time when General de Montcornet was struggling with the peasantry. The abbé himself was an object of their defiance and hatred. He was the fourth son of a good bourgeoisie family of Autun, a faithful prelate, an obstinate Royalist and a man of intelligence. [The Peasantry.] In 1840 he became a curé at Paris, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and at the request of Mme. de Grandlieu, he interested himself in removing Calyste du Guénic from the clutches of Mme. de Rochefide and restoring him to his wife. [Béatrix.]

Brouet (Joseph), a Chouan who died of wounds received in the fight of La Pèlerine or at the siege of Fougères, in 1799. [The Chouans.]

Brousson (Doctor), attended the banker Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, a short time before the financier's death. [The Red Inn.]

Bruce (Gabriel), alias Gros-Jean, one of the fiercest Chouans of the Fontaine division. Implicated in the affair of the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne" in 1809. Condemned to death for contumacy. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Bruel (Du), chief of division to the Ministers of the Interior, under the Empire. A friend of Bridau senior, retired on the advent of Restoration. He was on very friendly terms with the widow Bridau, coming each evening for a game of cards at her house, on rue Mazarine, with his old-time colleagues, Claparon and Desroches. These three old employés were called the "Three Sages of Greece" by Mmes. Bridau

and Descoings. M. du Bruel was descended of a contractor ennobled at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. He died about 1821. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Bruel (Madame du), wife of the preceding. She survived him. She was the mother of the dramatic author Jean-François du Bruel, christened Cursy on the Parisian billboards. Although a bourgeoisie of strict ideas, Mme. du Bruel welcomed the dancer Tullia, who became her daughter-in-law. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Bruel (Jean-François du), son of the preceding; born about 1797. In 1816 he obtained a place under the Minister of Finance, thanks to the favor of the Duc de Navarreins. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] He was sub-chief of Rabourdin's office when the latter, in 1824, contested with M. Baudoyer for a place of division chief. [The Government Clerks.] In November, 1825, Jean-François du Bruel assisted at a breakfast given at the "Rocher de Cancale" to the clerks of Desroches' office by Frédéric Marest who was treating to celebrate his incoming. He was present also at the orgy which followed at Florentine's home. [A Start in Life.] M. du Bruel successively rose to be chief of bureau, director, councillor of state, deputy, peer of France and commander of the Legion of Honor; he received the title of count and entered one of the classes in the Institute. All this was accomplished through his wife, Claudine Chaffaroux, formerly the dancer, Tullia, whom he married in 1829. [A Prince of Bohemia. The Middle Classes.] For a long time he wrote vaudeville sketches over the name of Cursy. Nathan, the poet, found it necessary to unite with him. Du Bruel would make use of the author's ideas, condensing them into small, sprightly skits which always scored successes for the actors. Du Bruel and Nathan discovered the actress Florine. They were the authors of "L'Alcade dans l'embarras," an imbroglio in three acts, played at the Théâtre du Panorama-Dramatique about 1822, when Florine made her début, playing with Coralie and Bouffé, the latter under the name of Vignol. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Daughter of Eve.]

Bruel (Claudine Chaffaroux, Madame du), born at Nanterre in 1799. One of the *première danseuses* of the Opéra from 1817 to 1827. For several years she was the mistress of the Duc de Rhétoré [A Bachelor's Establishment], and afterwards of Jean-François du Bruel, who was much in love with her in 1823, and married her in 1829. She had then left the stage. About 1834 she met Charles Edouard de la Palférine and formed a violent attachment for him In order to please him and pose in his eyes as a great lady, she urged her husband to the constant pursuit of honors, and finally achieved the title of countess. Nevertheless she continued to play the lady of propriety and found entrance into bourgeoisie society. [A Prince of Bohemia. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Letters of Two Brides.] In 1840, to please Mme. Colleville, her friend, she tried to obtain a decoration for Thuillier. [The Middle Classes.] Mme. du Bruel bore the name of Tullia on the stage and in the "gallant" circle. She lived then in rue Chauchat, in a house afterwards occupied by Mmes. Mirah and Brisetout, when Claudine moved after her marriage to rue de la Victoire.

Brunet, bailiff at Blangy, Burgundy, in 1823. He was also councillor of the Canton during the Terror, having for practitioners Michel Vert alias Vermichel and Fourchon the elder. [The Peasantry.]

Brunner (Gédéon), father of Frédéric Brunner. At the time of the French Restoration and of Louis Philippe he owned the great Holland House at Frankford-on-the-Main. One of the early railway projectors. He died about 1844, leaving four millions. Calvinist. Twice married. [Cousin Pons.]

Brunner (Madame), first wife of Gédéon Brunner, and mother of Frédéric Brunner. A relative of the Virlaz family, well-to-do Jewish furriers of Leipsic. A converted Jew. Her dowry was the basis of her husband's fortune. She died young, leaving a son aged but twelve. [Cousin Pons.]

Brunner (Madame), second wife of Gédéon Brunner. The only daughter of a German inn-keeper. She had been

very badly spoiled by her parents. Sterile, dissipated and prodigal, she made her husband very unhappy, thus avenging the first Mme. Brunner. She was a step-mother of the most abominable sort, launching her stepson into an unbridled life, hoping that debauchery would devour both the child and the Jewish fortune. After ten years of wedded life she died before her parents, having made great inroads upon Gédéon Brunner's property. [Cousin Pons.]

Brunner (Frédéric), only son of Gédéon Brunner, born within the first four years of the century. He ran through his maternal inheritance by silly dissipations, and then helped his friend Wilhelm Schwab to make away with the hundred thousand francs his parents had left him. Without resources and cast adrift by his father he went to Paris in 1835, where, upon the recommendation of Graff, the innkeeper, he obtained a position with Keller at six hundred francs per annum. In 1843 he was only two thousand francs ahead; but Gédéon Brunner having died, he became a multi-millionaire. Then for friendship's sake he founded, with his chum Wilhelm, the banking house of "Brunner, Schwab & Co.," on rue Richelieu, between rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs and rue Villedo, in a magnificent building belonging to the tailor, Wolfgang Graff. Frédéric Brunner had been presented by Sylvain Pons to the Camusots de Marville; he would have married their daughter had she not been the only child. The breaking off of this match involved also the relations of Pons with the De Marville family and resulted in the death of the musician. [Cousin Pons.]

Bruno, *valet de chambre* of Corentin at Passy, on rue des Vignes, in 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] About 1840 he was again in the service of Corentin, who was now known as M. du Portail and lived on rue Honoré-Chevalier, at Paris. [The Middle Classes.] This name is sometimes spelled Bruneau.

Brutus, proprietor of the Hôtel des Trois-Maures in the Grande-Rue, Alençon, in 1799, where Alphonse de Montauran met Mlle. de Verneuil for the first time. [The Chouans.]

Buneaud (Madame) ran a bourgeoisie boarding-house in opposition to Mme. Vauquer on the heights of Sainte-Geneviève, Paris, in 1819. [Father Goriot.]

Butifer, noted hunter, poacher and smuggler, living in the village hard by Grenoble, where Dr. Benassis located, during the Restoration. When the doctor arrived in the country, Butifer drew a bead on him, in a corner of the forest. Later, however, he became entirely devoted to him. He was charged by Genestas with the physical education of this officer's adopted son. It may be that Butifer enlisted in Genestas' regiment, after the death of Dr. Benassis. [The Country Doctor.]

Butscha (Jean), head-clerk of Maître Latournelle, a notary at Havre in 1829. Born about 1804. The natural son of a Swedish sailor and a Demoiselle Jacmin of Honfleur. A hunchback. A type of intelligence and devotion. Entirely subservient to Modeste Mignon, whom he loved without hope; he aided, by many adroit methods, to bring about her marriage with Ernest de la Brière. Butscha decided that this union would make the young lady happy. [Modeste Mignon.]

C

Cabirolle, in charge of the stages of Minoret-Levrault, postmaster of Nemours. Probably a widower, with one son. About 1837, a sexagenarian, he married Antoinette Patris, called La Bougival, who was over fifty, but whose income amounted to twelve hundred francs. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Cabirolle, son of the preceding. In 1830 he was Dr. Minoret's coachman at Nemours. Later he was coachman for Savinien de Portenduère, after the vicomte's marriage with Ursule Mirouët. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Cabirolle (Madame), wife of Cabirolle senior. Born Antoinette Patris in 1786, of a poor family of La Bresse. Widow of a workman named Pierre alias Bougival; she was usually designated by the latter name. After having been Ursule

Mirouët's nurse, she became Dr. Minoret's servant, marrying Cabirolle about 1837. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Cabirolle (Madame), mother of Florentine, the *danseuse*. Formerly janitress on rue Pastourelle, but living in 1820 with her daughter on rue de Crussol in a modest affluence assured by Cardot the old silk-dealer, since 1817. According to Girondeau, she was a woman of sense. [A Start in Life. A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Cabirolle (Agathe-Florentine), known as Florentine; born in 1804. In 1817, upon leaving Coulon's class, she was discovered by Cardot, the old silk-merchant, and established by him with her mother in a relatively comfortable flat on rue de Crussol. After having been featured at the Gaïté theatre, in 1820, she danced for the first time in a spectacular drama entitled "The Ruins of Babylon."[1] Immediately afterwards she succeeded Mariette as *première danseuse* at the theatre of the Porte-Saint-Martin. Then in 1823 she made her début at the Opéra in a trio skit with Mariette and Tullia. At the time when Cardot "protected" her, she had for lover the retired Captain Girondeau, and was intimate with Philippe Bridau, to whom she gave money when in need. In 1825 Florentine occupied Coralie's old flat, now for some three years, and it was at this place that Oscar Husson lost at play the money entrusted to him by his employer, Desroches the attorney, and was surprised by his uncle, Cardot. [A Start in Life. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Cabot (Armand-Hippolyte), a native of Toulouse who, in 1800, established a hair-dressing salon on the Place de la Bourse, Paris. On the advice of his customer, the poet Parny, he had taken the name of Marius, a sobriquet which stuck to the establishment. In 1845 Cabot had earned an income of twenty-four thousand francs and lived at Libourne, while a fifth Marius, called Mougin, managed the business founded by him. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

[1] By Renée-Charles Guilbert de Pixérécourt; played for the first time at Paris in 1810.

Cabot (Marie-Anne), known as Lajeunesse, an old servant of Marquis Carol d'Esgrignon. Implicated in the affair of the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne" and executed in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Cachan, attorney at Angoulême under the Restoration. He and Petit-Claud had similar business interests and the same clients. In 1830 Cachan, now mayor of Marsac, had dealings with the Séchards. [Lost Illusions. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Cadenet, Parisian wine-merchant, in 1840, on the ground-floor of a furnished lodging-house, corner of rue des Postes and rue des Poules. Cérizet also dwelt there at that time. Cadenet, who was proprietor of the house, had something to do with the transactions of Cérizet, the "banker of the poor." [The Middle Classes.]

Cadignan (Prince de), a powerful lord of the former régime, father of the Duc de Maufrigneuse, father-in-law of the Duc de Navarreins. Ruined by the Revolution, he had regained his properties and income on the accession of the Bourbons. But he was a spendthrift and devoured everything. He also ruined his wife. He died at an advanced age some time before the Revolution of July. [The Secrets of a Princess.] At the end of 1829, the Prince de Cadignan, then Grand Huntsman to Charles X., rode in a great chase where were also found, amid a very aristocratic throng, the Duc d'Hérouville, organizer of the jaunt, Canalis and Ernest de la Brière, all three of whom were suitors for the hand of Modeste Mignon. [Modeste Mignon.]

Cadignan (Prince and Princesse de), son and daughter-in-law of the preceding. (*See* Maufrigneuse, Duc and Duchesse de.)

Cadine (Jenny), actress at the Gymnase theatre, times of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. The most frolicsome of women, the only rival of Déjazet. Born in 1814. Discovered, trained and "protected" from thirteen years old

on, by Baron Hulot. Intimate friend of Josépha Mirah. [Cousin Betty.] Between 1835 and 1840, while maintained by Couture, she lived on rue Blanche in a delightful little ground-floor flat with its own garden. Fabien du Ronceret and Mme. Schontz succeeded her here. [Béatrix.] In 1845 she was Massol's mistress and lived on rue de la Victoire. At this time, she apparently led astray in short order Palafox Gazonal, who had been taken to her home by Bixiou and Léon de Lora. [The Unconscious Humorists.] About this time she was the victim of a jewelry theft. After the arrest of the thieves her property was returned by Saint-Estève —Vautrin—who was then chief of the special service. [The Member for Arcis.]

Cadot (Mademoiselle), old servant-mistress of Judge Blondet at Alençon, during the Restoration. She pampered her master, and, like him, preferred the elder of the magistrate's two sons. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Calvi (Théodore), alias Madeleine. Born in 1803. A Corsican condemned to the galleys for life on account of eleven murders committed by the time he was eighteen. A member of the same gang with Vautrin from 1819 to 1820. Escaped with him. Having assassinated the widow Pigeau of Nanterre, in May, 1830, he was rearrested and this time sentenced to death. The plotting of Vautrin, who bore for him an unnatural affection, saved his life; the sentence was commuted. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Cambon, lumber merchant, a deputy mayor to Benassis, in 1829, in a community near Grenoble, and a devoted assistant in the work of regeneration undertaken by the doctor. [The Country Doctor.]

Cambremer (Pierre), fisherman of Croisic on the Lower-Loire, time of Louis Philippe, who, for the honor of a jeopardized name, had cast his only son into the sea and afterwards remained desolate and a widower on a cliff near by, in expiation of his crime induced by paternal justice. [A Seaside Tragedy. Béatrix.]

Cambremer (Joseph), younger brother of Pierre Cambremer, father of Pierrette, called Perotte. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Cambremer (Jacques), only son of Pierre Cambremer and Jacquette Brouin. Spoiled by his parents, his mother especially, he became a rascal of the worst type. Jacques Cambremer evaded justice only by reason of the fact that his father gagged him and cast him into the sea. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Cambremer (Madame), born Jacquette Brouin, wife of Pierre Cambremer and mother of Jacques. She was of Guérande; was educated; could write "like a clerk"; taught her son to read and this brought about his ruin. She was usually spoken of as the beautiful Brouin. She died a few days after Jacques. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Cambremer (Pierrette), known as Perotte; daughter of Joseph Cambremer; niece of Pierre and his goddaughter. Every morning the sweet and charming creature came to bring her uncle the bread and water upon which he subsisted. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Caméristus, celebrated physician of Paris under Louis Philippe; the Ballanche of medicine and one of the defenders of the abstract doctrines of Van Helmont; chief of the "Vitalists" opposed to Brisset who headed the "Organists." He as well as Brisset was called in consultation regarding a very serious malady afflicting Raphaël de Valentin. [The Magic Skin.]

Camps (Octave de), lover then husband of Mme. Firmiani. She made him restore the entire fortune of a family named Bourgneuf, ruined in a lawsuit by Octave's father, thus reducing him to the necessity of making a living by teaching mathematics. He was only twenty-two years old when he met Mme. Firmiani. He married her first at Gretna Green. The marriage at Paris took place in 1824 or 1825. Before marriage, Octave de Camps lived on rue de l'Observance. He was a descendant of the famous Abbé de Camps, so well

known among bookmen and savants. [Madame Firmiani.] Octave de Camps reappears as an ironmaster, during the reign of Louis Philippe. At this time he rarely resided at Paris. [The Member for Arcis.]

Camps (Madame Octave de), *née* Cadignan; niece of the old Prince de Cadignan; cousin of the Duc de Maufrigneuse. In 1813, at the age of sixteen, she married M. Firmiani, receiver-general in the department of Montenotte. M. Firmiani died in Greece about 1822, and she became Mme. de Camps in 1824 or 1825. At this time she dwelt on rue du Bac and had entrée into the home of Princesse de Blamont-Chauvry, the oracle of Faubourg Saint-Germain. An accomplished and excellent lady, loved even by her rivals, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, her cousin, Mme. de Macumer —Louise de Chaulieu—and the Marquise d'Espard. [Madame Firmiani.] She welcomed and protected Mme. Xavier Rabourdin. [The Government Clerks.] At the close of 1824 she gave a ball where Charles de Vandenesse made the acquaintance of Mme. d'Aiglemont whose lover he became. [A Woman of Thirty.] In 1834 Mme. Octave de Camps tried to check the slanders going the rounds at the expense of Mme. Félix de Vandenesse, who had compromised herself somewhat on account of the poet Nathan; and Mme. de Camps gave the young woman some good advice. [A Daughter of Eve.] On another occasion she gave exceedingly good counsel to Mme. de l'Estorade, who was afraid of being smitten with Sallenauve. [The Member for Arcis.] Mme. Firmiani, "that was," shared her time between Paris and the furnaces of M. de Camps; but she gave the latter much the preference—at least so said one of her intimate friends, Mme. de l'Estorade. [The Member for Arcis.]

Camuset, one of Bourignard's assumed names.

Camusot, silk-merchant, rue des Bourdonnais, Paris, under the Restoration. Born in 1765. Son-in-law and successor of Cardot, whose eldest daughter he had married. At that time he was a widower, his first wife being a Demoi-

selle Pons, sole heiress of the celebrated Pons family, embroiderers to the Court during the Empire. About 1834 Camusot retired from business, and became a member of the Manufacturers' Council, deputy, peer of France and baron. He had four children. In 1821-1822 he maintained Coralie, who became so violently enamored of Lucien de Rubempré. Although she abandoned him for Lucien, he promised the poet, after the actress' death, that he would purchase for her a permanent plot in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment. Cousin Pons.] Later he was intimate with Fanny Beaupré for some time. [The Muse of the Department.] He and his wife were present at César Birotteau's big ball in December, 1818; he was also chosen commissary-judge of the perfumer's bankruptcy, instead of Gobenheim-Keller, who was first designated. [César Birotteau.] He had dealings with the Gillaumes, clothing merchants, rue Saint-Denis. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Camusot de Marville, son of Camusot the silk-merchant by his first marriage. Born about 1794. During Louis Philippe's reign he took the name of a Norman estate and green, Marville, in order to distinguish between himself and a half-brother. In 1824, then a judge at Alençon, he helped render an alibi decision in favor of Victurnien d'Esgrignon, who really was guilty. [Cousin Pons. Jealousies of a Country Town.] He was judge at Paris in 1828, and was appointed to replace Popinot in the court which was to render a decision concerning the appeal for interdiction presented by Mme. d'Espard against her husband. [The Commission in Lunacy.] In May, 1830, in the capacity of judge of instruction, he prepared a report tending to the liberation of Lucien de Rubempré, accused of assassinating Esther Gobseck. But the suicide of the poet rendered the proposed measure useless, besides upsetting, momentarily, the ambitious projects of the magistrate. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Camusot de Marville had been president of the Court of Nantes. In 1844 he was president of the Royal Court of Paris and commander of the Legion

of Honor. At this time he lived in a house on rue de Hanovre, purchased by him in 1834, where he received the musician Pons, a cousin of his. The President de Marville was elected deputy in 1846. [Cousin Pons.]

Camusot de Marville (Madame), born Thirion, Marie-Cécile-Amélie, in 1798. Daughter of an usher of the Cabinet of Louis XVIII. Wife of the magistrate. In 1814 she frequented the studio of the painter Servin, who had a class for young ladies. This studio contained two factions; Mlle. Thirion headed the party of the nobility, though of ordinary birth, and persecuted Ginevra di Piombo, of the Bonapartist party. [The Vendetta.] In 1818 she was invited to accompany her father and mother to the famous ball of César Birotteau. It was about the time her marriage with Camusot de Marville was being considered. [César Birotteau.] This wedding took place in 1819, and immediately the imperious young woman gained the upper hand with the judge, making him follow her own will absolutely and in the interests of her boundless ambition. It was she who brought about the discharge of the young d'Esgrignon in 1824, and the suicide of Lucien de Rubempré in 1830. Through her, the Marquis d'Espard failed of interdiction. However, Mme. de Marville had no influence over her father-in-law, the senior Camusot, whom she bored dreadfully and importuned excessively. She caused, also, by her evil treatment, the death of Sylvain Pons "the poor relation," inheriting with her husband his fine collection of curios. [Jealousies of a Country Town. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.]

Camusot (Charles), son of the preceding couple. He died young, at a time when his parents had neither land nor title of Marville, and when they were in almost straitened circumstances. [Cousin Pons.]

Camusot de Marville (Cécile). (*See* Popinot, Vicomtesse.)

Canalis (Constant-Cyr-Melchior, Baron de), poet—chief of the "Angelic" school—deputy minister, peer of France,

member of the French Academy, commander of the Legion of Honor. Born at Canalis, Corrèze, in 1800. About 1821 he became the lover of Mme. de Chaulieu, who was constantly aiding him to high positions, but who, at the same time, was always very exacting. Not long after, Canalis is seen at the opera in Mme. d'Espard's box, being presented to Lucien de Rubempré. From 1824 he was the fashionable poet. [Letters of Two Brides. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1829 he lived at number 29 rue Paradis-Poissonière (now simply rue Paradis) and was master of requests in the Council of State. This is the time when he was in correspondence with Modeste Mignon and wished to espouse that rich heiress. [Modeste Mignon.] Shortly after 1830, now a great man, he was present at Mlle. des Touches', when Henri de Marsay told of his first love affair. Canalis took part in the conversation and uttered a most vigorous tirade against Napoleon. [The Magic Skin. Another Study of Woman.] In 1838 he married the daughter of Moreau (de l'Oise), who brought him a very large dowry. [A Start in Life.] In October, 1840, he and Mme. de Rochefide were present at a performance at the Variétés theatre, where that dangerous woman was encountered again after a lapse of three years by Calyste du Guénic. [Béatrix.] In 1845 Canalis was pointed out in the Chamber of Deputies by Léon de Lora to Palefox Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.] In 1845, he consented to act as second to Sallenauve in his duel with Maxime de Trailles. [The Member for Arcis.]

Canalis (Baronne Melchior de), wife of the preceding and daughter of M. and Mme. Moreau (de l'Oise). About the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, she being then recently married, she made a journey to Seine-et-Oise. She went first to Beaumont and Presles. Mme. de Canalis with her daughter and the Academician, occupied Pierrotin's stage-coach. [A Start in Life.]

Cane (Marco-Facino), known as Père Canet, a blind old man, an inmate of the Hospital des Quinze-Vingts, who

during the Restoration followed the vocation of musician, at Paris. He played the clarionet at a ball of the working-people of rue de Charenton, on the occasion of the wedding of Mme. Vaillant's sister. He said he was a Venetian, Prince de Varèse, a descendant of the *condottiere* Facino Cane, whose conquests fell into the hands of the Duke of Milan. He told strange stories regarding his patrician youth. He died in 1820, more than an octogenarian. He was the last of the Canes on the senior branch, and he transmitted the title of Prince de Varèse to a relative, Emilio Memmi. [Facino Cane. Massimilla Doni.]

Cante-Croix (Marquis de), under-lieutenant in one of the regiments which tarried at Angoulême from November, 1807, to March, 1808, while on its way to Spain. He was a Colonel at Wagram on July 6, 1809, although only twenty-six years old, when a shot crushed over his heart the picture of Mme. de Bargeton, whom he loved. [Lost Illusions.]

Cantinet, an old glass-dealer, and beadle of Saint-François church, Marais, Paris, in 1845; dwelt on rue d'Orléans. A drunken idler. [Cousin Pons.]

Cantinet (Madame), wife of preceding ; renter of seats in Saint-François. Last nurse to Sylvain Pons, and a tool to the interests of Fraisier and Poulain. [Cousin Pons.]

Cantinet, Junior, would have been made beadle of Saint-François, where his father and mother were employed, but he preferred the theatre. He was connected with the Cirque-Olympique in 1845. He caused his mother sorrow, by a dissolute life and by forcible inroads on the maternal purse. [Cousin Pons.]

Capraja, a noble Venetian, a recognized dilettante, living only by and through music. Nicknamed "Il Fanatico." Known by the Duke and Duchess Cataneo and their friends. [Massimilla Doni.]

Carabine, assumed name of Séraphine Sinet, which name see.

Carbonneau, physician whom the Comte de Mortsauf spoke of consulting about his wife, in 1820, instead of Dr. Origet, whom he fancied to be unsatisfactory. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Carcado (Madame de), founder of a Parisian benevolent society, for which Mme. de la Baudraye was appointed collector, in March, 1843, on the request of some priests, friends of Mme. Piédefer. This choice resulted, noteworthily, in the re-entrance into society of the "muse," who had been beguiled and compromised by her relations with Lousteau. [The Muse of the Department.]

Cardanet (Madame de), grandmother of Mme. de Senonches. [Lost Illusions.]

Cardinal (Madame), Parisian fish-vender, daughter of one Toupillier, a carrier. Widow of a well-known marketman. Niece of Toupillier the pauper of Saint-Sulpice, from whom in 1840, with Cérizet's assistance, she tried to capture the hidden treasure. This woman had three sisters, four brothers and three uncles, who would have shared with her the pauper's bequest. The scheming of Mme. Cardinal and Cérizet was frustrated by M. du Portail—Corentin. [The Middle Classes.]

Cardinal (Olympe). (*See* Cérizet, Madame.)

Cardot (Jean-Jérôme-Séverin), born in 1755. Head-clerk in an old silk-house, the "Golden Cocoon," rue des Bourdonnais. He bought the establishment in 1793, at the "maximum" moment, and in ten years had made a large fortune, thanks to the dowry of one hundred thousand francs brought him by his wife; she was a Demoiselle Husson, and gave him four children. Of these, the elder daughter married Camusot, who succeeded his father-in-law; the second, Marianne, married Protez, of the firm of Protez & Chiffreville; the elder son became a notary; the younger son, Joseph, took an interest in Matifat's drug business. Cardot was the "protector" of the actress, Florentine, whom he discovered and started. In 1822 he lived at Belleville in one of the first houses above Courtille; he had then

been a widower for six years. He was an uncle of Oscar Husson, and had taken some interest in and helped the dolt, until an incident occurred that changed everything: the old man discovered the young fellow asleep one morning, on one of Florentine's divans, after an orgy wherein he had squandered the money entrusted to him by his employer, Desroches the attorney. [A Start in Life. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment.] Cardot had dealings with the Gillaumes, clothiers, rue Saint-Denis. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] He and his entire family were invited to the great ball given by César Birotteau, December 17, 1818. [César Birotteau.]

Cardot, elder son of the preceding. Parisian notary, successor of Sorbier. Born in 1794. Married to a Demoiselle Chiffreville, of a family of celebrated chemists. Three children were born to them: a son who in 1836 was fourth clerk in his father's business, and should have succeeded him, but dreamed instead of literary fame; Félicie, who married Berthier; and another daughter, born in 1824. The notary Cardot maintained Malaga, during the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Muse of the Department. A Man of Business. Jealousies of a Country Town.] He was attorney for Pierre Grassou, who deposited his savings with him every quarter. [Pierre Grassou.] He was also notary to the Thuilliers, and, in 1840, had presented in their drawing-rooms, on rue Saint-Dominique d'Enfer, Godeschal an aspirant for the hand of Celeste Colleville. After living on Place du Châtelet, Cardot became one of the tenants of the house purchased by the Thuilliers, near the Madeleine. [The Middle Classes.] In 1844 he was mayor and deputy of Paris. [Cousin Pons.]

Cardot (Madame) *née* Chiffreville, wife of Cardot the notary. Very devoted, but a "wooden" woman, a "veritable penitential brush." About 1840 she lived on Place du Châtelet, Paris, with her husband. At this time, the notary's wife took her daughter Félicie to rue des Martyrs, to the home of Etienne Lousteau, whom she had planned

to have for a son-in-law, but whom she finally threw over on account of the journalist's dissipated ways. [The Muse of the Department.]

Cardot (Félicie or Félicité). (*See* Berthier, Madame.)

Carigliano (Maréchal, Duc de), one of the illustrious soldiers of the Empire; husband of a Demoiselle Malin de Gondreville, whom he worshiped, obeyed and stood in awe of, but who deceived him. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] In 1819, Maréchal de Carigliano gave a ball where Eugène de Rastignac was presented by his cousin, the Vicomtesse de Beauséant, at the time he entered the world of fashion. [Father Goriot.] During the Restoration he owned a beautiful house near the Elysée-Bourbon, which he sold to M. de Lanty. [Sarrasine.]

Carigliano (Duchesse de), wife of the preceding, daughter of Senator Malin de Gondreville. At the end of the Empire, when thirty-six years of age, she was the mistress of the young Colonel d'Aiglemont, and of Sommervieux, the painter, almost at the same time; the latter had recently wedded Augustine Guillaume. The Duchesse de Carigliano received a visit from Mme. de Sommervieux, and gave her very ingenious advice concerning the method of reconquering her husband, and binding him forever to her by her coquetry. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] In 1821-1822 she had an opera-box near Mme. d'Espard. Sixte du Châtelet came to her to make his acknowledgments on the evening when Lucien de Rubempré, a newcomer in Paris, cut such a sorry figure at the theatre in company with Mme. de Bargeton. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] 'Twas the Duchesse de Carigliano who, after great effort, found a wife suited to General de Montcornet, in the person of Mlle. de Troisville. [The Peasantry.] Mme. de Carigliano, although a Napoleonic duchesse, was none the less devoted to the House of the Bourbons, being attached especially to the Duchesse de Berry. Becoming imbued also with a high degree of piety, she visited nearly every year a retreat of the Ursulines

of Arcis-sur-Aube. In 1839 Sallenauve's friends counted on the duchesse's support to elect him deputy. [The Member for Arcis.]

Carmagnola (Giambattista), an old Venetian gondolier, entirely devoted to Emilio Memmi, in 1820. [Massimilla Doni.]

Carnot (Lazare-Nicolas-Marguerite), born at Nolay—Cote-d'Or—in 1753; died in 1823. In June, 1800, while Minister of War, he was present in company with Talleyrand, Fouché and Siéyès, at a council held at the home of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, rue du Bac, when the overthrow of First Consul Bonaparte was discussed. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Caroline (Mademoiselle), governess, during the Empire, of the four children of M. and Mme. de Vandenesse. "She was a terror." [The Lily of the Valley.]

Caroline, chambermaid of the Marquis de Listomère, in 1827-1828, on rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain, Paris, when the marquis received a letter from Eugène de Rastignac intended for Delphine de Nucingen. [A Study of Woman.]

Caroline, servant of the Thuilliers in 1840. [The Middle Classes.]

Caron, lawyer, in charge of the affairs of Mlle. Gamard at Tours in 1826. He acted against Abbé François Birotteau. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Carpentier, formerly captain in the Imperial Army, retired at Issoudun during the Restoration. He had a position in the mayor's office. He was allied by marriage to one of the strongest families of the city, the Borniche-Héreaus. He was an intimate friend of the artillery captain, Mignonnet, sharing with him his aversion for Commandant Maxence Gilet. Carpentier and Mignonnet were seconds of Philippe Bridau in his duel with the chief of the "Knights of Idlesse." [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Carpi (Benedetto), jailer of a Venetian prison, where Facino Cane was confined between the years 1760 and 1770. Bribed by the prisoner, he fled with him, carrying a portion of the hidden treasure of the Republic. But he perished soon after, by drowning, while trying to cross the sea. [Facino Cane.]

Carthagenova, a superb basso of the Fenice theatre at Venice. In 1820 he sang the part of Moses in Rossini's opera, with Genovese and La Tinti. [Massimilla Doni.]

Cartier, gardener in the Montparnasse quarter, Paris, during the reign of Louis Philippe. In 1838 he supplied flowers to M. Bernard—Baron de Bourlac—for his daughter Vanda. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Cartier (Madame), wife of the preceding; vender of milk, eggs and vegetables to Mme. Vauthier, landlady of a miserable boarding-house on Boulevard Montparnasse, and also to M. Bernard, lessee of real estate. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Casa-Réal (Duc de), younger brother of Mme. Balthazar Claës; related to the Evangelistas of Bordeaux; of an illustrious family under the Spanish monarchy; his sister had renounced the paternal succession in order to procure for him a marriage worthy of a house so noble. He died young, in 1805, leaving to Mme. Claës, a considerable fortune in money. [The Quest of the Absolute. A Marriage Settlement.]

Castagnould, mate of the "Mignon," a pretty, hundred-ton vessel owned by Charles Mignon, the captain. In this he made several important and prosperous voyages, from 1826 to 1829. Castagnould was a Provençal and an old servant of the Mignon family. [Modeste Mignon.]

Castanier (Rodolphe), retired chief of squadron in the dragoons, under the Empire. Cashier of Baron de Nucingen during the Restoration. Wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He maintained Mme. de la Garde—Aquilina—

and on her account, in 1821, he counterfeited the banker's name on a letter of credit for a considerable amount. John Melmoth, an Englishman, got him out of this scrape by exchanging his own individuality for that of the old officer. Castanier was thus all-powerful, but becoming promptly at outs with the proceeding, he adopted the same tactics of exchange, transferring his power to a financier named Claparon. Castanier was a Southerner. He had seen service from sixteen till nearly forty. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Castanier (Madame), wife of the preceding, married during the first Empire. Her family—that of the bourgeoisie of Nancy—fooled Castanier about the size of her dowry and her "expectations." Mme. Castanier was honest, ugly and sour-tempered. She was separated from her husband, to his relief, and for several years previous to 1821 lived in the suburbs of Strasbourg. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Casteran (De), a very ancient aristocracy of Normandy; related to William the Conqueror; allied with the Verneuils, the Esgrignons and the Troisvilles. The name is pronounced "Cateran." A Demoiselle Blanche de Casteran was the mother of Mlle. de Verneuil, and died Abbess of Notre-Dame de Séez. [The Chouans.] In 1807 Mme. de la Chanterie, then a widow, was hospitably received in Normandy by the Casterans. [The Seamy Side of History.] In 1822 a venerable couple, Marquis and Marquise de Casteran visited the drawing-room of Marquis d'Esgrignon at Alençon. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] The Marquise de Rochefide, *née* Béatrix-Maximilienne-Rose de Casteran, was the younger daughter of a Marquis de Casteran who wished to marry off both his daughters without dowries, and thus save his entire fortune for his son, the Comte de Casteran. [Béatrix.] A Comte de Casteran, son-in-law of the Marquis de Troisville, relative of Mme. de Montcornet, was prefect of a department of Burgundy between 1820 and 1825. [The Peasantry.]

Cataneo (Duke), noble Sicilian, born in 1773; first husband of Massimilla Doni. Physically ruined by early debaucheries,

he was a husband only in name, living only by and through the influence of music. Very wealthy, he had educated Clara Tinti, discovered by him when still a child and a simple tavern servant. The young girl became, thanks to him, the celebrated prima donna of the Fenice theatre, at Venice in 1820. The wonderful tenor Genovese, of the same theatre, was also a protégé of Duke Cataneo, who paid him a high salary to sing only with La Tinti. The Duke Cataneo cut a sorry figure. [Massimilla Doni.]

Cataneo (Duchess), *née* Massimilla Doni, wife of the preceding; married later to Emilio Memmi, Prince de Varèse. (*See* Princesse de Varèse.)

Catherine, an old woman in the service of M. and Mme. Saillard, in 1824. [The Government Clerks.]

Catherine, chambermaid and foster sister of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne in 1803. A handsome girl of nineteen. According to Gothard, Catherine was in all her mistress' secrets and furthered all her schemes. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Cavalier, Fendant's partner; both were book-collectors, publishers and venders in Paris, on rue Serpente in 1821. Cavalier traveled for the house, whose firm name appeared as "Fendant and Cavalier." The two associates failed shortly after having published, without success, the famous romance of Lucien de Rubempré, "The Archer of Charles IX.," which title they had changed for one more fantastic. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1838, a firm of Cavalier published "The Spirit of Modern Law" by Baron Bourlac, sharing the profits with the author. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Cayron, of Languedoc, a vender of parasols, umbrellas and canes, on rue Saint-Honoré in a house adjacent to that inhabited by Birotteau the perfumer in 1818. With the consent of the landlord, Molineux, Cayron sublet two apartments over his shop to his neighbor. He fared badly in

business, suddenly disappearing a short time after the grand ball given by Birotteau. Cayron admired Birotteau. [César Birotteau.]

Célestin, *valet de chambre* of Lucien de Rubempré, on the Malaquais quai, in the closing years of the reign of Charles X. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Cérizet, orphan from the Foundling Hospital, Paris; born in 1802; an apprentice of the celebrated printers Didot, at whose office he was noticed by David Séchard, who took him to Angoulême and employed him in his own shop, where Cérizet performed triple duties of form-maker, compositor and proof-reader. Presently he betrayed his master, and by leaguing with the Cointet Brothers, rivals of David Séchard, he obtained possession of his property. [Lost Illusions.] Following this he was an actor in the provinces; managed a Liberal paper during the Restoration; was sub-prefect at the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe; and finally was a "man of business." In the latter capacity he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling. After business partnership with Georges d'Estourny, and later with Claparon, he stranded and was reduced to transcribing for a justice of the peace in the quartier Saint-Jacques. At the same time he began lending money on short time, and by speculating with the poorer class he acquired a certain competence. Although thoroughly debauched, Cérizet married Olympe Cardinal about 1840. At this time he was implicated in the intrigues of Théodose de la Peyrade and in the interests of Jérôme Thuillier. Becoming possessed of a note of Maxime de Trailles in 1833, he succeeded by Scapinal tactics in obtaining face value of the paper. [A Man of Business. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Middle Classes.]

Cérizet (Olympe Cardinal, Madame), wife of foregoing; born about 1824; daughter of Mme. Cardinal the fish-dealer. Actress at the Bobino, Luxembourg, then at the Folies-Dramatiques, where she made her début in "The Telegraph of Love." At first she was intimate with the first comedian.

Afterwards she had Julien Minard for lover. From the father of the latter she received thirty thousand francs to renounce his son. This money she used as a dowry and it aided in consummating her marriage with Cérizet. [The Middle Classes.]

Césarine, laundry girl at Alençon. Mistress of the Chevalier de Valois, and mother of a child that was attributed to the old aristocrat. It was also said in the town, in 1816, that he had married Césarine clandestinely. These rumors greatly annoyed the chevalier, since he had hoped at this time to wed Mlle. Cormon. Césarine, the sole legatee of her lover, received an income of only six hundred livres. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Césarine, dancer at the Opéra de Paris in 1822; an acquaintance of Philippe Bridau, who at one time thought of breaking off with her on account of his uncle Rouget at Issoudun. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Chabert (Hyacinthe), Count, grand officer of the Legion of Honor, colonel of a cavalry regiment. Left for dead on the battlefield of Eylau (February 7-8, 1807). He was healed at Heilsberg, then locked up in an insane asylum at Stuttgart. Returning to France after the downfall of the Empire, he lived, in 1818, in straitened circumstances, with the herdsman Vergniaud, an old lieutenant of his regiment, on rue du Petit-Banquier, Paris. After having sought without arousing scandal to make good his rights with Rose Chapotel, his wife, now married to Count Ferraud, he sank again into poverty and was convicted of vagrancy. He ended his days at the Hospital de Bicêtre; they had begun at the Foundling Hospital. [Colonel Chabert.]

Chabert (Madame), *née* Rose Chapotel. (*See* Ferraud, Comtesse.)

Chaboisseau, an old bookseller, book-lender, something of a usurer, a millionaire living in 1821-1822 on quai Saint-Michel, where he discussed a business deal with Lucien de Rubempré, who had been piloted there by Lousteau.

[A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] He was a friend of Gobseck and of Gigonnet and with them he frequented, in 1824, the Café Thémis. [The Government Clerks.] During the reign of Louis Philippe he had dealings with the Cérizet-Claparon Company. [A Man of Business.]

Chaffaroux, building-contractor, one of César Birotteau's creditors [César Birotteau]; uncle of Claudine Chaffaroux who became Mme. du Bruel. Rich and a bachelor, he showered much affection upon his niece; she had helped him to launch into business. He died in the second half of the reign of Louis Philippe, leaving an income of forty thousand francs to the former *danseuse.* [A Prince of Bohemia.] In 1840 he did some work on an unfinished house in the suburbs of the Madeleine, purchased by the Thuilliers. [The Middle Classes.]

Chamarolles (Mesdemoiselles), conducted a boarding-school for young ladies at Bourges, at the beginning of the century. This school enjoyed a great reputation in the department. Here was educated Anna Grosetête, who later married the third son of Comte de Fontaine; also Dinah Piédefer who became Mme. de la Baudraye. [The Muse of the Department.]

Champagnac, charman of Limoges, a widower, native of Auvergne. In 1797 Jérôme-Baptiste Sauviat married Champagnac's daughter, who was at least thirty. [The Country Parson.]

Champignelles (De), an illustrious Norman family. In 1822 a Marquis de Champignelles was the head of the leading house of the country at Bayeux. Through marriage this family was allied with the Navarreins, the Blamont-Chauvries, and the Beauséants. Marquis de Champignelles introduced Gaston de Nueil to Mme. de Beauséant's home. [The Deserted Woman.] A M. de Champignelles presented Mme. de la Chanterie to Louis XVIII., at the beginning of the Restoration. The Baronne de la Chanterie was formerly a Champignelles. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Champion (Maurice), a young boy of Montégnac, Haute-Vienne, son of the postmaster of that commune; employed as stable-boy at Mme. Graslin's, time of Louis Philippe. [The Country Parson.]

Champlain (Pierre), vine-dresser, a neighbor of the crazy Margaritis, at Vouvray in 1831. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Champy (Madame de), name given to Esther Gobseck.

Chandour (Stanislas de), born in 1781; one of the habitues of the Bargeton's drawing-room at Angoulême, and the "beau" of that society. In 1821 he was decorated. He obtained some success with the ladies by his sarcastic pleasantries in the fashion of the eighteenth century. Having spread about town a slander relating to Mme. de Bargeton and Lucien de Rubempré, he was challenged by her husband and was wounded in the neck by a bullet, which wound brought on him a kind of chronic twist of the neck. [Lost Illusions.]

Chandour (Amélie de), wife of the preceding; charming conversationalist, but troubled with an unacknowledged asthma. In Angoulême she posed as the antagonist of her friend, Mme. de Bargeton. [Lost Illusions.]

Chanor, partner of Florent, both being workers and dealers in bronze, rue des Tournelles, Paris, time of Louis Philippe. Wenceslas Steinbock was at first an apprentice and afterwards an employe of the firm. [Cousin Betty.] In 1845, Frédéric Brunner obtained a watch-chain and a cane-knob from the firm of Florent & Chanor. [Cousin Pons.]

Chantonnit, mayor of Riceys, near Besançon, between 1830 and 1840. He was a native of Neufchatel, Switzerland, and a Republican. He was involved in a lawsuit with the Wattevilles. Albert Savarus pleaded for them against Chantonnit. [Albert Savarus.]

Chapeloud (Abbé), canon of the Church of Saint-Gatien at Tours. Intimate friend of the Abbé Birotteau, to whom he bequeathed on his death-bed, in 1824, a set of furniture

and a library of considerable value which had been ardently coveted by the naïve priest. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Chaperon (Abbé), Curé of Némours, Seine-et-Marne, after the re-establishment of religious worship following the Revolution. Born in 1755, died in 1841, in that city. He was a friend of Dr. Minoret and helped educate Ursule Mirouët, a niece of the physician. He was nicknamed "the Fenélon of Gâtinais." His successor was the curé of Saint-Lange, the priest who tried to give religious consolation to Mme. d'Aiglemont, a prey to despair. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Chapotel (Rose), family name of Mme. Chabert, who afterwards became Comtesse Ferraud, which name see.

Chapoulot (Monsieur and Madame), formerly lace-dealers of rue Saint-Denis in 1845. Tenants of the house, rue de Normandie, where lived Pons and Schmucke. One evening, when M. and Mme. Chapoulot accompanied by their daughter Victorine were returning from the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique, they met Héloïse Brisetout on the landing, and a little conjugal scene resulted. [Cousin Pons.]

Chapuzot (Monsieur and Madame), porters of Marguerite Turquet, known as Malaga, rue des Fosses-du-Temple at Paris in 1836; afterwards her servants and her confidants when she was maintained by Thaddée Paz. [The Imaginary Mistress.]

Chapuzot, chief of division to the prefecture of police in the time of Louis Philippe. Visited and consulted in 1843 by Victorin Hulot on account of Mme. de Saint-Estève. [Cousin Betty.]

Chardin (Père), old mattress-maker, and a sot. In 1843 he acted as a go-between for Baron Hulot under the name of Père Thoul, and Cousin Betty, who concealed from the family the infamy of its head. [Cousin Betty.]

Chardin, son of the preceding. At first a watchman for Johann Fischer, commissariat for the Minister of War in the province of Oran from 1838 to 1841. Afterwards *claqueur*

in a theatre under Braulard, and designated at that time by the name of Idamore. A brother of Elodie Chardin whom he procured for Père Thoul in order to release Olympe Bijou whose lover he himself was. After Olympe Bijou, Chardin paid court in 1843 to a young *première* of the Théâtre des Funambules. [Cousin Betty.]

Chardin (Elodie), sister of Chardin alias Idamore; lace-mender; mistress of Baron Hulot—Père Thoul—in 1843. She lived then with him at number 7 rue des Bernardins. She had succeeded Olympe Bijou in the old fellow's affections. [Cousin Betty.]

Chardon, retired surgeon of the army of the Republic; established as a druggist at Angoulême during the Empire. He was engrossed in trying to cure the gout, and he also dreamed of replacing rag-paper with paper made from vegetable fibre, after the manner of the Chinese. He died at the beginning of the Restoration at Paris, where he had come to solicit the sanction of the Academy of Science, in despair at the lack of result, leaving a wife and two children poverty-stricken. [Lost Illusions.]

Chardon (Madame), *née* Rubempré, wife of the preceding. The final branch of an illustrious family. Saved from the scaffold in 1793 by the army surgeon Chardon who declared her enceinte by him and who married her despite their mutual poverty. Reduced to suffering by the sudden death of her husband, she concealed her misfortunes under the name of Mme. Charlotte. She adored her two children, Eve and Lucien. Mme. Chardon died in 1827. [Lost Illusions. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Chardon (Lucien). (*See* Rubempré, Chardon de.)

Chardon (Eve). (*See* Séchard, Madame David.)

Charels (The), worthy farmers in the outskirts of Alençon; the father and mother of Olympe Charel who became the wife of Michaud, the head-keeper of General de Montcornet's estate. [The Peasantry.]

Chargeboeuf (Marquis de), a Champagne gentleman, born in 1739, head of the house of Chargeboeuf in the time of the Consulate and the Empire. His lands reached from the department of Seine-et-Marne into that of the Aube. A relative of the Hauteserres and the Simeuses whom he sought to erase from the emigrant list in 1804, and whom he assisted in the lawsuit in which they were implicated after the abduction of Senator Malin. He was also related to Laurence de Cinq-Cygne. The Chargeboeufs and the Cinq-Cygnes had the same origin, the Frankish name of Duineff being their joint property. Cinq-Cygne became the name of the junior branch of the Chargeboeufs. The Marquis de Chargeboeuf was acquainted with Talleyrand, at whose instance he was enabled to transmit a petition to First-Consul Bonaparte. M. de Chargeboeuf was apparently reconciled to the new order of things springing out of the year '89; at any rate he displayed much politic prudence. His family reckoned their ancient titles from the Crusades; his name arose from an equerry's exploit with Saint Louis in Egypt. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Chargeboeuf (Madame de), mother of Bathilde de Chargeboeuf who married Denis Rogron. She lived at Troyes with her daughter during the Restoration. She was poor but haughty. [Pierrette.]

Chargeboeuf (Bathilde de), daughter of the preceding; married Denis Rogron. (*See* Rogron, Madame.)

Chargeboeuf (Melchior-René, Vicomte de), of the poor branch of the Chargeboeufs. Made sub-prefect of Arcis-sur-Aube in 1815, through the influence of his kinswoman, Mme. de Cinq-Cygne. It was there that he met Mme. Séverine Beauvisage. A mutual attachment resulted, and a daughter called Cécile-Renée was born of their intimacy. [The Member for Arcis.] In 1820 the Vicomte de Chargeboeuf removed to Sancerre where he knew Mme. de la Baudraye. She would probably have favored him, had he not been made prefect and left the city. [The Muse of the Department.]

Chargeboeuf (De), secretary of attorney-general Granville at Paris in 1830; then a young man. Entrusted by the magistrate with the details of Lucien de Rubempré's funeral, which was carried through in such a way as to make one believe that he had died a free man and in his own home, on quai Malaquais. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Chargegrain (Louis), inn-keeper of Littray, Normandy. He had dealings with the brigands and was arrested in the suit of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne, in 1809, but acquitted. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Charles, first name of a rather indifferent young painter, who in 1819 boarded at the Vauquer pension. A tutor at college and a Museum attaché; very jocular; given to personal witticisms, which were often aimed at Goriot. [Father Goriot.]

Charles, a young prig who was killed in a duel of small arms with Raphaël de Valentin at Aix, Savoy, in 1831. Charles had boasted of having received the title of "Bachelor of shooting" from Lepage at Paris, and that of doctor from Lozès the "King of foils." [The Magic Skin.]

Charles, *valet de chambre* of M. d'Aiglemont at Paris in 1823. The marquis complained of his servant's carelessness. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Charles, footman to Comte de Montcornet at Aigues, Burgundy, in 1823. Through no good motive he paid court to Catherine Tonsard, being encouraged in his gallantries by Fourchon the girl's maternal grandfather, who desired to have a spy in the château. In the peasants' struggle against the people of Aigues, Charles usually sided with the peasants: "Sprung from the people, their livery remained upon him." [The Peasantry.]

Charlotte, a great lady, a duchess, and a widow without children. She was loved by Marsay then only sixteen and some six years younger than she. She deceived him and he resented by procuring her a rival. She died young of consumption. He husband was a statesman. [Another Study of Woman.]

Charlotte (Madame), name assumed by Mme. Chardon, in 1821 at Angoulême, when obliged to make a living as a nurse. [Lost Illusions.]

Châtelet (Sixte, Baron du), born in 1776 as plain Sixte Châtelet. About 1806 he qualified for and later was made baron under the Empire. His career began with a secretaryship to an Imperial princess. Later he entered the diplomatic corps, and finally, under the Restoration, M. de Barante selected him for director of the indirect taxes at Angoulême. Here he met and married Mme. de Bargeton when she became a widow in 1821. He was the prefect of the Charente. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1824 he was count and deputy. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Châtelet accompanied General Marquis Armand de Montriveau in a perilous and famous excursion into Egypt. [The Thirteen.]

Châtelet (Marie-Louise-Anaïs de Nègrepelisse, Baronne du), born in 1785; cousin by marriage of the Marquise d'Espard; married in 1803 to M. de Bargeton of Angoulême; widow in 1821 and married to Baron Sixte du Châtelet, prefect of the Charente. Temporarily enamored of Lucien de Rubempré, she attached him to her party in a journey to Paris made necessary by provincial slanders and ambition. There she abandoned her youthful lover at the instigation of Châtelet and of Mme. d'Espard. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1824, Mme. du Châtelet attended Mme. Rabourdin's evening reception. [The Government Clerks.] Under the direction of Abbé Niolant (or Niollant), Madame du Châtelet, orphaned of her mother, had been reared a little too boyishly at l'Escarbas, a small paternal estate situated near Barbezieux. [Lost Illusions.]

Chatillonest (De), an old soldier; father of Marquise d'Aiglemont. He was hardly reconciled to her marriage with her cousin, the brilliant colonel. [A Woman of Thirty.] The device of the house of Chatillonest (or Chastillonest) was:

Fulgens, sequar ("Shining, I follow thee"). Jean Butscha had put this device beneath a star on his seal. [Modeste Mignon.]

Chaudet (Antoine-Denis) sculptor and painter, born in Paris in 1763, interested in the birth of Joseph Bridau's genius. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Chaulieu (Henri, Duc de), born in 1773; peer of France; one of the gentlemen of the Court of Louis XVIII. and of that of Charles X., principally in favor under the latter. After having been ambassador from France to Madrid, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs at the beginning of 1830. He had three children: the eldest was the Duc de Rhétoré; the second became Duc de Lenoncourt-Givry through his marriage with Madeleine de Mortsauf; the third, a daughter, Armande-Louise-Marie, married Baron de Macumer and, left a widow, afterwards married the poet Marie Gaston. [Letters of Two Brides. Modeste Mignon. A Bachelor's Establishment.] The Duc de Chaulieu was on good terms with the Grandlieus and promised them to obtain the title of marquis for Lucien de Rubempré, who was aspiring to the hand of their daughter Clotilde. The Duc de Chaulieu resided in Paris in very close relations with these same Grandlieus of the elder branch. More than once he took particular interest in the family's affairs. He employed Corentin to clear up the dark side of the life of Clotilde's fiancé. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Some time before this M. de Chaulieu made one of a portentous conclave assembled to extricate Mme. de Langeais, a relative of the Grandlieus, from a serious predicament. [The Thirteen.]

Chaulieu (Eléonore, Duchesse de), wife of the preceding. She was a friend of M. d'Aubrion and sought to influence him to bring about the marriage of Mlle. d'Aubrion with Charles Grandet. [Eugénie Grandet.] For a long time she was the mistress of the poet Canalis, several years her junior. She protected him, helping him on in the world, and in public life, but she was very jealous and kept him

under strict surveillance. She still retained her hold of him at fifty years. Mme. de Chaulieu gave her husband the three children designated in the duc's biography. Her hauteur and coquetry subdued most of her maternal sentiments. During the last year of the second Restoration, Eléonore de Chaulieu followed on the way to Normandy, not far from Rosny, a chase almost royal where her sentiments were fully occupied. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Chaulieu (Armande-Louise-Marie de), daughter of Duc and Duchesse de Chaulieu. (*See* Marie Gaston, Madame.)

Chaussard (The Brothers), inn-keepers at Louvigny, Orne; old game-keepers of the Troisville estate, implicated in a trial known as the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne" in 1809. Chaussard the elder was condemned to twenty years' hard labor, was sent to the galleys, and later was pardoned by the Emperor. Chaussard junior was contumacious, and therefore received sentence of death. Later he was cast into the sea by M. de Boislaurier for having been traitorous to the Chouans. A third Chaussard, enticed into the ranks of the police by Contenson, was assassinated in a nocturnal affair. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Chavoncourt (De), Besançon gentleman, highly thought of in the town, representing an old parliamentary family. A deputy under Charles X., one of the famous 221 who signed the address to the King on March 18, 1830. He was re-elected under Louis Philippe. Father of three children but possessing a rather slender income. The family of Chavoncourt was acquainted with the Wattevilles. [Albert Savarus.]

Chavoncourt (Madame de), wife of the preceding and one of the beauties of Besançon. Born about 1794; mother of three children; managed capably the household with its slender resources. [Albert Savarus.]

Chavoncourt (De), born in 1812. Son of M. and Mme. de Chavoncourt of Besançon. College-mate and chum of M. de Vauchelles. [Albert Savarus.]

Chavoncourt (Victoire de), second child and elder daughter of M. and Mme. de Chavoncourt. Born between 1816 and 1817. M. de Vauchelles desired to wed her in 1834. [Albert Savarus.]

Chavoncourt (Sidonie de), third and last child of M. and Mme. de Chavoncourt of Besançon. Born in 1818. [Albert Savarus.]

Chazelle, clerk under the Minister of Finance, in Baudoyer's bureau, in 1824. A benedict and wife-led, although wishing to appear his own master. He argued without ceasing upon subjects and through causes the idlest with Paulmier the bachelor. The one smoked, the other took snuff; this different way of taking tobacco was one of the endless themes between the two. [The Government Clerks.]

Chelius, physician of Heidelberg with whom Halpersohn corresponded, during the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Chervin, a police-corporal at Montégnac near Limoges in 1829. [The Country Parson.]

Chesnel, or Choisnel, notary at Alençon, time of Louis XVIII. Born in 1753. Old attendant of the house of Gordes, also of the d'Esgrignon family whose property he had protected during the Revolution. A widower, childless, and possessed of a considerable fortune, he had an aristocratic clientele, notably that of Mme. de la Chanterie. On every hand he received that attention which his good points merited. M. du Bousquier held him in profound hatred, blaming him with the refusal which Mlle. d'Esgrignon had made of Du Bousquier's proffered hand in marriage, and another check of the same nature which he experienced at first from Mlle. Cormon. By a dexterous move in 1824 Chesnel succeeded in rescuing Victurnien d'Esgrignon, though guilty, from the Court of Assizes. The old notary succumbed soon after this event. [The Seamy Side of History. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Chessel (De), owner of the château and estate of Frapesle near Saché in Touraine. Friend of the Vandenesses; he introduced their son Félix to his neighbors, the Mortsaufs. The son of a manufacturer named Durand who became very rich during the Revolution, but whose plebeian name he had entirely dropped; instead he adopted that of his wife, the only heiress of the Chessels, an old parliamentary family. M. de Chessel was director-general and twice deputy. He received the title of count under Louis XVIII. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Chessel (Madame de), wife of the preceding. She made up elaborate toilettes. [The Lily of the Valley.] In 1824 she frequented Mme. Rabourdin's Paris home. [The Government Clerks.]

Chevrel (Monsieur and Madame), founders of the house of the "Cat and Racket," rue Saint-Denis, at the close of the eighteenth century. Father and mother of Mme. Guillaume, whose husband succeeded to the management of the firm. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Chevrel, rich Parisian banker at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Probably brother and brother-in-law of the foregoing. He had a daughter who married Maître Roguin. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Chiavari (Prince de), brother of the Duke of Vissembourg; son of Maréchal Vernon. [Béatrix.]

Chiffreville (Monsieur and Madame), ran a very prosperous drug-store and laboratory in Paris during the Restoration. Their partners were MM. Protez and Cochin. This firm had frequent business dealings with César Birotteau's "Queen of Roses"; it also supplied Balthazar Claës. [César Birotteau. The Quest of the Absolute.]

Chigi (Prince), great lord of Rome in 1758. He boasted of having "made a soprano out of Zambinella" and disclosed the fact to Sarrasine that this creature was not a woman. [Sarrasine.]

Chissé (Madame de), great aunt of M. du Bruel; a grasping old Provincial at whose home the retired dancer Tullia, now Mme. du Bruel, was fortunate to pass a summer in a rather hypocritical religious penance. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Chocardelle (Mademoiselle), known as Antonia; a Parisian courtesan during the reign of Louis Philippe; born in 1814. Maxime de Trailles spoke of her as a woman of wit; "She's a pupil of mine, indeed," said he. About 1834 she lived on rue Helder and for fifteen days was the mistress of M. de la Palférine. [Béatrix. A Prince of Bohemia.] For a time she operated a reading-room that M. de Trailles had established for her on rue Coquenard. Like Marguerite Turquet she had "well soaked the little d'Esgrignon." [A Man of Business.] In 1838 she was present at the "house-warming" to Joséphа Mirah on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. [Cousin Betty.] In 1839 she accompanied her lover Maxime de Trailles to Arcis-sur-Aube to aid him in his official transactions relating to the legislative elections. [The Member for Arcis.]

Choin (Mademoiselle), good Catholic who built a parsonage on some land at Blangy bought expressly by her in the eighteenth century; the property was acquired later by Rigou. [The Peasantry.]

Chollet (Mother), janitress of a house on rue du Sentier occupied by Finot's paper in 1821. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Chrestien (Michel), Federalist Republican; member of the "Cénacle" of rue des Quatre-Vents. In 1819 he and his friends were invited by the widow Bridau to her home to celebrate the return of her elder son Philippe from Texas. He posed as a Roman senator in a historic picture. The painter Joseph Bridau was a friend of his. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] About 1822 Chrestien fought a duel with Lucien Chardon de Rubempré on account of Daniel d'Arthez. He was a great though unknown statesman. He was killed at Saint-Merri cloister on June 6, 1832, where he was

defending ideas not his own. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] He became foolishly enamored of Diane de Maufrigneuse, but did not confess his love save by a letter addressed to her just before he went to his death at the barricade. He had saved the life of M. de Maufrigneuse in the Revolution of July, 1830, through love for the duchesse. [The Secrets of a Princess.]

Christemio, creole and foster-father of Paquita Valdès, whose protector and body-guard he constituted himself. The Marquis de San-Réal caused his death for having abetted the intimacy between Paquita and Marsay. [The Thirteen.]

Christophe, native of Savoy; servant of Mme. Vauquer on rue Neuve-Saint-Geneviève, Paris, in 1819. He alone was with Rastignac at the funeral of Goriot, accompanying the body as far as Père-Lachaise in the priest's carriage. [Father Goriot.]

Cibot, alias Galope-Chopine, also called Cibot the Great. A Chouan implicated in the Breton insurrection of 1799. Decapitated by his cousin Cibot, alias Pille-Miche, and by Marche-à-Terre for having unthinkingly betrayed the brigand position to the "Blues." [The Chouans.]

Cibot (Barbette), wife of Cibot, alias Galope-Chopine. She went over to the "Blues" after her husband's execution, and vowed through vengeance to devote her son, who was still a child, to the Republican cause. [The Chouans.]

Cibot (Jean), alias Pille-Miche; one of the Chouans of the Breton insurrection of 1799; cousin of Cibot, alias Galope-Chopine, and his murderer. Pille-Miche it was, also, who shot and killed Adjutant Gerard of the 72d demi-brigade at the Vivetière. [The Chouans.] Signalized as the hardiest of the indirect allies of the brigands in the affair of the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne." Tried and executed in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Cibot, born in 1786. From 1818 to 1845 he was tailor-janitor in a house in rue de Normandie, belonging to Claude-

Joseph Pillerault, where dwelt Pons and Schmucke, the two musicians, time of Louis Philippe. Poisoned by the pawnbroker Rémonencq, Cibot died at his post in April, 1845, on the same day of Sylvain Pons' demise. [Cousin Pons.]

Cibot (Madame). (*See* Rémonencq, Madame.)

Cicognara, Roman Cardinal in 1758; protector of Zambinella. He caused the assassination of Sarrasine who otherwise would have slain Zambinella. [Sarrasine.]

Cinq-Cygne, the name of an illustrious family of Champagne, the younger branch of the house of Chargeboeuf. These two branches of the same stock had a common origin in the Duineffs of the Frankish people. The name of Cinq-Cygne arose from the defence of a castle made, in the absence of their father, by five (*cinq*) daughters all remarkably fair. On the blazon of the house of Cinq-Cygne is placed for device the response of the eldest of the five sisters when summoned to surrender: "We die singing!" [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Cinq-Cygne (Comtesse de), mother of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne. Widow at the time of the Revolution. She died in the height of a nervous fever induced by an attack on her château at Troyes by the populace in 1793. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Cinq-Cygne (Marquis de), name of Adrien d'Hauteserre after his marriage with Laurence de Cinq-Cygne. (*See* Hauteserre, Adrien d'.)

Cinq-Cygne (Laurence, Comtesse, afterwards Marquise de), born in 1781. Left an orphan at the age of twelve, she lived, at the last of the eighteenth and first of the nineteenth century, with her kinsman and tutor M. d'Hauteserre at Cinq-Cygne, Aube. She was loved by both her cousins, Paul-Marie and Marie-Paul de Simeuse, and also by the younger of her tutor's two sons, Adrien d'Hauteserre, whom she married in 1813. Laurence de Cinq-Cygne struggled valiantly against a cunning and redoubtable police-agency,

the soul of which was Corentin. The King of France approved the charter of the Count of Champagne, by virtue of which, in the family of Cinq-Cygne, a woman might "ennoble and succeed"; therefore the husband of Laurence took the name and the arms of his wife. Although an ardent Royalist she went to seek the Emperor as far as the battlefield of Jéna, in 1806, to ask pardon for the two Simeuses and the two Hauteserres involved in a political trial and condemned to hard labor, despite their innocence. Her bold move succeeded. The Marquise de Cinq-Cygne gave her husband two children, Paul and Berthe. This family passed the winter season at Paris in a magnificent mansion on Faubourg du Roule. [The Gondreville Mystery.] In 1832 Mme. de Cinq-Cygne, at the instance of the Archbishop of Paris, consented to call on the Princesse de Cadignan who had reformed. [The Secrets of a Princess.] In 1836 Mme. de Cinq-Cygne was intimate with Mme. de la Chanterie. [The Seamy Side of History.] Under the Restoration, and principally during Charles X.'s reign, Mme. de Cinq-Cygne exercised a sort of sovereignty over the Department of the Aube which the Comte de Gondreville counterbalanced in a measure by his family connections and through the generosity of the department. Some time after the death of Louis XVIII. she brought about the election of François Michu as president of the Arcis Court. [The Member for Arcis.]

Cinq-Cygne (Jules de), only brother of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne. He emigrated at the outbreak of the Revolution and died for the Royalist cause at Mayence. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Cinq-Cygne (Paul de), son of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne and of Adrien d'Hauteserre; he became marquis after his father's death. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Cinq-Cygne (Berthe de). (*See* Maufrigneuse, Mme. Georges de.)

Ciprey of Provins, Seine-et-Marne; nephew of the maternal grandmother of Pierrette Lorrain. He formed one of the

family council called together in 1828 to decide whether or not the young girl should remain underneath Denis Rogron's roof. This council replaced Rogron with the notary Auffray and chose Ciprey for vice-guardian. [Pierrette.]

Claës-Molina (Balthazar), Comte de Nourho; born at Douai in 1761 and died in the same town in 1832; sprung from a famous family of Flemish weavers, allied to a very noble Spanish family, time of Philip II. In 1795 he married Joséphine de Temninck of Brussels, and lived happily with her until 1809, at which time a Polish officer, Adam de Wierzchownia, seeking shelter at the Claës mansion, discussed with him the subject of chemical affinity. From that time on Balthazar, who formerly had worked in Lavoisier's laboratory, buried himself exclusively in the "quest of the absolute." He expended seven millions in experiments, leaving his wife to die of neglect. From 1820 to 1825[1] he was tax-collector in Brittany—duties performed by his elder daughter who had secured the position for him in order to divert him from his barren labors. During this time she rehabilitated the family fortunes. Balthazar died, almost insane, crying "Eureka!" [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Claës (Joséphine de Temninck, Madame), wife of Balthazar Claës; born at Brussels in 1770, died at Douai in 1816; a native Spaniard on her mother's side; commonly called Pepita. She was small, crooked and lame, with heavy black hair and glowing eyes. She gave her husband four children: Marguerite, Félicie, Gabriel (or Gustave) and Jean-Balthazar. She was passionately devoted to her husband, and died of grief over his neglect of her for the scientific experiments which never came to an end. [The Quest of the Absolute.] Mme. Claës counted among her kin the Evangelistas of Bordeaux. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Claës (Marguerite), elder daughter of Balthazar Claës and Joséphine de Temninck. (*See* Solis, Madame de.)

[1] Given erroneously in original text as 1852.—J. W. M.

Claës (Félicie), second daughter of Balthazar Claës and of Joséphine de Temninck; born in 1801. (*See* Pierquin, Madame.)

Claës (Gabriel or Gustave), third child of Balthazar Claës and of Joséphine de Temninck; born about 1802. He attended the College of Douai, afterwards entering the Ecole Polytechnique, becoming an engineer of roads and bridges. In 1825 he married Mlle. Conyncks of Cambrai. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Claës (Jean-Balthazar) last child of Balthazar Claës and Joséphine de Temninck; born in the early part of the nineteenth century. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Clagny (J.-B. de), public prosecutor at Sancerre in 1836. A passionate admirer of Dinah de la Baudraye. He got transferred to Paris when she returned there, and became successively the substitute for the general prosecutor, attorney-general and finally attorney-general to the Court of Cassation. He watched over and protected the misguided woman, consenting to act as godfather to the child she had by Lousteau. [The Muse of the Department.]

Clagny (Madame de), wife of the preceding. To use an expression of M. Gravier's, she was "ugly enough to chase a young Cossack" in 1814. Mme. de Clagny associated with Mme. de la Baudraye. [The Muse of the Department.]

Claparon, clerk for the Minister of the Interior under the Republic and Empire. Friend of Bridau, Sr., after whose death he continued his cordial relations with Mme. Bridau. He gave much attention to Philippe and Joseph on their mother's account. Claparon died in 1820. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Claparon (Charles), son of the preceding; born about 1790. Business man and banker (rue de Provence); at first a commercial traveler; an aide of F. du Tillet in transactions of somewhat shady nature. He was invited to the famous ball given by César Birotteau in honor of César's nomination to the Legion of Honor and the release of French possessions.

[A Bachelor's Establishment. César Birotteau.] In 1821, at the Bourse in Paris, he made a peculiar bargain with the cashier Castanier, who transferred to him, in exchange for his own individuality, the power which he had received from John Melmoth, the Englishman. [Melmoth Reconciled.] He was interested in the third liquidation of Nucingen in 1826, a settlement which made the fortune of the Alsatian banker whose "man of straw" he was for some time. [The Firm of Nucingen.] He was associated with Cérizet who deceived him in a deal about a house sold to Thuillier. Becoming bankrupt he embarked for America about 1840. He was probably condemned for contumacy on account of swindling. [A Man of Business. The Middle Classes.]

Clapart, employé to the prefecture of the Seine during the Restoration, at a salary of twelve hundred francs. Born about 1776. About 1803 he married a widow Husson, aged twenty-two. At that time he was employed in the Bureau of Finance, at a salary of eighteen hundred francs and a promise of more. But his known incapacity held him down to a secondary place. At the fall of the Empire he lost his position, obtaining his new one on the recommendation of the Comte de Sérizy. Mme. Husson had by her first husband a child that was Clapart's evil genius. In 1822 his family occupied an apartment renting for two hundred and fifty francs at number seven rue de la Cerisaie. There he saw much of the old pensioner Poiret. Clapart was killed by the Fieschi attack of July 28, 1835. [A Start in Life.]

Clapart (Madame), wife of the preceding; born in 1780; one of the "Aspasias" of the Directory, and famous for her acquaintance with one of the "Pentarques." He married her to Husson the contractor, who made millions but who became bankrupt suddenly through the First Consul, and suicided in 1802. At that time she was mistress of Moreau, steward of M. de Sérizy. Moreau was in love with her and would have made her his wife, but just then was under sentence of death and a fugitive. Thus it was that in her

distress she married Clapart, a clerk in the Bureau of Finance. By her first husband Mme. Clapart had a son, Oscar Husson, whom she was bound up in, but whose boyish pranks caused her much trouble. During the first Empire Mme. Clapart was a lady-in-waiting to Mme. Mère—Letitia Bonaparte. [A Start in Life.]

Clarimbault (Maréchal de), maternal grandfather of Mme. de Beauséant. He had married the daughter of Chevalier de Rastignac, great-uncle of Eugène de Rastignac. [Father Goriot.]

Claude, an idiot who died in the village of Dauphiné in 1829, nursed and metamorphosed by Dr. Benassis. [The Country Doctor.]

Cleretti, an architect of Paris who was quite the fashion in 1843. Grindot, though decadent at this time, tried to compete with him. [Cousin Betty.]

Clerget (Basine), laundress at Angoulême during the Restoration, who succeeded Mme. Prieur with whom Eve Chardon had worked. Basine Clerget concealed David Séchard and Kolb when Séchard was pursued by the Cointet brothers. [Lost Illusions.]

Clousier, retired attorney of Limoges; justice of the peace at Montégnac after 1809. He was in touch with Mme. Graslin when she moved there about 1830. An upright, phlegmatic man who finally led the contemplative life of one of the ancient hermits. [The Country Parson.]

Cochegrue (Jean), a Chouan who died of wounds received at the fight of La Pélerine or at the siege of Fougères in 1799. Abbé Gudin said a mass, in the forest, for the repose of Jean Cochegrue, and others slain by the "Blues." [The Chouans.]

Cochet (Françoise), chambermaid of Modeste Mignon at Havre in 1829. She received the answers to the letters addressed by Modeste to Canalis. She had also faithfully served Bettina-Caroline, Modeste's elder sister who took her to Paris. [Modeste Mignon.]

Cochin (Emile-Louis-Lucien-Emmanuel), employé in Clergeot's division of the Bureau of Finance during the Restoration. He had a brother who looked after him in the administration. At this time Cochin was also a silent partner in Matifat's drug-store. Colleville invented an anagram on Cochin's name; with his given names it made up "Cochenille." Cochin and his wife were in Birotteau's circle, being present with their son at the famous ball given by the perfumer. In 1840, Cochin, now a baron, was spoken of by Anselme Popinot as the oracle of the Lombard and Bourdonnais quarters. [César Birotteau. The Government Clerks. The Firm of Nucingen. The Middle Classes.]

Cochin (Adolphe), son of the preceding; an employé of the Minister of Finance as his father had been for some years. In 1826 his parents tried to obtain for him the hand of Mlle. Matifat. [César Birotteau. The Firm of Nucingen.]

Coffinet, porter of a house belonging to Thuillier on rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer, Paris, in 1840. His employer put him to work in connection with the "Echo de la Bièvre," when Louis-Jérôme Thuillier became editor-in-chief of this paper. [The Middle Classes.]

Coffinet (Madame), wife of the preceding. She looked after Théodose de la Peyrade's establishment. [The Middle Classes.]

Cognet, inn-keeper at Issoudun during the Restoration. House of the "Knights of Idlesse" captained by Maxence Gilet. A former groom; born about 1767; short, thickset, wife-led; one-eyed. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Cognet (Madame), known as Mother Cognet, wife of the preceding; born about 1783. A retired cook of a good house, who on account of her "Cordon blue" talents, was chosen to be the Léonarde of the Order which had Maxence Gilet for chief. A tall, swarthy woman of intelligent and pleasant demeanor. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Cointet (Boniface), and his brother Jean, ran a thriving printing-office at Angoulême during the Restoration. He ruined David Séchard's shop by methods hardly honorable. Boniface Cointet was older than Jean, and was usually called Cointet the Great. He put on the devout. Extremely wealthy, he became deputy, was made a peer of France and Minister of Commerce in Louis Philippe's coalition ministry. In 1842 he married Mlle. Popinot, daughter of Anselme Popinot. [Lost Illusions. The Firm of Nucingen.] On May 28, 1839, he presided at the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies when the election of Sallenauve was ratified. [The Member for Arcis.]

Cointet (Jean), younger brother of the preceding; known as "Fatty" Cointet; was foreman of the printing-office, while his brother ran the business end. Jean Cointet passed for a good fellow and acted the generous part. [Lost Illusions.]

Colas (Jacques), a consumptive child of a village near Grenoble, who was attended by Dr. Benassis. His passion was singing, for which he had a very pure voice. Lived with his mother who was poverty-stricken. Died in the latter part of 1829 at the age of fifteen, shortly after the death of his benefactor, the physician. A nephew of Moreau, the old laborer. [The Country Doctor.]

Colleville, son of a talented musician, once leading violin of the Opéra under Francœur and Rebel. He himself was first clarionet at the Opéra-Comique, and at the same time chief clerk under the Minister of Finance, and, in addition, book-keeper for a merchant from seven to nine in the mornings. Great on anagrams. Made deputy-chief clerk in Baudoyer's bureau when the latter was promoted to division chief. He was preceptor at Paris six months later. In 1832 he became secretary to the mayor of the twelfth Arrondissement and officer of the Legion of Honor. At that time Colleville lived with his wife and family on rue d'Enfer. He was Thuillier's most intimate friend. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Colleville (Flavie Minoret, Madame), born in 1798; wife of the preceding; daughter of a celebrated dancer and, supposedly, of M. du Bourguier. She made a love match, and between 1816 and 1826 bore five children, each of whom resembled and may actually have had a different father:

1st. A daughter born in 1816, who favored Colleville.

2d. A son, Charles, cut out for a soldier, born during his mother's acquaintance with Charles de Gondreville, under-lieutenant of the dragoons of Saint-Chamans.

3d. A son, François, destined for business, born during Mme. Colleville's intimacy with François Keller, the banker.

4th. A daughter, Céleste born in 1821, of whom Thuillier, Colleville's best friend, was the godfather—and father *in partibus*. (*See* Phellion, Mme. Félix.)

5th. A son, Théodore, or Anatole, born at a period of religious zeal.

Madame Colleville was a Parisian, piquant, winning and pretty, as well as clever and ethereal. She made her husband very happy. He owed all his advancement to her. In the interests of their ambition she granted momentary favor to Chardin des Lupeaulx, the Secretary-General. On Wednesdays she was at home to artists and distinguished people. [The Government Clerks. Cousin Betty. The Middle Classes.]

Collin (Jacques), born in 1779. Reared by the Fathers of the Oratory. He went as far as rhetoric, at school, and was then put in a bank by his aunt, Jacqueline Collin. Accused, however, of a crime probably committed by Franchessini, he fled the country. Later he was sent to the galleys where he remained from 1810 to 1815, when he escaped and came to Paris, stopping under the name of Vautrin at the Vauquer pension. There he knew Rastignac, then a young man, became interested in him, and tried to bring about his marriage with Victorine Taillefer, for whom he procured a rich dowry by causing her brother to be slain in a duel with Franchessini. Bibi-Lupin, chief of secret police, arrested him in 1819 and returned him to the bagne,

whence he escaped again in 1820, reappearing in Paris as Carlos Herrera, honorary canon of the Chapter of Toledo. At this time he rescued Lucien de Rubempré from suicide, and took charge of the young poet. Accused, with the latter, of having murdered Esther Gobseck, who in truth was poisoned, Jacques Collin was acquitted of this charge, and ended by becoming chief of secret police under the name of Saint-Estève, in 1830. He held this position till 1845. He finally became wealthy, having an income of twelve thousand francs, three hundred thousand francs inherited from Lucien de Rubempré, and the profits of a green-leather manufactory at Gentilly. [Father Goriot. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Member for Arcis.] In addition to the pseudonym of M. Jules, under which he was known by Catherine Goussard, Jacques Collin also took for a time the English name of William Barker, creditor for Georges d'Estourny. Under this name he hoodwinked the cunning Cérizet, inducing that "man of business" to endorse some notes for him. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] He was also nick-named "Trompe-la-Mort."

Collin (Jacqueline), aunt of Jacques Collin, whom she had reared; born at Java. In her youth she was Marat's mistress, and afterwards had relations with the chemist, Duvignon, who was condemned to death for counterfeiting in 1799. During this intimacy she attained a dangerous knowledge of toxicology. From 1800 to 1805 she was a clothing dealer; and from 1806 to 1808 she spent two years in prison for having influenced minors. From 1824 to 1830 Mlle. Collin exerted a strong influence over Jacques, alias Vautrin, toward his life of adventure without the pale of the law. Her strong point was disguises. In 1839 she ran a matrimonial bureau on rue de Provence, under the name of Mme. de Saint-Estève. She often borrowed the name of her friend Mme. Nourrisson, who, during the time of Louis Philippe, made a pretence of business more or less dubious on rue Neuve-Saint-Marc. She had some dealings with Victorin Hulot,

at whose instance she brought about the overthrow of Mme. Marneffe, mistress, and afterwards wife, of Crevel. Under the name of Asie, Jacqueline Collin made an excellent cook for Esther Gobseck, whom she was ordered by Vautrin to watch. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Betty. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Collinet, grocer at Arcis-sur-Aube, time of Louis Philippe. Elector for the Liberals headed by Colonel Giguet. [The Member for Arcis.]

Collinet (François-Joseph), merchant of Nantes. In 1814 the political changes brought about his business failure. He went to America, returning in 1824 enriched, and re-established. He had caused the loss of twenty-four thousand francs to M. and Mme. Lorrain, small retailers of Pen-Hoël, and father and mother of Major Lorrain. But, on his return to France, he restored to Mme. Lorrain, then a widow and almost a septuagenarian, forty-two thousand francs, being capital and interest of his indebtedness to her. [Pierrette.]

Colonna, an aged Italian at Genoa, during the latter part of the eighteenth century. He had reared Luigia Porta under the name of Colonna and as his own son, from the age of six until the time when the young man enlisted in the French army. [The Vendetta.]

Coloquinte, given name of a pensioner who was "office boy" in Finot's newspaper office in 1820. He had been through the Egyptian campaign, losing an arm at the Battle of Montmirail. [A Bachelor's Establishment. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Colorat (Jérôme), estate-keeper for Mme. Graslin at Montégnac; born at Limoges. Retired soldier of the Empire; ex-sergeant in the Royal Guard; at one time estate-keeper for M. de Navarreins, before entering Mme. Graslin's service. [The Country Parson.]

Constance, chambermaid for Mme. de Restaud in 1819. Through her old Goriot knew about everything that was

going on at the home of his elder daughter. This Constance, sometimes called Victorie, took money to her mistress when the latter needed it. [Father Goriot.]

Constant de Rebecque (Benjamin), born at Lausanne in 1767, died at Paris, December 8, 1830. About the end of 1821 he is discovered in Dauriat's book-shop at Palais-Royal, where Lucien de Rubempré noticed his splendid head and spiritual eyes. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Conti (Gennaro), musical composer; of Neapolitan origin, but born at Marseilles. Lover of Mlle. des Touches—Camille Maupin—in 1821-1822. Afterwards he paid court to Marquise Béatrix de Rochefide. [Lost Illusions. Béatrix.]

Conyncks, family of Bruges, who were maternal ancestors of Marguerite Claës. In 1812 this young girl at sixteen was the living image of a Conyncks, her grandmother, whose portrait hung in Balthazar Claës' home. A Conyncks, also of Bruges but later established at Cambrai, was granduncle of the children of Balthazar Claës, and was appointed their vice-guardian after the death of Mme. Claës. He had a daughter who married Gabriel Claës. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Coquelin (Monsieur and Madame), hardware dealers, successors to Claude-Joseph Pillerault in a store on quai de la Ferraille, sign of the Golden Bell. Guests at the big ball given by César Birotteau. After getting the invitation, Mme. Coquelin ordered a magnificent gown for the occasion. [César Birotteau.]

Coquet, chief of bureau to the Minister of War, in Lebrun's division in 1838. Marneffe was his successor. Coquet had been in the service of the administration since 1809, and had given perfect satisfaction. He was a married man and his wife was still living at the time when he was displaced. [Cousin Betty.]

Coralie (Mademoiselle), actress at the Panorama-Dramatique and at the Théâtre du Gymnase, Paris, time of Louis

XVIII. Born in 1803 and brought up a Catholic, she was nevertheless of distinct Jewish type. She died in August, 1822. Her mother sold her at fifteen to young Henri de Marsay, whom she abhorred and who soon deserted her. She was then maintained by Camusot, who was not obnoxious. She fell in love with Lucien de Rubempré at first sight, surrendering to him immediately and being faithful to him until her dying breath. The glory and downfall of Coralie dated from this love. An original criticism of the young Chardon established the success of "L'Alcade dans l' Embarras," at the Marais, and brought to Coralie, one of the principals in the play, an engagement at Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, with a salary of twelve thousand francs. But here the artist stranded, the victim of a cabal, despite the protection of Camille Maupin. At first she was housed on rue de Vendôme, afterwards in a more modest lodging where she died, attended and nursed by her cousin, Berenice. She had sold her elegant furniture to Cardot, Sr., on leaving the apartment on rue de Vendôme, and in order to avoid moving it, he installed Florentine there. Coralie was the rival of Mme. Perrin and of Mlle. Fleuriet, whom she resembled and whose destiny should have been her own. The funeral service of Coralie took place at noon in the little church of Notre-Dame de Bonne-Nouvelle. Camusot promised to purchase a permanent plot of ground for her in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. [A Start in Life. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Corbigny (De), prefect of Loire-et-Cher, in 1811. Friend of Mme. de Staël who authorized him to place Louis Lambert, at her expense, in the College of Vendôme. He probably died in 1812. [Louis Lambert.]

Corbinet, notary at Soulanges, Burgundy, in 1823, and at one time an old patron of Sibilet's. The Gravelots, lumber dealers, were clients of his. Commissioned with the sale of Aigues, when General de Montcornet became wearied with developing his property. At one time known as Corbineau. [The Peasantry.]

Corbinet, court-judge at Ville-aux-Fayes in 1823; son of Corbinet the notary. He belonged, body and soul, to Gaubertin, the all-powerful mayor of the town. [The Peasantry.]

Corbinet, retired captain, postal director at Ville-aux-Fayes in 1823; brother of Corbinet, the notary. The last daughter of Sibilet, the copy-clerk, was engaged to him when she was sixteen. [The Peasantry.]

Corentin, born at Vendôme in 1777; a police-agent of great genius, trained by Peyrade as Louis David was by Vien. A favorite of Fouché's and probably his natural son. In 1799 he accompanied Mlle. de Verneuil sent to lure and betray Alphonse de Montauran, the young chief of the Bretons who were risen against the Republic. For two years Corentin was attached to this strange girl as a serpent to a tree. [The Chouans.] In 1803 he and his chief, Peyrade, were entrusted with a difficult mission in the department of Aube, where he had to search the home of Mlle. de Cinq-Cygne. She surprised him at the moment when he was forcing open a casket, and struck him a blow with her riding whip. This he avenged cruelly, involving, despite their innocence, the Hauteserres and the Simeuses, friends and cousins of the young girl. This was during the affair of the abduction of Senator Malin. About the same time he concluded another delicate mission to Berlin to the satisfaction of Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. [The Gondreville Mystery.] From 1824 to 1830, Corentin was pitted against the terrible Jacques Collin, alias Vautrin, whose friendly plans in behalf of Lucien de Rubempré he thwarted so cruelly. Corentin it was who rendered futile the contemplated marriage of the aspirant with Clotilde de Grandlieu, bringing about as a consequence the absolute ruin of the "distinguished provincial at Paris." He rusticated at Passy, rue des Vignes, about May, 1830. Under Charles X., Corentin was chief of the political police of the château. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] For more than thirty years he lived on rue Honoré-Chevalier under the name of M. du Portail. He sheltered Lydie, daughter of his friend,

Peyrade, after the death of the old police-agent. About 1840 he brought about her marriage with Théodose de la Peyrade, nephew of Peyrade, after having upset the plans of the very astute young man, greatly in love with Céleste Colleville's dowry. Corentin—M. du Portail—then installed the chosen husband of his adopted child into his own high official duties. [The Middle Classes.]

Cormon (Rose-Marie-Victoire). (*See* Bousquier, Madame du.)

Cornevin, an old native of Perche; foster-father of Olympe Michaud. He was with the Chouans in 1794 and 1799. In 1823 he was a servant at Michaud's. [The Peasantry.]

Cornoiller (Antoine), game-keeper at Saumur; married the sturdy Nanon then fifty-nine years old, after the death of Grandet, about 1827, and became general overseer of lands and properties of Eugénie Grandet. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Cornoiller (Madame). (*See* Nanon.)

Cottereau, well-known smuggler, one of the heads of the Breton insurrection. In 1799 he was principal in a rather stormy scene at the Vivetière, when he threatened the Marquis de Montauran with swearing allegiance to the First Consul if he did not immediately obtain noteworthy advantages in payment of seven years of devoted service to "the good cause." "My men and I have a devilish importunate creditor," said he, slapping his stomach. One of the brothers of Jean Cottereau, was nick-named the "Chouan," a title used by all the Western rebels against the Republic. [The Chouans.]

Cottin (Maréchal), Prince of Wissembourg; Duke of Orfano; old soldier of the Republic and the Empire; Minister of War in 1841; born in 1771. He was obliged to bring great shame upon his old friend and companion-in-arms, Marshal Hulot, by advising him of the swindling of the commissariat, Hulot d'Ervy. Marshal Cottin and Nucingen were witnesses at the wedding of Hortense Hulot and Wenceslas Steinbock [Cousin Betty.]

Cottin (Francine), a Breton woman, probably born at Fougères in 1773; chambermaid and confidante of Mlle. de Verneuil, who had been reared by Francine's parents. Childhood's friend of Marche-à-Terre, with whom she used her influence to save the life of her mistress during the massacre of the "Blues" at the Vivitière in 1799. [The Chouans.]

Coudrai (Du), register of mortgages at Alençon, time of Louis XVIII. A caller at the home of Mlle. Cormon, and afterwards at that of M. du Bousquier, who married "the old maid." One of the town's most open-hearted men; his only faults were having married a rich old lady who was unendurable, and the habit of making villainous puns at which he was first to laugh. In 1824 M. du Coudrai was poverty-stricken; he had lost his place on account of voting the wrong way. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Coupiau, Breton courier from Mayenne to Fougères in 1799. In the struggle between the "Blues" and the Chouans he took no part, but acted as circumstances demanded and for his own interests. Indeed he offered no resistance when the "Brigands" stole the government chests. Coupiau was nick-named Mène-à-Bien by Marche-à-Terre the Chouan. [The Chouans.]

Coupiau (Sulpice), Chouan and probably the father of Coupiau the messenger. Killed in 1799 in the battle of La Pélerine or at the siege of Fougères. [The Chouans.]

Courand (Jenny), florist; mistress of Félix Gaudissart in 1831. At that time she lived in Paris on rue d'Artois. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Courceuil (Félix), of Alençon, retired army surgeon of the Rebel forces of the Vendée. In 1809 he furnished arms to the "Brigands." Involved in the trial known as "Chauffeurs of Mortagne." Condemned to death for contumacy. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Cournant, notary at Provins in 1827; rival of Auffray, the notary; of the Opposition; one of the few public-spirited men of the little town. [Pierrette.]

Courtecuisse, game-keeper of the Aigues estate in Burgundy under the Empire and Restoration until 1823. Born about 1777; at first in the service of Mlle. Laguerre; discharged by General de Montcornet for absolute incapacity, and replaced by keepers who were trusty and true. Courtecuisse was a little fellow with a face like a full moon. He was never so happy as when idle. On leaving he demanded a sum of eleven hundred francs which was not due him. His master indignantly denied his claim at first, but yielded the point, however, on being threatened with a lawsuit, the scandal of which he wished to avoid. Courtecuisse, out of a job, purchased from Rigou for two thousand francs the little property of La Bâchelerie, enclosed in the Aigues estate, and wearied himself, without gain, in the management of his land. He had a daughter who was tolerably pretty and eighteen years old in 1823. At this time she was in the service of Mme. Mariotte the elder, at Auxerre. Courtecuisse was given the sobriquet of "Courtebotte" —short-boot. [The Peasantry.]

Courtecuisse (Madame), wife of the preceding; in abject fear of the miser, Grégoire Rigou, mayor of Blangy, Burgundy. [The Peasantry.]

Courteville (Madame de), cousin of Comte de Bauvan on the maternal side; widow of a judge of the Seine Court. She had a very beautiful daughter, Amélie, whom the comte wished to marry to his secretary, Maurice de l'Hostal. [Honorine.]

Courtois, Marsac miller, near Angoulême during the Restoration. In 1821 rumor had it that he intended to wed a miller's widow, his patroness, who was thirty-two years old. She had one hundred thousand francs in her own right. David Séchard was advised by his father to ask the hand of this rich widow. At the end of 1822 Courtois, now married, sheltered Lucien de Rubempré, returning almost dead from Paris. [Lost Illusions.]

Courtois (Madame), wife of the preceding, who cared sympathetically for Lucien de Rubempré, on his return. [Lost Illusions.]

Coussard (Laurent). (*See* Goussard, Laurent.)

Coutelier, a creditor of Maxime de Trailles. The Coutelier credit, purchased for five hundred francs by the Claparon-Cérizet firm, came to thirty-two hundred francs, seventy-five centimes, capital, interest and costs. It was recovered by Cérizet by means of strategy worthy of a Scapin. [A Man of Business.]

Couture, a kind of financier-journalist of an equivocal reputation; born about 1797. One of Mme. Schontz's earliest friends; and she alone remained faithful to him when he was ruined by the downfall of the ministry of March 1st, 1840. Couture was always welcome at the home of the courtesan, who dreamed, perhaps, of making him her husband. But he presented Fabien du Ronceret to her and the "lorette" married him. In 1836, in company with Finot and Blondet, he was present in a private room of a well-known restaurant, when Jean-Jacques Bixiou related the origin of the Nucingen fortune. At the time of his transient wealth Couture splendidly maintained Jenny Cadine. At one time he was celebrated for his waistcoats. He had no known relationship with the widow Couture. [Béatrix. The Firm of Nucingen.] The financier drew upon himself the hatred of Cérizet for having deceived him in a deal about the purchase of lands and houses situated in the suburbs of the Madeleine, an affair in which Jérôme Thuillier was afterwards concerned. [The Middle Classes.]

Couture (Madame), widow of an ordonnance-commissary of the French Republic. Relative and protectress of Mlle. Victorine Taillefer with whom she lived at the Vauquer pension, in 1819. [Father Goriot.]

Couturier (Abbé), curate of Saint-Leonard church at Alençon, time of Louis XVIII. Spiritual adviser of Mlle. Cormon, remaining her confessor after her marriage with Du Bousquier, and influencing her in the way of excessive penances. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Crémière, tax-collector at Nemours during the Restoration. Nephew by marriage of Dr. Minoret, who had secured the position for him, furnishing his security. One of the three collateral heirs of the old physician, the two others being Minoret-Levrault, the postmaster, and Massin-Levrault, copy-clerk to the justice of the peace. In the curious branching of these four Gâtinais bourgeois families—the Minorets, the Massins, the Levraults and the Crémières—the tax-collector belonged to the Crémière-Crémière branch. He had several children, among others a daughter named Angélique. After the Revolution of July, 1830, he became municipal councillor. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Crémière (Madame), *née* Massin-Massin, wife of the tax-collector, and niece of Dr. Minoret—that is, daughter of the old physician's sister. A stout woman with a muddy blonde complexion splotched with freckles. Passed for an educated person on account of her novel-reading. Her *lapsi linguæ* were maliciously spread abroad by Goupil, the notary's clerk, who labelled them "Capsulinguettes"; indeed, Mme. Crémière thus translated the two Latin words. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Crémière-Dionis, always called Dionis, which name see.

Crevel (Célestin), born between 1786 and 1788; clerked for César Birotteau the perfumer—first as second clerk, then as head-clerk when Popinot left the house to set up in business for himself. After his patron's failure in 1819, he purchased for five thousand seven hundred francs, "The Queen of Roses," making his own fortune thereby. During the reign of Louis Philippe he lived on his income. Captain, then chief of battalion in the National Guard; officer of the Legion of Honor; mayor of one of the arrondissements of Paris, he ended up by being a very great personage. He had married the daughter of a farmer of Brie; became a widower in 1833, when he gave himself over to a life of pleasure. He maintained Josépha, who was taken away from him by his friend, Baron Hulot. To avenge himself he tried to

win Mme. Hulot. He "protected" Heloïse Brisetout. Finally he was smitten with Mme. Marneffe, whom he had for mistress and afterwards married when she became a widow in 1843. In May of this same year, Crevel and his wife died of a horrible disease which had been communicated to Valérie by a negro belonging to Montès the Brazilian. In 1838 Crevel lived on rue des Saussaies; at the same time he owned a little house on rue du Dauphin, where he had prepared a secret chamber for Mme. Marneffe; this last house he leased to Maxime de Trailles. Besides these Crevel owned: a house on rue Barbet de Jouy; the Presles property bought of Mme. de Sérizy at a cost of three million francs. He caused himself to be made a member of the General Council of Seine-et-Oise. By his first marriage he had an only daughter, Célestine, who married Victorin Hulot. [César Birotteau. Cousin Betty.] In 1844-1845 Crevel owned a share in the management of the theatre directed by Gaudissart. [Cousin Pons.]

Crevel (Célestine), only child of the first marriage of the preceding. (*See* Hulot, Mme. Victorin.)

Crevel (Madame Célestin), born Valérie Fortin in 1815; natural daughter of the Comte de Montcornet, marshal of France; married, first Marneffe, an employé in the War Office, with whom she broke faith by agreement with the clerk; and second, Célestin Crevel. She bore Marneffe a child, a stunted, scrawny urchin named Stanislas. An intimate friend of Lisbeth Fischer who utilized Valérie's irresistible attractions for the satisfying of her hatred towards her rich relatives. At this time Mme. Marneffe belonged jointly to Marneffe, to the Brazilian Montès, to Steinbock the Pole, to Célestin Crevel and to Baron Hulot. Each of these she held responsible for a child born in 1841, and which died on coming into the world. By prearrangement, she was surprised with Hulot by the police-commissioners, during this period, in Crevel's cottage on rue du Dauphin. After having lived with Marneffe on rue du Doyenné in the house occupied by Lisbeth Fischer—"Cousin Betty"—she

was installed by Baron Hulot on rue Vaneau; then by Crevel in a mansion on rue Barbet-de-Jouy. She died in 1843, two days prior to Célestin. She perished while trying to "cajole God"—to use her own expression. She bequeathed, as a restitution, 300,000 francs to Hector Hulot. Valérie Marneffe did not lack spirit. Claude Vignon, the great critic, especially appreciated this woman's intellectual depravity. [Cousin Betty.]

Crochard, Opera dancer in the second half of the eighteenth century. Director of theatrical evolutions. He commanded a band of assailants upon the Bastile, July 14, 1789; became an officer, a colonel, dying of wounds received at Lutzen, May 2, 1813. [A Second Home.]

Crochard (Madame), widow of the preceding. Before the Revolution she had sung with her husband in the chorus. In 1815 she lived wretchedly with her daughter Caroline, following the embroiderer's trade, in a house on rue du Tourniquet-Saint-Jean, which belonged to Molineux. Wishing to find a protector for her daughter, Caroline, Mme. Crochard favored the attentions of the Comte de Granville. He rewarded her with a life-annuity of three thousand francs. She died, in 1822, in a comfortable lodging on rue Saint-Louis at Marais. She constantly wore on her breast the cross of chevalier of the Legion of Honor conferred on her husband by the Emperor. The widow Crochard, watched by an eager circle, received, at her last moments, a visit from Abbé Fontanon, confessor of the Comtesse de Granville, and was greatly troubled by the prelate's proceedings. [A Second Home.]

Crochard (Caroline), daughter of the preceding; born in 1797. For several years during the Restoration she was the mistress of Comte de Granville; at that time she was known as Mlle. de Bellefeuille, from the name of a small piece of property at Gâtinais given to the young woman by an uncle of the comte who had taken a liking to her. Her lover installed her in an elegant apartment on rue Taitbout, where Esther Gobseck afterwards lived. Caroline

Crochard abandoned M. de Granville and a good position for a needy young fellow named Solvet, who ran through with all her property. Sick and poverty-stricken in 1833, she lived in a wretched two-story house on rue Gaillon. She gave the Comte de Granville a son, Charles, and a daughter, Eugénie. [A Second Home.]

Crochard (Charles), illegitimate child of Comte de Granville and Caroline Crochard. In 1833 he was apprehended for a considerable theft, when he appealed to his father through the agency of Eugène de Granville, his half-brother. The comte gave the latter money enough to clear up the miserable business, if such were possible. [A Second Home.] The theft in question was committed at the home of Mlle. Beaumesnil. He carried off her diamonds. [The Middle Classes.]

Croisier (Du). (*See* Bousquier, Du.)

Croizeau, former coachmaker to Bonaparte's Imperial Court; had an income of about forty thousand francs; lived on rue Buffault; a widower without children. He was a constant visitor at Antonia Chocardelle's reading-room on rue Coquenard, time of Louis Philippe, and he offered to marry the "charming woman." [A Man of Business.]

Crottat (Monsieur and Madame), retired farmers; parents of the notary Crottat, assassinated by some thieves, among them being the notorious Dannepont, alias La Pouraille. the trial of this crime was called in May, 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] They were well-to-do folk and, according to César Birotteau who knew them, old man Crottat was as "close as a snail." [César Birotteau.]

Crottat (Alexandre), head-clerk of Maître Roguin, and his successor in 1819, after the flight of the notary. He married the daughter of Lourdois, the painting-contractor. César Birotteau thought for a time of making him his son-in-law. He called him, familiarly, "Xandrot." Alexandre Crottat was a guest at the famous ball given by the perfumer in December, 1818. He was in friendly relations with Derville

the attorney, who commissioned him with a sort of half-pay for Colonel Chabert. He was also Comtesse Ferraud's notary at this time. [César Birotteau. Colonel Chabert.] In 1822 he was notary to Comte de Sérizy. [A Start in Life.] He was also notary to Charles de Vandenesse; and one evening, at the home of the marquis, he made some awkward allusions which undoubtedly recalled unpleasant memories to his client and Mme. d'Aiglemont. Upon his return home he narrated the particulars to his wife, who chided him sharply. [A Woman of Thirty.] Alexandre Crottat and Leopold Hannequin signed the will dictated by Sylvain Pons on his death-bed. [Cousin Pons.]

Cruchot (Abbé), priest of Saumur; dignitary of the Chapter of Saint-Martin of Tours; brother of Cruchot, the notary; uncle of President Cruchot de Bonfons; the Talleyrand of his family; after much angling he induced Eugénie Grandet to wed the president in 1827. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Cruchot, notary at Saumur during the Restoration; brother of Abbé Cruchot; uncle of President Cruchot de Bonfons. He as well as the prelate was much concerned with making the match between his nephew and Eugénie Grandet. The young girl's father entrusted M. Cruchot with his usurious dealings and probably with all his money matters. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Curieux (Catherine). (*See* Farrabesche, Madame.)

Cydalise, magnificent woman of Valognes, Normandy, who launched out in Paris in 1840 to make capital out of her beauty. Born in 1824, she was then only sixteen. She served as an instrument for Montès the Brazilian who, in order to avenge himself on Mme. Marneffe—now Mme. Crevel—inoculated the young girl with a terrible disease through one of his negroes. He in turn obtained it from Cydalise and transmitted it to the faithless Valérie who died, as also did her husband. Cydalise probably accompanied Montès to Brazil, the only place where this horrible ailment is curable. [Cousin Betty.]

D

Dallot, mason in the suburbs of l'Isle-Adam in the early days of the Restoration, who was to marry a peasant woman of small wit named Geneviève. After having courted her for the sake of her little property, he deserted her for a woman of more means and also of a sharper intelligence. This separation was so cruel a blow to Geneviève that she became idiotic. [Farewell.]

Dannepont, alias La Pouraille, one of the assassins of M. and Mme. Crottat. Imprisoned for his crime in 1830 at the Conciergerie, and under sentence of capital punishment; an escaped convict who had been sought on account of other crimes by the police for five years past. Born about 1785 and sent to the galleys at the age of nineteen. There he had known Jacques Collin—Vautrin. Riganson, Sélérier and he formed a sort of triumvirate. A short, skinny, dried-up fellow with a face like a marten. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Dauphin, pastry-cook of Arcis-sur-Aube; well-known Republican. In 1830, in an electoral caucus, he questioned Sallenauve, a candidate for deputy, about Danton. [The Member for Arcis.]

Dauriat, editor and bookman of Paris, on Palais-Royale, Galleries de Bois during the Restoration. He purchased for three thousand francs a collection of sonnets "Marguerites" from Lucien de Rubempré, who had scored a book of Nathan's. But he did not publish the sonnets until a long time afterwards, and with a success that the author declared to be posthumous. Dauriat's shop was the rendezvous of writers and politicians of note at this time. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Dauriat, who was Canalis' publisher, was asked in 1829 by Modeste Mignon for personal information concerning the poet, to which he made a rather ironical reply. In speaking of celebrated authors Dauriat was wont to say, "I have made Canalis. I have made Nathan." [Modeste Mignon.]

David (Madame), woman living in the outskirts of Brives, who died of fright on account of the Chauffeurs, time of the Directory. [The Country Parson.]

Delbecq, secretary and steward of Comte Ferraud during the Restoration. Retired attorney. A capable, ambitious man in the service of the countess, whom he aided to rid herself of Colonel Chabert when that officer claimed his former wife. [Colonel Chabert.]

Denisart, name assumed by Cérizet.

Derville, attorney at Paris, rue Vivienne, from 1819 to 1840. Born in 1794, the seventh child of an insignificant bourgeois of Noyon. In 1816 he was only second clerk and dwelt on rue des Grés, having for a neighbor the well-known usurer Gobseck, who later advanced him one hundred and fifty thousand francs at 15 per cent., with which he purchased the practice of his patron, a man of pleasure now somewhat short of funds. Through Gobseck he met his future wife, Jenny Malvaut; through the same man he learned the Restaud secrets. In the winter of 1829-30 he told of their troubles to the Vicomtesse de Grandlieu. Derville had re-established the fortune of the feminine representative of the Grandlieu's younger branch, at the time of the Bourbon's re-entry, and therefore was on a friendly footing at her home. [Gobseck.] He had been a clerk at Bordin's. [A Start in Life. The Gondreville Mystery.] He was attorney for Colonel Chabert who sought his conjugal rights with Comtesse Ferraud. He became keenly interested in the old officer, aiding him and being greatly grieved when, some years later, he found him plunged into idiocy in the Bicêtre hospital. [Colonel Chabert.] Derville was also attorney for Comte de Sérizy, Mme. de Nucingen and the Ducs de Grandlieu and de Chaulieu, whose entire confidence he possessed. In 1830, under the name of Saint-Denis, he and Corentin inquired of the Séchards at Angoulême concerning the real resources of Lucien de Rubempré. [Father Goriot. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Derville (Madame), born Jenny Malvaut; wife of Derville the attorney; young Parisian girl, though born in the country. In 1826 she lived alone, but maintaining a virtuous life, supported by her work. She was on the fifth floor of a gloomy house on rue Montmartre, where Gobseck had called to collect a note signed by her. He pointed her out to Derville, who married her without dowry. Later she inherited from an uncle, a farmer who had become wealthy, seventy thousand francs with which she aided her husband to cancel his debt with Gobseck. [Gobseck.] Being anxious for an invitation to the ball given by Birotteau, she paid a rather unexpected visit to the perfumer's wife. She made much of the latter and of Mlle. Birotteau, and was invited with her husband to the festivities. It appears that some years before her marriage she had worked as dressmaker for the Birotteaus. [César Birotteau.]

Descoings (Monsieur and Madame), father-in-law and mother-in-law of Dr. Rouget of Issoudun. Dealers in wool acting as selling agents for owners, and buying agents for fleece merchants of Berry. They also bought state lands. Rich and miserly. Died during the Republic within two years of each other and before 1799. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Descoings, son of the preceding; younger brother of Mme. Rouget, the doctor's wife; grocer at Paris, on rue Saint-Honoré, not far from Robespierre's quarters. Descoings had married for love the widow of Bixiou, his predecessor. She was twelve years his senior but well preserved and "plump as a thrush after harvest." Accused of foreclosing, he was sent to the scaffold, in company with André Chénier, on the seventh Thermidor of year 2, July 25, 1794. The death of the grocer caused a greater sensation than did that of the poet. César Birotteau moved the plant of the perfumery "Queen of Roses" into Descoings' shop about 1800. The successor of the executed man managed his business badly; the inventor of the "Eau Carminative" went bankrupt. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Descoings (Madame), born in 1744; widow of two husbands, Bixiou and Descoings, the latter succeeding the former in the grocer shop on rue Saint-Honoré, Paris. Grandmother of Jean-Jacques Bixiou, the cartoonist. After the death of M. Bridau, chief of division in the Department of the Interior, Mme. Descoings, now a widow, came in 1819 to live with her niece, the widow Bridau, *née* Agathe Rouget, bringing to the common fund an income of six thousand francs. An excellent woman, known in her day as "the pretty grocer." She ran the household, but had likewise a decided mania for lottery, and always for the same numbers; she "nursed a trey." She ended by ruining her niece who had blindly entrusted her interests to her, but Mme. Descoings repaid for her foolish doings by an absolute devotion,—all the while continuing to place her money on the evasive combinations. One day her hoardings were stolen from her mattress by Philippe Bridau. On this account she was unable to renew her lottery tickets. Then it was that the famous trey turned up. Madame Descoings died of grief, December 31, 1821. Had it not been for the theft she would have become a millionaire. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Desfondrilles, substitute judge at Provins during the Restoration; made president of the court of that town, time of Louis Philippe. An old fellow more archæologist than judge, who found delight in the petty squabbles under his eyes. He forsook Tiphaine's party for the Liberals headed by lawyer Vinet. [Pierrette.]

Deslandes, surgeon of Azay-le-Rideau in 1817. Called in to bleed Mme. de Mortsauf, whose life was saved by this operation. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Desmarets (Jules), Parisian stock-broker under the Restoration. Hardworking and upright, being reared in sternness and poverty. When only a clerk he fell in love with a charming young girl met at his patron's home, and he married her despite the irregularity connected with her birth. With the money obtained by his wife's mother he was able to purchase the position of the stock-broker for whom he had

clerked; and for several years he was very happy in a mutual love and a liberal competence—an income of two hundred and fifty thousand francs. In 1820 he and his wife lived in a large mansion on rue Ménars. In the early years of his wedded life he killed in a duel—though unknown to his wife—a man who had villified Mme. Desmarets. The flawless happiness which abode with this well-mated couple was cut short by the death of the wife, mortally wounded by a doubt, held for a moment only by her husband, concerning her faithfulness. Desmarets, bereaved, sold his place to Martin Falleix's brother and left Paris in despair. [The Thirteen.] M. and Mme. Desmarets were invited to the famous ball given by César Birotteau in 1818. After the bankruptcy of the perfumer, the broker kindly gave him useful tips about placing funds laboriously scraped together towards the complete reimbursing of the creditors. [César Birotteau.]

Desmarets (Madame Jules), wife of the preceding; natural daughter of Bourignard alias Ferragus, and of a married woman who passed for her godmother. She had no civil status, but when she married Jules Desmarets her name, Clémence, and her age were publicly announced. Despite herself, Mme. Desmarets was loved by a young officer of the Royal Guard, Auguste de Maulincour. Mme. Desmaret's secret visits to her father, a man of mystery, unknown to her husband, caused the downfall of their absolute happiness. Desmarets thought himself deceived, and she died on account of his suspicions, in 1820 or 1821. The remains of Clémence were placed at first in Père Lachaise, but afterwards were disinterred, incinerated and sent to Jules Desmarets by Bourignard, assisted by twelve friends who thus thought to dull the edge of the keenest of conjugal sorrows. [The Thirteen.] M. and Mme. Desmarets were often alluded to as M. and Mme. Jules. At the ball given by César Birotteau, Mme. Desmarets shone as the most beautiful woman, according to the perfumer's wife herself. [César Birotteau.]

Desmarets, Parisian notary during the Restoration; elder brother of the broker, Jules Desmarets. The notary was set up in business by his younger brother and grew rich rapidly. He received his brother's will. He accompanied him to Mme. Desmarets' funeral. [The Thirteen.]

Desplein, famous surgeon of Paris, born about the middle of the eighteenth century. Sprung of a poor provincial family, he spent a youth full of suffering, being enabled to pass his examinations only through assistance rendered him by his neighbor in poverty, Bourgeat the water-carrier. For two years he lived with him on the sixth floor of a wretched house on rue des Quatre-Vents, where later was established the "Cénacle" with Daniel d'Arthez as host—on which account the house came to be spoken of as the "bowl for great men." Desplein, evicted by his landlord whom he could not pay, lodged next with his friend the Auvergnat in the Court de Rohan, Passage du Commerce. Afterwards, when an "intern" at Hôtel-Dieu, he remembered the good deeds of Bourgeat, nursed him as a devoted son, and, in the time of the Empire, established in honor of this simple man who professed religious sentiments a quarterly mass at Saint-Sulpice, at which he piously assisted, though himself an outspoken atheist. [The Atheist's Mass.] In 1806 Desplein had predicted speedy death for an old fellow then fifty-six years old, but who was still alive in 1846. [Cousin Pons.] The surgeon was present at the death caused by despair of M. Chardon, an old military doctor. [Lost Illusions.] Desplein attended the last hours of Mme. Jules Desmarets, who died in 1820 or 1821; also of the chief of division, Flamet de la Billardière, who died in 1824. [The Thirteen. The Government Clerks.] In March, 1828, at Provins, he performed an operation of trepanning on Pierrette Lorrain. [Pierrette.] In the same year he undertook a bold operation upon Mme. Philippe Bridau whose abuse of strong drink had induced a "magnificent malady" that he believed had disappeared. This operation was reported in the "Gazette des Hôpitaux;" but the patient died. [A

Bachelor's Establishment.] In 1829 Desplein was summoned on behalf of Vanda de Mergi, daughter of Baron de Bourlac. [The Seamy Side of History.] In the latter part of the same year he operated successfully upon Mme. Mignon for blindness. In February, 1830, on account of the foregoing, he was a witness at Modeste Mignon's wedding with Ernest de la Brière. [Modeste Mignon.] In the beginning of the same year, 1830, he was called by Corentin to visit Baron de Nucingen, love-sick for Esther Gobseck; and Mme. de Sérizy ill on account of the suicide of Lucien de Rubempré. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] He and his assistant, Bianchon, waited on Mme. de Bauvan, who was on the verge of death at the close of 1830 and beginning of 1831. [Honorine.] Desplein had an only daughter whose marriage in 1829 was arranged with the Prince of Loudon.

Desroches, clerk of the Minister of the Interior under the Empire; friend of Bridau Senior, who had procured him the position. He was also on friendly terms with the chief's widow, at whose home he met, nearly every evening, his colleagues Du Bruel and Claparon. A dry, crusty man, who would never become sub-chief, despite his ability. He earned only one thousand eight hundred francs, and his wife one thousand two hundred francs by running a department for stamped paper. Retired after the second return of Louis XVIII., he talked of entering as chief of bureau into an insurance company with a graduated salary. In 1821, despite his scarcely tender disposition, Desroches undertook with much discretion and confidence to extricate Philippe Bridau out of a predicament—the latter having made a "loan" on the cash-box of the newspaper for which he was working; he brought about his resignation without any scandal. Desroches was a man of good "judgment." He remained to the last a friend of the widow Bridau after the death of MM. du Bruel and Claparon. He was a persistent fisherman. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Desroches (Madame), wife of the preceding. A widow, in 1826, she sought the hand of Mlle. Matifat for her son, Desroches the attorney. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Desroches, son of the two foregoing; born about 1795; reared strictly by a very harsh father. He went into Derville's office as fourth clerk in 1818, and on the following year passed to the second clerkship. He saw Colonel Chabert at Derville's. In 1821 or 1822 he purchased a lawyer's office with bare title on rue de Béthizy. He was shrewd and quick and therefore was not long in finding a clientele composed of littérateurs, artists, actresses, famous lorettes and elegant Bohemians. He was counsellor for Agathe and Joseph Bridau, and also gave excellent advice to Philippe Bridau who was setting out for Issoudun about 1822. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Colonel Chabert. A Start in Life.] Desroches was advocate for Charles de Vandenesse, pleading against his brother Félix; for the Marquise d'Espard, seeking interdiction against her husband; and for the Secretary-General Chardin des Lupeaulx, with whom he counseled astutely. [A Woman of Thirty. The Commission in Lunacy. The Government Clerks.] Lucien de Rubempré consulted Desroches about the seizure of the furniture of Coralie, his mistress, in 1822. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Vautrin appreciated the attorney; he said that the latter would be able to "recover" the Rubempré property, to improve it and make it capable of yielding Lucien an income of thirty thousand francs, which would probably have allowed him to wed Clotilde de Grandlieu. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In 1826 Desroches made a short-lived attempt to marry Malvina d'Aldrigger. [The Firm of Nucingen.] About 1840 he related, at Mlle. Turquet's—Malaga's—home, then maintained by Cardot the notary, and in the presence of Bixiou, Lousteau and Nathan, who were invited by the tabellion, the tricks employed by Cérizet to obtain the face value of a note out of Maxime de Trailles. [A Man of Business.] Indeed, Desroches was Cérizet's lawyer when the latter had a quarrel with Théodose de la Peyrade in 1840. He also looked after the interests of the contractor, Sauvaignou, at this same time. [The Middle Classes.] Desroches' office was probably located for a time on rue de Buci. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Desroys, clerk with the Minister of Finance in Baudoyer's bureau, under the Restoration. The son of a Conventionalist who had not favored the King's death. A Republican; friend of Michel Chrestien. He did not associate with any of his colleagues, but kept his manner of life so concealed that none knew where he lived. In December, 1824, he was discharged because of his opinions concerning the denunciation of Dutocq. [The Government Clerks.]

Desroziers, musician; prize-winner at Rome; died in that city through typhoid fever in 1836. Friend of the sculptor Dorlange, to whom he recounted the story of Zambinella, the death of Sarrasine and the marriage of the Count of Lanty. Desroziers gave music lessons to Marianina, daughter of the count. The musician employed his friend, who was momentarily in need of money, to undertake a copy of a statue of Adonis, which reproduced Zambinella's features. This copy he sold to M. de Lanty. [The Member for Arcis.]

Desroziers, printer at Moulins, department of the Allier. After 1830 he published a small volume containing the works of "Jan Diaz, son of a Spanish prisoner, and born in 1807 at Bourges." This volume had an introductory sketch on Jan Diaz by M. de Clagny. [The Muse of the Department.]

Dey (Comtesse de), born about 1755. Widow of a lieutenant-general retired to Carentan, department of the Manche, where she died suddenly in November, 1793, through a shock to her maternal sensibilities. [The Conscript.]

Dey (Auguste, Comte de), only son of Mme. de Dey. Made lieutenant of the dragoons when only eighteen, and followed the princes in emigration as a point of honor. He was idolized by his mother, who had remained in France in order to preserve his fortune for him. He participated in the Granville expedition. Imprisoned as a result of this affair, he wrote Mme. de Dey that he would arrive at her home, disguised and a fugitive, within three days' time. But he was shot in the Morbihan at the exact moment when his

mother expired from the shock of having received instead of her son the conscript Julien Jussieu. [The Conscript.]

Diard (Pierre-François), born in the suburbs of Nice; the son of a merchant-provost; quartermaster of the Sixth regiment of the line, in 1808, then chief of battalion in the Imperial Guard; retired with this rank on account of a rather severe wound received in Germany; afterwards an administrator and business man; excessive gambler. Husband of Juana Mancini who had been the mistress of Captain Montefiore, Diard's most intimate friend. In 1823, at Bordeaux, Diard killed and robbed Montefiore, whom he met by accident. Upon his return home he confessed his crime to his wife who vainly besought him to commit suicide; and she herself finally blew out his brains with a pistol shot. [The Maranas.]

Diard (Maria-Juana-Pepita), daughter of La Marana, a Venetian courtesan, and a young Italian nobleman, Mancini, who acknowledged her. Wife of Pierre-François Diard whom she accepted on her mother's request, after having given herself to Montefiore who did not wish to marry her. Juana had been reared very strictly in the Spanish home of Perez de Lagounia, at Tarragone, and she bore her father's name. She was the descendant of a long line of courtesans, a feminine branch that had never made legal marriages. The blood of her ancestors was in her veins; she showed this involuntarily by the way in which she yielded to Montefiore. Although she did not love her husband, yet she remained entirely faithful to him, and she killed him for honor's sake. She had two children. [The Maranas.]

Diard (Juan), first child of Mme. Diard. Born seven months after his mother's marriage, and perhaps the son of Montefiore. He was the image of Juana, who secretly petted him extravagantly, although she pretended to like her younger son the better. By a "species of admirable flattery" Diard had made Juan his choice. [The Maranas.]

Diard (Francisque), second son of M. and Mme. Diard, born in Paris. A counterpart of his father, and the favorite—only outwardly—of his mother. [The Maranas.]

Diaz (Jan), assumed name of Mme. Dinah de la Baudraye

Diodati, owner of a villa on Lake Geneva in 1823-1824.—Character in a novel called "L'Ambitieux par Amour" published by Albert Savarus in the "Revue de l'Est" in 1834. [Albert Savarus.]

Dionis, notary at Nemours from about 1813 till the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe. He was a Crémière-Dionis, but was always known by the latter name. A shrewd, double-faced individual, who was secretly a partner with Massin-Levrault the money-lender. He concerned himself with the inheritance left by Dr. Minoret, giving advice to the three legatees of the old physician. After the Revolution of 1830, he was elected mayor of Nemours, instead of M. Levrault, and about 1837 he became deputy. He was then received at court balls, in company with his wife, and Mme. Dionis was "enthroned" in the village because of her "ways of the throne." The couple had at least one daughter. [Ursule Mirouët.] Dionis breakfasted familiarly with Rastignac, Minister of Public Works, from 1839 to 1845. [The Member for Arcis.]

Doguereau, publisher on rue de Coq, Paris, in 1821, having been established since the first of the century; retired professor of rhetoric. Lucien de Rubempré offered him his romance, "The Archer of Charles IX.," but the publisher would not give him more than four hundred francs for it, so the trade was not concluded. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Doisy, porter of the Lepitre Institution, quarter du Marais, Paris, about 1814, at the time when Félix de Vandenesse came there to complete his course of study. This young man contracted a debt of one hundred francs on Doisy's account, which resulted in a very severe reprimand from his mother. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Dominis (Abbé de), priest of Tours during the Restoration; preceptor of Jacques de Mortsauf. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Dommanget, an accoucheur-physician, famous in Paris

at the time of Louis Philippe. In 1840 he was called in to visit Mme. Calyste du Guénic, whom he had accouched, and who had taken a dangerous relapse on learning of her husband's infidelity. She was nursing her son at this time. On being taken into her confidence, Dommanget treated and cured her ailment by purely moral methods. [Béatrix.]

Doni (Massimilla). (*See* Varèse, Princesse de.)

Dorlange (Charles), first name of Sallenauve, which name see.

Dorsonval (Madame), bourgeoise of Saumur, acquainted with M. and Mme. de Grassins at the time of the Restoration. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Doublon (Victor-Ange-Herménégilde), bailiff at Angoulême during the Restoration. He acted against David Séchard on behalf of the Cointet brothers. [Lost Illusions.]

Duberghe, wine-merchant of Bordeaux from whom Nucingen purchased in 1815, before the battle of Waterloo, 150,000 bottles of wine, averaging thirty sous to the bottle. The financier sold them for six francs each to the allied armies, from 1817 to 1819. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Dubourdieu, born about 1805; a symbolic painter of the Fouierist school; decorated. In 1845 he was met at the corner of rue Neuve-Vivienne by his friend Léon de Lora, when he expressed his ideas on art and philosophy to Gazonal and Bixiou, who were with the famous landscape-painter. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Dubut of Caen, merchant connected with MM. de Boisfranc, de Boisfrelon and de Boislaurier who were also Dubuts, and whose grandfather was a dealer in linens. Dubut of Caen was involved in the trial of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne, in 1809, and sentenced to death for contumacy. During the Restoration, on account of his devotion to the Royal cause, he had hoped to obtain the succession to the title of M. de Boisfranc. Louis XVIII. made him grand provost, in 1815, and later public prosecutor under the coveted name; finally he died as first president of the court. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Ducange (Victor), novelist and playwright of France; born in 1783 at La Haye; died in 1833; one of the collaborators in "Thirty Years," or "A Gambler's Life," and the author of "Léonide." Victor Ducange was present at Braulard's, the head-claquer's, in 1821, at a dinner where were also Adèle Dupois, Frédéric Dupetit-Méré and Mlle. Millot, Braulard's mistress. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Dudley (Lord), statesman; one of the most distinguished of the older English peers living in Paris after 1816; husband of Lady Arabella Dudley; natural father of Henri de Marsay, to whom he paid small attention, and who became the lover of Arabella. He was "profoundly immoral." He reckoned among his illegitimate progeny, Euphémia Porrabéril, and among the women he maintained a certain Hortense who lived on rue Tronchet. Before removing to France, Lord Dudley lived in his native land with two sons born in wedlock, but who were astonishingly like Marsay. [The Lily of the Valley. The Thirteen. A Man of Business.] Lord Dudley was present at Mlle. des Touches, shortly after 1830, when Marsay, then prime minister, told of his first love affair; these two statesmen exchanged philosophical reflections. [Another Study of Woman.] In 1834 he chanced to be present at a grand ball given by his wife, when he gambled in a salon with bankers, ambassadors and retired ministers. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Dudley (Lady Arabella), wife of the preceding; member of an illustrious English family that was free of any *mésalliance* from the time of the Conquest; exceedingly wealthy; one of those almost regal ladies; the idol of the highest French society during the Restoration. She did not live with her husband to whom she had left two sons who resembled Marsay, whose mistress she had been. In some way she succeeded in taking Félix de Vandenesse away from Mme. de Mortsauf, thus causing that virtuous woman keen anguish. She was born, so she said, in Lancashire, where women die of love. [The Lily of the Valley.] In the early years of the reign of Charles X., at least during the summers, she lived at

the village of Châtenay, near Sçeaux. [The Ball at Sçeaux.] Raphaël de Valentin desired her and would have sought her but for the fear of exhausting the "magic skin." [The Magic Skin.] In 1832 she was among the guests at a soirée given by Mme. d' Espard, where the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse was maligned in the presence of Daniel d'Arthez, in love with her. [The Secrets of a Princess.] She was quite jealous of Mme. Félix de Vandenesse, the wife of her old-time lover, and in 1834-35 she monœuvred, with Mme. de Listomère and Mme. d'Espard to make the young woman fall into the arms of the poet Nathan, whom she wished to be even homelier than he was. She said to Mme. Félix de Vandenesse: "Marriage, my child, is our purgatory; love our paradise." [A Daughter of Eve.] Lady Dudley, vengeance-bent, caused Lady Brandon to die of grief. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Dufau, justice of the peace in a commune in the outskirts of Grenoble, where Dr. Benassis was mayor under the Restoration. Then a tall, bony man with gray locks and clothed in black. He aided materially in the work of regeneration accomplished by the physician in the village. [The Country Doctor.]

Dufaure (Jules-Armand-Stanislaus), attorney and French politician; born December 4, 1798, at Saujon, Charente-Inférieure; died an Academician at Rueil in the summer of 1881; friend and co-disciple of Louis Lambert and of Barchou de Penhoën at the college of Vendôme in 1811. [Louis Lambert.]

Dumay (Anne-François-Bernard), born at Vannes in 1777; son of a rather mean lawyer, the president of a revolutionary tribunal under the Republic, and a victim of the guillotine subsequent to the ninth Thermidor. His mother died of grief. In 1799 Anne Dumay enlisted in the army of Italy. On the overthrow of the Empire, he retired with the rank of lieutenant, and came in touch with Charles Mignon, with whom he had become acquainted early in his military career. He was thoroughly devoted to his friend, who had once saved his life at Waterloo. He gave great assistance to the commer-

cial enterprises of the Mignon house, and faithfully looked after the interests of Mme. and Mlle. Mignon during the protracted absence of the head of the family, who was suddenly ruined. Mignon came back from America a rich man, and he made Dumay share largely in his fortune. [Modeste Mignon.]

Dumay (Madame), *née* Grummer, wife of the foregoing; a pretty little American woman who married Dumay while he was on a journey to America on behalf of his patron and friend Charles Mignon, during the Restoration. Having had the misfortune to lose several children at birth, and deprived of the hope of others, she became entirely devoted to the two Mignon girls. She as well as her husband was thoroughly attached to that family. [Modeste Mignon.]

Dupetit-Méré (Frédéric), born at Paris in 1785 and died in 1827; dramatic author who enjoyed his brief hour of fame. Under the name of Frédéric he constructed either singly, or in collaboration with Ducange, Rougemont, Brazier and others, a large number of melodramas, vaudevilles, and fantasies. In 1821 he was present with Ducange, Adèle Dupuis and Mlle. Millot at a dinner at Braulard's, the head-claquer. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Duplanty (Abbé), vicar of Saint-François church at Paris; at Schmucke's request he administered extreme unction to the dying Pons, in April, 1845, who understood and appreciated his goodness. [Cousin Pons.]

Duplay (Madame), wife of a carpenter of rue Honoré at whose house Robespierre lived; a customer of the grocer Descoings, whom she denounced as a forestaller. This accusation led to the grocer's imprisonment and execution. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Dupotet, a sort of banker established at Croisic under the Restoration. He had on deposit the modest patrimony of Pierre Cambremer. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Dupuis, notary of the Saint-Jacques quarter, time of Louis Philippe; affectedly pious; beadle of the parish. He kept the savings of a lot of servants. Théodose de la Peyrade, who

drummed up trade for him in this special line, induced Mme. Lambert, the housekeeper of M. Picot, to place two thousand five hundred francs, saved at her employer's expense, with this virtuous man, who immediately went into bankrutpcy. [The Middle Classes.]

Dupuis (Adèle), Parisian actress who for a long time and brilliantly held the leading rôles and creations at the Gâité theatre. In 1821 she dined with the chief claquer, Braulard, in company with Ducange, Frédéric Dupetit-Méré and Mlle. Millot. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Durand, real name of the Chessels. This name of Chessel had been borrowed by Mme. Durand, who was born a Chessel.

Duret (Abbé), curé of Sancerre during the Restoration; aged member of the old clerical school. Excellent company; a frequenter of the home of Mme. de la Baudraye, where he satisfied his penchant for gaming. With much *finesse* Duret showed this young woman the character of M. de la Baudraye in its true light. He counseled her to seek in literature relief from the bitterness of her wedded life. [The Muse of the Department.]

Duriau, a celebrated accoucheur of Paris. Assisted by Bianchon he delivered Mme. de la Baudraye of a child at the home of Lousteau, its father, in 1837. [The Muse of the Department.]

Durieu, cook and house servant at the château de Cinq-Cygne, under the Consulate. An old and trusted servant, thoroughly devoted to his mistress, Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, whose fortunes he had always followed. He was a married man, his wife being general housekeeper in the establishment. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Duroc (Gérard-Christophe-Michel), Duc de Frioul; grand marshal of the palace of Napoleon; born at Pont-à-Mousson, in 1772; killed on the battlefield in 1813. On October 13, 1806, the eve of the battle of Jéna, he conducted the Marquis de Chargeboeuf and Laurence de Cinq-Cygne to the Emperor's presence. [The Gondreville Mystery.] In April, 1813, he was at a dress-parade at the Carrousel, Paris, when Napoleon

addressed him, regarding Mlle. de Chatillonest, noted by him in the throng, in language which made the grand marshal smile. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Durut (Jean-François), a criminal whom Prudence Servien helped convict to hard labor by her testimony in the Court of Assizes. Durut took oath to Prudence, before the same tribunal, that, once free, he would kill her. However, he was executed at the bagne of Toulon four years later (1829). Jacques Collin, alias Vautrin, to obtain Prudence's affections, boasted of having freed her from Durut, whose threat held her in perpetual terror. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Dutheil (Abbé), one of the two vicars-general of the Bishop of Limoges during the Restoration. One of the lights of the Gallican clergy. Made a bishop in August, 1831, and promoted to archbishop in 1840. He presided at the public confession of Mme. Graslin, whose friend and adviser he was, and whose funeral procession he followed in 1844. [The Country Parson.]

Dutocq, born in 1786. In 1814 he entered the Department of Finance, succeeding Poiret senior who was displaced in the bureau directed by Rabourdin. He was order clerk. Idle and incapable, he hated his chief and caused his overthrow. Very despicable and very prying, he tried to make his place secure by acting as spy in the bureau. Chardin des Lupeaulx, the secretary-general, was advised by him of the slightest developments. After 1816, Dutocq outwardly affected very pronounced religious tendencies because he believed them useful to his advancement. He eagerly collected old engravings, possessing complete "his Charlet," which he desired to give or lend to the minister's wife. At this time he dwelt on rue Saint-Louis-Saint-Honoré (in 1854 this street disappeared) near Palais Royal, on the fifth floor of an enclosed house, and boarded in a pension of rue de Beaune. [The Government Clerks.] In 1840, retired, he clerked for a justice of the peace of the Pantheon municipality, and lived in Thuillier's house, rue Saint-Dominique d'Enfer. He was a bachelor and had all the vices which, however, he religiously concealed. He kept in with his superiors by fawning. He was concerned

with the villainous intrigues of Cérizet, his copy-clerk, and with Théodose de la Peyrade, the tricky lawyer. [The Middle Classes.]

Duval, wealthy forge-master of Alençon, whose daughter, the grand-niece of M. du Croisier (du Bousquier), was married in 1830 to Victurnien d'Esgrignon. Her dowry was three million francs. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Duval, famous professor of chemistry at Paris in 1843. A friend of Dr. Bianchon, at whose instance he analyzed the blood of M. and Mme Crevel, who were infected by a peculiar cutaneous disease of which they died. [Cousin Betty.]

Duvignon. (*See* Lanty, de.)

Duvivier, jeweler at Vendôme during the Empire. Mme. de Merret declared to her husband that she had purchased of this merchant an ebony crucifix encrusted with silver; but in truth she had obtained it of her lover, Bagos de Férédia. She swore falsely on this very crucifix. [La Grande Bretêche.]

E

Emile, a "lion of the most triumphant kind," of the acquaintance of Mme. Komorn—Comtesse Godollo. One evening in 1840 or 1841 this woman, in order to avoid Théodose de la Peyrade, on the Boulevard des Italiens, took the dandy's arm and requested him to take her to Mabille. [The Middle Classes.]

Esgrignon (Charles-Marie-Victor-Ange-Carol, Marquis d'), or, Des Grignons—following the earlier name—commander of the Order of Saint-Louis; born about 1750, died in 1830. Head of a very ancient family of the Francs, the Karawls who came from the North to conquer the Gauls, and who were entrusted with the defence of a French highway. The Esgrignons, quasi-princes under the House of Valois and all-powerful under Henry IV., were very little known at the court of Louis XVIII.; and the marquis, ruined by the Revolution, lived in rather reduced circumstances at Alençon in an old gable-roofed house formerly belonging to him, which had been sold as common property, and which the faithful notary

Chesnel had repurchased, together with certain portions of his other estates. The Marquis d'Esgrignon, though not having to emigrate, was still obliged to conceal himself. He participated in the Vendean struggle against the Republic, and was one of the members of the Committee Royal of Alençon. In 1800, at the age of fifty, in the hope of perpetuating his race, he married Mlle. de Nouastre, who died in child-birth, leaving the marquis an only son. M. d'Esgrignon always overlooked the escapades of this child, whose reputation was preserved by Chesnel; and he passed away shortly after the downfall of Charles X., saying: "The Gauls triumph." [The Chouans. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Esgrignon (Madame d'), *née* Nouastre; of blood the purest and noblest; married at twenty-two, in 1800, to Marquis Carol d'Esgrignon, a man of fifty. She soon died at the birth of an only son. She was "the prettiest of human beings; in her person were reawakened the charms—now fanciful—of the feminine figures of the sixteenth century." [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Esgrignon (Victurnien, Comte, then Marquis d'), only son of Marquis Carol d'Esgrignon; born about 1800 at Alençon. Handsome and intelligent, reared with extreme indulgence and kindness by his aunt, Mlle. Armande d'Esgrignon, he gave himself over without restraint to all the whims usual to the ingenuous egoism of his age. From eighteen to twenty-one he squandered eighty thousand francs without the knowledge of his father and his aunt; the devoted Chesnel footed all the bills. The youthful d'Esgrignon was systematically urged to wrong-doing by an ally of his own age, Fabien du Ronceret, a perfidious fellow of the town whom M. du Croisier employed. About 1823 Victurnien d'Esgrignon was sent to Paris. There he had the misfortune to fall into the society of the Parisian *roués*—Marsay, Ronquerolles, Trailles, Chardin des Lupeaulx, Vandenesse, Ajuda-Pinto, Beaudenord, Martial de la Roche-Hugon, Manerville, people met at the homes of Marquise d'Espard, the Duchesses de Grandlieu, de Carigliano, de Chaulieu, the Marquises d'Aigle-

mont and de Listomère, Mme. Firmiani and the Comtesse de Sérizy; at the opera and at the embassies—being welcomed on account of his good name and seeming fortune. It was not long until he became the lover of the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, ruined himself for her and ended by forging a note against M. du Croisier for one hundred thousand francs. His aunt took him back quickly to Alençon, and by a great effort he was rescued from legal proceedings. Following this he fought a duel with M. du Croisier, who wounded him dangerously. Nevertheless, shortly after the death of his father, Victurnien d'Esgrignon married Mlle. Duval, niece of the retired contractor. He did not give himself over to his wife, but instead betook himself to his former gay life of a bachelor. [Jealousies of a Country Town. Letters of Two Brides.] According to Marguerite Turquet "the little D'Esgrignon was well soaked" by Antonia. [A Man of Business.] In 1832 Victurnien d'Esgrignon declared before a numerous company at Mme. d'Espard's that the Princesse de Cadignan—Mme. de Maufrigneuse—was a dangerous woman. "To her I owe the disgrace of my marriage," he added. Daniel d'Arthez, who was then in love with this woman, was present at the conversation. [The Secrets of a Princess.] In 1838 Victurnien d'Esgrignon was present with some artists, lorettes and men about town, at the opening of the house on rue de la Ville-Evêque given to Josépha Mirah, by the Duc d'Hérouville. The young marquis himself had been Josépha's lover; Baron Hulot and he had been rivals for her on another occasion. [Cousin Betty.]

Esgrignon (Marie-Armande-Claire d'), born about 1775; sister of Marquis Carol d'Esgrignon and aunt of Victurnien d'Esgrignon to whom she had been as a mother, with an absolute tenderness. In his old age her father had married for a second time, and to the young daughter of a tax collector, ennobled by Louis XIV. She was born of this union which was looked upon as a horrible *mésalliance*, and although the marquis loved her dearly he regarded her as an alien. He made her weep for joy, one day, by saying solemnly: "You are an Esgrignon, my sister." Emile Blondet, reared at

Alençon, had known and loved her in his childhood, and often later he praised her beauty and good qualities. On account of her devotion to her nephew she refused M. de la Roche-Guyon and the Chevalier de Valois, also M. du Bousquier. She gave the fullest proof of her genuinely maternal affection for Victurnien, when the latter committed the crime at Paris, which would have placed him on the prisoner's bench of the Court of Assizes, but for the clever work of Chesnel. She outlived her brother, given over "to her religion and her overthrown beliefs." About the middle of Louis Philippe's reign Blondet, who had come to Alençon to obtain his marriage license, was again moved on the contemplation of that noble face. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Espard (Charles-Maurice-Marie-Andoche, Comte de Négrepelisse, Marquis d'), born about 1789; by name a Négrepelisse, of an old Southern family which acquired by a marriage, time of Henry IV., the lands and titles of the family of Espard, of Béarn, which was allied also with the Albret house. The device of the d'Espards was: "Des partem leonis." The Négrepelisses were militant Catholics, ruined at the time of the Church wars, and afterwards considerably enriched by the despoiling of a family of Protestant merchants, the Jeanrenauds whose head had been hanged after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This property, so badly acquired, became wondrously profitable to the Négrepelisses-d'Espards. Thanks to his fortune, the grandfather of the marquis was enabled to wed a Navarreins-Lansac, an extremely wealthy heiress; her father was of the younger branch of the Grandlieus. In 1812 the Marquis d'Espard married Mlle. de Blamont-Chauvry, then sixteen years of age. He had two sons by her, but discord soon arose between the couple. Her silly extravagances forced the marquis to borrow. He left her in 1816, going with his two children to live on rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève. Here he devoted himself to the education of his boys and to the composition of a great work: "The Picturesque History of China," the profits of which, combined with the savings resultant from an austere manner of living, allowed him to pay in twelve years' time to the

legatees of the suppliant Jeanrenauds eleven hundred thousand francs, representing the value—time of Louis XIV.—of the property confiscated from their ancestors. This book was written, so to speak, in collaboration with Abbé Crozier, and its financial results aided greatly in comforting the declining years of a ruined friend, M. de Nouvion. In 1828 Mme. d'Espard tried to have a guardian appointed for her husband, by ridiculing the noble conduct of the marquis. But the defendant won his rights at court. [The Commission in Lunacy.] Lucien de Rubempré, who entertained Attorney-General Granville with an account of this suit, probably was instrumental in causing the judgment to favor M. d'Espard. Thus he drew upon himself the hatred of the marquise. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.

Espard (Camille, Vicomte d'), second son of Marquis d'Espard; born in 1815; pursued his studies at the college of Henri IV., in company with his elder brother, the Comte Clément de Négrepelisse. He studied rhetoric in 1828. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Espard (Chevalier d'), brother of Marquis d'Espard, whom he wished to see interdicted, in order that he might be made curator. His face was thin as a knife-blade, and he was frigid and severe. Judge Popinot said he reminded him somewhat of Cain. He was one of the deepest personages to be found in the Marquise d'Espard's drawing-room, and was the political half of that woman. [The Commission in Lunacy. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Secrets of a Princess.]

Espard (Jeanne-Clémentine-Athenaïs de Blamont-Chauvry, Marquise d'), born in 1795; wife of Marquis d'Espard; of one of the most illustrious houses of Faubourg Saint-Germain. Deserted by her husband in 1816, she was at the age of twenty-two mistress of herself and of her fortune, an income of twenty-six thousand francs. At first she lived in seclusion; then in 1820 she appeared at court, gave some receptions at her own home, and did not long delay about becoming a society woman. Cold, vain and coquettish she knew neither love nor hatred; her indifference for all that did not directly

concern her was profound. She never showed emotion. She had certain scientific formulas for preserving her beauty. She never wrote but spoke instead, believing that two words from a woman were sufficient to kill three men. More than once she made epigrams to peers or deputies which the courts of Europe treasured. In 1828 she still passed with the men for youthful. Mme. d'Espard lived at number 104 rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré. [The Commission in Lunacy.] She was a magnificent Célimène. She displayed such prudence and severity on her separation from her husband that society was at a loss to account for this disagreement. She was surrounded by her relatives, the Navarreins, the Blamont-Chauvrys and the Lenoncourts; ladies of the highest social position claimed her acquaintance. She was a cousin of Mme. de Bargeton, who was rehabilitated by her on her arrival from Angoulême in 1821, and whom she introduced into Paris, showing her all the secrets of elegant life and taking her away from Lucien de Rubempré. Later, when the "Distinguished Provincial" had won his way into high society, she, at the instance of Mme. de Montcornet, enlisted him on the Royalist side. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1824 she was at an Opéra ball to which she had come through an anonymous note, and, leaning on the arm of Sixte du Châtelet, she met Lucien de Rubempré whose beauty struck her and whom she seemed, indeed, not to remember. The poet had his revenge for her former disdain, by means of some cutting phrases, and Jacques Collin—Vautrin—masked, caused her uneasiness by persuading her that Lucien was the author of the note and that he loved her. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] The Chaulieus were intimate with her at the time when their daughter Louise was courted by Baron de Macumer. [Letters of Two Brides.] Despite the silent opposition of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, after the Revolution of 1830, the Marquise d'Espard did not close her salon, since she did not wish to renounce her Parisian prestige. In this she was seconded by one or two women in her circle and by Mlle. des Touches. [Another Study of Woman.] She was at home Wednesdays.

In 1833 she attended a soirée at the home of the Princess de Cadignan, where Marsay disclosed the mystery surrounding the abduction of Senator Malin in 1806. [The Gondreville Mystery.] Notwithstanding an evil report circulated against her by Mme. d'Espard, the princesse told Daniel d'Arthez that the marquise was her best friend; she was related to her. [The Secrets of a Princess.] A tuated by jealou y for Mme. Félix de Vandenesse, Mme. d'Espard fostered the growing intimacy between that young woman and Nathan the poet; she wished to see an apparent rival compromised. In 1835 the marquise defended vaudeville entertainments against Lady Dudley, who said she could not endure them. [A Daughter of Eve.] In 1840, on leaving the Italiens, Mme. d'Espard humiliated Mme. de Rochefide by snubbing her; all the women followed her example, shunning the mistress of Calyste du Guénic. [Béatrix.] In short the Marquise d'Espard was one of the most snobbish people of her day. Her disposition was sour and malevolent, despite its elegant veneer.

Estival (Abbé d'), provincial priest and Lenten exhorter at the church of Saint-Jacques du Haut-Pas, Paris. According to Théodose de la Peyrade, who pointed him out to Mme. Colleville, he was devoted to predication in the interest of the poor. By spirituality and unction he redeemed a scarcely agreeable exterior. [The Middle Classes.]

Estorade (Baron, afterwards Comte de l'), a little Provincial gentleman, father of Louis de l'Estorade. A very religious and very miserly man who hoarded for his son. He lost his wife about 1814, who died of grief through lack of hope of ever seeing her son again—having heard nothing of him after the battle of Leipsic. M. de l'Estorade was an excellent grandparent. He died at the end of 1826. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Estorade (Louis, Chevalier, then Vicomte and Comte de l'), son of the preceding; peer of France; president of the Chamber in the Court of Accounts; grand officer of the Legion of Honor; born in 1787. After having been excluded from the conscrip-

tion under the Empire, for a long time, he was enlisted in 1813, serving on the Guard of Honor. At Leipsic he was captured by the Russians and did not reappear in France until the Restoration. He suffered severely in Siberia; at thirty-seven he appeared to be fifty. Pale, lean, taciturn and somewhat deaf, he bore much resemblance to the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He succeeded, however, in making himself agreeable to Renée de Maucombe whom he married, dowerless, in 1824. Urged on by his wife who became ambitious after becoming a mother, he left Crampade, his country estate, and although a mediocre he rose to the highest offices. [Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis.]

Estorade (Madame de l'), born Renée de Maucombe in 1807, of a very old Provençal family, located in the Géménos Valley, twenty kilometres from Marseilles. She was educated at the Carmellite convent of Blois, where she was intimate with Louise de Chaulieu. The two friends always remained constant. For several years they corresponded, writing about life, love and marriage, when Renée the wise gave to the passionate Louise advice and prudent counsel not always followed. In 1836 Mme. de l'Estorade hastened to the country to be present at the death-bed of her friend, now become Mme. Marie Gaston. Renée de Maucombe was married at the age of seventeen, upon leaving the convent. She gave her husband three children, though she never loved him, devoting herself to the duties of motherhood. [Letters of Two Brides.] In 1838-39 the serenity of this sage person was disturbed by meeting Dorlange-Sallenauve. She believed he sought her, and she must needs fight an insidious liking for him. Mme. de Camps counseled and enlightened Mme. de l'Estorade, with considerable foresight, in this delicate crisis. Some time later, when a widow, Mme. de l'Estorade was on the point of giving her hand to Sallenauve, who became her son-in-law. [The Member for Arcis.] In 1841 Mme. de l'Estorade remarked of M. and Mme. Savinien de Portenduère: "Theirs is the most perfect happiness that I have ever seen!" [Ursule Mirouët.]

Estorade (Armand de l'), elder son of M. and Mme. de l'Estorade; godson of Louise de Chaulieu, who was Baronne de Macumer and afterwards Mme. Marie Gaston. Born in December, 1825; educated at the college of Henri IV. At first stupid and meditative, he awakened afterwards, was crowned at Sorbonne, having obtained first prize for a translation of Latin, and in 1845 made a brilliant showing in his thesis for the degree of doctor of laws. [Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis.]

Estorade (René de l'), second child of M. and Mme. de l'Estorade. Bold and adventurous as a child. He had a will of iron, and his mother was convinced that he would be "the cunningest sailor afloat." [Letters of Two Brides.]

Estorade (Jeanne-Athénaïs de l'), daughter and third child of M. and Mme. de l'Estorade. Called "Naïs" for short. Married in 1847 to Charles de Sallenauve. (*See* Sallenauve, Mme. Charles de.)

Estourny (Charles d'), a young dandy of Paris who went to Havre during the Restoration to view the sea, obtained entrance into the Mignon household and eloped with Bettina-Caroline, the elder daughter. He afterwards deserted her and she died of shame. In 1827 Charles d'Estourny was sentenced by the police court for habitual fraud in gambling. [Modeste Mignon.] A Georges-Marie Destourny, who styled himself Georges d'Estourny, was the son of a bailiff, at Boulogne, near Paris, and was undoubtedly identical with Charles d'Estourny. For a time he was the protector of Esther van Gobseck, known as La Torpille. He was born about 1801, and, after having obtained a splendid education, had been left without resources by his father, who was forced to sell out under adverse circumstances. Georges d'Estourny speculated on the Bourse with money obtained from "kept" women who trusted in him. After his sentence he left Paris without squaring his accounts. He had aided Cérizet, who afterwards became his partner. He was a handsome fellow, open-hearted and generous as the chief of robbers. On account of the knaveries which brought him into court, Bixiou nick-

named him "Tricks at Cards." [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. A Man of Business.]

Etienne & Co., traders at Paris under the Empire. In touch with Guillaume, clothier of rue Saint-Denis, who foresaw their failure and awaited "with anxiety as at a game of cards." [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Eugène, Corsican colonel of the Sixth regiment of the line, which was made up almost entirely of Italians—the first to enter Tarragone in 1808. Colonel Eugène, a second Murat, was extraordinarily brave. He knew how to make use of the species of bandits who composed his regiment. [The Maranas.]

Eugénie, assumed name of Prudence Servien, which name see.

Euphrasie, Parisian courtesan, time of the Restoration and Louis Philippe. A pretty, winsome blonde with blue eyes and a melodious voice; she had an air of the utmost frankness, yet was profoundly depraved and expert in refined vice. In 1821 she transmitted a terrible and fatal disease to Crottat, the notary. At that time she lived on rue Feydeau. Euphrasie pretended that in her early youth she had passed entire days and nights trying to support a lover who had forsaken her for a heritage. With the brunette, Aquilina, Euphrasie took part in a famous orgy, at the home of Frédéric Taillefer, on rue Joubert, where were also Emile Blondet, Rastignac, Bixiou and Raphaël de Valentin. Later she is seen at the Théâtre-Italien, in company with the aged antiquarian, who had sold Raphaël the celebrated "magic skin"; she was running through with the old merchant's treasures. [Melmoth Reconciled. The Magic Skin.]

Europe, assumed name of Prudence Servien, which name see.

Evangélista (Madame), born Casa-Réal in 1781, of a great Spanish family collaterally descended from the Duke of Alva and related to the Claës of Douai; a creole who came to Bordeaux in 1800 with her husband, a large Spanish financier. In 1813 she was left a widow, with her daughter. She paid no

thought to the value of money, never knowing how to resist a whim. So one morning in 1821 she was forced to call on the broker and expert, Elie Magus, to get an estimate on the value of her magnificent diamonds. She became wearied of life in the country, and therefore favored the marriage of her daughter with Paul de Manerville, in order that she might follow the young couple to Paris where she dreamed of appearing in grand style and of a further exercise of her power. For that matter she displayed much astuteness in arranging the details of this marriage, at which time Maître Solonet, her notary, was much taken with her, desiring to wed her, and defending her warmly against Maître Mathias, the lawyer for the Manervilles. Beneath the exterior of an excellent woman she knew, like Catherine de Medicis, how to hate and wait. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Evangélista (Natalie), daughter of Mme. Evangélista; married to Paul de Manerville. (*See* that name.)

Evelina, young girl of noble blood, wealthy and cultured, of a strict Jansenist family; sought in marriage by Benassis, in the beginning of the Restoration. Evelina reciprocated Benassis' love, but her parents opposed the match. Evelina died soon after gaining her freedom and the doctor did not survive her long. [The Country Doctor.]

F

Faille & Bouchot, Parisian perfumers who failed in 1818. They gave an order for ten thousand phials of peculiar shape to hold a new cosmetic, which phials Anselme Popinot purchased for four sous each on six months' time, with the intention of filling them with the "Cephalic Oil" invented by César Birotteau. [César Birotteau.]

Falcon (Jean), alias Beaupied, or more often Beau-Pied, sergeant in the Seventy-second demi-brigade in 1799, under the command of Colonel Hulot. Jean Falcon was the clown of his company. Formerly he had served in the artillery. [The Chouans.] In 1808, still under the command of Hulot, he was one in the army of Spain and in the troops led by Murat.

In that year he was witness of the death of Béga, the French surgeon, assassinated by a Spaniard. [The Muse of the Department.] In 1841 he was body-servant of his old-time colonel, now become a marshal. For thirty years he had been in his employ. [Cousin Betty.]

Falcon (Marie-Cornélie), famous singer of the Opéra; born at Paris on January 28, 1812. On July 20, 1832, she made a brilliant début in the rôle of Alice, in "Robert le Diable." She also created with equal success the parts of Rachel in "La Juive" and Valentine in "The Huguenots." In 1836 the composer Conti declared to Calyste du Guénic that he was madly enamored of this singer, "the youngest and prettiest of her time." He even wished to marry her—so he said—but this remark was probably a thrust at Calyste, who was smitten with the Marquise de Rochefide, whose lover the musician was at this time. [Béatrix.] Cornélie Falcon disappears from the scene in 1840, after a famous evening when, before a sympathetic audience, she mourned on account of the ruin of her voice. She married a financier, M. Malençon, and is now a grandmother. Mme. Falcon has given, in the provinces, her name to designate tragic "sopranos." "La Vierge de l'Opéra," interestingly delineated by M. Emmanuel Gonzalès, reveals—according to him—certain incidents in her career.

Falleix (Martin), Auvergnat coppersmith on rue du Faubourg Saint-Antoine, Paris; born about 1796; he had come from the country with his kettle under his arm. He was patronized by Bidault, alias Gigonnet, who advanced him capital though at heavy interest. The usurer also introduced him to Saillard, the cashier of the Minister of Finance, who with his savings enabled him to open a foundry. Martin Falleix obtained a brevet for invention and a gold medal at the Exposition of 1824. Mme. Baudoyer undertook his education, deciding he would do for a son-in-law. On his side he worked for the interests of his future father-in-law. [The Government Clerks.] About 1826 he discussed on the Bourse, with Du Tillet, Werbrust and Claparon, the third liquidation of

Nucingen, which solidly established the fortune of that celebrated Alsatian banker. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Falleix (Jacques), brother of the preceding; stock-broker, one of the shrewdest and richest, the successor of Jules Desmarets and stock-broker for the firm of Nucingen On rue Saint-George he fitted up a most elegant little house for his mistress, Mme. du Val-Noble. He failed in 1829, the victim of one of the Nucingen liquidations. [The Government Clerks. The Thirteen. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Fanchette, servant of Doctor Rouget at Issoudun, at the close of the eighteenth century; a stout Berrichonne who, before the advent of La Cognette, was thought to be the best cook in town. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Fanjat, physician and something of an alienist; uncle of Comtesse Stéphanie de Vandières. She was supposed to have perished in the disaster of the Russian campaign. He found her near Strasbourg, in 1816, a lunatic, and took her to the ancient convent of Bon-Hommes, in the outskirts of l'Isle Adam, Seine-et-Oise, where he tended her with a tender care. In 1819 he had the sorrow of seeing her expire as a result of a tragic scene when, recovering her reason all at once, she recognized her former lover Philippe de Sucy, whom she had not seen since 1812. [Farewell.]

Fanny, aged servant in the employ of Lady Brandon, at La Grenadière under the Restoration. She closed the eyes of her mistress, whom she adored, then conducted the two children from that house to one of a cousin of hers, an old retired dressmaker of Tours, rue de la Guerche (now rue Marceau), where she intended to live with them; but the elder of the sons of Lady Brandon enlisted in the navy and placed his brother in college, under the guidance of Fanny. [La Grenadière.]

Fanny, young girl of romantic temperament, fair and blonde, the only daughter of a banker of Paris. One evening at her father's house she asked the Bavarian Hermann for a "dreadful German story," and thus innocently led to the death of Frédéric Taillefer who had in his youth committed a secret murder, now related in his hearing. [The Red Inn.]

Fario, old Spanish prisoner of war at Issoudun during the Empire. After peace was declared he remained there making a small business venture in grains. He was of Grenada and had been a peasant He was the butt of many scurvy tricks on the part of the "Knights of Idlesse," and he avenged himself by stabbing their leader, Maxence Gilet. This attempted assassination was momentarily charged to Joseph Bridau. Fario finally obtained full satisfaction for his vindictive spirit by witnessing a duel where Gilet fell mortally wounded by the hand of Philippe Bridau. Gilet had previously become disconcerted by the presence of the grain-dealer on the field of battle. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Farrabesche, ex-convict, now an estate-guard for Mme. Graslin, at Montégnac, time of Louis Philippe; of an old family of La Corrèze; born about 1791. He had had an elder brother killed at Montebello, in 1800 a captain at twenty-two, who by his surpassing heroism had saved the army and the Consul Bonaparte. There was, too, a second brother who fell at Austerlitz in 1805, a sergeant in the First regiment of the Guard. Farrabesche himself had got it into his head that he would never serve, and when summoned in 1811 he fled to the woods. There he affiliated more or less with the Chauffeurs and, accused of several assassinations, was sentenced to death for contumacy. At the instance of Abbé Bonnet he gave himself up, at the beginning of the Restoration, and was sent to the bagne for ten years, returning in 1827. After 1830, re-established as a citizen, he married Catherine Curieux, by whom he had a child. Abbé Bonnet for one, and Mme. Graslin for another, proved themselves counselors and benefactors of Farrabesche. [The Country Parson.]

Farrabesche (Madame), born Catherine Curieux, about 1798; daughter of the tenants of Mme. Brézac, at Vizay, an important mart of La Corrèze; mistress of Farrabesche in the last years of the Empire. She bore him a son, at the age of seventeen, and was soon separated from her lover on his imprisonment in the galleys. She returned to Paris and hired out. In her last place she worked for an old lady whom

she tended devotedly, but who died leaving her nothing. In 1833 she came back to the country; she was just out of a hospital, cured of a disease caused by fatigue, but still very feeble. Shortly after she married her former lover. Catherine Curieux was rather large, well-made, pale, gentle and refined by her visit to Paris, though she could neither read nor write. She had three married sisters, one at Aubusson, one at Limoges, and one at Saint-Léonard. [The Country Parson.]

Farrabesche (Benjamin), son of Farrabesche and Catherine Curieux; born in 1815; brought up by the relatives of his mother until 1827, then taken back by his father whom he dearly loved and whose energetic and rough nature he inherited. [The Country Parson.]

Faucombe (Madame de), sister of Mme. des Touches and aunt of Félicité des Touches—Camille Maupin;—an inmate of the convent of Chelles, to whom Félicité was confided by her dying mother, in 1793. The nun took her niece to Faucombe, a considerable estate near Nantes belonging to the deceased mother, where she (the nun) died of fear in 1794. [Béatrix.]

Faucombe (De), grand-uncle on the maternal side of Félicité des Touches. Born about 1734, died in 1814. He lived at Nantes, and in his old age had married a frivolous young woman, to whom he turned over the conduct of affairs. A passionate archæologist he gave little attention to the education of his grand-niece who was left with him in 1794, after the death of Mme. de Faucombe, the aged nun of Chelles. Thus it happened that Félicité grew up by the side of the old man and young woman, without guidance, and left entirely to her own devices. [Béatrix.]

Faustine, young woman of Argentan who was executed in 1813 at Mortagne for having killed her child. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Félicie, chambermaid of Mme. Diard at Bordeaux in 1823. [The Maranas.]

Félicité, a stout, ruddy, cross-eyed girl, the servant of Mme. Vauthier who ran a lodging-house on the corner of Notre-

Dame-des-Champs and Boulevard du Montparnasse, time of Louis Philippe. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Félix, office-boy for Attorney-General Granville, in 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Fendant, former head-clerk of the house of Vidal & Porchon; a partner with Cavalier. Both were book-sellers, publishers, and book-dealers, doing business on rue Serpente, Paris, about 1821. At this time they had dealings with Lucien Chardon de Rubempré. The house for social reasons was known as Fendant & Cavalier. Half-rascals, they passed for clever fellows. While Cavalier traveled, Fendant, the more wily of the two, managed the business. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Ferdinand, real name of Ferdinand du Tillet.

Ferdinand, fighting name of one of the principal figures in the Breton uprising of 1799. One of the companions of MM. du Guénic, de la Billardière, de Fontaine and de Montauran. [The Chouans. Béatrix.]

Férédia (Count Bagos de), Spanish prisoner of war at the Vendôme under the Empire; lover of Mme. de Merret. Surprised one evening by the unexpected return of her husband, he took refuge in a closet which was ordered walled up by M. de Merret. There he died heroically without even uttering a cry. [La Grande Bretêche.]

Féret (Athanase), law-clerk of Maître Bordin, procureur to the Châtelet in 1787. [A Start in Life.]

Ferragus XXIII. (*See* Bourignard.)

Ferraro (Count), Italian colonel whom Castanier had known during the Empire, and whose death in the Zembin swamps Castanier alone had witnessed. The latter therefore intended to assume Ferraro's personality in Italy after forging certain letters of credit. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Ferraud (Comte), son of a retired councilor of the Parisian Parliament who had emigrated during the Terror, and who was ruined by these events. Born in 1781. During the Consulate he returned to France, at which time he declined certain offers made by Bonaparte. He remained ever true to the tenets

of Louis XVIII. Of pleasing presence he won his way, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain regarded him as an ornament. About 1809 he married the widow of Colonel Chabert, who had an income of forty thousand francs. By her he had two children, a son and a daughter. He resided on rue de Varenne, having a pretty villa in the Montmorency Valley. During the Restoration he was made director-general in a ministry, and councilor of state. [Colonel Chabert.]

Ferraud (Comtesse), born Rose Chapotel; wife of Comte Ferraud. During the Republic, or at the commencement of the Empire, she married her first husband, an officer named Hyacinthe and known as Chabert, who was left for dead on the battlefield of Eylau, in 1807. About 1818 he tried to reassert his marital rights. Colonel Chabert claimed to have taken Rose Chapotel out of a questionable place at Palais-Royal. During the Restoration this woman was a countess and one of the queens of Parisian society. When brought face to face with her first husband she feigned at first not to recognize him, then she displayed such a dislike for him that he abandoned his idea of legal restitution. [Colonel Chabert.] The Comtesse Ferraud was the last mistress of Louis XVIII., and remained in favor at the court of Charles X. She and Mesdames de Listomère, d'Espard, de Camps and de Nucingen were invited to the select receptions of the Minister of Finance, in 1824. [The Government Clerks.]

Ferraud (Jules), son of Comte Ferraud and Rose Chapotel, the Comtesse Ferraud. While still a child, in 1817 or 1818, he was one day at his mother's home when Colonel Chabert called. She wept and he asked hotly if the officer was responsible for the grief of the countess. The latter with her two children then played a maternal comedy which was successful with the ingenuous soldier. [Colonel Chabert.]

Fessard, grocer at Saumur during the Restoration. Astonished one day by Nanon's, the servant's, purchase of a wax-candle, he asked if "the three magi were visiting them." [Eugénie Grandet.]

Fichet (Mademoiselle), the richest heiress of Issoudun dur-

ing the Restoration. Godet, junior, one of the "Knights of Idlesse" paid court to her mother in the hope of obtaining, as a reward for his devotion, the hand of the young girl. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Finot (Andoche), managing-editor of journals and reviews, times of the Restoration and Louis Philippe. Son of a hatter of rue du Coq (now rue Marengo). Finot was abandoned by his father, a hard trader, and made a poor beginning. He wrote a bombastic announcement for Popinot's "Cephalic Oil." His first work was attending to announcements and personals in the papers. He was invited to the Birotteau ball. Finot was acquainted with Félix Gaudissart, who introduced him to little Anselme, as a great promoter. He was previously on the editorial staff of the "Courrier des Spectacles," and he had a piece performed at the Gaîté. [César Birotteau.] In 1820 he ran a little theatrical paper whose office was located on rue du Sentier. He was nephew of Giroudeau, a captain of dragoons; was witness of the marriage of Philippe Bridau with Flore Brazier, the widow of J.-J. Rouget. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] In 1821 Finot's paper was on rue Saint-Fiacre. Etienne Lousteau, Hector Merlin, Félicien Vernou, Nathan, F. du Bruel and Blondet all contributed to it. Then it was that Lucien de Rubempré made his reputation by a remarkable report of "L'Alcade dans l'embarras," a three act drama performed at the Panorama-Dramatique. Finot then lived on rue Feydeau. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1824 he was at the Opéra ball in a group of dandies and littérateurs, which surrounded Lucien de Rubempré, who was flirting with Esther Gobseck. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In this year Finot was guest at an entertainment at the home of Rabourdin, the chief of bureau, when he allowed himself to be won over to that official's cause by his friend Chardin des Lupeaulx, who had asked him to exert the voice of the press against Baudoyer, the rival of Rabourdin. [The Government Clerks.] In 1825 he was present at a breakfast given at the Rocher de Cancale, by Frédéric Marest in celebration of his entrance to the law office of Desroches; he was also at the orgy which

followed at the home of Florine. [A Start in Life.] In 1831 Gaudissart said that his friend Finot had an income of thirty thousand francs, that he would be councilor of state, and was booked for a peer of France. He aspired to end up as his "shareholder." [Gaudissart the Great.] In 1836 Finot was dining with Blondet, his fellow-editor, and with Couture, a man about town, in a private room of a well-known restaurant, when he heard the story of the financial trickeries of Nucingen, wittily related by Bixiou. [The Firm of Nucingen.] Finot concealed "a brutal nature under a mild exterior," and his "impertinent stupidity was flecked with wit as the bread of a laborer is flecked with garlic." [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Firmiani, a respectable quadragenarian who in 1813 married the lady who afterwards became Mme. Octave de Camps. He was unable, so it was said, to offer her more than his name and his fortune. He was formerly receiver-general in the department of Montenotte. He died in Greece in 1823. [Madame Firmiani.]

Firmiani (Madame). (*See* Camps, Mme. de.)

Fischer, the name of three brothers, laborers in a village situated on the extreme frontiers of Lorraine, at the foot of the Vosges. They set out to join the army of the Rhine by reason of Republican conscriptions. The first, Pierre, father of Lisbeth—or "Cousin Betty"—was killed in 1815 in the Francstireurs. The second, André, father of Adeline who became the wife of Baron Hulot, died at Trèves in 1820. The third, Johann, having committed some acts of peculation, at the instigation of his nephew Hulot, while a commissary contractor in Algiers, province of Oran, committed suicide in 1841. He was over seventy when he killed himself. [Cousin Betty.]

Fischer (Adeline). (*See* Hulot d'Ervy, Baronne Hector.)

Fischer (Lisbeth), known as "Cousin Betty"; born in 1796; brought up a peasant. In her childhood she had to give way to her first cousin, the pretty Adeline, who was pampered by the whole family. In 1809 she was called to Paris by Adeline's

husband and placed as an apprentice with the well-known Pons Brothers, embroiderers to the Imperial Court. She became a skilled workwoman and was about to set up for herself when the Empire was overthrown. Lisbeth was a Republican, of restive temperament, capricious, independent and unaccountably savage. She habitually declined to wed. She refused in succession a clerk of the minister of war, a major, an army-contractor, a retired captain and a wealthy lace-maker. Baron Hulot nick-named her the "Nanny-Goat." A resident of rue du Doyenné (which ended at the Louvre and was obliterated about 1855), where she worked for Rivet, a successor of Pons, she made the acquaintance of her neighbor, Wenceslas Steinbock, a Livonian exile, whom she saved from poverty and suicide, but whom she watched with a jealous strictness. Hortense Hulot sought out and succeeded in seeing the Pole; a wedding followed between the young people which caused Cousin Betty a deep resentment, cunningly concealed, but terrific in its effects. Through her Wenceslas was introduced to the irresistible Mme. Marneffe, and the happiness of a young household was quickly demolished. The same thing happened to Baron Hulot whose misconduct Lisbeth secretly abetted. Lisbeth died in 1844 of a pulmonary phthisis, principally caused by chagrin at seeing the Hulot family reunited. The relatives of the old maid never found out her evil actions. They surrounded her bedside, caring for her and lamenting the loss of "the angel of the family." Mlle. Fischer died on rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris, after having dwelt in turn on rues du Doyenné, Vaneau, Plumet (now Oudinot) and du Montparnasse, where she managed the household of Marshal Hulot, through whom she dreamed of wearing the countess' coronet, and for whom she donned mourning. [Cousin Betty.]

Fitz-William (Miss Margaret), daughter of a rich and noble Irishman who was the maternal uncle of Calyste du Guénic; hence the first cousin of that young man. Mme. du Guénic, the mother, was desirous of mating her son with Miss Margaret. [Béatrix.]

Flamet. (*See* la Billardière, Flamet de.)

Fleurant (Mother), ran a café at Croisic which Jacques Cambremer visited. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Fleuriot, grenadier of the Imperial Guard, of colossal size, to whom Philippe de Sucy entrusted Stéphanie de Vandières, during the passage of the Bérésina in 1812. Unfortunately separated from Stéphanie, the grenadier did not find her again until 1816. She had taken refuge in an inn of Strasbourg, after escaping from an insane asylum. Both were then sheltered by Dr. Fanjat and taken to Auvergne, where Fleuriot soon died. [Farewell.]

Fleury, retired infantry captain, comptroller of the Cirque-Olympique, and employed during the Restoration in Rabourdin's bureau, of the minister of finance. He was attached to his chief, who had saved him from destitution. A subscriber, but a poor payer, to "Victories and Conquests." A zealous Bonapartist and Liberal. His three great men were Napoleon, Bolivar and Beranger, all of whose ballads he knew by heart, and sang in a sweet, sonorous voice. He was swamped with debt. His skill at fencing and small-arms kept him from Bixiou's jests. He was likewise much feared by Dutocq who flattered him basely. Fleury was discharged after the nomination of Baudoyer as chief of division in December, 1824. He did not take it to heart, saying that he had at his disposal a managing editorship in a journal. [The Government Clerks.] In 1840, still working for the above theatre, Fleury became manager of "L'Echo de la Bièvre," the paper owned by Thuillier. [The Middle Classes.]

Flicoteaux, rival of Rousseau the Aquatic. Historic, legendary and strictly honest restaurant-keeper in the Latin quarter between rue de la Harpe and rue des Grés—Cujas—enjoying the custom, in 1821-22, of Daniel d'Arthez, Etienne Lousteau and Lucien Chardon de Rubempré. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Florent, partner of Chanor; they were manufacturers and dealers in bronze, rue des Tournelles, Paris, time of Louis Philippe. [Cousin Betty. Cousin Pons.]

Florentine. (*See* Cabirolle, Agathe-Florentine.)

Florimond (Madame), dealer in linens, rue Vielle-du-Temple, Paris, 1844-45. Maintained by an "old fellow" who made her his heir, thanks to Fraisier, the man of business, whom she perhaps would have married through gratitude, had it not been for his physical condition. [Cousin Pons.]

Florine. (*See* Nathan, Mme. Raoul.)

Florville (La), actress at the Panorama-Dramatique in 1821. Among her contemporaries were Coralie, Florine and Bouffé, or Vignol. On the first night performance of "The Alcade," she played in a curtain-raiser, "Bertram." For a few days she was the mistress of a Russian prince who took her to Saint-Mandé, paying her manager a good sum for her absence from the theatre. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Fœdora (Comtesse), born about 1805. Of Russian lower class origin and wonderfully beautiful. Espoused perhaps morganatically by a great lord of the land. Left a widow she reigned over Paris in 1827. Supposed to have an income of eighty thousand francs. She received in her drawing-rooms all the notables of the period, and there "appeared all the works of fiction that were not published anywhere else." Raphaël de Valentin was presented to the countess by Rastignac and fell desperately in love with her. But he left her house one day never to return, being definitely persuaded that she was "a woman without a heart." Her memory was cruel, and her address enough to drive a diplomat to despair. Although the Russian ambassador did not receive her, she had entry into the set of Mme. de Sérizy; visited with Mme. de Nucingen and Mme. de Restaud; received the Duchesse de Carigliano, the haughtiest of the Bonapartist clique. She had listened to many young dandies, and to the son of a peer of France, who had offered her their names in exchange for her fortune. [The Magic Skin.]

Fontaine (Madame), fortune-teller, Paris, rue Vielle-du-Temple, time of Louis Philippe. At one time a cook. Born in 1767. Earned a considerable amount of money, but pre-

viously had lost heavily in a lottery. After the suppression of this game of chance she saved up for the benefit of a nephew. In her divinations Mme. Fontaine made use of a giant toad named Astaroth, and of a black hen with bristling feathers, called Cleopatra or Bilouche. These two animals caught Gazonal's eye in 1845, when in company with De Lora and Bixiou he visited the fortune-teller's. The Southerner, however, asked only a five-franc divination, while in the same year Mme. Cibot, who came to consult her on an important matter, had to pay a hundred francs. According to Bixiou, "a third of the lorettes, a fourth of the statesmen and a half of the artists" consulted Mme. Fontaine. She was the Egeria of a minister, and also looked for "a tidy fortune," which Bilouche had promised her. [The Unconscious Humorists. Cousin Pons.]

Fontaine (Comte de), one of the leaders of the Vendée, in 1799, and then known as Grand-Jacques. [The Chouans.] One of the confidential advisers of Louis XVIII. Field marshal, councilor of state, comptroler of the extraordinary domains of the realm, deputy and peer of France under Charles X.; decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and the Order of Saint Louis. Head of one of the oldest houses of Poitou. Had married a Mlle. de Kergarouët, who had no fortune, but who came of a very old Brittany family related to the Rohans. Was the father of three sons and three daughters. The oldest son became president of a court, married the daughter of a multi-millionaire salt merchant. The second son, a lieutenant-general, married Mlle. Monegod, a rich banker's daughter whom the aunt of Duc d'Hérouville had refused to consider for her nephew. [Modeste Mignon.] The third son, director of a Paris municipality, then director-general in the Department of Finance, married the only daughter of M. Grossetête, receiver-general at Bourges. Of the three daughters, the first married M. Planat de Baudry, receiver-general; the second married Baron de Villaine, a magistrate of bourgeois origin ennobled by the king; the third, Emilie, married her old uncle, the Comte de Kergarouët, and after his death, Marquis Charles de Vandenesse. [The

Ball at Sçeaux.] The Comte de Fontaine and his family were present at the Birotteau ball, and after the perfumer's bankruptcy procured a situation for him. [César Birotteau.] He died in 1824. [The Government Clerks.]

Fontaine (Baronne de), born Anna Grossetête, only daughter of the receiver-general of Bourges. Attended the school of Mlles. Chamarolles with Dinah Piédefer, who became Mme. de la Baudraye. Thanks to her fortune she married the third son of the Comte de Fontaine. She removed to Paris after her marriage and kept up correspondence with her old school-mate who now lived at Sancerre. She kept her informed as to the prevailing styles. Later at the first performance of one of Nathan's dramas, about the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, Anna de Fontaine affected not to recognize this same Mme. de la Baudraye, then the known mistress of Etienne Lousteau. [The Muse of the Department.]

Fontanieu (Madame), friend and neighbor of Mme. Vernier at Vouvray in 1831. The jolliest gossip and greatest joker in town. She was present at the interview between the insane Margaritis and Félix Gaudissart, when the drummer was so much at sea. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Fontanon (Abbé), born about 1770. Canon of Bayeux cathedral in the beginning of the nineteenth century when he "guided the consciences" of Mme. and Mlle. Bontems. In November, 1808, he got himself enrolled with the Parisian clergy, hoping thus to obtain a curacy and eventually a bishopric. He became again the confessor of Mlle. Bontems, now the wife of M. de Granville, and contributed to the trouble of that household by the narrowness of his provincial Catholicism and his inflexible bigotry. He finally disclosed to the magistrate's wife the relations of Granville with Caroline Crochard. He also brought sorrow to the last moments of Mme. Crochard, the mother, [A Second Home.] In December, 1824, at Saint-Roch he pronounced the funeral oration of Baron Flamet de la Billardière. [The Government Clerks.] Previous to 1824 Abbé Fontanon was vicar at the church of

Saint Paul, rue Saint-Antoine. [Honorine.] Confessor of Mme. de Lanty in 1839, and always eager to pry into family secrets, he undertook an affair with Dorlange-Sallenauve in the interest of Mariannina de Lanty. [The Member for Arcis.]

Fortin (Madame), mother of Mme. Marneffe. Mistress of General de Montcornet, who had lavished money on her during his visits to Paris which she had entirely squandered, under the Empire, in the wildest dissipations. For twenty years she queened it, but died in poverty though still believing herself rich. Her daughter inherited from her the tastes of a courtesan. [Cousin Betty.]

Fortin (Valérie), daughter of preceding and of General de Montcornet. (*See* Crevel, Madame.)

Fosseuse (La), orphan daughter of a grave-digger, whence the nick-name. Born in 1807. Frail, nervous, independent, retiring at first, she tried hiring out, but then fell into vagrant habits. Reared in a village on the outskirts of Grenoble, where Dr. Benassis came to live during the Restoration, she became an object of special attention on the part of the physician who became keenly interested in the gentle, loyal, peculiar and impressionable creature. La Fosseuse though homely was not without charm. She may have loved her benefactor. [The Country Doctor.]

Fouché (Joseph), Duc d'Otrante, born near Nantes in 1753; died in exile at Trieste in 1820. Oratorian, member of the National Convention, councilor of state, minister of police under the Consulate and Empire, also chief of the department of the Interior and of the government of the Illyrian provinces, and president of the provisional government in 1815. In September, 1799, Colonel Hulot said: "Bernadotte, Carnot, even citizen Talleyrand--all have left us. In a word we have with us but a single good patriot, friend Fouché, who holds everything by means of the police. There's a man for you!" Fouché took especial care of Corentin who was perhaps his natural son. He sent him to Brittany during an uprising in the year VIII, to accompany and direct Mlle. de

Verneuil, who was commissioned to betray and capture the Marquis de Montauran, the Chouan leader. [The Chouans.] In 1806 he caused Senator Malin de Gondreville to be kidnapped by masked men in order that the Château de Gondreville might be searched for important papers which, however, proved as compromising for Fouché as for the senator. This kidnapping, which was charged against Michu, the Simeuses and the Hauteserres, led to the execution of the first and the ruin of the others. In 1833, Marsay, president of the ministerial chamber, while explaining the mysteries of the affair to the Princesse de Cadignan, paid this tribute to Fouché: "A genius dark, deep and extraordinary, little understood but certainly the peer of Philip II., Tiberius or Borgia." [The Gondreville Mystery.] In 1809 Fouché and Peyrade saved France in connection with the Walcheren episode; but on the return of the Emperor from the Wagram campaign Fouché was rewarded by dismissal. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Fouquereau, concierge to M. Jules Desmarets, stock-broker, rue Ménars in 1820. Specially employed to look after Mme. Desmarets. [The Thirteen.]

Fourchon, retired farmer of the Ronquerolles estate, near the forest of Aigues, Burgundy. Had also been a schoolmaster and a mail-carrier. An old man and a confirmed toper since his wife's death. At Blangy in 1823 he performed the three-fold duties of public clerk for three districts, assistant to a justice of the peace, and clarionet player. At the same time he followed the trade of rope-maker with his apprentice Mouche, the natural son of one of his natural daughters. But his chief income was derived from catching otters. Fourchon was the father-in-law of Tonsard, who ran the Grand-I-Vert tavern. [The Peasantry.]

Foy (Maximilien-Sébastien), celebrated general and orator born in 1775 at Ham; died at Paris in 1825. [César Birotteau.] In 1821, General Foy, while in the shop of Dauriat talking with an editor of the "Constitutionnel" and the manager of "La Minerve," noticed the beauty of Lucien de

Rubempré, who had come in with Lousteau to dispose of some sonnets. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Fraisier, born about 1814, probably at Mantes. Son of a cobbler; an advocate and man of business at No. 9 rue de la Perle, Paris, in 1844-45. Began as copy-clerk at Couture's office. After serving Desroches as head-clerk for six years he bought the practice of Levroux, an advocate of Mantes, where he had occasion to meet Lebœuf, Vinet, Vatinelle and Bouyonnet. But he soon had to sell out and leave town on account of violating professional ethics. Whereupon he opened up a consultation office in Paris. A friend of Dr. Poulain who attended the last days of Sylvain Pons, he gave crafty counsel to Mme. Cibot, who coveted the chattels of the old bachelor. He also assured the Camusot de Marvilles that they should be the legatees of the old musician despite the faithful Schmucke. In 1845 he succeeded Vitel as justice of the peace; the coveted place being secured for him by Camusot de Marville, as a fee for his services. In Normandy he again acted successfully for this family. Fraisier was a dried-up little man with a blotched face and an unpleasant odor. At Mantes a certain Mme. Vatinelle nevertheless "made eyes at him"; and he lived at Marais with a servant-mistress, Dame Sauvage. But he missed more than one marriage, not being able to win either his client, Mme. Florimond, or the daughter of Tabareau. To tell the truth De Marville advised him to leave the latter alone. [Cousin Pons.]

Franchessini (Colonel), born about 1789, served in the Imperial Guard, and was one of the most dashing colonels of the Restoration, but was forced to resign on account of a slur on his character. In 1808, to provide for foolish expenditures into which a woman led him, he forged certain notes. Jacques Collin—Vautrin—took the crime to himself and was sent to the galleys for several years. In 1819 Franchessini killed young Taillefer in a duel, at the instigation of Vautrin. The following year he was with Lady Brandon—probably his mistress—at the grand ball given by the Vicomtesse de Beauséant, just before her flight. In 1839, Franchessini was a leading

member of the Jockey club, and held the rank of colonel in the National Guard. Married a rich Irishwoman who was devout and charitable and lived in one of the finest mansions of the Bréda quarter. Elected deputy, and being an intimate friend of Rastignac, he evinced open hostility for Sallenauve and voted against his being seated in order to gratify Maxime de Trailles. [Father Goriot. The Member for Arcis.]

François (Abbé), curé of the parish at Alençon in 1816. "A Cheverus on a small scale" he had taken the constitutional oath during the Revolution and for this reason was despised by the "ultras" of the town although he was a model of charity and virtue. Abbé François frequented the homes of M. and Mme. du Bousquier and M. and Mme. Granson; but M. du Bousquier and Athanase Granson were the only ones to give him cordial welcome. In his last days he became reconciled with the curate of Saint-Léonard, Alençon's aristocratic church, and died universally lamented. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

François, head valet to Marshal de Montcornet at Aigues in 1823. Attached specially to Emile Blondet when the journalist visited there. Salary twelve hundred francs. In his master's confidence. [The Peasantry.]

François, in 1822, stage-driver between Paris and Beaumont-sur-Oise, in the service of the Touchard Company. [A Start in Life.]

Françoise, servant of Mme. Crochard, rue Saint-Louis in Marais in 1822. Toothless woman of thirty years' service. Was present at her mistress' death-bed. This was the fourth she had buried. [A Second Home.]

Frappart, in 1839, at Arcis-sur-Aube, proprietor of a dance-hall where was held the primary, presided over by Colonel Giguet, which nominated Sallenauve. [The Member for Arcis.]

Frappier, finest carpenter in Provins in 1827-28. It was to him that Jacques Brigaut came as apprentice when he went to the town to be near his childhood's friend, Pierrette

Lorrain. Frappier took care of her when she left Rogron's house. Frappier was married. [Pierrette.]

Frédéric, one of the editors of Finot's paper in 1821, who reported the Théâtre-Français and the Odéon. [A Distinguish d Provincial at Paris.]

Frelu (La Grande), girl of Croisic who had a child by Simon Gaudry. Nurse to Pierrette Cambremer whose mother died when she was very young. [A Seaside Tragedy.]

Fresconi, an Italian who, during the Restoration and until 1828, ran a nursery on Boulevard du Montparnasse. The business was not a success. Barbet the book-seller was interested in it; he turned it into a lodging-house, where dwelt Baron Bourlac. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Fresquin, former supervisor of roads and bridges. Married and father of a family. Employed, time of Louis Philippe, by Grégoire Gérard in the hydraulic operations for Mme. Graslin at Montégnac. In 1843 Fresquin was appointed district tax collector. [The Country Parson.]

Frisch (Samuel), Jewish jeweler on rue Saint-Avoie in 1829. Furnisher and creditor of Esther Gobseck. A general pawnbroker. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Fritaud (Abbé), priest of Sancerre in 1836. [The Muse of the Department.]

Fritot, dealer in shawls on the stock exchange, Paris, time of Louis Philippe. Rival of Gaudissart. He sold an absurd shawl for six thousand francs to Mistress Noswell, an eccentric Englishwoman. Fritot was once invited to dine with the King. [Gaudissart II.]

Fritot (Madame), wife of preceding. [Gaudissart II.]

Froidfrond (Marquis de), born about 1777. Gentleman of Maine-et-Loire. While very young he became insolvent and sold his château near Saumur, which was bought at a low price for Félix Grandet by Cruchot the notary, in 1811. About 1827 the marquis was a widower with children, and was spoken of as a possible peer of France. At this time Mme. des Grassins tried to persuade Eugénie Grandet, now an orphan, that she would do well to wed the marquis, and that this

marriage was a pet scheme of her father. And again in 1832 when Eugénie was left a widow by Cruchot de Bonfons, the family of the marquis tried to arrange a marriage with him. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Fromaget, apothecary at Arcis-sur-Aube, time of Louis Philippe. As his patronage did not extend to the Gondrevilles, he was disposed to work against Keller; that is why he probably voted for Giguet in 1839. [The Member for Arcis.]

Fromenteau, police-agent. With Contenson he had belonged to the political police of Louis XVIII. In 1845 he aided in unearthing prisoners for debt. Being encountered at the home of Théodore Gaillard, by Gazonal, he revealed some curious details concerning different kinds of police to the bewildered countryman. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Funcal (Comte de), an assumed name of Bourignard, when he was met at the Spanish Embassy, Paris, about 1820, by Henri de Marsay and Auguste de Maulincour. There was a real Comte de Funcal, a Portuguese-Brazilian, who had been a sailor, and whom Bourignard duplicated exactly. He may have been "suppressed" violently by the usurper of his name. [The Thirteen.]

G

Gabilleau, deserter from the Seventeenth infantry; chauffeur executed at Tulle, during the Empire, on the very day when he had planned an escape. Was one of the accomplices of Farrabesche who profited by a hole made in his dungeon by the condemned man to make his own escape. [The Country Parson.]

Gabriel, born about 1790; messenger at the Department of Finance, and check-receiver at the Theatre Royal, during the Restoration. A Savoyard, and nephew of Antoine, the oldest messenger in the department. Husband of a skilled lace-maker and shawl-mender. He lived with his uncle Antoine and another relative employed in the department, Laurent. [The Government Clerks.]

Gabusson, cashier in employ of Dauriat the editor in 1821 [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Gaillard (Th odore), journalist, proprietor or manager of newspapers. In 1822 he and Hector Merlin established a Royalist paper in which Rubempré, palinodist, aired opinions favorable to the existing government, and slashed a very good book of his friend Daniel d'Arthez. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Under Louis Philippe he was one of the owners of a very important political sheet. [Béatrix. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In 1845 he ran a strong paper. At first a man of wit, "he ended by becoming stupid on account of staying in the same environment." He interlarded his speech with epigrams from popular pieces, pronouncing them with the emphasis given by famous actors. Gaillard was good with his Odry and still better with Lemaître. He lived at rue Ménars. There he was met by Lora, Bixiou and Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Gaillard (Madame Théodore), born at Alençon about 1800. Given name Suzanne. "A Norman beauty, fresh, blooming, and sturdy." One of the employés of Mme. Lardot, the laundress, in 1816, the year when she left her native town after having obtained some money of M. du Bousquier by persuading him that she was with child by him. The Chevalier de Valois liked Suzanne immensely, but did not allow himself to be caught in this trap. Suzanne went to Paris and speedily became a fashionable courtesan. Shortly thereafter she reappeared at Alençon for a visit to attend Athanase Granson's funeral. She mourned with the desolate mother, saying to her on leaving: "I loved him!" At the same time she ridiculed the marriage of Mlle. Cormon with M. du Bousquier, thus avenging the deceased and Chevalier de Valois. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] Under the name of Mme. du Val-Noble she became noted in the artistic and fashionable set. In 1821–22, she was the mistress of Hector Merlin. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment.] After having been maintained by Jacques Falleix, the broker who failed, she was for a short time in 1830 mistress of Peyrade, who was concealed under the name of Samuel Johnson, "the nabob." She was acquainted with Esther Gobseck, who lived on rue Saint-Georges in a mansion that had been fitted

up for her—Suzanne—by Falleix, and obtained by Nucingen for Esther. [Scenes fr m a Courtesan's Life.] In 1838 she married Théodore Gaillard her lover since 1830. In 1845 she received Lora, Bixiou, and Gazonal. [Béatrix. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Gaillard, one of three guards who succeeded Courtecuisse, and under the orders of Michaud, in the care of the estate of General de Montcornet at Aigues. [The Peasantry.]

Galard, market-gardener of Auteuil; father of Mme. Lemprun, maternal grandfather of Mme. Jérôme Thuillier. He died, very aged, of an accident in 1817. [The Peasantry.]

Galard (Mademoiselle), old maid, landed proprietor at Besançon, rue du Perron. She let the first floor of her house to Albert Savarus, in 1834. [Albert Savarus.]

Galardon (Madame), *née* Tiphaine, elder sister of M. Tiphaine, president of the court at Provins. Married at first to a Guénée, she kept one of the largest retail dry-goods shops in Paris, on rue Saint-Denis. Towards the end of the year 1815 she sold out to Rogron and went back to Provins. She had three daughters whom she provided with husbands in the little town: the eldest married M. Lesourd, king's attorney; the second, M. Martener a physician; the third, M. Auffray a notary. Finally she herself married for her second husband, M. Galardon, receiver of taxes. She invariably added to her signature, "*née* Tiphaine." She defended Pierrette Lorrain, and was at outs with the Liberals of Provins, who were induced to persecute Rogron's ward. [Pierrette.]

Galathionne (Prince and Princess), Russians. The prince was one of the lovers of Diane de Maufrigneuse. [The Secrets of a Princess.] In September, 1815, he protected La Minoret a celebrated opera dancer, to whose daughter he gave a dowry. [The Middle Classes.] In 1819 Marsay, appearing in the box of the Princess Galathionne, at the Italiens, had Mme. de Nucingen at his mercy. [Father Goriot.] In 1821 Lousteau said that the story of the Prince Galathionne's diamonds, the Maubreuil affair and the Pombreton will, were fruitful newspaper topics. [A Distinguished

Provincial at Paris.] In 1834-35, the princess gave balls which the Comtesse Félix de Vandenesse attended. [A Daughter of Eve.] About 1840 the prince tried to get Mme. Schontz away from the Marquis de Rochefide; but she said: "Prince, you are no handsomer, but you are older than Rochefide. You would beat me, while he is like a father to me." [Béatrix.]

Galope-Chopine. (*See* Cibot.)

Gamard (Sophie), old maid; owner of a house at Tours on rue de la Psalette, which backed the Saint Gatien church. She let part of it to priests. Here lodged the Abbés Troubert, Chapeloud and François Birotteau. The house had been purchased during the Terror by the father of Mlle. Gamard, a dealer in wood, a kind of parvenu peasant. After receiving Abbé Birotteau most cordially she took a disliking to him which was secretly fostered by Troubert, and she finally dispossessed him, seizing the furniture which he valued so greatly. Mlle. Gamard died in 1826 of a chill. Troubert circulated the report that Birotteau had caused her death by the sorrow which he had caused the old maid. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Gambara (Paolo), musician, born at Crémona in 1791; son of an instrument-maker, a moderately good performer and a great composer who was driven from his home by the French and ruined by the war. These events consigned Paolo Gambara to a wandering existence from the age of ten. He found little quietude and obtained no congenial situation till about 1813 in Venice. At this time he put on an opera, "Mahomet," at the Fenice theatre, which failed miserably. Nevertheless he obtained the hand of Marianina, whom he loved, and with her wandered through Germany to settle finally in Paris in 1831, in a wretched apartment on rue Froidmanteau. The musician, an accomplished theorist, could not interpret intelligently any of his remarkable ideas, and he would play to his wondering auditors jumbled compositions which he thought to be sublime inspirations. However he enthusiastically analyzed "Robert le Diable," having heard Meyerbeer's masterpiece while a guest of Andréa Marcosini. In 1837 he was reduced to mending musical

instruments, and occasionally he went with his wife to sing duets in the open air on the Champs-Elysées, to pick up a few sous. Emilio and Massimilla de Varèse were deeply sympathetic of the Gambaras, whom they met in the neighborhood of Faubourg Saint-Honoré. Paolo Gambara had no commonsense except when drunk. He had invented an outlandish instrument which he called the "panharmonicon." [Gambara.]

Gambara (Marianina), Venetian, wife of Paolo Gambara. With him she led a life of almost continual poverty, and for a long time maintained them at Paris by her needle. Her clients on rue Froidmanteau were mostly profligate women, who however were kind and generous towards her. From 1831 to 1836 she left her husband, going with a lover, Andréa Marcosini, who abandoned her at the end of five years to marry a dancer; and in January, 1837, she returned to her husband's home emaciated, withered and faded, "a sort of nervous skeleton," to resume a life of still greater squalor. [Gambara.]

Gandolphini (Prince), Neapolitan, former partisan of King Murat. A victim of the last Revolution he was, in 1823, banished and poverty stricken. At this time he was sixty-five years old, though he looked eighty. He lived modestly enough with his young wife at Gersau—Lucerne—under the English name of Lovelace. He also passed for a certain Lamporani, who was at that time a well-known publisher of Milan. When in the presence of Rodolphe the prince resumed his true self he said: "I know how to make up. I was an actor during the Empire with Bourrienne, Mme. Murat, Mme. d'Abrantès, and any number of others."—Character in a novel "L'Ambitieux par Amour," published by Albert Savarus, in the "Revue de l'Est," in 1834. Under this fictitious name the author related his own history: Rodolphe was himself, and the Prince and Princesse Gadolphini were the Duc and Duchesse d'Argaïolo. [Albert Savarus.]

Gandolphini (Princesse), *née* Francesca Colonna, a Roman of illustrious origin, fourth child of the Prince and Princess

Colonna. While very young she married Prince Gandolphini, one of the richest landed proprietors of Sicily. Under the name of Miss Lovelace, she met Rodolphe in Switzerland and he fell in love with her.—Heroine of a novel entitled "L'Ambitieux par Amour," by Albert Savarus. [Albert Savarus.]

Ganivet, bourgeois of Issoudun. In 1822, in a conversation where Maxence Gilet was discussed, Commandant Potel threatened to make Ganivet "swallow his tongue without sauce" if he continued to slander the lover of Flore Brazier. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Ganivet (Mademoiselle), a woman of Issoudun "as ugly as the seven capital sins." Nevertheless she succeeded in winning a certain Borniche-Héreau who in 1778 left her an income of a thousand crowns. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Gannerac, in transfer business at Angoulême. In 1821-22 he was involved in the affair of the notes endorsed by Rubempré in imitation of the signature of his brother-in-law Séchard. [Lost Illusions.]

Garangeot, in 1845 conducted the orchestra in a theatre run by Félix Gaudissart, succeeding Sylvain Pons to the baton. Cousin of Héloïse Brisetout, who obtained the place for him. [Cousin Pons.]

Garceland, mayor of Provins during the Restoration. Son-in-law of Guépin. Indirectly protected Pierrette Lorrain from the Liberals of the village led by Maître Vinet, who acted for Rogron. [Pierrette.]

Garcenault (De), first president of the Court of Besançon in 1834. He got the chapter of the cathedral to secure Albert Savarus as counsel in a lawsuit between the chapter and the city. Savarus won the suit. [Albert Savarus.]

Garnery, one of two special detectives in May, 1830, authorized by the attorney-general, De Granville, to seize certain letters written to Lucien de Rubempré by Mme. de Sérizy, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse and Mlle. Clotilde de Grandlieu. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Gasnier, peasant living near Grenoble; born about 1789. Married and the father of several children whom he loved

dearly. Inconsolable at the loss of the eldest. Doctor Benassis, mayor of the commune, mentioned this parental affection as a rare instance among tillers of the soil. [The Country Doctor.]

Gasselin, a Breton born in 1794; servant of the Guénics of Guérande, in 1836, having been in their employ since he was fifteen. A short, stout fellow with black hair, furrowed face; silent and slow. He took care of the garden and stables. In 1832 in the foolish venture of Duchesse de Berry, in which Gasselin took part with the Baron du Guénic and his son Calyste, the faithful servant received a sabre cut on the shoulder, while shielding the young man. This action seemed so natural to the family that Gasselin received small thanks. [Béatrix.]

Gaston (Louis), elder natural son of Lady Brandon, born in 1805. Left an orphan in the early years of the Restoration, he was, though still a child, like a father to his younger brother Marie Gaston, whom he placed in college at Tours; after which he himself shipped as cabin-boy on a man-of-war. After being raised to the rank of captain of an American ship and becoming wealthy in India, he died at Calcutta, during the first part of the reign of Louis Philippe, as a result of the failure of the "famous Halmer," and just as he was starting back to France, married and happy. [La Grenadière. Letters of Two Brides.]

Gaston (Marie), second natural son of Lady Brandon; born in 1810. Educated at the college of Tours, which he quitted in 1827. Poet; protégé of Daniel d'Arthez, who often gave him food and shelter. In 1831 he met Louise de Chaulieu, the widow of Macumer, at the home of Mme. d'Espard. He married her in October, 1833, though she was older than he, and he was encumbered with debts amounting to 30,000 francs. The couple living quietly at Ville-d'Avray, were happy until a day when the jealous Louise conceived unjustifiable suspicions concerning the fidelity of her husband; on which account she died after they had been married two years. During these two years Gaston wrote at least four plays. One of them written in

collaboration with his wife was presented with the greatest success under the names of Nathan and "others." [La Grenadière. Letters of Two Brides.] In his early youth Gaston had published, at the expense of his friend Dorlange, a volume of poetry, "Les Perce-neige," the entire edition of which found its way, at three sous the volume, to a second-hand book-shop, whence, one fine day, it inundated the quays from Pont Royal to Pont Marie. [The Member for Arcis.]

Gaston (Madame Louis), an Englishwoman of cold, distant manners; wife of Louis Gaston; probably married him in India where he died as a result of unfortunate business deals. As a widow she came to France with two children, where without resource she became a charge to her brother-in-law who visited and aided her secretly. She lived in Paris on rue de la Ville-Evêque. The visits made by Marie Gaston were spoken of to his wife who became jealous, not knowing their object. Mme. Louis Gaston was thus innocently the cause of Mme. Marie Gaston's death. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Gaston (Madame Marie), born Armande-Louise-Marie de Chaulieu, in 1805. At first destined to take the veil; educated at the Carmellite convent of Blois with Renée de Maucombe who became Mme de l'Estorade. She remained constant in her relations with this faithful friend—at least by letter—who was a prudent and wise adviser. In 1825 Louise married her professor in Spanish, the Baron de Macumer, whom she lost in 1829. In 1833 she married the poet Marie Gaston. Both marriages were sterile. In the first she was adored and believed that she loved; in the second she was loved as much as she loved, but her insane jealousy, and her horseback rides from Ville-d'Avray to Verdier's were her undoing, and she died in 1835 of consumption, contracted purposely through despair at the thought that she had been deceived. After leaving the convent she had lived successively at the following places: on Faubourg Saint-Germain, Paris, where she saw M. de Bonald; at Chantepleur, an estate in Burgundy; at La Crampade, in Provence, with Mme. de l'Estorade;

in Italy; at Ville-d'Avray, where she sleeps her last sleep in a park of her own planning. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Gatienne, servant of Mme. and Mlle. Bontems, at Bayeux, in 1805. [A Second Home.]

Gaubert, one of the most illustrious generals of the Republic; first husband of a Mlle. de Ronquerolles whom he left a widow at the age of twenty, making her his heir. She married again in 1806, choosing the Comte de Sérizy. [A Start in Life.]

Gaubertin (François), born about 1770; son of the ex-sheriff of Soulanges, Burgundy, before the Revolution. About 1791, after five years' clerkship to the steward of Mlle. Laguerre at Aigues, he succeeded to the stewardship. His father having become public prosecutor in the department, time of the Republic, he was made mayor of Blangy. In 1796 he married the "citizeness" Isaure Mouchon, by whom he had three children: a son, Claude, and two daughters, Jenny—Mme. Leclercq—and Elisa. He had also a natural son, Bournier, whom he placed in charge of a local newspaper. At the death of Mlle. Laguerre, Gaubertin, after twenty-five years of stewardship, possessed 600,000 francs. He ended by dreaming of acquiring the estate at Aigues; but the Comte de Montcornet purchased it, retained him in charge, caught him one day in a theft and discharged him summarily. Gaubertin received at that time sundry lashes with a whip of which he said nothing, but for which he revenged himself. The old steward became, nevertheless, a person of importance. In 1820 he was mayor of Ville-aux-Fayes, and supplied one-third of the Paris wood. Being general agent of this rural industry, he managed the forests, lumber and guards. Gaubertin was related throughout a whole district, like a "boa-constrictor twisted around a gigantic tree"; the church, the magistracy, the municipality, the government—all did his bidding. Even the peasantry served his interests indirectly. When the general, disgusted by the numberless vexations of his estate, wished to sell the property at Aigues, Gaubertin bought the forests, while his partners,

Rigou and Soudry, acquired the vineyards and other grounds [The Peasantry.]

Gaubertin (Madame), born Isaure Mouchon in 1778 Daughter of a member of the Convention and friend of Gaubertin senior. Wife of François Gaubertin. An affected creature of Ville-aux-Fayes who played the great lady mightily. The Peasantry.]

Gaubertin (Claude), son of François Gaubertin, godson of Mlle. Laguerre, at whose expense he was educated at Paris. The busiest attorney at Ville-aux-Fayes in 1823. After five years' practice he spoke of selling his office. He probably became judge. [The Peasantry.]

Gaubertin (Jenny), elder daughter of François Gaubertin. (*See* Leclercq, Madame.)

Gaubertin (Elisa or Elise), second daughter of François Gaubertin. Loved, courted and longed for since 1819 by the sub-prefect of Ville-aux-Fayes, M. des Lupeaulx—the nephew. M. Lupin, notary at Soulanges, sought on his part the young girl's hand for his only son Amaury. [The Peasantry.]

Gaubertin-Vallat (Mademoiselle), old maid, sister of Mme. Sibilet, wife of the clerk of the court at Ville-aux-Fayes, in 1823. She ran the town's stamp office. [The Peasantry.]

Gaucher was in 1803 a boy working for Michu. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Gaudet, second clerk in Desroches' law office in 1824. [A Start in Life.]

Gaudin, chief of squadron in the mounted grenadiers of the Imperial Guard; made baron of the Empire, with the estate of Wistchnau. Made prisoner by Cossacks at the passage of the Bérésina, he escaped, going to India where he was lost sight of. However he returned to France about 1830, in bad health, but a multi-millionaire. [The Magic Skin.]

Gaudin (Madame), wife of foregoing, managed the Hôtel Saint-Quentin, rue des Cordiers, Paris, during the Resto-

ration. Among her guests was Raphaël de Valentin. Her husband's return in 1830 made her wealthy and a baroness. [The Magic Skin.]

Gaudin (Pauline), daughter of the foregoing. Was acquainted with, loved, and modestly aided Raphaël de Valentin, a poor lodger at Hôtel Saint-Quentin. After the return of her father she lived with her parents on rue Saint-Lazare. For a long time her whereabouts were unknown to Raphaël who had quitted the hotel abruptly; then he met her again one evening at the Italiens. They fell into each other's arms, declaring their mutual love. Raphaël who also had become rich resolved to espouse Pauline; but frightened by the shrinkage of the "magic skin" he fled precipitately and returned to Paris. Pauline hastened after him, only to behold him die upon her breast in a transport of furious, impotent love. [The Magic Skin.]

Gaudissart (Jean-François), father of Félix Gaudissart. [César Birotteau.]

Gaudissart (Félix), native of Normandy, born about 1792, a "great" commercial traveler making a specialty of the hat trade. Known to the Finots, having been in the employ of the father of Andoche. Also handled all the "articles of Paris." In 1816 he was arrested on the denunciation of Peyrade—Père Canquoëlle. He had imprudently conversed in the David café with a retired officer concerning a conspiracy against the Bourbons that was about to break out. Thus the conspiracy was thwarted and two men were sent to the scaffold. Gaudissart being released by Judge Popinot was ever after grateful to the magistrate and devoted to the interests of his nephew. When he became minister, Anselme Popinot obtained for Gaudissart license for a large theatre on the boulevard, which in 1834 aimed to supply the demand for popular opera. This theatre employed Sylvain Pons, Schmucke, Schwab, Garangeot and Héloïse Brisetout, Félix's mistress. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.] "Gaudissart the Great," then a young man, attended the Birotteau ball. About that time he probably lived on rue des Deux-Ecus, Paris. César

Birotteau.] During the Restoration, a "pretended florist's agent" sent by Judge Popinot to Comte Octave de Bauvan, he bought at exorbitant prices the artificial flowers made by Honorine. [Honorine.] At Vouvray in 1831 this man, so accustomed to fool others, was himself mystified in rather an amusing manner by a retired dyer, a sort of "country Figaro" named Vernier. A bloodless duel resulted. After the episode, Gaudissart boasted that the affair had been to his advantage. He was "in this Saint-Simonian period" the lover of Jenny Courand. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Gaudron (Abbé), an Auvergnat; vicar and then curate of the church of Saint-Paul-Saint-Louis, rue Saint-Antoine, Paris, during the Restoration and the Government of July. A peasant filled with faith, square below and above, a "sacerdotal ox" utterly ignorant of the world and of literature. Being confessor of Isidore Baudoyer he endeavored in 1824 to further the promotion of that incapable chief of bureau in the Department of Finance. In the same year he was present at a dinner at the Comte de Bauvan's when were discussed questions relating to woman. [The Government Clerks. Honorine.] In 1826 Abbé Gaudron confessed Mme. Clapart and led her into devout paths; the former Aspasia of the Directory had not confessed for forty years. In February, 1830, the priest obtained the Dauphiness' protection for Oscar Husson, son of Mme. Clapart by her first husband, and that young man was promoted to a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment where he had been serving as subaltern. [A Start in Life.]

Gault, warden of the Conciergerie in May, 1830, when Jacques Collin and Rubempré were imprisoned there. He was then aged. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Gay, boot-maker in Paris, rue de la Michodière, in 1821, who furnished the boots for Rubempré which aroused Matifat's suspicion. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Gazonal (Sylvestre-Palafox-Castel), one of the most skillful weavers in the Eastern Pyrenees; commandant of the National Guard, September, 1795. On a visit to Paris in 1845 for the

settlement of an important lawsuit he sought out his cousin, Léon de Lora, the landscape artist, who in one day, with Bixiou the caricaturist, showed him the under side of the city, opening up to him a whole gallery full of "unconscious humorists"—dancers, actresses, police-agents, etc. Thanks to his two cicerones, he won his lawsuit and returned home. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Gendrin, caricaturist, tenant of M. Molineux, Cour Batave, in 1818. According to his landlord, the artist was a profoundly immoral man who drew caricatures against the government, brought bad women home with him and made the hall uninhabitable. [César Birotteau.]

Gendrin, brother-in-law of Gaubertin the steward of Aigues. He also had married a daughter of Mouchon. Formerly an attorney, then for a long time a judge of the Court of First Instance at Ville-aux-Fayes, he at last became president of the court, through the influence of Comte de Soulanges, under the Restoration. [The Peasantry.]

Gendrin, court counselor of a departmental seat in Burgundy, and a distant relative of President Gendrin. [The Peasantry.]

Gendrin. only son of President Gendrin; recorder of mortgages in that sub-prefecture in 1823. [The Peasantry.]

Gendrin-Wattebled (or Vatebled), born about 1733. General supervisor of streams and forests at Soulanges, Burgundy, from the reign of Louis XV. Was still in office in 1823. A nonagenarian he spoke, in his lucid moments, of the jurisdiction of the Marble Table. He reigned over Soulanges before Mme. Soudry's advent. [The Peasantry.]

Genestas (Pierre-Joseph), cavalry officer, born in 1779. At first a regimental lad, then a soldier. Sub-lieutenant in 1802; officer of the Legion of Honor after the battle of Moskowa. chief of squadron in 1829. In 1814 he married the widow of his friend Renard, a subaltern. She died soon after, leaving a child that was legally recognized by Genestas, who entrusted him, then a young man, to the care of Dr. Benassis. In Decem-

ber, 1829, Genestas was promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel in a regiment quartered at Poitiers. [The Country Doctor.]

Genestas (Madame Judith), Polish Jewess, born in 1795. Married in 1812 after the Sarmatian custom to her lover Renard, a French quartermaster, who was killed in 1813. Judith gave him one son, Adrien, and survived the father one year. *In extremis* she married Genestas a former lover, who adopted Adrien. [The Country Doctor.]

Genestas (Adrien), adopted son of Commandant Genestas, born in 1813 to Judith the Polish Jewess and Renard who was killed before the birth of his son. Adrien was a living picture of his mother—olive complexion, beautiful black eyes of a spirituelle sadness, and a head of hair too heavy for his frail body. When sixteen he seemed but twelve. He had fallen into bad habits, but after living with Dr. Benassis for eight months, he was cured and became robust. [The Country Doctor.]

Geneviève an idiotic peasant girl, ugly and comparatively rich. Friend and companion of the Comtesse de Vandières, then insane and an inmate of the asylum of Bons-Hommes, near Isle-Adam, during the Restoration. Jilted by a mason, Dallot, who had promised to marry her, Geneviève lost what little sense love had aroused in her. [Farewell.]

Genovese, tenor at the Fenice theatre, Venice, in 1820. Born at Bergamo in 1797. Pupil of Veluti. Having long loved La Tinti, he sang outrageously in her presence, so long as she resisted his advances, but regained all his powers after she yielded to him. [Massimilla Doni.] In the winter of 1823-24, at the home of Prince Gandolphini, in Geneva, Genovese sang with his mistress, an exiled Italian prince, and Princess Gandolphini, the famous quartette, "Mi manca la voce." [Albert Savarus.]

Gentil, old valet in service of Mme. de Bargeton, during the Restoration. During the summer of 1821, with Albertine and Lucien de Rubempré, he accompanied his mistress to Paris. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Gentillet sold in 1835 an old diligence to Albert Savarus

when the latter was leaving Besançon after the visit on the part of Prince Soderini. [Albert Savarus.]

Gentillet (Madame), maternal grandmother of Félix Grandet. She died in 1806 leaving considerable property. In Grandet's "drawing room" at Saumur was a pastel of Mme. Gentillet, representing her as a shepherdess. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Georges, confidential valet of Baron de Nucingen, at Paris, time of Charles X. Knew of his aged master's love affairs and aided or thwarted him at will. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Gérard (François-Pascal-Simon, Baron), celebrated painter —1770-1837—procured for Joseph Bridau in 1818 two copies of Louis XVIII.'s portrait which were worth to the beginner, then very poor, a thousand francs, a tidy sum for the Bridau family. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] The Parisian salon of Gérard, much sought after, had a rival at Chaussée-d'Antin in that of Mlle. de Touches. [Béatrix.]

Gérard, adjutant-general of the Seventy-second demi-brigade, commanded by Hulot. A careful education had developed a superior intellect in Gérard. He was a staunch Republican. Killed by the Chouan, Pille-Miche, at Vivetière, December, 1799. [The Chouans.]

Gérard (Grégoire), born in 1802, probably in Limousin. Protestant of somewhat uncouth exterior, son of a journeyman carpenter who died when rather young; godson of F. Grossetête. From the age of twelve the banker had encouraged him in the study of the exact sciences for which he had natural aptitude. Studied at Ecole Polytechnique from nineteen to twenty-one; then entered as a pupil of engineering in the National School of Roads and Bridges, from which he emerged in 1826 and stood the examinations for ordinary engineer two years later. He was cool-headed and warm-hearted. He became disgusted with his profession when he ascertained its many limitations, and he plunged into the July (1830) Revolution. He was probably on the point of adopting the Saint-Simonian doctrine, when M. Grossetête

prevailed upon him to take charge of some important works on the estate of Mme. Pierre Graslin in Haute-Vienne. Gérard wrought wonders aided by Fresquin and other capable men. He became mayor of Montégnac in 1838. Mme. Graslin died about 1844. Gérard followed out her final wishes, and lived in her château, assuming guardianship of Francis Graslin. Three months later, again furthering the desires of the deceased, Gérard married a native girl, Denise Tascheron, the sister of a man who had been executed in 1829. [The Country Parson.]

Gérard (Madame Grégoire), wife of foregoing, born Denise Tascheron, of Montégnac, Limousin; youngest child of a rather large family. She lavished her sisterly affection on her brother, the condemned Tascheron, visiting him in prison and softening his savage nature. With the aid of another brother, Louis-Marie, she made away with certain compromising clues of her eldest brother's crime, and restored the stolen money, afterwards she emigrated to America, where she became wealthy. Becoming homesick she returned to Montégnac, fifteen years later, where she recognized Francis Graslin, her brother's natural son, and became a second mother to him when she married the engineer, Gérard. This marriage of a Protestant with a Catholic took place in 1844. "In grace, modesty, piety and beauty, Mme. Gérard resembled the heroine of 'Edinburgh Prison.'" [The Country Parson.]

Gérard (Madame), widow, poor but honest, mother of several grown-up daughters; kept a furnished hôtel on rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris, about the end of the Restoration. Being under obligations to Suzanne du Va-Noble—Mme. Théodore Gaillard—she sheltered her when the courtesan was driven away from a fine apartment on rue Saint-Georges, following the ruin and flight of her lover, Jacques Falleix, the stock-broker. Mme. Gérard was not related to the other Gérards mentioned above. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Giardini, Neapolitan cook somewhat aged. He and his wife ran a restaurant in rue Froidmanteau, Paris, in 1830-31. He had established, so he said, three restaurants in Italy: at Naples, Parma and Rome. In the first years of Louis Phil-

ippe's reign, his peculiar cookery was the fare of Paolo Gambara. In 1837 this crank on the subject of special dishes had fallen to the calling of broken food huckster on rue Froidmanteau. [Gambara.]

Giboulard (Gatienne), a very pretty daughter of a wealthy carpenter of Auxerre; vainly desired, about 1823, by Sarcus for wife, but his father, Sarcus the Rich, would not consent. Later the social set of Mme. Soudry, the leading one of a neighboring village, dreamed for a moment of avenging themselves on the people of Aigues by winning over Gatienne Giboulard. She could have embroiled M. and Mme. Montcornet, and perhaps even compromised Abbé Brossette. [The Peasantry.]

Gigelmi, Italian orchestra conductor, living in Paris with the Gambaras. After the Revolution of 1830, he dined at Giardini's on rue Froidmanteau. [Gambara.]

Gigonnet. (*See* Bidault.)

Giguet (Colonel), native probably of Arcis-sur-Aube, where he lived after retirement. One of Mme. Marion's brothers. One of the most highly esteemed officers of the Grand Army. Had a fine sense of honor; was for eleven years merely captain of artillery; chief of battalion in 1813; major in 1814. On account of devotion to Napoleon he refused to serve the Bourbons after the first abdication; and he gave such proofs of his fidelity in 1815, that he would have been exiled had it not been for the Comte de Gondreville, who obtained for him retirement on half-pay with the rank of colonel. About 1806 he married one of the daughters of a wealthy Hamburg banker, who gave him three children and died in 1814. Between 1818 and 1825 Giguet lost the two younger children, a son named Simon alone surviving. A Bonapartist and Liberal, the colonel was, during the Restoration, president of the committee at Arcis, where he came in touch with Grévin, Beauvisage and Varlet, notables of the same stamp. He abandoned active politics after his ideas triumphed, and, during the reign of Louis Philippe, he became a noted horticulturist, the creator of the famous Giguet rose. Nevertheless the colonel continued to be the god of his sister's very influential

salon where he appeared at the time of the legislative elections of 1839. In the first part of May of that year the little old man, wonderfully preserved, presided over an electoral convention at Frappart's, the candidates in the field being his own son, Simon Giguet, Philéas Beauvisage, and Sallenauve-Dorlange. [The Member for Arcis.]

Giguet (Colonel), brother of the preceding and of Mme. Marion; was brigadier of gendarmes at Arcis-sur-Aube in 1803; promoted to a lieutenancy in 1806. As brigadier Giguet was one of the most experienced men in the service. The commandant of Troyes mentioned him especially to the two Parisian detectives, Peyrade and Corentin, entrusted with watching the actions of the Simeuses and the Hauteserres which resulted in the ruin of these young Royalists on account of the pretended seizure of Gondreville. However, an adroit manœuvre on the part of François Michu at first prevented Brigadier Giguet from seizing these conspirators whom he had tracked to earth. After his promotion to lieutenant he succeeded in arresting them. He finally became colonel of the gendarmes of Troyes, whither Mme. Marion, then Mlle. Giguet, went with him. He died before his brother and sister, and made her his heir. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Giguet (Simon), born during the first Empire, the oldest and only surviving child of Colonel Giguet of the artillery. In 1814 he lost his mother, the daughter of a rich Hamburg banker, and in 1826 his maternal grandfather who left him an income of two thousand francs, the German having favored others of the large family. He did not hope for any further inheritance save that of his father's sister, Mme. Marion, which had been augmented by the legacy of Colonel Giguet of the gendarmes. Thus it was that, after studying law with the subprefect Antonin Goulard, Simon Giguet, deprived of a fortune which at first seemed assured to him, became a simple attorney in the little town of Arcis, where attorneys are of little service. His aunt's and his father's position fired him with ambition for a political career. Giguet ogled at the same time for the hand and dowry of Cécile Beauvisage. Of

mediocre ability; upheld the Left Centre, but failed of election in May, 1839, when he presented himself as candidate for Arcis-sur-Aube. [The Member for Arcis.]

Gilet (Maxence), born in 1789. He passed at Issoudun for the natural son of Lousteau, the sub-delegate. Others thought him the son of Dr. Rouget, a friend and rival of Lousteau. In short "fortunately for the child both claimed him"; though he belonged to neither. His true father was found to be a "charming officer of dragoons in the garrison at Bourges." His mother, the wife of a poor drunken cobbler of Issoudun, had the marvelous beauty of a Transteverin. Her husband was aware of his wife's actions and profited by them: through interested motives, Lousteau and Rouget were allowed to believe whatever they wished about the child's paternity, for which reason both contributed to the education of Maxence, usually known as Max. In 1806, at the age of seventeen, Max enlisted in a regiment going to Spain. In 1809 he was left for dead in Portugal in an English battery; taken by the English and conveyed to the Spanish prison-hulks at Cabrera. There he remained from 1810 till 1814. When he returned to Issoudun his father and his mother had both died in the hospital. On the return of Bonaparte, Max served as captain in the Imperial Guard. During the second Restoration he returned to Issoudun and became leader of the "Knights of Idlesse" which were addicted to nocturnal escapades more or less agreeable to the inhabitants of the town. "Max played at Issoudun a part almost identical with that of Smith in 'The Fair Maid of Perth'; he was the champion of Bonapartism and opposition. They relied upon him, as the citizens of Perth had relied upon Smith on great occasions." A possible Cæsar Borgia on more extensive ground, Gilet lived very comfortably, although without a personal income. And that is why Max with certain inherited qualities and defects rashly went to live with his supposed natural brother, Jean-Jacques Rouget, a rich and witless old bachelor who was under the thumb of a superb servant-mistress, Flore Brazier, known as La Rabouilleuse. After 1816 Gilet lorded it over the household; the handsome chap had won the heart

of Mlle. Brazier. Surrounded by a sort of staff, Maxence contested the important inheritance of Rouget, maintaining his ground with marvelous skill against the two lawful heirs, Agathe and Joseph Bridau; and he would have appropriated it but for the intervention of a third heir, Philippe Bridau. Max was killed in a duel by Philippe in the early part of December, 1822. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Gillé, once printer to the Emperor; owner of script letters which Jérôme-Nicolas Séchard made use of in 1819, claiming for them that they were the ancestors of the English type of Didot. [Lost Illusions.]

Gina, character in "L'Ambitieux par Amour," autobiographical novel by Albert Savarus; a sort of "ferocious" Sormano. Represented as a young Sicilian girl, fourteen years old, in the services of the Gandolphinis, political refugees at Gersau, Switzerland, in 1823. So devoted as to pretend dumbness on occasion, and to wound more or less seriously the hero of the romance, Rodolphe, who had secretly entered the Gandolphini home. [Albert Savarus.]

Ginetta (La), young Corsican girl. Very small and slender, but no less clever. Mistress of Théodore Calvi, and an accomplice in the double crime committed by her lover, towards the end of the Restoration, when she was able on account of her small size to creep down an open chimney at the widow Pigeau's, and thus to open the house door for Théodore who robbed and murdered the two inmates, the widow and the servant. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Girard, banker and discounter at Paris during the Restoration; perhaps also somewhat of a pawnbroker; an acquaintance of Esther Gobseck's. Like Palma, Werbrust and Gigonnet, he held a number of notes signed by Maxime de Trailles; and Gobseck who knew it used them against the count, then the lover of Mme. de Restaud, when Trailles went to the usurer in rue des Grés and besought assistance in vain. [Gobseck.]

Girard (Mother), who ran a little restaurant at Paris in rue de Tournon, prior to 1838, had a successor with whom Gode-

froid promised to board when he was inspecting the left bank of the Seine, and trying to aid the Bourlac-Mergis. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Girardet, attorney at Besançon, between 1830 and 1840. A talkative fellow and adherent of Albert Savarus, he followed, probably in the latter's interest, the beginning of the Watteville suit. When Savarus left Besançon suddenly, Girardet tried to straighten out his colleague's affairs, and advanced him five thousand francs. [Albert Savarus.]

Giraud (Léon), was at Paris in 1821 member of the Cénacle of rue des Quatre-Vents, presided over by Daniel d'Arthez. He represented the philosophical element. His "doctrines" predicted the end of Christianity and of the family. In 1821 he was also in charge of a "grave and dignified" opposition journal. He became the head of a moral and political school, whose "sincerity atoned for its errors." [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] About the same time Giraud frequented the home of the mother of his friend Joseph Bridau, and was going there at the time when the painter's elder brother, the Bonapartist Philippe, got into trouble. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] The Revolution of July opened the political career of Léon Giraud who became master of requests in 1832, and afterwards councilor of state. In 1845 Giraud was a member of the Chamber, sitting in the Left Centre. [The Secrets of a Princess. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Girel, of Troyes. According to Michu, Girel, a Royalist like himself, during the first Revolution, played the Jacobin in the interest of his fortune. From 1803 to 1806, at any rate, he was in correspondence with the Strasbourg house of Breintmayer, which dealt with the Simeuse twins when they were tracked by Bonaparte's police. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Girodet (Anne-Louis), celebrated painter, born at Montargis, in 1767, died at Paris in 1824. Under the Empire he was on friendly terms with his colleague, Théodore de Sommervieux. One day in the latter's studio he greatly admired a portrait of Augustine Guillaume and an interior, which he

advised him but in vain not to exhibit at the Salon, thinking the two works too true to nature to be appreciated by the public. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Giroud (Abbé), confessor of Rosalie de Watteville at Besançon between 1830 and 1840. [Albert Savarus.]

Giroudeau, born about 1774. Uncle of Andoche Finot; began as simple soldier in the army of Sambre and Meuse; five years master-at-arms in the First Hussars—army of Italy; charged at Eylau with Colonel Chabert. He passed into the dragoons of the Imperial Guard, where he was captain in 1815. The Restoration interrupted his military career. Finot, manager of various Parisian papers and reviews, put him in charge of the cash and accounts of a little journal devoted to dramatic news, which he ran from 1821 to 1822. Giroudeau was also the editor, and his duty it was to wage the warfare; beyond that he lived a gay life. Although on the wrong side of forty and afflicted with catarrh he had for mistress Florentine Cabirolle of the Gaîté. He went with the high-livers—among others with his former mess-mate Philippe Bridau, at whose wedding with Flore Brazier he was present in 1824. In November, 1825, Frédéric Marest gave a grand breakfast to Desroches' clerks at the Rocher de Cancale, to which Giroudeau was invited. All spent the evening with Florentine Cabirolle who entertained them royally but involuntarily got Oscar Husson into trouble. Ex-Captain Giroudeau bore firearms during the "three glorious days," re-entered the service after the accession of citizen royalty and soon became colonel then general, 1834-35. At this time he was enabled to satisfy a legitimate resentment against his former friend, Bridau, and block his advancement. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Start in Life. A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Givry, one of several names of the second son of the Duc de Chaulieu, who became by his marriage with Madeleine de Mortsauf a Lenoncourt-Givry-Chaulieu. [Letters of Two Brides. The Lily of the Valley. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Gobain (Madame Marie), formerly cook to a bishop; lived during the Restoration in Paris on rue Saint-Maur, Popinot quarter, under very peculiar circumstances. She was in the service of Octave de Bauvan. Was the maid and housekeeper of Comtes e Honorine when the latter left home and became a maker of artificial flowers. Mme. Gobain had been secretly engaged by M. de Bauvan, who through her was enabled to keep watch over his wife. Gobain displayed the greatest loyalty. At one time the comtesse took the servant's name. [Honorine.]

Gobenheim, brother-in-law of François and Adolphe Keller, whose name he added to his own. About 1819 in Paris he was at first made receiver in the César Birotteau bankruptcy, but was later replaced by Camusot. [César Birotteau.] Under Louis Philippe, Gobenheim, as broker for the Paris prosecuting office, invested the very considerable savings of Mme. Fabien du Ronceret. [Béatrix.]

Gobenheim, nephew of Gobenheim-Keller of Paris; young banker of Havre in 1829; visited the Mignons, but not as a suitor for the heiress' hand. [Modeste Mignon.]

Gobet (Madame), in 1829 at Havre made shoes for Mme. and Mlle. Mignon. Was scolded by the latter for lack of style. [Modeste Mignon.]

Gobseck (Jean-Esther Van), usurer, born in 1740 at Antwerp of a Jewess and a Dutchman. Began as a cabin-boy. Was only ten years of age when his mother sent him off to the Dutch possessions in India. There and in America he met distinguished people, also several corsairs; traveled all over the world and tried many trades. The passion for money took entire hold of him. Finally he came to Paris which became the centre of his operations, and established himself on rue des Grés. There Gobseck, like a spider in his web, crushed the pride of Maxime de Trailles and brought tears to the eyes of Mme. de Restaud and Jean-Joachim Goriot—1819. About this same time Ferdinand du Tillet sought out the money-lender to make some deals with him, and spoke of him as "Gobseck the Great, master of Palma, Gigonnet, Werbrust, Keller and Nucingen." Gobseck went every evening to the

Thémis café to play dominoes with his friend Bidault-Gigonnet. In December, 1824, he was found there by Elisabeth Baudoyer, whom he promised to aid; indeed, supported by Mitral, he was able to influence Lupeaulx to put in Isidore Baudoyer as chief of division succeeding La Billardière. In 1830, Gobseck, then an octogenarian, died in his wretched hole on rue des Grés though he was enormously wealthy. Derville received his last wishes. He had obtained a wife for the lawyer and entrusted him with several confidences. Fifteen years after the Dutchman's death, he was spoken of on the boulevard as the "Last of the Romans"—among the old-fashioned money-lenders like Gigonnet, Chaboisseau, and Samanon, against whom Lora and Bixiou set the modern Vauvinet. [Gobseck. Father Goriot. César Birotteau. The Government Clerks. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Gobseck (Sarah Van), called "La Belle Hollandaise." A peculiarity of this family—as well as the Maranas—that the female side always kept the family name. Thus Sarah Van Gobseck was the grand-niece of Jean-Esther Van Gobseck. This prostitute, mother of Esther, who was also a courtesan, was a typical daughter of Paris. She caused the bankruptcy of Roguin, Birotteau's attorney, and was herself ruined by Maxime de Trailles whom she adored and maintained when he was a page to Napoleon. She died in a house on Palais-Royal, the victim of a love-mad captain, December, 1818. The affair created a stir. Juan and Francis Diard had something to say about it. Esther's name lived after her. The Paris of the boulevards from 1824 to 1839 often mentioned her prodigal and stormy career. [Gobseck. César Birotteau. The Maranas. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Member for Arcis.]

Gobseck (Esther Van), born in 1805 of Jewish origin; daughter of the preceding and great-grand-niece of Jean. For a long time in Paris she followed her mother's calling, and having begun it early in life she knew its varied phases. Was nick-named "La Torpille." Was for some time one of the "rats" of the Royal Academy of Music, and numbered among her protectors, Lupeaulx. In 1823 her reduced

circumstances almost forced her to leave Paris for Issoudun, where, for a machiavellian purpose, Philippe Bridau would have made her the mistress of Jean-Jacques Rouget. The affair did not materialize. She went to Mme. Meynardie's house where she remained till about the end of 1823. One evening, while passing the Porte-Saint-Martin theatre, she chanced to meet Lucien de Rubempré, and they loved each other at first sight. Their passion led into many vicissitudes. The poet and the ex-prostitute were rash enough to attend an Opéra ball together in the winter of 1824. Unmasked and insulted Esther fled to rue de Langlade, where she lived in dire poverty. The dangerous, powerful and mysterious protector of Rubempré, Jacques Collin, followed her there, lectured her and shaped her future life, making her a Catholic, educating her carefully and finally installing her with Lucien on rue Taitbout, under the surveillance of Jacqueline Collin, Paccard and Prudence Servien. She could go out only at night. Nevertheless, the Baron de Nucingen discovered her and fell madly in love with her. Jacques Collin profited by the episode; Esther received the banker's attentions, to the enrichment of Lucien. In 1830 she owned a house on rue Saint-Georges which had belonged previously to several celebrated courtesans; there she received Mme. du Val-Noble, Tullia and Florentine—two dancers, Fanny Beaupré and Florine—two actresses. Her new position resulted in police intervention on the part of Louchard, Contenson, Peyrade and Corentin. On May 13, 1830, unable longer to endure Nucingen, La Torpille swallowed a Javanese poison. She died without knowing that she had fallen heir to seven millions left by her great-grand-uncle. [Gobseck. The Firm of Nucingen. A Bachelor's Establishment. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Godain, born in 1796, in Burgundy, near Soulanges, Blangy and Ville-aux-Fayes; nephew of one of the masons who built Mme. Soudry's house. A shiftless farm laborer, exempt from military duty on account of smallness of stature; was at first the lover, then the husband, of Catherine Tonsard, whom he married about 1823. [The Peasantry.]

Godain (Madame Catherine), the eldest of the legitimate daughters of Tonsard, landlord of the Grand-I-Vert, situated between Conches and Ville-aux-Fayes in Burgundy. Of coarse beauty and by nature depraved; a hanger-on at the Tivoli-Socquard, and a devoted sister to Nicolas Tonsard for whom she tried to obtain Geneviève Niseron. Courted by Charles, valet at Aigues. Feared by Amaury Lupin. Married Godain one of her lovers, giving a dowry of a thousand francs cunningly obtained from Mme. Montcornet [The Peasantry.]

Godard (Joseph), born in 1798, probably at Paris; related slightly to the Baudoyers through Mitral. Stunted and puny; fifer in the National Guard; "crank" collector of curios; a virtuous bachelor living with his sister, a florist on rue Richelieu. Between 1824 and 1825 a possible assistant in the Department of Finance in the bureau managed by Isidore Baudoyer, whose son-in-law he dreamed of becoming. An easy mark for Bixiou's practical jokes. With Dutocq he was an unwavering adherent of the Baudoyers and their relatives the Saillards. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Godard (Mademoiselle), sister of the foregoing, and lived on rue Richelieu, Paris, where in 1824 she ran a florist's shop. Mlle. Godard employed Zélie Lorain who became later the wife of Minard. She received him and Dutocq. [The Government Clerks.]

Godard (Manon), serving-woman of Mme. de la Chanterie; arrested in 1809, between Alençon and Mortagne, implicated in the Chauffeurs trial which ended in the capital punishment of Mme. des Tours-Minières, daughter of Mme. de la Chanterie. Manon Godard was sentenced by default to twenty-two years imprisonment, and gave herself up in order not to abandon her mistress. A long time after the baroness was set free, time of Louis Philippe, Manon was still living with her, on rue Chanoinesse, in the house which sheltered Alain, Montauran and Godefroid. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Goddet, retired surgeon-major of the Third regiment of the

line; the leading physician of Issoudun in 1823. His son was one of the "Knights of Idlesse." Goddet junior pretended to pay court to Mme. Fichet, in order to reach her daughter who had the best dowry in Issoudun. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Godefroid, known only by his given name; born about 1806, probably at Paris; son of a wealthy merchant; educated at the Liautard Institution; naturally feeble, morally and physically; tried his hand at and made a failure of: law, governmental work, letters, pleasure, journalism, politics and marriage. At the close of 1836 he found himself poor and forsaken; thereupon he tried to pay his debts and live economically. He left Chaussée-d'Antin and took up his abode on rue Chanoinesse, where he became one of Mme. de la Chanteries' boarders, known as the "Brotherhood of the Consolation." The recommendation of the Monegods, bankers, led to his admission. Abbé de Vèze, Montauran, Tresnes, Alain, and above all the baroness initiated him, coached him, and entrusted to him various charitable missions. Among others, about the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, he took charge of and relieved the frightful poverty of the Bourlacs and the Mergis, the head of which as an imperial judge in 1809 had sentenced Mme. de la Chanterie and her daughter. After he succeeded with this generous undertaking, Godefroid was admitted to the Brotherhood. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Godenars (Abbé de), born about 1795; one of the vicars-general of the archbishop of Besançon between 1830 and 1840. From 1835 on he tried to get a bishopric. One evening he was present at the aristocratic salon of the Wattevilles, at the time of the sudden flight of Albert Savarus, caused by their young daughter. [Albert Savarus.]

Godeschal (François-Claude-Marie), born about 1804. In 1818, at Paris, he was third clerk in the law office of Derville, rue Vivienne, when the unfortunate Chabert appeared upon the scene. [Colonel Chabert.] In 1820, then an orphan and poor, he and his sister, the dancer Mariette, to whom he was devoted, lived on an eighth floor on rue Vielle-du-Temple. He

had already given evidence of a practical temperament, independent and self-seeking, but upright and capable of generous outbursts. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] In 1822, having risen to second clerk, he left Maître Derville to become head-clerk in Desroches' office, who was greatly pleased with him Godeschal even undertook to reform Oscar Husson. [A Start in Life.] Six years later, while still Desroches' head-clerk, he drew up a petition wherein Mme. d'Espard prayed a guardian for her husband. [The Commission in Lunacy.] Under Louis Philippe he became one of the advocates of Paris and paid half his fees—1840--proposing to pay the other half with the dowry of Céleste Colleville, whose hand was refused him, despite the recommendation of Cardot the notary. Was engaged for Peyrade, in the purchase of a house near the Madeleine. [The Middle Classes.] About 1845 Godeschal was still practicing, and numbered among his clients the Camusots de Marville. [Cousin Pons.]

Godeschal (Marie), born about 1804. She maintained, almost all her life, the nearest and most tender relations with her brother Godeschal the notary. Without relatives or means, she kept house with him in 1820, on the eighth floor of a house on rue Vielle-du-Temple, Paris. Ambition and love for her brother caused her to become a dancer. She had studied her profession from her tenth year. The famous Vestris instructed her and predicted great things for her. Under the name of Mariette, she was engaged at the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Royal Academy of Music. Her success displeased the famous Bégrand. In January, 1821, her angelic beauty, maintained despite her profession, opened to her the doors of the Opéra. Then she had lovers. The aristocratic and elegant Maufrigneuse protected her for several years. Mariette also favored Philippe Bridau and was the innocent cause of a theft committed by him in order to enable him to contend with Maufrigneuse. Four months later she went to London, where she won the rich members of the House of Lords, and returned as première to the Academy of Music. She was intimate with Florentine Cabirolle, who often received in the Marais. There it was that Mariette kept Oscar Husson

out of serious trouble. Mariette attended many festivities. And at the close of the reign of Louis Philippe, she was still a leading figure in the Opéra. [A Bachelor's Establishment. A Start in Life. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.]

Godin, under Louis Philippe, a Parisian bourgeois engaged in a lively dispute with a friend of La Palférine's. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Godin (La), peasant woman of Conches, Burgundy, about 1823, whose cow Vermichel threatened to seize for the Comte de Montcornet. [The Peasantry.]

Godivet, recorder of registry of Arcis-sur-Aube in 1839. Through the scheming of Pigoult he was chosen as one of the two agents for an electoral meeting called by Simon Giguet, one of the candidates, and presided over by Philéas Beauvisage. [The Member for Arcis.]

Godollo (Comtesse Torna de), probably a Hungarian; police spy reporting to Corentin. Was ordered to prevent the marriage of Théodose de la Peyrade and Céleste Colleville. To accomplish this she went to live in the Thuilliers' house, Paris, in 1840, cultivated them and finally ruled them. She sometimes assumed the name of Mme. Komorn. Her wit and beauty exercised a passing effect upon Peyrade. [The Middle Classes.]

Goguelat, infantryman of the first Empire, entered the Guard in 1812; was decorated by Napoleon on the battlefield of Valontina; returned during the Restoration to the village of Isère, of which Benassis was mayor, and became postman. [The Country Doctor.]

Gohier, goldsmith to the King of France in 1824; supplied Elisabeth Baudoyer with the monstrance with which she decorated the church of Saint Paul, in order to bring about Isidore Baudoyer's promotion in office. [The Government Clerks.]

Gomez, captain of the "Saint Ferdinand," a Spanish brig which in 1833 conveyed the newly-enriched Marquis d'Aiglemont from America to France. Gomez was boarded by a

Columbian corsair whose captain, the Parisian, ordered him cast overboard. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Gondrand (Abbé), confessor, under the Restoration, at Paris, of the Duchesse Antoinette de Langeais, whose excellent dinners and petty sins he dealt with at his ease in her salon where Montriveau often found him. [The Thirteen.]

Gondreville (Malin, his real name; more frequently known as the Comte de), born in 1763, probably at Arcis-sur-Aube. Short and stout; grandson of a mason employed by Marquis de Simeuse in the building of the Gondreville château; only son of the owner of a house at Arcis where dwelt his friend Grévin in 1839. On the recommendation of Danton, he entered the office of the attorney at the châtelet, Paris, in 1787. Head clerk for Maître Bordin in the same city, the same year. Returned to the country two years later to become a lawyer at Troyes. Became an obscure and cowardly member of the Convention. Acquired the friendship of Talleyrand and Fouché, in June, 1800, under singular and opportune circumstances. Successively and rapidly became tribune, councilor of state, count of the Empire—created Comte de Gondreville—and finally senator. As councilor of state, Gondreville devoted his attention to the preparation of the code. He cut a dash at Paris. He had purchased one of the finest mansions in Faubourg Saint-Germain and married the only daughter of Sibuelle, a wealthy contractor of "shady" character whom Gondreville made co-receiver of Aube,with Marion. The marriage was celebrated during the Directory or the Consulate. Three children were the result of this union: Charles de Gondreville, Maréchale de Carigliano, Mme. François Keller. In his own interest, Malin attached himself to Bonaparte. Later, in the presence of the Emperor and of Dubois, the prefect of police, Gondreville selfishly simulated a false generosity and asked that the Hauteserres and Simeuses be striken from the list of the proscribed. Afterwards they were falsely accused of kidnapping him. As senator in 1809, Malin gave a grand ball at Paris, when he vainly awaited the Emperor's appearance, and when Mme. de Lansac reconciled the Soulanges family. Louis XVIII.

made him peer of France. His wide experience and ownership of many secrets aided Gondreville, whose counsels hindered Decazes and helped Villèle. Charles X. disliked him because he remained too intimate with Talleyrand. Under Louis Philippe this bond was relaxed. The July monarchy heaped honors upon him by making him peer once more. One evening in 1833 he met at the home of the Princesse de Cadignan, Henri de Marsay, the prime minister, who had an inexhaustible fund of political stories, new to all the company save Gondreville. He was much engrossed with the elections of 1839, and gave his influence to his grandson, Charles Keller, for Arcis. He concerned himself little with the candidates, who were finally elected; Dorlange-Sallenauve, Philéas Beauvisage, Trailles and Giguet. [The Gondreville Mystery. A Start in Life. Domestic Peace. The Member for Arcis.]

Gondreville (Comtesse Malin de), born Sibuelle; wife of foregoing; person whose complete insignificance was manifest at the great ball given in Paris by the count in 1809. [Domestic Peace.]

Gondreville (Charles de), son of the preceding, and sub-lieutenant of dragoons in 1818. Young and wealthy, he died in the Spanish campaign of 1823. His death caused great sorrow to his mistress, Mme. Colleville. [The Middle Classes.]

Gondrin, born in 1774, in the department of Isère. Conscripted in 1792 and put in the artillery. Was in the Italian and Egyptian campaigns under Bonaparte, as a private, and returned east after the Peace of Amiens. Enrolled, during the Empire, in the pontoon corps of the Guard, he marched through Germany and Russia; was in the battle at Bérésina aiding to build the bridge by which the remnant of the army escaped; with forty-one comrades, received the praise of General Eblé who singled him out particularly. Returned to Wilna, as the only survivor of the corps after the death of Eblé and in the beginning of the Restoration. Unable to read or write, deaf and decrepit, Gondrin for-

lornly left Paris which had treated him inhospitably, and returned to the village in Dauphiné, where the mayor, Dr. Benassis, gave him work as a ditcher and continued to aid him in 1829. [The Country Doctor.]

Gondrin (Abbé), young Parisian priest about the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe. Exquisite and eloquent. Knew the Thuilliers. [The Middle Classes.]

Gondureau, assumed name of Bibi-Lupin.

Gonore (La), widow of Moses the Jew, chief of the southern *rouleurs,* in May, 1830; mistress of Dannepont the thief and assassin; ran a house of ill-repute on rue Sainte-Barbe for Mme. Nourrisson. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Gordes (Mademoiselle de), at the head of an aristocratic salon of Alençon, about 1816, while her father, the aged Marquis de Gordes, was still living with her. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Gorenflot, mason of Vendôme, who walled up the closet concealing Mme. de Merret's lover, the Spaniard Bagos de Férédia. [La Grande Bretêche.]

Gorenflot, probably posed for Quasimodo of Hugo's "Notre-Dame." Decrepit, misshapen, deaf, diminutive, he lived in Paris about 1839, and was organ-blower and bell-ringer in the church of Saint-Louis en l'Ile. He also acted as messenger in the confidential financial correspondence between Bricheteau and Dorlange-Sallenauve. [The Member for Arcis.]

Goriot,[1] (Jean-Joachim), born about 1750; started as a porter in the grain market. During the first Revolution, although he had received no education, but having a trader's instinct, he began the manufacture of vermicelli and made a fortune out of it. Thrift and fortune favored him under the Terror. He passed for a bold citizen and fierce patriot. Prosperity enabled him to marry from choice the only daughter of a wealthy farmer of Brie, who died young

[1] Two Parisian theatres and five authors have depicted Goriot's life on the stage; March 6, 1835, at the Vaudeville, Ancelot and Paul Dupont; the same year, the month following, at the Variétés, Théaulon, Alexis de Comberousse and Jaime Père. Also the *Bœuf Gras* of a carnival in a succeeding year bore the name of Goriot.

and adored. Upon their two children, Anastasie and Delphine, he lavished all the tenderness of which their mother had been the recipient, spoiling them with fine things. Goriot's griefs date from the day he set each up in housekeeping in magnificent fashion on Chaussée-d'Antin. Far from being grateful for his pecuniary sacrifices, his sons-in-law, Restaud and Nucingen, and his daughters themselves, were ashamed of his bourgeois exterior. In 1813 he had retired saddened and impoverished to the Vauquer boarding-house on rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève. The quarrels of his daughters and the greedy demands for money increased and in 1819 followed him thither. Almost all the guests of the house and especially Mme. Vauquer herself—whose ambitious designs upon him had come to naught—united in persecuting Goriot, now well-nigh poverty-stricken. He found an agreeable respite when he acted as a go-between for the illicit love affair of Mme. de Nucingen and Rastignac, his fellow-lodger. The financial distress of Mme. de Restaud, Trailles' victim, gave Goriot the finishing blow. He was compelled to give up the final and most precious bit of his silver plate, and beg the assistance of Gobseck the usurer. He was crushed. A serious attack of apoplexy carried him off. He died on rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève. Rastignac watched over him, and Bianchon, then an interne, attended him. Only two men, Christophe, Mme. Vauquer's servant, and Rastignac, followed the remains to Saint-Etienne du Mont and to Père-Lachaise. The empty carriages of his daughters followed as far as the cemetery. [Father Goriot.]

Goritza (Princesse), a charming Hungarian, celebrated for her beauty, towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign, and to whom the youthful Chevalier de Valois became so attached that he came near fighting on her account with M. de Lauzun; nor could he ever speak of her without emotion. From 1816 to 1830, the Alençon aristocracy were given glimpses of the princess's portrait, which adorned the chevalier's gold snuff-box. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Gorju (Madame), wife of the mayor of Sancerre, in 1836,

and mother of a daughter "whose figure threatened to change with her first child," and who sometimes came with her to the receptions of Mme. de la Baudraye, the "Muse of the Department." One evening, in the fall of 1836, she heard Lousteau reading ironically fragments of "Olympia." [The Muse of the Department.]

Gothard, born in 1788; lived about 1803 in Arcis-sur-Aube, where his courage and address obtained for him the place of groom to Laurence de Cinq-Cygne. Devoted servant of the countess; he was one of the principals acquitted in the trial which ended with the execution of Michu. [The Gondreville Mystery.] Gothard never left the service of the Cinq-Cygne family. Thirty-six years later he was their steward. With his brother-in-law, Poupard, the Arcis tavern-keeper, he electioneered for his masters. [The Member for Arcis.]

Goujet (Abbé), curé of Cinq-Cygne, Aube, about 1792, discovered for the son of Beauvisage the farmer, who were still good Catholics, the Greek name of Philéas, one of the few saints not abolished by the new régime. [The Member for Arcis.] Former abbé of the Minimes, and a friend of Hauteserre. Was the tutor of Adrien and Robert Hauteserre; enjoyed a game of boston with their parents—1803. His political prudence sometimes led him to censure the audacity of their kinswoman, Mlle. de Cinq-Cygne. Nevertheless, he held his own with the persecutor of the house, Corentin the police-agent; and attended Michu when that victim of a remarkable trial, known as "the abduction of Gondreville," went to the scaffold. During the Restoration he became Bishop of Troyes. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Goujet (Mademoiselle), sister of the foregoing; good-natured old maid, ugly and parsimonious, who lived with her brother. Almost every evening she played boston at the Hauteserres and was terrified by Corentin's visits. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Goulard, mayor of Cinq-Cygne, Aube, in 1803. Tall, stout and miserly; married a wealthy tradeswoman of Troyes.

whose property, augmented by all the lands of the rich abbey of Valdes-Preux, adjoined Cinq-Cygne. Goulard lived in the old abbey, which was very near the château of Cinq-Cygne. Despite his revolutionary proclivities, he closed his eyes to the actions of the Hauteserres and Simeuses who were Royalist plotters. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Goulard (Antonin), native of Arcis, like Simon Giguet. Born about 1807; son of the former huntsman of the Simeuse family, enriched by the purchase of public lands. (*See* preceding biography.) Early left motherless, he came to Arcis to live with his father, who abandoned the abbey of Valpreux. Went to the Imperial lyceum, where he had Simon Giguet for school-mate, whom he afterwards met again on the benches of the Law school at Paris. Obtained, through Gondreville, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The royal government of 1830 opened up for him a career in the public service. In 1839 he became sub-prefect for Arcis-sur-Aube, during the electoral period. The delegate, Trailles, satisfied Antonin's rancor against Giguet: his official recommendations caused the latter's defeat. Both the would-be prefect and the sub-prefect vainly sought the hand of Cécile Beauvisage. Goulard cultivated the society of officialdom: Marest, Vinet, Martener, Michu. [The Member for Arcis.]

Gounod, nephew of Vatel, keeper of the Montcornet estate at Aigues, Burgundy. About 1823 he probably became assistant to the head-keeper, Michaud. [The Peasantry.]

Goupil (Jean-Sébastien-Marie), born in 1802; a sort of humpless hunchback; son of a well-to-do farmer. After running through with his inheritance, in Paris, he became head-clerk of the notary Crémière-Dionis, of Nemours—1829. On account of François Minoret-Levrault, he annoyed in many ways, even anonymously, Ursule Mirouët, after the death of Dr. Minoret. Afterwards he repented his actions, repaid their instigator, and succeeded the notary, Crémière-Dionis. Thanks to his wit, he became honorable, straightforward and completely transformed. Once estab-

lished, Goupil married Mlle. Massin, eldest daughter of Massin-Levrault junior, clerk to the justice of the peace at Nemours. She was homely, had a dowry of 80,000 francs, and gave him rickety, dropsical children. Goupil took part in the "three glorious days" and had obtained a July decoration. He was very proud of the ribbon. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Gouraud (General, Baron), born in 1782, probably at Provins. Under the Empire he commanded the Second regiment of hussars, which gave him his rank. The Restoration caused his impoverished years at Provins. He mixed in politics and the opposition there, sought the hand and above all the dowry of Sylvie Rogron, persecuted the apparent heiress of the old maid, Mlle. Pierrette Lorrain—1827—and, seconded by Vinet the attorney, reaped in July, 1830, the fruits of his cunning liberalism. Thanks to Vinet, the ambitious parvenu, Gouraud married, in spite of his gray hair and stout frame, a girl of twenty-five, Mlle. Matifat, of the well-known drug-firm of rue des Lombards, who brought with her fifty thousand crowns. Titles, offices and emoluments now flowed in rapidly. He resumed the service, became general, commanded a division near the capital and obtained a peerage. His conduct during the ministry of Casimir Perier was thus rewarded. Furthermore he received the grand ribbon of the Legion of Honor, after having stormed the barricades of Saint-Merri, and was "delighted to thrash the bourgeois who had been an eye-sore to him" for fifteen years. [Pierrette.] About 1845 he had stock in Gaudissart's theatre. [Cousin Pons.]

Gourdon the elder, husband of the only daughter of the old head-keeper of streams and forests, Gendrin-Wattebled; was in 1823 physician at Soulanges and attended Michaud. Nevertheless he went among the best people of Soulanges, headed by Mme. Soudry, who regarded him in the light of an unknown and neglected savant, when he was but a parrot of Buffon and Cuvier, a simple collector and taxidermist. [The Peasantry.]

Gourdon the younger, brother of the preceding; wrote the poem of "La Bilboquéide" published by Bournier. Married the niece and only heiress of Abbé Tupin, curé of Soulanges, where he himself had been in 1823 clerk for Sarcus. He was wealthier than the justice. Mme. Soudry and her set gave admiring welcome to the poet, preferring him to Lamartine, with whose works they slowly became acquainted. [The Peasantry.]

Goussard (Laurent) was a member of the revolutionary municipality of Arcis-sur-Aube. Particular friend of Danton, he made use of the tribune's influence to save the head of the ex-superior of the Ursulines at Arcis, Mother Marie des Anges, whose gratitude for his generous and skillful action caused substantial enrichment to this purchaser of the grounds of the convent, which was sold as "public land." Thus it was that forty years afterwards this adroit Liberal owned several mills on the river Aube, and was still at the head of the advanced Left in that district. The various candidates for deputy in the spring of 1839, Keller, Giguet, Beauvisage, Dorlange-Sallenauve, and the government agent, Trailles, treated Goussard with the consideration he deserved. [The Member for Arcis.]

Grados had in his hands notes of Vergniaud the herder. By means of funds from Derville the lawyer, Grados was paid in 1818 by Colonel Chabert. [Colonel Chabert.]

Graff (Johann), brother of a tailor established in Paris under Louis Philippe. Came himself to Paris after having been head-waiter in the hotel of Gédéon Brunner at Frankfort; and ran the Hôtel du Rhin in rue du Mail where Frédéric Brunner and Wilhelm Schwab alighted penniless in 1835. The landlord obtained small positions for the two young men; for the former with Keller; for the latter with his brother the tailor. [Cousin Pons.]

Graff (Wolfgang), brother of the foregoing, and rich tailor of Paris, at whose shop in 1838 Lisbeth Fischer fitted out Wenceslas Steinbock. On his brother's recommendation he employed Wilhelm Schwab, and, six years later, took him

into the family by giving him Emilie Graff in marriage. [Cousin Betty. Cousin Pons.]

Grancey (Abbé de), born in 1764. Took orders because of a disappointment in love; became priest in 1786, and curé in 1788. A distinguished prelate who refused three bishoprics in order not to leave Besançon. In 1834 he became vicar-general of that diocese. The abbé had a handsome head. He gave free vent to cutting speeches. Was acquainted with Albert Savarus whom he liked and aided. A frequenter of the Watteville salon he found out and rebuked Rosalie, the singular and determined enemy of the advocate. He also intervened between Madame and Mademoiselle de Watteville. He died at the end of the winter of 1836-37. [Albert Savarus.]

Grancour (Abbé de), one of the vicars-general of the bishopric of Limoges, about the end of the Restoration; and the physical antithesis of the other vicar, the attenuated and moody Abbé Dutheil whose lofty and independent liberal doctrines he, with cowardly caution, secretly shared. Grancour frequented the Graslin salon and doubtless knew of the Tascheron tragedy. [The Country Parson.]

Grandemain was in 1822 at Paris clerk for Desroches. [A Start in Life.]

Grandet (Félix), of Saumur, born between 1745 and 1749. Well-to-do master-cooper, passably educated. In the first years of the Republic he married the daughter of a rich lumber merchant, by whom he had in 1796 one child, Eugénie. With their united capital, he bought at a bargain the best vineyards about Saumur, in addition to an old abbey and several farms. Under the Consulate he became successively member of the district government and mayor of Saumur. But the Empire, which supposed him to be a Jacobin, retired him from the latter office, although he was the town's largest tax-payer. Under the Restoration the despotism of his extraordinary avarice disturbed the peace of his family. His younger brother, Guillaume, failed and killed himself, leaving in Félix's hands the settlement of his affairs, and

sending to him his son Charles, who had hastened to Saumur, not knowing his father's ruin. Eugénie loved her cousin and combated her father's niggardliness, which looked after his own interests to the neglect of his brother. The struggle between Eugénie and her father broke Mme. Grandet's heart. The phases of the terrible duel were violent and numerous. Félix Grandet's passion resorted to stratagem and stubborn force. Death alone could settle with this domestic tyrant. In 1827, an octogenarian and worth seventeen millions, he was carried off by a stroke of paralysis. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grandet (Madame Félix), wife of preceding; born about 1770; daughter of a rich lumber merchant, M. de la Gaudinière; married in the beginning of the Republic, and gave birth to one child, Eugénie, in 1796. In 1806 she added considerably to the combined wealth of the family through two large inheritances—from her mother and M. de la Bertellière, her maternal grandfather. A devout, shrinking, insignificant creature, bowed beneath the domestic yoke, Mme. Grandet never left Saumur, where she died in October, 1822, of lung trouble, aggravated by grief at her daughter's rebellion and her husband's severity. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grandet (Victor-Ange-Guillaume), younger brother of Félix Grandet; became rich at Paris in wine-dealing. In 1815 before the battle of Waterloo, Frédéric de Nucingen bought of him one hundred and fifty thousand bottles of champagne at thirty sous, and sold them at six francs; the allies drank them during the invasion—1817-19. [The Firm of Nucingen.] The beginning of the Restoration favored Guillaume. He was the husband of a charming woman, the natural daughter of a great lord, who died young after giving him a child. Was colonel of the National Guard, judge of the Court of Commerce, governor of one of the arrondissements of Paris and deputy. Saumur accused him of aspiring still higher and wishing to become the father-in-law of a petty duchess of the imperial court. The bankruptcy of Maître Roguin was the partial cause of the ruin of Guillaume, who blew out

his brains to avoid disgrace, in November, 1819. In his last requests, Guillaume implored his elder brother to care for Charles whom the suicide had rendered doubly an orphan. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grandet (Charles), only lawful child of the foregoing; nephew of Félix Grandet; born in 1797. He led at first the gay life of a young gallant, and maintained relations with a certain Annette, a married woman of good society. The tragic death of his father in November, 1819, astounded him and led him to Saumur. He thought himself in love with his cousin Eugénie to whom he swore fidelity. Shortly thereafter he left for India, where he took the name of Carl Sepherd to escape the consequences of treasonable actions. He returned to France in 1827 enormously wealthy, debarked at Bordeaux in June of that year, accompanying the Aubrions whose daughter Mathilde he married, and allowed Eugénie Grandet to complete the settlement with the creditors of his father. [Eugénie Grandet.] By his marriage he became Comte d'Aubrion. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Grandet (Eugénie).[1] (*See* Bonfons, Eugénie Cruchot de.)

Grandlieu (Comtesse de), related to the Herouvilles; lived in the first part of the seventeenth century; probable ancestress of the Grandlieus, well known in France two centuries later. [The Hated Son.]

Grandlieu (Mademoiselle), under the first Empire married an imperial chamberlain, perhaps also the prefect of Orne, and was received, alone, in Alençon among the exclusive and aristocratic set lorded over by the Esgrignons. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Grandlieu (Duc Ferdinand de), born about 1773; may have descended from the Comtesse de Grandlieu who lived early in the seventeenth century, and consequently connected with the old and worthy nobility of the Duchy of Brittany whose device was "Caveo non timeo." At the end

[1] The incidents of her life have been dramatized by Bayard for the Gymnase-Dramatique, under the title of "The Miser's Daughter."

of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, Ferdinand de Grandlieu was the head of the elder branch, wealthy and ducal, of the house of Grandlieu. Under the Consulate and the Empire his high and assured rank enabled him to intercede with Talleyrand in behalf of M. d'Hauteserre and M. de Simeuse, compromised in the fictitious abduction of Malin de Gondreville. Grandlieu by his marriage with an Ajuda of the elder branch, connected with the Barganzas and of Portuguese descent, had several daughters, the eldest of whom assumed the veil in 1822. His other daughters were Clotilde-Frédérique, born in 1802; Joséphine the third; Sabine born in 1809; Marie-Athenaïs, born about 1820. An uncle by marriage of Mme. de Langeais, he had at Paris, in Faubourg Saint-Germain, a hotel where, during the reign of Louis XVIII., the Princesse de Blamont-Chauvry, the Vidame de Pamiers and the Duc de Navarreins assembled to consider a startling escapade of Antoinette de Langeais. At least ten years later Grandlieu availed himself of his intimate friend Henri de Chaulieu and also of Corentin—Saint-Denis—in order to stay the suit against Lucien de Rubempré which was about to compromise his daughter Clotilde-Frédérique. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Thirteen. A Bachelor's Establishment. Modeste Mignon. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Grandlieu (Duchesse Ferdinand de), of Portuguese descent, born Ajuda and of the elder branch of that house connected with the Braganzas. Wife of Ferdinand de Grandlieu, and mother of several daughters. Of sedentary habits, proud, pious, good-hearted and beautiful, she wielded in Paris during the Restoration a sort of supremacy over the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The second and the next to the youngest of her children gave her much anxiety. Combating the hostility of those about her she welcomed Rubempré, the suitor of her daughter Clotilde-Frédérique—1829-30. The unfortunate results of the marriage of her other daughter Sabine, Baronne Calyste du Guénic, occupied Mme. de Grandlieu's attention in 1837, and she succeeded in reconciling the young couple, with the assistance of Abbé Brossette,

Maxime de Trailles, and La Palférine. Her religious scruples had made her halt a moment; but they fell like her political fidelity, and, with Mmes. d'Espard, de Listomère and des Touches, she tacitly recognized the bourgeois royalty, a few years after a new reign began, and re-opened the doors of her salon. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Béatrix. A Daughter of Eve.]

Grandlieu (Mademoiselle de), eldest daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Grandlieu, took the veil in 1822. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Grandlieu (Clotilde-Frédérique de), born in 1802; second daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Grandlieu; a long, flat creature, the caricature of her mother. She had no consent save that of her mother when she fell in love with and wished to marry the ambitious Lucien de Rubempré in the spring of 1830. She saw him for the last time on the road to Italy in the forest of Fontainebleu near Bouron and under very painful circumstances the young man was arrested before her very eyes. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Grandlieu (Joséphine de). (*See* Ajuda-Pinto, Marquise Miguel d'.)

Grandlieu (Sabine de). (*See* Guénic, Baronne Calyste du.)

Grandlieu (Marie-Athénais de). (*See* Grandlieu, Vicomtesse Juste de.)

Grandlieu (Vicomtesse de), sister of Comte de Born; descended more directly than the duke from the countess of the seventeenth century. From 1813, the time of her husband's death, the head of the younger Grandlieu house whose device was "Grands faits, grand lieu." Mother of Camille and of Juste de Grandlieu, and the mother-in-law of Ernest de Restaud. Returned to France with Louis XVIII. At first she lived on royal bounty, but afterwards regained a considerable portion of her property through the efforts of Maître Derville, about the beginning of the Restoration. She was very grateful to the lawyer, who also took her part against the Legion of Honor, was ad-

mitted to her confidential circle and told her the secrets of the Restaud household, one evening in the winter of 1830 when Ernest de Restaud, son of the Comtesse Anastasie, was paying court to Camille whom he finally married. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Colonel Chabert. Gobseck.]

Grandlieu (Camille de). (*See* Restaud, Comtesse Ernest de.)

Grandlieu (Vicomte Juste de), son of Vicomtesse de Grandlieu; brother of Comtesse Ernest de Restaud; cousin and afterwards husband of Marie-Athénaïs de Grandlieu, combining by this marriage the fortunes of the two houses of Grandlieu and obtaining the title of duke. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Gobseck.]

Grandlieu (Vicomtesse Juste de), born about 1820, Marie-Athénaïs de Grandlieu; last daughter of Duc and Duchesse de Grandlieu; married to her cousin, the Vicomte Juste de Grandlieu. She received at Paris in the first days of the July government, a young married woman like herself, Mme. Félix de Vandenesse, then in the midst of a flirtation with Raoul Nathan. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Gobseck. A Daughter of Eve.]

Granet, deputy-mayor of the second arrondissement of Paris, in 1818, under La Billardière. With his homely wife he was invited to the Birotteau ball. [César Birotteau.]

Granet, one of the leading men of Besançon, under Louis Philippe. In gratitude for a favor done him by Albert Savarus he nominated the latter for deputy. [Albert Savarus.]

Granson (Madame), poor widow of a lieutenant-colonel of artillery killed at Jéna, by whom she had a son, Athanase. From 1816 she lived at No. 8 rue du Bercail in Alençon, where the benevolence of a distant relative, Mme. du Bousquier, put in her charge the treasury of a maternal society against infanticide, and brought her into contact, under peculiar circumstances, with the woman who afterwards became Mme. Théodore Gaillard. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Granson (Athanase), son of the preceding; born in 1793; subordinate in the mayor's office at Alençon in charge of registry. A sort of poet, liberal in politics and filled with ambition; weary of poverty and overflowing with grandiose sentiments. In 1816 he loved, with a passion that his common-sense combated, Mme. du Bousquier, then Mlle. Cormon, his senior by more than seventeen years. In 1816 the marriage dreaded by him took place. He could not brook the blow and drowned himself in the Sarthe. He was mourned only by his mother and Suzanne du Val-Noble. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] Nevertheless, eight years after it was said of him: "The Athanase Gransons must die, withered up, like the grains which fall on barren rock." [The Government Clerks.]

Granville (Comte de) had a defective civil status, the orthography of the name varying frequently through the insertion of the letter "d" between the "n" and "v." In 1805 at an advanced age he lived at Bayeux, where he was probably born. His father was a president of the Norman Parliament. At Bayeux the Comte married his son to the wealthy Angélique Bontems. [A Second Home.]

Granville (Vicomte de), son of Comte de Granville, and comte upon his father's death; born about 1779; a magistrate through family tradition. Under the guidance of Cambacérès he passed through all the administrative and judicial grades. He studied with Maître Bordin, defended Michu in the trial resulting from the "Gondreville Mystery," and learned officially and officiously of one of its results a short time after his marriage with a young girl of Bayeux, a rich heiress and the acquirer of extensive public lands. Paris was generally the theatre for the brilliant career of Maître Granville who, during the Empire, left the Augustin quai where he had lived to take up his abode with his wife on the ground-floor of a mansion in the Marais, between rue Vielle-du-Temple and rue Neuve-Saint-François. He became successively advocate-general at the court of the Seine, and president of one of its chambers. At this time a domestic drama was being enacted in his life. Hampered in his open

and broad-minded nature by the bigotry of Mme. de Granville, he sought domestic happiness outside his home, though he already had a family of four children. He had met Caroline Crochard on rue du Tourniquet-Saint-Jean. He installed her on rue Taitbout and found in this relation, though it was of brief duration, the happiness vainly sought in his proper home. Granville screened this fleeting joy under the name of Roger. A daughter Eugénie, and a son Charles, were born of this adulterous union which was ended by the desertion of Mlle. Crochard and the misconduct of Charles. Until the death of Mme. Crochard, the mother of Caroline, Granville was able to keep up appearances before his wife. Thus it happened that he accompanied her to the country, Seine-et-Oise, when he assisted M. d'Albon and M. de Sucy. The remainder of Granville's life, after his wife and his mistress left him, was passed in comparative solitude in the society of intimate friends like Octave de Bauvan and Sérizy. Hard work and honors partially consoled him. His request as attorney-general caused the reinstatement of César Birotteau, one of the tenants at No. 397 rue Saint-Honoré. He and his wife had been invited to the famous ball given by Birotteau more than three years previously. As attorney-general of the Court of Cassation, Granville secretly protected Rubempré during the poet's famous trial, thus drawing upon himself the powerful affection of Jacques Collin, counterbalanced by the enmity of Amélie Camusot. The Revolution of July upheld Granville's high rank. He was peer of France under the new régime, owning and occupying a small mansion on rue Saint-Lazare, or traveling in Italy. At this time he was one of Dr. Bianchon's patients. [The Gondreville Mystery. A Second Home. Farewell. César Birotteau. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. A Daughter of Eve. Cousin Pons.]

Granville (Comtesse Angélique de), wife of preceding, and daughter of Bontems, a farmer and sort of Jacobin whom the Revolution enriched through the purchase of evacuated property at low prices. She was born at Bayeux in 1787, and received from her mother a very bigoted education.

At the beginning of the Empire she married the son of one of the neighbors of the family, then Vicomte and later Comte de Granville; and, under the influence of Abbé Fontanon, she maintained at Paris the manners and customs of an extreme devotee. She thus evoked the infidelity of her husband who had begun by simply neglecting her. Of her four children she retained charge of the education of her two daughters. She broke off entirely from her husband when she discovered the existence of her rival, Mlle. de Bellefeuille—Caroline Crochard—and returned to Bayeux to end her days, remaining to the last the austere, stingy sanctified creature who had formerly been scandalized by the openness of the affair of Montriveau and Mme. de Langeais. She died in 1822. [A Second Home. The Thirteen. A Daughter of Eve.]

Granville (Vicomte de), elder son of the preceding. Was reared by his father. In 1828 he was deputy-attorney at Limoges, where he afterwards became advocate-general. He fell in love with Véronique Graslin, but incurred her secret disfavor by his proceedings against the assassin Tascheron. The vicomte had a career almost identical with that of his father. In 1833 he was made first president at Orleans, and in 1844 attorney-general. Later near Limoges he came suddenly upon a scene which moved him deeply: the public confession of Véronique Graslin. The vicomte had unknowingly been the executioner of the châtelaine of Montégnac. [A Second Home. A Daughter of Eve. The Country Parson.]

Granville (Baron Eugène de), younger brother of the foregoing. King's attorney at Paris from May, 1830. Three years later he still held this office, when he informed his father of the arrest of a thief named Charles Crochard, who was the count's natural son. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. A Second Home.]

Granville (Marie-Angélique de). (*See* Vandenesse, Comtesse Félix de.)

Granville (Marie-Eugénie de). (*See* Tillet, Madame Ferdinand du.)

Graslin (Pierre), born in 1775. An Auvergnat, compatriot and friend of Sauviat, whose daughter Véronique he married in 1822. He began as bank-clerk with Grosstête & Perret, a first-class firm of the town. A man of business and a hard worker he became successor to his employers. His fortune, increased by lucky speculations with Brézac, enabled him to buy one of the finest places in the chief city of Haute-Vienne. But he was not able to win his wife's heart. His physical unattractiveness, added to by his carelessness and grinding avarice, were complicated by a domestic tyranny which soon showed itself. Thus it was that he was only the legal father of a son named Francis, but he was ignorant of this fact, for, in the capacity of juror in the Court of Assizes dealing with the fate of Tascheron, the real father of the child, he urged but in vain the acquittal of the prisoner. Two years after the boy's birth and the execution of the mother's lover, in April, 1831, Pierre Graslin died of weakness and grief. The July Revolution suddenly breaking forth had shaken his financial standing, which was regained only with an effort. It was at the time when he had bought Montégnac from the Navarreins. [The Country Parson.]

Graslin (Madame Pierre), wife of preceding; born Véronique Sauviat, at Limoges in May, 1802; beautiful in spite of traces of small-pox; had had the spoiled though simple childhood of an only daughter. When twenty she married Pierre Graslin. Soon after marriage her ingenuous nature, romantic and refined, suffered in secret from the harsh tyranny of the man whose name she bore. Véronique, however, held aloof from the gallants who frequented her salon, especially the Vicomte de Granville. She had become the secret mistress of J.-F. Tascheron, a porcelain worker. She was on the point of eloping with him when a crime committed by him was discovered. Mme. Graslin suffered the most poignant anguish, giving birth to the child of the condemned man at the very moment when the father was led to execution. She inflicted upon herself the bitterest flagellations. She could devote herself more freely to penance after her hus-

band's death, which occurred two years later. She left Limoges for Montégnac, where she made herself truly famous by charitable works on a huge scale. The sudden return of the sister of her lover dealt her the final blow. Still she had energy enough to bring about the union of Denise Tascheron and Grégoire Gérard, gave her son into their keeping, left important bequests destined to keep alive her memory, and died during the summer of 1844 after confessing in public in the presence of Bianchon, Dutheil, Granville, Mme. Sauviat and Bonnet who were all seized with admiration and tenderness for her. [The Country Parson.]

Graslin (Francis), born at Limoges in August, 1829. Only child of Véronique Graslin, legal son of Pierre Graslin, but natural son of J.-F. Tascheron. He lost his legal father two years after his birth, and his mother thirteen years later. His tutor M. Ruffin, his maternal grandmother Mme. Sauviat, and above all the Grégoire Gérards watched over his boyhood at Montégnac. [The Country Parson.]

Grasset, bailiff and successor of Louchard. On the demand of Lisbeth Fischer and by Rivet's advice, in 1838, he arrested W. Steinbock in Paris and took him to Clichy prison. [Cousin Betty.]

Grassins (Des), ex-quartermaster of the Guard, seriously wounded at Austerlitz, pensioned and decorated. Time of Louis XVIII. he became the richest banker in Saumur, which he left for Paris where he located with the purpose of settling the unfortunate affairs of the suicide, Guillaume Grandet and where he was later made a deputy. Although the father of a family he conceived a passion for Florine, a pretty actress of the Théâtre du Madame,[1] to the havoc of his fortune. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grassins (Madame des), born about 1780; wife of foregoing, giving him two children; spent most of her life at Saumur. Her husband's position and sundry physical charms which she was able to preserve till nearly her fortieth year enabled her to shine somewhat in society. With

[1] The name of this theatre was changed, in 1830, to Gymnase-Dramatique.

the Cruchots she often visited the Grandets, and, like the family of the President de Bonfons, she dreamed of mating Eugénie with her son Adolphe. The dissipated life of her husband at Paris and the combination of the Cruchots upset her plans. Nor was she able to do much for her daughter. However, deprived of much of her property and making the best of things, Mme. des Grassins continued unaided the management of the bank at Saumur. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grassins (Adolphe des), born in 1797, son of M. and Mme. des Grassins; studied law at Paris where he lived in a lavish way. A caller at the Nucingens where he met Charles Grandet. Returned to Saumur in 1819 and vainly courted Eugénie Grandet. Finally he returned to Paris and rejoined his father whose wild life he imitated. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Grassou (Pierre), born at Fougères, Brittany, in 1795. Son of a Vendean peasant and militant Royalist. Removing at an early age to Paris he began as clerk to a paint-dealer who was from Mayenne and a distant relative of the Orgemonts. A mistaken idea led him toward art. His Breton stubbornness led him successively to the studios of Servin, Schinner and Sommervieux. He afterwards studied, but fruitlessly, the works of Granet and Drolling; then he completed his art studies with Duval-Lecamus. Grassou profited nothing by his work with these masters, nor did his acquaintance with Lora or Joseph Bridau assist him. Though he could understand and admire he lacked the creative faculty and the skill in execution. For this reason Grassou, usually called Fougères by his comrades, obtained their warm support and succeeded in getting admission, into the Salon of 1829, for his "Toilet of a Condemned Chouan," a very mediocre painting palpably along the lines of Gerard Dow. The work obtained for him from Charles X. the cross of the Legion of Honor. At last his canvasses found purchasers. Elie Magus gave him an order for pictures after the Flemish school, which he sold to Vervelle as works of Dow or Téniers. At that time Grassou lived at No. 2 rue de Navarin. He became the son-in-law of Vervelle,

in 1832, marrying Virginie Vervelle, the heiress of the family, who brought him a dowry of one hundred thousand francs, as well as country and city property. His determined mediocrity opened the doors of the Academy to him and made him an officer in the Legion of Honor in 1839, and major of a battalion in the National Guard after the riots of May 12. He was adored by the middle classes, becoming their accredited artist. Painted portraits of all the members of the Crevel and Thuillier families, and also of the director of the theatre who preceded Gaudissart. Left many frightful and ridiculous daubs, one of which found its way into Topinard's humble home. [Pierre Grassou. A Bachelor's Establishment. Cousin Betty. The Middle Classes. Cousin Pons.]

Grassou (Madame Pierre), born Virginie Vervelle; red-haired and homely; sole heiress of wealthy dealers in cork, on rue Boucherat. Wife of the preceding whom she married in Paris in 1832. There is a portrait of her painted in this same year before her marriage, which at first was a colorless study by Grassou, but was dexterously retouched by Joseph Bridau. [Pierre Grassou.]

Gravelot brothers, lumber-merchants of Paris, who purchased in 1823 the forests of Aigues, the Burgundy estate of General de Montcornet. [The Peasantry.]

Gravier, paymaster-general of the army during the first Empire, and interested at that time in large Spanish affairs with certain commanding officers. Upon the return of the Bourbons he purchased at twenty thousand francs of La Baudraye the office of tax-receiver for Sancerres, which office he still held about 1836. With the Abbé Duret and others he frequented the home of Mme. Dinah de la Baudraye. He was little, fat and common. His court made little way with the baroness, despite his talent and his worldly-wise ways of a bachelor. He sang ballads, told stories, and displayed pseudo-rare autographs. [The Muse of the Department.]

Gravier, of Grenoble; head of a family; father-in-law

of a notary; chief of division of the prefecture of Isère in 1829. Knew Genestas and recommended to him Dr. Benassis, the mayor of the village of which he himself was one of the benefactors, as the one to attend Adrien Genestas-Renard. [The Country Doctor.]

Grenier, known as Fleur-de-Genêt; deserter from the Sixty-ninth demi-brigade; chauffeur executed in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Grenouville, proprietor of a large and splendid notion store in Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, about 1840; a customer of the Bijous, embroiderers also in business at Paris. At this time an ardent admirer of Mlle. Olympe Bijou, former mistress of Baron Hulot and Idamore Chardin. He married her and gave an income to her parents. [Cousin Betty.]

Grenouville (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Olympe Bijou, about 1824. In the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe she lived in Paris near La Courtille, in rue Saint-Maur-du-Temple. Was a pretty but poor embroiderer surrounded by a numerous and poverty-stricken family when Josépha Mirah obtained for her old Baron Hulot and a shop. Having abandoned Hulot for Idamore Chardin, who left her, Olympe married Grenouville and became a well-known tradeswoman. [Cousin Betty.]

Grenville (Arthur-Ormond, Lord), wealthy Englishman; was being treated at Montpellier for lung trouble when the rupture of the treaty of peace of Amiens confined him to Tours. About 1814 he fell in love with the Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont, whom he afterwards met elsewhere. Posing as a physician he attended her in an illness and succeeded in curing her. He visited her also in Paris, finally dying to save her honor, after suffering his fingers to be crushed in a door—1823. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Grévin of Arcis, Aube, began life in the same way as his compatriot and intimate friend, Malin de Gondreville. In 1787, he was second clerk to Maître Bordin, attorney of the Châtelet, Paris. Returned to Champagne at the outbreak of the Revolution. There he received the successive

protection of Danton, Bonaparte and Gondreville. By virtue of them he became an oracle to the Liberals, was enabled to marry Mlle. Varlet, the only daughter of the best physician of the city, to purchase a notary's practice, and to become wealthy. A level-headed man, Grévin often advised Gondreville, and he directed the mysterious and fictitious abduction —1803 and the years following. Of his union with Mlle. Varlet, who died rather young, one daughter was born, Séverine, who became Mme. Philéas Beauvisage. In his old age he devoted a great deal of attention to his children and their brilliant future, especially during the election of May, 1839. [A Start in Life. The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Grévin (Madame), wife of foregoing; born Varlet; daughter of the best doctor of Arcis-sur-Aube; sister of another Varlet, a doctor in the same town; mother of Mme. Séverine Philéas Beauvisage. With Mme. Marion she was more or less implicated in the Gondreville mystery. She died rather young. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Grévin, corsair, who served under Admiral de Simeuse in the Indies. In 1816, paralyzed and deaf, he lived with his granddaughter, Mme. Lardot, a laundress of Alençon, who employed Césarine and Suzanne and was patronized by the Chevalier de Valois. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Gribeaucourt (Mademoiselle de), old maid of Saumur and friend of the Cruchots during the Restoration. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Griffith (Miss), born in 1787; Scotch woman, daughter of a minister in straitened circumstances; under the Restoration she was governess of Louise de Chaulieu, whose love she won by reason of her kindliness and penetration. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Grignault (Sophie). (*See* Nathan, Mme. Raoul.)

Grimbert, held, in 1819, at Ruffec, Charente, the office of the Royal Couriers. At that time he received from Mlles. Laure and Agathe de Rastignac, a considerable sum of money

addressed to their brother Eugène, at the Pension Vauquer, Paris. [Father Goriot.]

Grimont, born about 1786; a priest of some capability; curé of Guérande, Brittany. In 1836, a constant visitor at the Guénics, he exerted a tardily acquired influence over Félicité des Touches, whose disappointments in love he fathomed and whom he determined to turn towards a religious life. Her conversion gave Grimont the vicar-generalship of the diocese of Nantes. [Béatrix.]

Grimpel, physician at Paris in the Panthéon quarter, time of Louis XVIII. Among his patients was Mme. Vauquer, who sent for him to attend Vautrin when the latter was overcome by a narcotic treacherously administered by Mlle. Michonneau. [Father Goriot.]

Grindot, French architect in the first half of the nineteenth century; won the Roman prize in 1814. His talent, which met the approval of the Academy, was heartily recognized by the masses of Paris. About the end of 1818 César Birotteau gave him carte-blanche in the remodeling of his apartments on rue Saint-Honoré, and invited him to his ball. Matifat, between the years 1821 and 1822, commissioned him to ornament the suite of Mme. Raoul Nathan on rue de Bondy. The Comte de Sérizy employed him likewise in 1822 in the restoration of his château of Presles near Beaumont-sur-Oise. About 1829 Grindot embellished a little house on rue Saint-Georges where successively dwelt Suzanne Gaillard and Esther van Gobseck. Time of Louis Philippe, Arthur de Rochefide, and M. and Mme. Fabien du Ronceret gave him contracts. His decline and that of the monarchy coincided. He was no longer in vogue during the July government. On motion of Chaffaroux he received twenty-five thousand francs for the decoration of four rooms of Thuillier's. Lastly Crevel, an imitator and grinder, utilized Grindot on rue des Saussaies, rue du Dauphin and rue Barbet-de-Jouy for his official and secret habitations. [César Birotteau. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Start in Life. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Béatrix. The Middle Classes. Cousin Betty.]

Groison, non-commissioned officer of cavalry in the Imperial Guard; later, during the Restoration, estate-keeper of Blangy, where he succeeded Vaudoyer at a salary of three hundred francs. Montcornet, mayor of that commune, arranged a marriage between the old soldier and the orphan daughter of one of his farmers who brought him three acres of vineyards. [The Peasantry.]

Gros (Antoine-Jean), celebrated painter born in Paris in 1771, drowned himself June, 1835. Was the teacher of Joseph Bridau and, despite his parsimonious habits, supplied materials—about 1818—to the future painter of "The Venetian Senator and the Courtesan" enabling him to obtain five thousand francs from a double government position. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Groslier, police commissioner of Arcis-sur-Aube at the beginning of the electoral campaign of 1839. [The Member for Arcis.]

Grosmort, small boy of Alençon in 1816. Left the town in that year and went to Prébaudet, an estate of Mme. du Bousquier, to tell her of Troisville's arrival. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Gross-Narp (Comte de), son-in-law, no doubt fictitious, of a very great lady, invented and represented by Jacqueline Collin to serve the menaced interests of Jacques Collin in Paris about the end of the Restoration. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Grosstête (F.), director, with Perret, of a Limoges banking-house, during the Empire and Restoration. His clerk and successor was Pierre Graslin. Retired from business, a married man, wealthy, devoted to horticulture, he spent much of his time in the fields in the outskirts of Limoges. Endowed with a superior intellect, he seemed to understand Véronique Graslin, whose society he sought and whose secrets he tried to fathom. He introduced his godson, Grégoire Gérard, to her. [The Country Parson.]

Grosstête (Madame F.), wife of preceding; a person of some importance in Limoges, time of the Restoration. [The Country Parson.]

Grosstête, younger brother of F. Grosstête. Receiver-general at Bourges during the Restoration. He had a large fortune which enabled his daughter Anna to wed a Fontaine about 1823. [The Country Parson. The Muse of the Department.]

Grozier (Abbé) was chosen, in the early part of the Restoration, to arbitrate the dispute of two proof-readers—one of whom was Saint-Simon—over Chinese paper. He proved that the Chinese make their paper from bamboo. [Lost Illusions.] He was librarian of the Arsenal at Paris. Was tutor of the Marquis d'Espard. Was learned in the history and manners of China. Taught this knowledge to his pupil. [The Commission in Lunacy.][1]

Gruget (Madame Etienne), born in the latter part of the eighteenth century. About 1820, lace-maker at No. 12 rue des Enfants-Rouges, Paris, where she concealed and cared for Gratien Bourignard, the lover of her daughter Ida, who drowned herself. Bourignard was the father of Mme. Jules Desmarets. [The Thirteen.] Becoming a nurse about the end of 1824, Mme. Gruget attended the division-chief, La Billardière, in his final sickness. [The Government Clerks.] In 1828 she followed the same profession for ten sous a day, including board. At that time she attended the last illness of Comtesse Flore Philippe de Brambourg, on rue Chaussée-d'Antin, before the invalid was removed to the Dubois hospital. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Gruget (Ida), daughter of the preceding. About 1820 was a corset-fitter at No. 14 rue de la Corderie-du-Temple, Paris; employed by Mme. Meynardie. She was also the mistress of Gatien Bourignard. Passionately jealous, she rashly made a scene in the home of Jules Desmarets, her lover's son-in-law. Then she drowned herself, in a fit of despair, and was buried in a little cemetery of a village of Seine-et-Oise. [The Thirteen.]

Gua Saint-Cyr (Madame du), in spite of the improbability

[1] Abbé Grozier, or Crozier (Jean Baptiste-Gabriel-Alexandre), born March 17, 1743, at Saint-Omer, died December 8, 1823, at Paris; collaborator of the "Literary Year" with Fréron and Geoffroy, and author of a "General History of China"—Paris 1777-1784, 12 vols.

aroused on account of her age, passed for a time, in 1799, as the mother of Alphonse de Montauran. She had been married and was then a widow; Gua was not her true name. She was the last mistress of Charette and, being still young, took his place with the youthful Alphonse de Montauran. She displayed a savage jealousy for Mlle. de Verneuil. One of the first Vendean sallies of 1799, planned by Mme. du Gua, was unsuccessful and absurd. The old "mare of Charette" caused the coach between Mayenne and Fougères to be waylaid; but the money stolen was that which was being sent her by her mother. [The Chouans.]

Gua Saint-Cyr (Du), name assumed in Brittany, in 1799, by Alphonse de Montauran, the Chouan leader. [The Chouans.]

Gua Saint-Cyr (Monsieur and Madame du), son and mother; rightful bearers of the name were murdered, with the courier, in November by the Chouans. [The Chouans.]

Gudin (Abbé), born about 1759; was one of the Chouan leaders in 1799. He was a formidable fellow, one of the Jesuits stubborn enough, perhaps devoted enough, to oppose upon French soil the proscriptive edict of 1793. This firebrand of Western conflict fell, slain by the Blues, almost under the eyes of his patriot nephew, the sub-lieutenant, Gudin. [The Chouans.]

Gudin, nephew of the preceding, and nevertheless a patriot conscript from Fougères, Brittany, during the campaign of 1799; successively corporal and sub-lieutenant. The former grade was obtained through Hulot. Was the superior of Beau-Pied. Gudin was killed near Fougères by Marie de Verneuil, who had assumed the attire of her husband, Alphonse de Montauran. [The Chouans.]

Guénée (Madame). (*See* Galardon, Madame.)

Guénic (Gaudebert-Calyste-Charles, Baron du), born in 1763. Head of a Breton house of very ancient founding, he justified throughout his long life the device upon his coat-of-arms, which read: "Fac!" Without hope of reward he constantly defended, in Vendée and Brittany, his God

and his king by service as private soldier and captain, with Charette, Cathelineau, La Rochejacquelein, Elbée, Bonchamp and the Prince of Loudon. Was one of the commanders of the campaign of 1799 when he bore the name of "L'Intimé," and was, with Bauvan, a witness to the marriage *in extremis* of Alphonse de Montauran and Marie de Verneuil. Three years later he went to Ireland, where he married Miss Fanny O'Brien, of a noble family of that country. Events of 1814 permitted his return to Guérande, Loire-Inférieure, where his house, though impoverished, wielded great influence. In recognition of his unfaltering devotion to the Royalist cause, M. du Guénic received only the Cross of Saint-Louis. Incapable of protesting, he intrepidly defended his town against the battalions of General Travot, in the following year. The final Chouan insurrection, that of 1832, called him to arms once again. Accompanied by Calyste, his only son, and a servant, Gasselin, he returned to Guérande, lived there for some years, despite his numerous wounds, and died suddenly, at the age of seventy-four, in 1837. [The Chouans. Béatrix.]

Guénic (Baronne du), wife of the preceding; native of Ireland; born Fanny O'Brien, about 1793, of aristocratic lineage. Poor and surrounded by wealthy relatives, beautiful and distinguished, she married, in 1813, Baron du Guénic, following him the succeeding year to Guérande and devoting her life and youth to him. She bore one son, Calyste, to whom she was more like an elder sister. She watched closely the two mistresses of the young man, and finally understood Félicité des Touches; but she always was in a tremor on account of Béatrix de Rochefide, even after the marriage of Calyste, which took place in the year of the baron's death. [Béatrix.]

Guénic (Gaudebert-Calyste-Louis du), probably born in 1815, at Guérande, Loire-Inférieure; only son of the foregoing, by whom he was adored, and to whose dual influence he was subject. He was the physical and moral replica of his mother. His father wished to make him a gentleman of the old school. In 1832 he fought for the heir of the

Bourbons. He had other aspirations which he was able to satisfy at the home of an illustrious châtelaine of the vicinity, Mlle. Félicité des Touches. The chevalier was much enamored of the celebrated authoress, who had great influence over him, did not accept him and turned him over to Mme. de Rochefide. Béatrix played with the heir of the house of Guénic the same ill-starred comedy carried through by Antoinette de Langeais with regard to Montriveau. Calyste married Mlle. Sabine de Grandlieu, and took the title of baron after his father's death. He lived in Paris on Faubourg Saint-Germain, and between 1838 and 1840 was acquainted with Georges de Maufrigneuse, Savinien de Portenduère, the Rhétorés, the Lenoncourt-Chaulieus and Mme. de Rochefide—whose lover he finally became. The intervention of the Duchesse de Grandlieu put an end to this love affair. [Béatrix.]

Guénic (Madame Calyste du), born Sabine de Grandlieu; wife of the preceding, whom she married about 1837. Nearly three years later she was in danger of dying upon hearing, at her confinement, that she had a fortunate rival in the person of Béatrix de Rochefide. [Béatrix.]

Guénic (Zéphirine du), born in 1756 at Guérande; lived almost all her life with her younger brother, the Baron du Guénic, whose ideas, principles and opinions she shared. She dreamed of a rehabilitation of her impoverished house, and pushed her economy to the point of refusing to undergo an operation for cataract. For a long time she wished that Mlle. Charlotte de Kergarouët might become her niece by marriage. [Béatrix.]

Guépin, of Provins, located in Paris. He had at the "Trois Quenouilles" one of the largest draper's shops on rue Saint-Denis. His head-clerk was his compatriot, Jérôme-Denis Rogron. In 1815, he turned over his business to his grandson and returned to Provins, where his family formed a clan. Later Rogron retired also and rejoined him there. [Pierrette.]

Guerbet, wealthy farmer in the country near Ville-aux-Fayes; married, in the last of the eighteenth or first of the

nineteenth century, the only daughter of Mouchon junior, then postmaster of Conches, Burgundy. After the death of his father-in-law, about 1817, he succeeded to the office. [The Peasantry.]

Guerbet, brother of the foregoing, and related to the Gaubertins and Gendrins. Rich tax-collector of Soulanges, Burgundy. Stout, dumpy fellow with a butter face, wig, earrings, and immense collars; given to pomology; was the wit of the village and one of the lions of Mme. Soudry's salon. [The Peasantry.]

Guerbet, circuit judge of Ville-aux-Fayes, Burgundy, in 1823. Like his uncle, the postmaster, and his father, the tax-collector, he was entirely devoted to Gaubertin. [The Peasantry.]

Guillaume, in the course of, or at the end of the eighteenth century, began as clerk to Chevrel, draper, on rue Saint-Denis, Paris, "at the Sign of the Cat and Racket"; afterwards became his son-in-law, succeeded him, became wealthy and retired, during the first Empire, after marrying off his two daughters, Virginie and Augustine, in the same day. He became member of the Consultation Committee for the uniforming of the troops, changed his home, living in a house of his own on rue du Colombier, was intimate with the Ragons and the Birotteaus, being invited with his wife to the ball given by the latter. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. César Birotteau.]

Guillaume (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Chevrel; cousin of Mme. Roguin; a stiff-necked, middle-class woman, who was scandalized by the marriage of her second daughter, Augustine, with Théodore de Sommervieux. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Guillaume, servant of Marquis d'Aiglemont in 1823. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Guinard (Abbé), priest of Sancerre in 1836. [The Muse of the Department.]

Gyas (Marquise de), lived at Bordeaux during the Resto-

ration; gave much thought to marrying off her daughter, and, being intimate with Mme. Evangélista, felt hurt when Natalie Evangélista married Paul de Manerville in 1822. However, the Marquis de Gyas was one of the witnesses at the wedding. [A Marriage Settlement.]

H

Habert (Abbé), vicar at Provins under the Restoration; a stern, ambitious prelate, a source of annoyance to Vinet; dreamed of marrying his sister Céleste to Jérôme-Denis Rogron. [Pierrette.]

Habert (Céleste), sister of the preceding; born about 1797; managed a girls' boarding-school at Provins, in the closing years of Charles X.'s reign. Visited at the Rogrons. Gouraud and Vinet shunned her. [Pierrette.]

Hadot (Madame), who lived at La Charité, Nièvre, in 1836, was mistaken for Mme. Barthélemy-Hadot, the French novelist, whose name was mentioned at Mme. de la Baudraye's, near Sancerre. [The Muse of the Department.]

Halga (Chevalier du), naval officer greatly esteemed by Suffren and Portenduère; captain of Kergarouët's flagship; lover of that admiral's wife, whom he survived. He served in the Indian and Russian waters, refused to take up arms against France, and returned with a petty pension after the emigration. Knew Richelieu intimately. Remained in Paris the inseparable friend and adherent of Kergarouët. Called near the Madeleine upon the Mesdames de Rouville, other protégées of his patron. The death of Louis XVIII. took Halga back to Guérande, his native town, where he became mayor and was still living in 1836. He was well acquainted with the Guénics and made himself ridiculous by his fancied ailments as well as by his solicitude for his dog, Thisbé. [The Purse. Béatrix.]

Halpersohn (Moses), a refugee Polish Jew, excellent physician, communist, very eccentric, avaricious, friend of Lelewel the insurrectionist. Time of Louis Philippe at Paris he at-

tended Vanda de Mergi, given up by several doctors, and alone diagnosed her complicated disease. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Halpertius, assumed name of Jacques Collin.

Hannequin (Léopold), Parisian notary. The "Revue de l'Est," a paper published at Besançon, time of Louis Philippe, gave, in an autobiographical novel of its editor-in-chief, Albert Savarus, entitled "L'Ambitieux par Amour," the story of the boyhood of Léopold Hannequin, the author's inseparable friend. Savarus told of their joint travels, and of the quiet preparation made by his friend for a notary-ship during the time known as the Restoration. During the monarchy of the barricades Hannequin remained the steadfast friend of Savarus, being one of the first to find his hiding-place. At that time the notary had an office in Paris. He married there to advantage, became head of a family, and deputy-mayor of a precinct, and obtained the decoration for a wound received at the cloister of Saint-Merri. He was welcomed and made use of in Faubourg Saint-Germain, the Saint-Georges quarter and the Marais. At the Grandlieus' request he drew up the marriage settlement of their daughter Sabine with Calyste du Guénic—1837. Four years later he consulted with old Marshal Hulot, on rue du Montparnasse, regarding his will in behalf of Mlle. Fischer and Mme. Steinbock. About 1845, at the request of Héloïse Brisetout, he drew up Sylvain Pons' will. [Albert Savarus. Béatrix. Cousin Betty. Cousin Pons.]

Happe & Duncker, celebrated bankers of Amsterdam, amateur art-collectors, and snobbish parvenus, bought, in 1813, the fine gallery of Balthazar Claës, paying one hundred thousand ducats for it. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Haudry, doctor at Paris during the first part of the nineteenth century. An old man and an upholder of old treatments; having a practice mainly among the middle class. Attended César Birotteau, Jules Desmarets, Mme. Descoings and Vanda de Mergi. His name was still cited at the end of Louis Philippe's reign. [César Birrotteau. The Thirteen.

A Bachelor's Establishment. The Scamy Side of History. Cousin Pons.]

Haugoult (Père), oratorian and regent of the Vedôme college, about 1811. Stern and narrow-minded, he did not comprehend the budding genius of one of his pupils, Louis Lambert, but destroyed the "Treatise on the Will," written by the lad. [Louis Lambert.]

Hauteserre (D'), born in 1751; grandfather of Marquis de Cinq-Cygne; guardian of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne; father of Robert and Adrien d'Hauteserre. A gentleman of caution he would willingly have parleyed with the Revolution; he made this evident after 1803 in the Arcis precinct where he resided, and especially during the succeeding years marked by an affair which jeopardized the lives of some of his family. Gondreville, Peyrade, Corentin, Fouché and Napoleon were bugaboos to d'Hauteserre. He outlived his sons. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Hauteserre (Madame d'), wife of the preceding; born in 1763; mother of Robert and Adrien; showed throughout her wearied, saddened frame the marks of the old régime. Following Goujet's advice she countenanced the deeds of Mlle. de Cinq-Cygne, the bold, dashing counter-revolutionist of Arcis during 1803 and succeeding years. Mme. Hauteserre survived her sons. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Hauteserre (Robert d'), elder son of the foregoing. Brusque, recalling the men of mediæval times, despite his feeble constitution. A man of honor, he followed the fortunes of his brother Adrien and his kinsmen the Simeuses. Like them, he emigrated during the first Revolution, and returned to the neighborhood of Arcis about 1803. Like them again he became enamored of Mlle. de Cinq-Cygne. Wrongly accused of having abducted the senator, Malin de Gondreville, and sentenced to ten years' hard labor, he obtained the Emperor's pardon and was made sub-lieutenant in the cavalry. He died as colonel at the storming of Moskowa, September 7, 1812. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Hauteserre (Adrien d'), second son of M. and Mme. d'Hauteserre; was of different stamp from his older brother Robert, yet had many things in common with the latter's career. He also was influenced by honor. He also emigrated and, on his return, fell under the same sentence. He also obtained Napoleon's pardon and a commission in the army, taking Robert's place in the attack on Moskowa; and in recognition of his severe wounds became brigadier-general after the battle of Dresden, August 26, 27, 1813. The doors of the Château de Cinq-Cygne were opened to admit the mutilated soldier, who married its mistress, Laurence, though his affection was not requited. This marriage made Adrien Marquis de Cinq-Cygne. During the Restoration he was made a peer, promoted to lieutenant-general, and obtained the Cross of Saint-Louis. He died in 1829, lamented by his wife, his parents and his children. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Hauteserre (Abbé d'), brother of M. d'Hauteserre; somewhat like his young kinsman in disposition; made some ado over his noble birth; thus it happened that he was killed, shot in the attack on the Hôtel de Cinq-Cygne by the people of Troyes, in 1792. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Hautoy (Francis du), gentleman of Angoulême; was consul at Valence. Lived in the chief city of Charente between 1821 and 1824; frequented the Bargetons; was on the most intimate terms with the Senonches, and was said to be the father of Françoise de la Haye, daughter of Mme. de Senonches. Hautoy seemed slightly superior to his associates. [Lost Illusions.]

Henri, police-agent at Paris in 1840, given special assignments by Corentin, and placed as servant successively at the Thuilliers, and with Népomucène Picot, with the duty of watching Théodose de la Peyrade. [The Middle Classes.]

Herbelot, notary of Arcis-sur-Aube during the electoral period of spring, 1839; visited the Beauvisages, Marions and Mollots. [The Member for Arcis.]

Herbelot (Malvina), born in 1809; sister of the preceding, whose curiosity she shared, when the Arcis elections were in progress. She also called on the Beauvisages and the Mollots, and, despite her thirty years, sought the society of the young women of these houses. [The Member for Arcis.]

Herbomez, of Mayenne, nick-named General Hardi; chauffeur implicated in the Royalist uprising in which Henriette Bryond took part, during the first Empire. Like Mme. de la Chanterie's daughter, Herbomez paid with his head his share in the rebellion. His execution took place in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Herbomez (D'), brother of the foregoing, but more fortunate, he ended by becoming a count and receiver-general. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Hérédia (Marie). (*See* Soria, Duchesse de.)

Hermann, a Nuremberg merchant who commanded a free company enlisted against the French, in October, 1799. Was arrested and thrown into a prison of Andernach, where he had for fellow-prisoner, Prosper Magnan, a young assistant surgeon, native of Beauvais, Oise. Hermann thus learned the terrible secret of an unjust detention followed by an execution equally unjust. Many years after, in Paris, he told the story of the martyrdom of Magnan in the presence of F. Taillefer, the unpunished author of the dual crime which had caused the imprisonment and death of an innocent man. [The Red Inn.]

Héron, notary of Issoudun in the early part of the nineteenth century, who was attorney for the Rougets, father and son. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Hérouville (Maréchal d'), whose ancestors' names were inscribed in the pages of French history, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, replete with glory and dramatic mystery; was Duc de Nivron. He was the last governor of Normandy, returned from exile with Louis XVIII. in 1814,

and died at an advanced age in 1819. [The Hated Son. Modeste Mignon.]

Hérouville (Duc d'), son of the preceding; born in 1796, at Vienna, Austria, during the emigration, "fruit of the matrimonial autumn of the last governor of Normandy"; descendant of a Comte d'Hérouville, a Norman free-lance who lived under Henri IV. and Louis XIII. He was Marquis de Saint-Sever, Duc de Nivron, Comte de Bayeux, Vicomte d'Essigny, grand equerry and peer of France, chevalier of the Order of the Spur and of the Golden Fleece, and grandee of Spain. A more modest origin, however, was ascribed to him by some. The founder of his house was supposed to have been an usher at the court of Robert of Normandy. But the coat-of-arms bore the device "Herus Villa"—House of the Chief. At any rate, the physical unattractiveness and comparative lack of means of D'Hérouville, who was a kind of dwarf, contrasted with his aristocratic lineage. However, his income allowed him to keep a house on rue Saint-Thomas du Louvre, Paris, and to keep on good terms with the Chaulieus. He maintained Fanny Beaupré, who apparently cost him dear; for, about 1829, he sought the hand of the Mignon heiress. During the reign of Louis Philippe, D'Hérouville, then a social leader, had acquaintance with the Hulots, was known as a celebrated art amateur, and resided on rue de Varenne, in Faubourg Saint-Germain. Later he took Josépha Mirah from Hulot, and installed her in fine style on rue Saint-Maur-du-Temple with Olympe Bijou. [The Hated Son. Jealousies of a Country Town. Modeste Mignon Cousin Betty.]

Hérouville (Mademoiselle d'), aunt of the preceding; dreamed of a rich marriage for that stunted creature, who seemed a sort of reproduction of an evil Hérouville of past ages. She desired Modeste Mignon for him; but her aristocratic pride revolted at the thought of Mlle. Monegod or Augusta de Nucingen. [Modeste Mignon.]

Hérouville (Hélène d'), niece of the preceding; sister of Duc d'Hérouville; accompanied her relatives to Havre in 1829; afterwards knew the Mignons. [Modeste Mignon.]

Herrera (Carlos), unacknowledged son of the Duc d'Ossuna; canon of the cathedral of Toledo, charged with a political mission to France by Ferdinand VII. He was drawn into an ambush by Jacques Collin, who killed him, stripped him and then assumed his name until about 1830. [Lost Illusions. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Hiclar, Parisian musician, in 1845, who received from Dubourdieu, a symbolical painter, author of a figure of Harmony, an order to compose a symphony suitable of being played before the picture. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Hiley, alias the Laborer, a chauffeur and the most cunning of minor participants in the Royalist uprising of Orne. Was executed in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Hippolyte, young officer, aide-de-camp to General Eblé in the Russian campaign; friend of Major Philippe de Sucy. Killed in an attack on the Russians near Studzianka, November 28, 1812. [Farewell.]

Hochon, born at Issoudun about 1738; was tax-receiver at Selles, Berry. Married Maximilienne, the sister of Sub-Delegate Lousteau. Had three children, one of whom became Mme. Borniche. Hochon's marriage and the change of the political horizon brought him back to his native town, where he and his family were long known as the Five Hochons. Mlle. Hochon's marriage and the death of her brothers made the jest still tenable; for M. Hochon, despite a proverbial avarice, adopted their posterity—François Hochon, Baruch and Adolphine Borniche. Hochon lived till an advanced age. He was still living at the end of the Restoration, and gave shrewd advice to the Bridaus regarding the Rouget legacy. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Hochon (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Maximilienne Lousteau about 1750; sister of the sub-delegate; also godmother of Mme. Bridau, *née* Rouget. During her whole life she displayed a sweet and resigned sympathy. The neglected and timorous mother of a family, she bore the matrimonial yoke of a second Félix Grandet. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Hochon, elder son of the foregoing; survived his brother and sister; married at an early age to a wealthy woman by whom he had one son; died a year before her, in 1813, slain at the battle of Hanau. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Hochon (François), son of the preceding, born in 1798. Left an orphan at sixteen he was adopted by his paternal grandparents and lived in Issoudun with his cousins, the Borniche children. He affiliated secretly with Maxence Gilet, being one of the "Knights of Idlesse," till his conduct was discovered. His stern grandfather sent the young man to Poitiers where he studied law and received a yearly allowance of six hundred francs. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Honorine. (*See* Bauvan, Comtesse Octave de.)

Hopwood (Lady Julia), English; made a journey to Spain between 1818 and 1819, and had there for a time a chambermaid known as Caroline, who was none other than Antoinette de Langeais, who had fled from Paris after Montriveau jilted her. [The Thirteen.]

Horeau (Jacques), alias the Stuart, had been lieutenant in the Sixty-ninth demi-brigade. Became one of the associates of Tinténiac, known through his participation in the Quiberon expedition. Turned chauffeur and compromised himself in the Orne Royalist uprising. Was executed in 1809. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Hortense was, under Louis Philippe, one of the numerous mistresses of Lord Dudley. She lived on rue Tronchet when Cérizet employed Antonia Chocardelle to hoodwink Maxime de Trailles. [A Man of Business. The Member for Arcis.]

Hostal (Maurice de l'), born in 1802; living physical portrait of Byron; nephew and like an adopted son of Abbé Loraux. He became, at Marais, in rue Payenne, the secretary and afterwards the confidant of Octave de Bauvan. Was acquainted with Honorine de Bauvan on rue Saint-Maur-Popincourt and all but fell in love with her. Turned

diplomat, left France, married the Italian, Onorina Pedrotti, and became head of a family. While consul to Genoa, about 1836, he again met Octave de Bauvan, then a widower and near his end, who entrusted his son to him. M. de l'Hostal once entertained Claude Vignon, Léon de Lora and Félicité des Touches, to whom he related the marital troubles of the Bauvans. [Honorine.]

Hostal (Madame Maurice de l'), wife of the preceding, born Onorina Pedrotti. A beautiful and unusually rich Genoese; slightly jealous of the consul; perhaps overheard the story of the Bauvans. [Honorine.]

Hulot, born in 1766, served under the first Republic and Empire. Took an active part in the wars and tragedies of the time. Commanded the Seventy-second demi-brigade, called the Mayençaise, during the Chouan uprising of 1799. Fought against Montauran. His career as private and officer had been so filled that his thirty-three years seemed an age. He went out a great deal. Rubbed elbows with Montcornet; called on Mme. de la Baudraye. He remained a democrat during the Empire; nevertheless Bonaparte recognized him. Hulot was made colonel of the grenadiers of the Guard, Comte de Forzheim and marshal. Retired to his splendid home on rue du Montparnasse, where he passed his declining years simply, being deaf, remaining a friend of Cottin de Wissembourg, and often surrounded by the family of a brother whose misconduct hastened his end in 1841. Hulot was given a superb funeral. [The Chouans. The Muse of the Department. Cousin Betty.]

Hulot d'Ervy (Baron Hector), born about 1775; brother of the preceding; took the name of Hulot d'Ervy early in life in order to make a distinction between himself and his brother to whom he owed the brilliant beginning of a civil and military career. Hulot d'Ervy became ordonnance commissary during the Republic. The Empire made him a baron. During one of these periods he married Adeline Fischer, by whom he had two children. The succeeding governments, at least that of July, also favored Hector Hulot, and he became

in turn intendant-general, director of the War Department, councilor of state, and grand officer of the Legion of Honor. His private misbehavior dated from these periods and gathered force while he lived at Paris. Each of his successive mistresses —Jenny Cadine, Josépha Mirah, Valérie Marneffe, Olympe Bijou, Elodie Chardin, Atala Judici, Agathe Piquetard— precipitated his dishonor and ruin. He hid under various names, as Thoul, Thorec and Vyder, anagrams of Hulot, Hector and D'Ervy. Neither the persecutions of the money-lender Samanon nor the influence of his family could reform him. After his wife's death he married, February 1, 1846, Agathe Piquetard, his kitchen-girl and the lowest of his servants. [Cousin Betty.]

Hulot d'Ervy (Baronne Hector), wife of the preceding; born Adeline Fischer, about 1790, in the village of Vosges; remarkable for her beauty; was married for mutual love, despite her inferior birth, and for some time lived caressed and adored by her husband and venerated by her brother-in-law. At the end of the Empire probably commenced her sorrows and the faithlessness of Hector, notwithstanding the two children born of their union, Victorin and Hortense. Had it not been for her maternal solicitude the baroness could have condoned the gradual degradation of her husband. The honor of the name and the future of her daughter gave her concern. No sacrifice was too great for her. She vainly offered herself to Célestin Crevel, whom she had formerly scorned, and underwent the parvenu's insults; she besought Josépha Mirah's aid, and rescued the baron from Atala Judici. The closing years of her life were not quite so miserable. She devoted herself to charitable offices, and lived on rue Louis-le-Grand with her married children and their reclaimed father. The intervention of Victorin, and the deaths of the Comte de Forzheim, of Lisbeth Fischer and of M. and Mme. Crevel, induced comfort and security that was often menaced. But the conduct of Hector with Agathe Piquetard broke the thread of Mme. Hulot d'Ervy's life; for some time she had had a nervous trouble. She died aged about fifty-six. [Cousin Betty.]

Hulot (Victorin), elder child of the foregoing. Married Mlle. Célestine Crevel and was father of a family. Became under Louis Philippe one of the leading attorneys of Paris. Was deputy, counsel of the War Department, consulting counsel of the police service and counsel for the civil list. His salary for the various offices came to eighteen thousand francs. He was seated at Palais-Bourbon when the election of Dorlange-Sallenauve was contested. His connection with the police enabled him to save his family from the clutches of Mme. Valérie Crevel. In 1834 he owned a house on rue Louis-le-Grand. Seven or eight years later he sheltered nearly all the Hulots and their near kindred, but he could not prevent the second marriage of his father. [The Member for Arcis. Cousin Betty.]

Hulot (Madame Victorin), wife of preceding, born **Célestine** Crevel; married as a result of a meeting between her father and her father-in-law, who were both libertines. She took part in the dissensions between the two families, replaced Lisbeth Fischer in the care of the house on rue Louis-le-Grand, and probably never saw the second Mme. Célestin Crevel, unless at the death-bed of the retired perfumer. [Cousin Betty.]

Hulot (Hortense). (*See* Steinbock, Comtesse Wenceslas.)

Hulot d'Ervy (Baronne Hector), *née* Agathe Piquetard of Isigny, where she became the second wife of Hector Hulot d'Ervy. Went to Paris as kitchen-maid for Hulot about December, 1845, and was married to her master, then a widower, on February 1, 1846. [Cousin Betty.]

Humann, celebrated Parisian tailor of 1836 and succeeding years. At the instance of the students Rabourdin and Juste he clothed the poverty-stricken Zephirin Marcas "as a politician." [Z. Marcas.]

Husson (Madame.) (*See* Mme. Clapart.)

Husson (Oscar), born about 1804, son of the preceding and of M. Husson—army-contractor; led a checkered career, explained by his origin and childhood. He scarcely knew

his father, who made and soon lost a fortune. The previous fast life of his mother, who afterwards married again, gave rise to or upheld some more or less influential connections and made her, during the first Empire, the titular *femme de chambre* to Madame Mère—Letitia Bonaparte. Napoleon's fall marked the ruin of the Hussons. Oscar and his mother—now married to M. Clapart—lived in a modest apartment on rue de la Cerisaie, Paris. Oscar obtained a license and became clerk in Desroches' law office in Paris, being coached by Godeschal. During this time he became acquainted with two young men, his cousins the Marests. One of them had previously instigated an early escapade of Oscar's, and it was now followed by one much more serious, on rue de Vendôme at the house of Florentine Cabirolle, who was then maintained by Cardot, Oscar's wealthy uncle. Husson was forced to abandon law and enter military service. He was in the cavalry regiment of the Duc de Maufrigneuse and the Vicomte de Sérizy. The interest of the dauphiness and of Abbé Gaudron obtained for him promotion and a decoration. He became in turn aide-de-camp to La Fayette, captain, officer of the Legion of Honor and lieutenant-colonel. A noteworthy deed made him famous on Algerian territory during the affair of La Macta; Husson lost his left arm in the vain attempt to save Vicomte de Sérizy. Put on half-pay, he obtained the post of collector for Beaumont-sur-Oise. He then married—1838—Georgette Pierrotin and met again the accomplices or witnesses of his earlier escapades—one of the Marests, the Moreaus, etc. [A Start in Life.]

Husson (Madame Oscar), wife of the preceding; born Georgette Pierrotin; daughter of the proprietor of the stage-service of Oise. [A Start in Life.]

Hyde de Neuville (Jean-Guillaume, Baron)—1776-1857—belonged to the Martignac ministry of 1828; was, in 1797, one of the most active Bourbon agents. Kept civil war aflame in the West, and held a conference in 1799 with First Consul Bonaparte relative to the restoration of Louis XVIII. [The Chouans.]

I

Idamore, nick-name of Chardin junior while he was *claqueur* in a theatre on the Boulevard du Temple, Paris. [Cousin Betty.]

Isemberg (Maréchal, Duc d'), probably belonged to the Imperial nobility. He lost at the gaming table, in November, 1809, in a grand fête given at Paris at Senator Malin de Gondreville's home, while the Duchesse de Lansac was acting as peacemaker between a youthful married couple. [Domestic Peace.]

J

Jacmin (Philoxène), of Honfleur; perhaps cousin of Jean Butscha; maid to Eléonore de Chaulieu; in love with Germain Bonnet, valet of Melchior de Canalis. [Modeste Mignon.]

Jacométy, head jailer of the Conciergerie, at Paris, in May, 1830, during Rubempré's imprisonment. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Jacquelin, born in Normandy about 1776; in 1816 was employed by Mlle. Cormon, an old maid of Alençon. He married when she espoused M. du Bousquier. After the double marriage Jacquelin remained for some time in the service of the niece of the Abbé de Sponde. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Jacques, for a considerable period butler of Claire de Beauséant, following her to Bayeux. Essentially "aristocratic, intelligent and discreet," he understood the sufferings of his mistress. [Father Goriot. The Deserted Woman.]

Jacquet (Claude-Joseph), a worthy bourgeois of the Restoration; head of a family, and something of a crank. He performed the duties of a deputy-mayor in Paris, and also had charge of the archives in the Department of Foreign Affairs. Was greatly indebted to his friend Jules Desmarets; so he deciphered for him, about 1820, a code letter of Gratien Bourignard. When Clémence Desmarets died, Jacquet

comforted the broker in the Saint-Roch church and in the Père-Lachaise cemetery. [The Thirteen.]

Jacquinot, said to have succeeded Cardot as notary at Paris, time of Louis Philippe [The Middle Classes]; but since Cardot was succeeded by Berthier, his son-in-law, a discrepancy is apparent.

Jacquotte, left the service of a curé for that of Dr. Benassis, whose house she managed with a devotion and care not unmixed with despotism. [The Country Doctor.]

Jan,[1] a painter who cared not a fig for glory. About 1838 he covered with flowers and decorated the door of a bedchamber in a suite owned by Crevel on rue du Dauphin, Paris. [Cousin Betty.]

Janvier, priest in a village of Isère in 1829, a "veritable Fénelon shrunk to a curé's proportions"; knew, understood and assisted Benassis. [The Country Doctor.]

Japhet (Baron), celebrated chemist who subjected to hydrofluoric acid, to chloride of nitrogen, and to the action of the voltaic battery the mysterious "magic skin" of Raphaël de Valentin. To his stupefaction the savant wrought no change on the tissue. [The Magic Skin.]

Jean, coachman and trusted servant of M. de Merret, at Vendôme, in 1816. [La Grande Bretêche. Another Study of Woman.]

Jean, landscape gardener and farm-hand for Félix Grandet, engaged about November, 1819, in a field on the bank of the Loire, filling holes left by removed poplars and planting other trees. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Jean, one of the keepers of Père-Lachaise cemetery in 1820-1821; conducted Desmarets and Jacquet to the tomb of Clémence Bourignard, who had recently been interred.[2] [The Thirteen.]

[1] Perhaps the fresco-painter, Laurent-Jan, author of "Unrepentant Misanthropy," and the friend of Balzac, to whom the latter dedicated his drama, "Vautrin."

[2] In 1868, at Paris, MM. Ferdinand Dugué and Peaucellier presented a play at the Gaîté theatre, where one of the objects characters was Clémence Bourignard-Desmarets.

Jean, lay brother of an abbey until 1791, when he found a home with Niseron, curé of Blangy, Burgundy; seldom left Grégoire Rigou, whose factotum he finally became. [The Peasantry.]

Jeannette, born in 1758; cook for Ragon at Paris in 1818, in rue du Petit-Lion-Saint-Sulpice; distinguished herself at the Sunday receptions. [César Birotteau.]

Jeanrenaud (Madame), a Protestant, widow of a salt bargeman, by whom she had a son. A stout, ugly and vulgar woman, who recovered, during the Restoration, a fortune that had been stolen by the Catholic ancestors of D'Espard and was restored by him despite a suit to restrain him by injunction. Mme. Jeanrenaud lived at Villeparisis, and then at Paris, where she dwelt successively on rue de la Vrillière —No. 8—and on Grand rue Verte. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Jeanrenaud, son of the preceding, born about 1792. He served as officer in the Imperial Guard, and, through the influence of D'Espard-Nègrepelisse, became, in 1828, chief of squadron in the First regiment of the Cuirassiers of the Guard. Charles X. made him a baron. He then married a niece of Monegod. His beautiful villa on Lake Geneva is mentioned by Albert Savarus in " L'Ambitieux par Amour," published in the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Commission in Lunacy. Albert Savarus.]

Jenny was, during the Restoration, maid and confidante of Aquilina de la Garde; afterwards, but for a very brief time, mistress of Castanier. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Jérôme (Père), second-hand book-seller on Pont Notre-Dame, Paris, in 1821, at the time when Rubempré was making a start there. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Jérôme, valet successively of Galard and of Albert Savarus at Besançon. He may have served the Parisian lawyer less sedulously because of Mariette, a servant at the Wattevilles, whose dowry he was after. [Albert Savarus.]

Johnson (Samuel), assumed name of the police-agent, Peyrade.

Jolivard, clerk of registry, rue de Normandie, Paris, about the end of Louis Philippe's reign. He lived on the first floor of the house owned by Pillerault, attended by the Cibots and tenanted by the Chapoulots, Pons and Schmucke. [Cousin Pons.]

Jonathas, valet of M. de Valentin senior; foster-father of Raphaël de Valentin, whose steward he afterwards became when the young man was a multi-millionaire. He served him faithfully and survived him. [The Magic Skin.]

Jordy (De) had been successively captain in a regiment of Royal-Suédois and professor in the Ecole Militaire. He had a refined nature and a tender heart; was the type of a poor but uncomplaining gentleman. His soul must have been the scene of sad secrets. Certain signs led one to believe that he had had children whom he had adored and lost. M. de Jordy lived modestly and quietly at Nemours. A similarity of tastes and character drew him toward Denis Minoret whose intimate friend he became, and at whose home he conceived a liking for the doctor's young ward—Mme. Savinien de Portenduère. He had great influence over her, and left her an income of fourteen hundred francs when he died in 1823. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Joseph, with Charles and François, was of the establishment of Montcornet at Aigues, Burgundy, about 1823. [The Peasantry.]

Joseph, faithful servant of Rastignac at Paris, under the Restoration. In 1828 he carried to the Marquise de Listomère a letter written by his master to Mme. de Nucingen. This error, for which Joseph could hardly be held responsible, caused the scorn of the marquise when she discovered that the missive was intended for another. [The Magic Skin. A Study of Woman.]

Joseph, in the service of F. du Tillet, Paris, when his

master was fairly launched in society and received Birotteau in state. [César Birotteau.]

Joseph, given name of a worthy chimney-builder of rue Saint-Lazare, Paris, about the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. Of Italian origin, the head of a family, saved from ruin by Adeline Hulot, who acted for Mme. de la Chanterie. Joseph was in touch with the scribe, Vyder, and when he took Mme. Hulot to see the latter she recognized in him her husband. [Cousin Betty.]

Joséph a. (*See* Mirah, Joséph a.)

Josette, cook for Claës at Douai; greatly attached to Joséphine, Marguerite and Félicie Claës. Died about the end of the Restoration. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Josette, old housekeeper for Maître Mathias of Bordeaux during the Restoration. She accompanied her master when he bade farewell to Paul de Manerville the emigrant. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Josette, in and previous to 1816 chambermaid of Victoire-Rose Cormon of Alençon. She married Jacquelin when her mistress married du Bousquier. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Judici (Atala), born about 1829, of Lombard descent; had a paternal grandfather, who was a wealthy chimney-builder of Paris during the first Empire, an employer of Joseph; he died in 1819. Mlle. Judici did not inherit her grandfather's fortune, for it was run through with by her father. In 1844 she was given by her mother—so the story goes—to Hector Hulot for fifteen thousand francs. She then left her family, who lived on rue de Charonne, and lived maritally with her protector, who had turned public scribe on Passage du Soleil. The pretty Atala was obliged to leave Hulot when his wife found him. Mme. Hulot promised her a dowry and to wed her to Joseph's oldest son. She was sometimes called Judix, which is a French corruption of the Italian name. [Cousin Betty.]

Judith. (*See* Mme. Genestas.)

Julien, one of the turnkeys of the Conciergerie in 1830, during the trial of Herrera—Vautrin—and Rubempré. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Julien, probably a native of Champagne; a young man in 1839, and in the service of Sub-Prefect Goulard, in Arcis-sur-Aube. He learned through Anicette, and revealed to the Beauvisages and Mollots, the Legitimist plots of the Château de Cinq-Cygne, where lived Georges de Maufrigneuse, Daniel d'Arthez, Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, Diane de Cadignan and Berthe de Maufrigneuse. [The Member for Arcis.]

Julliard, head of the firm of Julliard in Paris, about 1806. At the "Ver Chinois," rue Saint-Denis, he sold silk in bolls. Sylvie Rogron was assistant saleswoman. Twenty years later he met her again in their native country of Provins, where he had retired in 1815, the head of a family grouped about the Guépins and the Guénées, thus forming three great clans. [Pierrette.]

Julliard, elder son of the preceding; married the only daughter of a rich farmer and also conceived a platonic affection at Provins for Mélanie Tiphaine, the most beautiful woman of the official colony during the Restoration. Julliard followed commerce and literature; he maintained a stage line, and a journal christened "La Ruche," in which latter he burned incense to Mme. Tiphaine. [Pierrette.]

Jussieu (Julien), youthful conscript in the great draft of 1793. Sent with a note for lodgment to the home of Mme. de Dey at Carentan, where he was the innocent cause of that woman's sudden death; she was just then expecting the return of her son, a Royalist hunted by the Republican troops. [The Conscript.]

Juste, born in 1811, studied medicine in Paris, and afterwards went to Asia to practice. In 1836 he lived on rue Corneille with Charles Rabourdin, when they helped the poverty-stricken Zéphirin Marcas. [Z. Marcas.]

Justin, old and experienced valet of the Vidame de Pamiers; was secretly slain by order of Bourignard because he had

discovered the real name, but carefully concealed, of the father of Mme. Desmarets. [The Thirteen.]

Justine, was maid to the Comtesse Foedora, in Paris, when her mistress received calls from M. de Valentin. [The Magic Skin.]

K

Katt, a Flemish woman, the nurse of Lydie de la Peyrade, whom she attended constantly in Paris on rue des Moineaux about 1829, and during her mistress' period of insanity on rue Honoré Chevalier in 1840. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Middle Classes.]

Keller (François), one of the influential and wealthy Parisian bankers, during a period extending perhaps from 1809 to 1839. As such, in November, 1809, under the Empire, he was one of the guests at a fine reception, given by Comte Malin de Gondreville, meeting there Isemberg, Montcornet, Mesdames de Lansac and de Vaudemont, and a mixed company composed of members of the aristocracy and people illustrious under the Empire. At this time, moreover, François Keller was in the family of Malin de Gondreville, one of whose daughters he had married. This marriage, besides making him the brother-in-law of the Maréchal de Carigliano, gave him assurance of the deputyship, which he obtained in 1816 and held until 1836. The district electors of Arcis-sur-Aube kept him in the legislature during that long period. François Keller had, by his marriage with Mademoiselle de Gondreville, one son, Charles, who died before his parents in the spring of 1839. As deputy, François Keller became one of the most noted orators of the Left Centre. He shone as a member of the opposition, especially from 1819 to 1825. Adroitly he drew about himself the robe of philanthropy. Politics never turned his attention from finance. In 1819, on rue du Houssay, while Decazes awaited him, François Keller, seconded by his brother and partner, Adolphe Keller, refused to aid the needy perfumer, César Birotteau. Between 1821 and 1823 the creditors of Guillaume Grandet, the bankrupt, unanimously selected him and M. des Gras-

sins of Saumur as adjusters. Despite his display of Puritanical virtues, the private career of François Keller was not spotless. In 1825 it was known that he had an illegitimate and costly liaison with Flavie Colleville. Rallying to the support of the new monarchy from 1830 to 1836, François Keller saw his Philippist zeal rewarded in 1839. He exchanged his commission at the Palais-Bourbon for a peerage, and received the title of count. [Domestic Peace. César Birotteau. Eugénie Grandet. The Government Clerks. The Member for Arcis.]

Keller (Madame François), wife of the preceding; daughter of Malin de Gondreville; mother of Charles Keller, who died in 1839. Under the Restoration, she inspired a warm passion in the heart of the son of the Duchesse de Marigny. [Domestic Peace. The Member for Arcis. The Thirteen.]

Keller (Charles), born in 1809, son of the preceding couple, grandson of the Comte de Gondreville, nephew of the Maréchale de Carigliano; his life was prematurely ended in 1839, at a time when a brilliant future seemed before him. As a major of staff at the side of the Prince Royal, Ferdinand d'Orléans, he took the field in Algeria. His bravery urged him on in pursuit of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, and he gave up his life in the face of the enemy. Becoming viscount as a result of the knighting of his father, and assured of the favors of the heir presumptive to the throne, Charles Keller, at the moment when death surprised him, was on the point of taking his seat in the Lower Chamber; for the body of electors of the district of Arcis-sur-Aube were almost sure to elect a man whom the Tuileries desired so ardently. [The Member for Arcis.]

Keller (Adolphe), brother—probably younger—of François and his partner; a very shrewd man, who was really in charge of the business, a "regular lynx." On account of his intimate relations with Nucingen and F. du Tillet, he flatly refused to aid César Birotteau, who implored his assistance. [The Middle Classes. Pierrette. César Birotteau.]

Kergarouët (Comte de), born about the middle of the

eighteenth century; of the Bretagne nobility; entered the navy, served long and valiantly upon the sea, commanded the "Belle-Poule," and died a vice-admiral. Possessor of a great fortune, by his charity he made amends for the foulness of some of his youthful love affairs (1771 and following), and at Paris, near the Madeleine, towards the beginning of the nineteenth century, with much delicacy, he helped the Baronne Leseigneur de Rouville. A little later, at the age of seventy-two, having for a long time been a widower and retired from the navy, while enjoying the hospitality of his relatives, the Fontaines and the Planat de Bandrys, who lived in the neighborhood of Sçeaux, Kergarouët married his niece, one of the daughters of Fontaine. He died before her. M. de Kergarouët was also a relative of the Portenduères and did not forget them. [The Purse. The Ball at Sçeaux. Ursule Mirouët.]

Kergarouët (Comtesse de). (*See* Vandenesse, Marquise Charles de.)

Kergarouët (Vicomte de), nephew of the Comte de Kergarouët, husband of a Pen-Hoël, by whom he had four daughters. Evidently lived at Nantes in 1836. [Béatrix.]

Kergarouët (Vicomtesse de), wife of the preceding, born at Pen-Hoël in 1789; younger sister of Jacqueline; mother of four girls; very affected woman and looked upon as such by Félicité des Touches and Arthur de Rochefide. Lived in Nantes in 1836. [Béatrix.]

Kergarouët (Charlotte de), born in 1821, one of the daughters of the preceding, grand-niece of the Comte de Kergarouët; of his four nieces she was the favorite of the wealthy Jacqueline de Pen-Hoël; a good-hearted little country girl; fell in love with Calyste du Guénic in 1836, but did not marry him. [Béatrix.]

Kolb, an Alsatian, served as "man of all work" at the home of the Didots in Paris; had served in the cuirassiers. Under the Restoration he became "printer's devil" in the establishment of David Séchard of Angoulême, for whom he

showed an untiring devotion, and whose servant, Marion, he married. [Lost Illusions.]

Kolb (Marion), wife of the preceding, with whom she became acquainted while at the home of David Séchard. She was, at first, in the service of the Angoulême printer, Jérôme-Nicolas Séchard, for whom she had less praise than for David. Marion Kolb was like her husband in her constant, childlike devotion. [Lost Illusions.]

Kouski, Polish lancer in the French Royal Guards, lived very unhappily in 1815-16, but enjoyed life better the following year. At that time he lived at Issoudun in the home of the wealthy Jean-Jacques Rouget, and served the commandant, Maxence Gilet. The latter became the idol of the grateful Kouski. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Kropoli (Zéna), Montenegrin of Zahara, seduced in 1809 by the French gunner, Auguste Niseron, by whom she had a daughter, Geneviève. One year later, at Vincennes, France, she died as a result of her confinement. The necessary marriage papers, which would have rendered valid the situation of Zéna Kropoli, arrived a few days after her death. [The Peasantry.]

L

La Bastie (Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle de). (*See* Mignon.)

La Bastie la Brière (Ernest de), member of a good family of Toulouse, born in 1802; very similar in appearance to Louis XIII.; from 1824 to 1829, private secretary to the minister of finances. On the advice of Madame d'Espard, and thus being of service to Eléonore de Chaulieu, he became secretary to Melchior de Canalis and, at the same time, referendary of the Cour des Comptes. He became a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In 1829 he conducted for Canalis a love romance by correspondence, the heroine of the affair being Marie-Modeste-Mignon de la Bastie (of Havre). He played his part so successfully that she fell in love and marriage was agreed upon. This union, which made him the

wealthy Vicomte de la Bastie la Brière, was effected the following February in 1830. Canalis and the minister of 1824 were witnesses for Ernest de la Brière, who fully deserved his good fortune. [The Government Clerks. Modeste Mignon]

La Bastie la Brière (Madame Ernest de), wife of the preceding, born Marie-Modeste Mignon about 1809, younger daughter of Charles Mignon de la Bastie and of Bettina Mignon de la Bastie—born Wallenrod. In 1829, while living with her family at Havre, with the same love, evoked by a passion for literature, which Bettina Brentano d'Arnim conceived for Goethe, she fell in love with Melchior de Canalis; she wrote frequently to the poet in secret, and he responded through the medium of Ernest de la Brière; thus there sprang up between the young girl and the secretary a mutual love which resulted in marriage. The witnesses for Marie-Modeste Mignon were the Duc d'Hérouville and Doctor Desplein. As one of the most envied women in Parisian circles, in the time of Louis Philippe, she became the close friend of Mesdames de l'Estorade and Popinot. [Modeste Mignon. The Member for Arcis. Cousin Betty.] La Bastie is sometimes written La Bâtie.

La Baudraye[1] (Jean-Athanase-Polydore Milaud de), born in 1780 in Berry, descended from the simple family of Milaud, recently ennobled. M. de la Baudraye's father was a good financier of pleasing disposition; his mother was a Castéran la Tour. He was in poor health, his weak constitution being the heritage left him by an immoral father. His father, on dying, also left him a large number of notes to which were affixed the noble signatures of the emigrated aristocracy. His avarice aroused, Polydore de la Baudraye occupied himself, at the time of the Restoration, with collecting these notes; he made frequent trips to Paris; negotiated with Clément Chardin des Lupeaulx at the Hôtel de Mayence; obtained, under a promise, afterwards executed, to sell them profitably, some positions and titles, and became successively auditor of the seals, baron, officer

[1] The motto on the Baudraye coat-of-arms was: "Deo patet sic fides et hominibus."

of the Legion of Honor and master of petitions. The individual receivership of Sancerre, which became his also, was bought by Gravier. M. de la Baudraye did not leave Sancerre; he married towards 1823 Mademoiselle Dinah Piédefer, became a person of large property following his acquisition to the castle and estate of Anzy, settled his property with the title upon a natural son of his wife, so worked upon her feelings as to get from her the power of attorney and signature, sailed for America, and [illegible] rich through a large patrimony left him by Silas Piédefer — 1836-42. At that time he owned in Paris a stately mansion, on rue de l'Arcade, and upon winning back his wife, who had left him, he placed her in it as mistress. He now became count, commander of the Legion of Honor, and peer of France. Frédéric de Nucingen received him as such and served him as sponsor, when, in the summer of 1842, the death of Ferdinand d'Orléans necessitated the presence of M. de la Baudraye at Luxembourg. [The Muse of the Department.]

La Baudraye (Madame Polydore Milaud de), wife of the preceding, born Dinah Piédefer in 1807 or 1808 in Berry; daughter of the Calvinist, Moïse Piédefer; niece of Silas Piédefer, from whom she inherited a fortune. She was brilliantly educated at Bourges, in the Chamarolles boarding-school, with Anna deFontaine, born Grosstête—1819. Five years later, through personal ambition, she gave up Protestantism, that she might gain the protection of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bourges, and a short time after her conversion she was married, about 1823. For thirteen consecutive years, at least, Madame de la Baudraye reigned in the city of Sancerre and in her country-house, Château d'Anzy, at Saint-Satur near by. Her court was composed of a strange mixture of people: the Abbé Duret and Messieurs Clagny, Gravier, Gatien Boirouge. At first, only Clagny and Duret knew of the literary attempts of Jan Diaz, pseudonym of Madame de la Baudraye, who had just bought the artistic furniture of the Rougets of Issoudun, and who invited and received two "Parisiens de Sancerre,"

Horace Bianchon and Etienne Lousteau, in September, 1836. A liaison followed with Etienne Lousteau, with whom Madame de la Baudraye lived on rue des Martyrs in Paris from 1837 to 1839. As a result of this union she had two sons, recognized later by M. de la Baudraye. Madame de la Baudraye now putting into use the talent, neglected during her love affair, became a writer. She wrote "A Prince of Bohemia," founded on an anecodote related to her by Raoul Nathan, and probably published this novel. The fear of endless scandal, the entreaties of husband and mother, and the unworthiness of Lousteau, finally led Dinah de la Baudraye to rejoin her husband, who owned an elegant mansion on rue de l'Arcade. This return, which took place in May, 1842, surprised Madame d'Espard, a woman who was not easily astonished. Paris of the reign of Louis Philippe often quoted Dinah de la Baudraye and paid considerable attention to her. During this same year, 1842, she assisted in the first presentation of Léon Gozlan's drama, "The Right Hand and the Left Hand," given at the Odéon. [The Muse of the Department. A Prince of Bohemia. Cousin Betty.]

La Berge (De), confessor of Madame de Mortsauf at Clochegourde, strict and virtuous. He died in 1817, mourned on account of his "apostolic strength," by his patron, who appointed as his successor the over-indulgent François Birotteau. [The Lily of the Valley.]

La Bertellière, father of Madame la Gaudinière, grandfather of Madame Félix Grandet, was lieutenant in the French Guards; he died in 1806, leaving a large fortune. He considered investments a "waste of money." Nearly twenty years later his portrait was still hanging in the hall of Félix Grandet's house at Saumur. [Eugénie Grandet.]

La Billardière (Athanase-Jean-François-Michel, Baron Flamet de), son of a counselor in the Parliament of Bretagne, took part in the Vendean wars as a captain under the name of Nantais, and as negotiator played a singular part at Quiberon. The Restoration rewarded the services of this

unintelligent member of the petty nobility, whose Catholicism was more lukewarm than his love of monarchy. He became mayor of the second district of Paris, and division-chief in the Bureau of Finances, thanks to his kinship with a deputy on the Right. He was one of the guests at the famous ball given by his deputy, César Birotteau, whom he had known for twenty years. On his death-bed, at the close of December, 1824, he had designated, although without avail, as his successor, Xavier Rabourdin, one of the division-chiefs and real director of the bureau of which La Billardière was the nominal head. The newspapers published obituaries of the deceased. The short notice prepared jointly by Chardin des Lupeaulx, J.-J. Bixiou and F. du Bruel, enumerated the many titles and decorations of Flamet de la Billardière, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, etc., etc. [The Chouans. César Birotteau. The Government Clerks.]

La Billardière (Benjamin, Chevalier de), son of the preceding, born in 1802. He was a companion of the young Vicomte de Portenduère in 1824, being at the time a rich supernumerary in the office of Isidore Baudoyer under the division of his father, Flamet de la Billardière. His insolence and foppishness gave little cause for regret when he left the Bureau of Finances for the Department of Seals in the latter part of the same year, 1824, that marked the expected and unlamented death of Baron Flamet de la Billardière. [The Government Clerks.]

La Blottière (Mademoiselle Merlin de), under the Restoration, a kind of dowager and canoness at Tours; in company with Mesdames Pauline Salomon de Villenoix and de Listomère, upheld, received and welcomed François Birotteau. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Labranchoir (Comte de), owner of an estate in Dauphiné, under the Restoration, and, as such, a victim of the depredations of the poacher, Butifer. [The Country Doctor.]

La Brière (Ernest de). (*See* La Bastie la Brière.)

Lacépède (Comte de), a celebrated naturalist, born at

Agen in 1756, died at Paris in 1825. Grand chancelor of the Legion of Honor for several years towards the beginning of the nineteenth century. This well-known philosopher was invited to César Birotteau's celebrated ball, December 17, 1818. [César Birotteau.]

La Chanterie (Le Chantre de), of a Norman family dating from the crusade of Philippe Auguste, but which had fallen into obscurity by the end of the eighteenth century; he owned a small fief between Caen and Saint-Lô. M. le Chantre de la Chanterie had amassed in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand crowns by supplying the royal armies during the Hanoverian war. He died during the Revolution, but before the Terror. [The Seamy Side of History.]

La Chanterie (Baron Henri Le Chantre de), born in 1763, son of the preceding, shrewd, handsome and seductive. When master of petitions in the Grand Council of 1788, he married Mademoiselle Barbe-Philiberte de Champignelles. Ruined during the Restoration through having lost his position and thrown away his inheritance, Henri Le Chantre de la Chanterie became one of the most cruel presidents of the revolutionary courts and was the terror of Normandie. Imprisoned after the ninth Thermidor, he owed his escape to his wife, by means of an exchange of clothing. He did not see her more than three times during eight years, the last meeting being in 1802, when, having become a bigamist, he returned to her home to die of a disgraceful disease, leaving, at the same time, a second wife likewise ruined. This last fact was not made public until 1804. [The Seamy Side of History.]

La Chanterie (Baronne Henri Le Chantre de), wife of the preceding, born Barbe-Philiberte de Champignelles in 1772, a descendant of one of the first families of Lower Normandie. Married in 1788, she received in her home, fourteen years later, the dying man whose name she bore, a bigamist fleeing from justice. By him she had a daughter, Henriette, who was executed in 1809 for having been connected with the Chauffeurs in Orne. Unjustly accused herself, and imprisoned in the frightful Bicêtre of Rouen, the baroness

began to instruct in morals the sinful women among whom she found herself thrown. The fall of the Empire was her deliverance. Twenty years later, being part owner of a house in Paris, Madame de la Chanterie undertook the training of Godefroid. She was then supporting a generous private philanthropic movement, with the help of Manon Godard and Messieurs de Vèze, de Montauran, Mongenod and Alain. Madame de la Chanterie aided the Bourlacs and the Mergis, an impoverished family of magistrates who had persecuted her in 1809. Her Christian works were enlarged upon. In 1843 the baroness became head of a charitable organization which was striving to consecrate, according to law and religion, the relations of those living in free union. To this end she selected one member of the society, Adeline Hulot d'Ervy, and sent her to Passage du Soleil, then a section of Petite-Pologne, to try to bring about the marriage of Vyder—Hector Hulot d'Ervy—and Atala Judici. [The Seamy Side of History. Cousin Betty]. The Revolution having done away with titles, Madame de la Chanterie called herself momentarily Madame, or Citizeness, Lechantre.

Lacroix, restaurant-keeper on Place du Marché, Issoudun, 1822, in whose house the Bonapartist officers celebrated the crowning of the Emperor. On December 2, of the same year, the duel between Philippe Bridau and Maxence took place after the entertainment. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Laferté (Nicolas). (*See* Cochegrue, Jean.)

La Garde (Madame de). (*See* Aquilina.)

La Gaudinière (Madame), born La Bertellière, mother of Madame Félix Grandet; very avaricious; died in 1806; leaving the Félix Grandets an inheritance, "the amount of which no one knew." [Eugénie Grandet.]

Laginski (Comte Adam Mitgislas), a wealthy man who had been proscribed, belonged to one of the oldest and most illustrious families of Poland, and counted among his relations the Sapiéhas, the Radziwills, the Mniszechs, the Rezwuskis, the Czartoriskis, the Leczinskis, and the Lubomirskis.

He had relations in the German nobility and his mother was a Radziwill. Young, plain, yet with a certain distinguished bearing, with an income of eighty thousand francs, Laginski was a leading light in Paris, during the reign of Louis Philippe. After the Revolution of July, while still unsophisticated, he attended an entertainment at the home of Félicité des Touches in Chaussée-d'Antin on rue du Mont-Blanc, and had the opportunity of listening to the delightful chats between Henri de Marsay and Emile Blondet. Comte Adam Laginski, during the autumn of 1835, married the object of his affections, Mademoiselle Clémentine du Rouvre, niece of the Ronquerolles. The friendship of his steward, Paz, saved him from the ruin into which his créole-like carelessness, his frivolity and his recklessness were dragging him. He lived in perfect contentment with his wife, ignorant of the domestic troubles which were kept from his notice. Thanks to the devotion of Paz and of Madame Laginska, he was cured of a malady which had been pronounced fatal by Doctor Horace Bianchon. Comte Adam Laginski lived on rue de la Pépinière, now absorbed in part by rue de la Boëtie. He occupied one of the most palatial and artistic houses of the period, so called, of Louis Philippe. He attended the celebration given in 1838 at the first opening of Josépha Mirah's residence on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. In this same year he attended the wedding of Wenceslas Steinbock. [Another Study of Woman. The Imaginary Mistress. Cousin Betty.]

Laginska (Comtesse Adam), born Clémentine du Rouvre in 1816, wife of the preceding, niece, on her mother's side, of the Marquis de Ronquerolles and of Madame de Sérizy. She was one of the charming group of young women, which included Mesdames de l'Estorade, de Portenduère, Marie de Vandenesse, du Guénic and de Maufrigneuse. Captain Paz was secretly in love with the countess, who, becoming aware of her steward's affection, ended by having very nearly the same kind of feeling for him. The unselfish virtue of Paz was all that saved her, not only at this juncture, but in another more dangerous one, when he rescued her from

M. de la Palférine, who was escorting her to the Opéra ball and who was on the point of taking her to a private room in a restaurant—January, 1842. [The Imaginary Mistress.]

Lagounia (Perez de), woolen-draper at Tarragone in Catalonia, in the time of Napoleon, under obligations to La Marana. He reared as his own daughter, in a very pious manner, Juana, a child of the celebrated Italian courtesan, until her mother visited her, during the time of the French occupation in 1808. [The Maranas.]

Lagounia (Donna de), wife of the preceding, divided with him the care of Juana Marana until the girl's mother came to Tarragone at the time it was sacked by the French. [The Maranas.]

La Grave (Mesdemoiselles), kept a boarding-house in 1824 on rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs in Paris. In this house M. and Madame Phellion gave lessons. [The Government Clerks.]

Laguerre (Mademoiselle), given name, probably, Sophie, born in 1740, died in 1815, one of the most celebrated courtesans of the eighteenth century; opera singer, and fervent follower of Piccini. In 1790, frightened by the march of public affairs, she established herself at the Aigues, in Bourgogne, property procured for her by Bouret, from its former owner. Before Bouret, the grandfather of La Palférine, entertained her, and she brought about his ruin. The recklessness of this woman, surrounded as she was by such notorious knaves as Gaubertin, Fourchon, Tonsard, and Madame Soudry, prepared no little trouble for Montcornet, the succeeding proprietor. Sophie Laguerre's fortune was divided among eleven families of poor farmers, all living in the neighborhood of Amiens, who were ignorant of their relationship with her. [The Peasantry. A Prince of Bohemia.] M. H. Gourdon de Genouillac wrote a biography of the singer, containing many details which are at variance with the facts here cited. Among other things we are told that the given name of Mademoiselle Laguerre was Joséphine and not Sophie.

La Haye (Mademoiselle de). (*See* Petit-Claud, Madame.)

Lamard, probably a rival of Félix Gaudissart. In a café in Blois, May, 1831, he praised the well-known commercial traveler, who treated him, nevertheless, as a "little cricket." [Gaudissart the Great.]

Lambert (Louis), born in 1797 at Montoire in Loire-et-Cher. Only son of simple tanners, who did not try to counteract his inclination, shown when a mere child, for study. He was sent in 1807 to Lefebvre, a maternal uncle, who was vicar of Mer, a small city on the Loire near Blois. Under the kindly care of Madame de Staël, he was a student in the college of Vendôme from 1811 to 1814. Lambert met there Barchon de Penhoën and Jules Dufaure. He was apparently a poor scholar, but finally developed into a prodigy; he suffered the persecutions of Father Haugoult, by whose brutal hands his "Treatise on the Will," composed during class hours, was seized and destroyed. The mathematician had already doubled his capacity by becoming a philosopher. His comrades had named him Pythagoras. His course completed, and his father being dead, Louis Lambert lived for two years at Blois, with Lefebvre, until, growing desirous of seeing Madame de Staël, he journeyed to Paris on foot, arriving July 14, 1817. Not finding his illustrious benefactress alive, he returned home in 1820. During these three years Lambert lived the life of a workman, became a close friend of Meyraux, and was cherished and admired as a member of the Cénacle on rue des Quatre-Vents, which was presided over by Arthez. Once more he went to Blois, journeyed over Touraine, and became acquainted with Pauline Salomon de Villenoix, whom he loved with a passion that was reciprocated. He had suffered from brain trouble previous to their engagement, and as the wedding day approached the disease grew constantly worse, although occasionally there were periods of relief. During one of these good periods, in 1822, Lambert met the Cambremers at Croisic, and on the suggestion of Pauline de Villenoix, he made a study of their history. The malady returned, but

was interrupted occasionally by outbursts of beautiful thought, the fragments of which were collected by Mademoiselle Salomon. Louis had likewise occasional fits of insanity. He believed himself powerless and wished, one day, to perform on his own body Origène's celebrated operation. Lambert died September 25, 1824, the day before the date selected for his marriage with Pauline. [Louis Lambert. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Seaside Tragedy.]

Lambert (Madame), lived in Paris in 1840. She was then at a very pious age, "played the saint," and performed the duties of housekeeper for M. Picot, professor of mathematics, No. 9, rue du Val-de-Grâce. In the service of this old philosopher she reaped enormous profits. Madame Lambert hypocritically took advantage of her apparent devotion to him. She sought Théodose de la Peyrade, and begged him to write a memorial to the Academy in her favor, for she longed to receive the reward offered by Montyon. At the same time she put into La Peyrade's keeping twenty-five thousand francs, which she had accumulated by her household thefts. On this occasion, Madame Lambert seems to have been the secret instrument of Corentin, the famous police-agent. [The Middle Classes.]

Langeais (Duc de), a refugee during the Restoration, who planned, at the time of the Terror, by correspondence with the Abbé de Marolles and the Marquis de Beauséant to help escape from Paris, where they were in hiding, two nuns, one of whom, Sister Agathe, was a Langeais. [An Episode Under the Terror.] In 1812 Langeais married Mademoiselle Antoinette de Navarreins, who was then eighteen years old. He allowed his wife every liberty, and, neither abandoning any of his habits, nor giving up any of his pleasures, he lived, indeed, apart from her. In 1818 Langeais commanded a division in the army and occupied a position at court. He died in 1823. [The Thirteen.]

Langeais (Duchesse Antoinette de),[1] wife of the preceding,

[1] At the Vaudeville and Gaîté theatres in Paris, Ancelot and Alexis Decomberousse at the former, and Messieurs Ferdinand Dugué and Peaucellier at the latter, brought out plays founded on the life of Antoinette de Langeais, in 1834 and 1868 respectively.

daughter of the Duc de Navarreins; born in 1794; reared by the Princesse de Blamont-Chauvry, her aunt; grand-niece of the Vidame de Pamiers; niece of the Duc de Grandlieu by her marriage. Very beautiful and intelligent, Madame de Langeais reigned in Paris at the beginning of the Restoration. In 1819 her best friend was the Vicomtesse Claire de Beauséant, whom she wounded cruelly, for her own amusement, calling on her one morning for the express purpose of announcing the marriage of the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto. Of this pitiless proceeding she repented later, and asked pardon, moreover, of the forsaken woman. Soon afterwards the Duchesse de Langeais had the pleasure of captivating the Marquis de Montriveau, playing for him the rôle of Célimène and making him suffer greatly. He had his revenge, however, for, scorned in her turn, or believing herself scorned, she suddenly disappeared from Paris, after having scandalized the whole Saint-Germain community by remaining in her carriage for a long time in front of the Montriveau mansion. Some bare-footed Spanish Carmelites received her on their island in the Mediterranean, where she became Sister Thérèse. After prolonged searching Montriveau found her, and, in the presence of the mother-superior, had a conversation with her as she stood behind the grating. Finally he managed to carry her off—dead. In this bold venture the marquis was aided by eleven of The Thirteen, among them being Ronquerolles and Marsay. The duchess, having lost her husband, was free at the time of her death in 1824. [Father Goriot. The Thirteen.]

Langeais (Mademoiselle de). (*See* Agathe, Sister.)

Langlumé, miller, a jolly impulsive little man, in 1823 deputy-mayor of Blangy in Bourgogne, at the time of the political, territorial and financial contests of which the country was the theatre, with Rigou and Montcornet as actors. He was of great service to Geneviève Niseron's paternal grandfather. [The Peasantry.]

Languet, vicar, built Saint-Sulpice, and was an acquaintance of Toupillier, who asked alms in 1840 at the doors of

this church in Paris, which since 1860 has been one of the sixth ward parish churches. [The Middle Classes.]

Lansac (Duchesse de), of the younger branch of the Parisian house of Navarreins, 1809, the proud woman who shone under Louis XV. The Duchesse de Lansac, in November of the same year, consented, one evening, to meet Isemberg, Montcornet, and Martial de la Roche-Hugon in Malin de Gondreville's house, for the purpose of conciliating her nephew and niece in their domestic quarrel. [Domestic Peace.]

Lantimèche, born in 1770. In 1840, at Paris, a penniless journeyman locksmith and inventor, he went to the money-lender, Cérizet, on rue des Poules, to borrow a hundred francs. [The Middle Classes.]

Lanty (Comte de), owner of an expensive mansion near the Elysée-Bourbon, which he had bought from the Maréchal de Carigliano. He gave there under the Restoration some magnificent entertainments, at which were present the upper classes of Parisian society, ignorant, though they were, of the count's lineage. Lanty, who was a mysterious man, passed for a clever chemist. He had married the rich niece of the peculiar eunuch, Zambinella, by whom he had two children, Marianina and Filippo. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Lanty (Comtesse de), wife of the preceding, born in 1795, niece and likewise adopted daughter of the wealthy eunuch, Zambinella, was the mistress of M. de Maucombe, by whom she had a daughter, Marianina de Lanty. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Lanty (Marianina de), daughter of the preceding and according to law of the Comte de Lanty, although she was in reality the daughter of M. de Maucombe; born in 1809. She bore a striking resemblance to her sister, Renée de l'Estorade, born Maucombe. In 1825 she concealed, and lavished care on her great-uncle, Zambinella. During her parents' sojourn in Rome she took lessons in sculpture of Charles Dorlange, who afterwards, in 1839, became a

member for Arcis, under the name of Comte de Sallenauve. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Lanty (Filippo de), younger brother of the preceding, second child of the Comte and the Comtesse de Lanty. Being young and handsome he was an attendant at the fêtes given by his parents during the Restoration. By his marriage, which took place under Louis Philippe, he became allied with the family of a German grand duke. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

La Palférine (Gabriel-Jean-Anne-Victor-Benjamin-Georges-Ferdinand-Charles-Edouard-Rusticoli, Comte de), born in 1802; of an ancient Italian family which had become impoverished; grandson on the paternal side of one of the protectors of Joséphine-Sophie Laguerre; descended indirectly from the Comtesse Albany—whence his given name of Charles-Edouard. He had in his veins the mixed blood of the condottiere and the gentleman. Under Louis Philippe, idle and fast going to ruin, with his Louis XIII. cast of countenance, his evil-minded wit, his lofty independent manners, insolent yet winning, he was a type of the brilliant Bohemian of the Boulevard de Gand; so much so, that Madame de la Baudraye, basing her information on points furnished her by Nathan, one day drew a picture of him, writing a description in which artificiality and artlessness were combined. In this were many interesting touches: La Palférine's strange servant, the little Savoyard—Father Anchise; the contempt shown at all times for the bourgeois class and forms of government; the request for the return of his toothbrush, then in the possession of a deserted mistress, Antonia Chocardelle; his relations with Madame du Bruel, whom he laid siege to, won, and neglected—a yielding puppet, of whom, strange to say, he broke the heart and made the fortune. He lived at that time in the Roule addition, in a plain garret, where he was in the habit of receiving Zéphirin Marcas. The wretchedness of his quarters did not keep La Palférine out of the best society, and he was the guest of Josépha Mirah at the first entertainment given in her

house on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. By a strange order of events, Comte Rusticoli became Béatrix de Rochefide's lover, a few years after the events just narrated, at a time when the Débats published a novel by him which was spoken of far and wide. Nathan laid the foundation for this affair. Trailles, Charles-Edouard's master, carried on the negotiations and brought the intrigue to a consummation, being urged on by the Abbé Brossette's assent and the Duchesse de Grandlieu's request. La Palférine's liaison with Madame de Rochefide effected a reconciliation between Calyste du Guénic and his wife. In the course of time, however, Comte Rusticoli deserted Béatrix and sent her back to her husband, Arthur de Rochefide. During the winter of 1842 La Palférine was attracted to Madame de Laginska, had some meetings with her, but failed in this affair through the intervention of Thaddée Paz. [A Prince of Bohemia. A Man of Business. Cousin Betty. Béatrix. The Imaginary Mistress.]

La Peyrade (Charles-Marie-Théodose de), born near Avignon in 1813, one of eleven children of the police-agent Peyrade's youngest brother, who lived in poverty on a small estate called Canquoëlle; a bold Southerner of fair skin; given to reflection; ambitious, tactful and astute. In 1829 he left the department of Vaucluse and went to Paris on foot in search of Peyrade who, he had reason to believe, was wealthy, but of whose business he was ignorant. Théodose departed through the Barrière d'Enfer, which has been destroyed since 1860, at the moment when Jacques Collin murdered his uncle. At that time he entered a house of ill-fame, where he had unwittingly for mistress Lydie Peyrade, his full-blooded cousin. Théodose then lived for three years on a hundred louis which Corentin had secretly given to him. On giving him the money, the national chief of police quietly advised him to become an attorney. Journalism, however, at first, seemed a tempting career to M. de la Peyrade, and he went into politics, finally becoming editor of a paper managed by Cérizet. The failure of this journal left Théodose once more very poor. Nevertheless, through Corentin, who secretly paid the expenses of his studies, he was able to begin and continue a course

in law. Once licensed, M. de la Peyrade became a barrister and professing to be entirely converted to Socialism, he freely pleaded the cause of the poor before the magistrate of the eleventh or twelfth district. He occupied the third story of the Thuillier house on rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer. He fell into the hands of Dutocq and Cérizet and suffered under the pressure of these grasping creditors. Théodose now decided that he would marry M. Thuillier's natural daughter, Mademoiselle Céleste Colleville, but, with Félix Phellion's love to contend with, despite the combined support, gained with difficulty, of Madame Colleville and of M. and Mademoiselle Thuillier, he failed through Corentin's circumvention. His marriage with Lydie Peyrade repaired the wrong which he had formerly done unwittingly. As successor to Corentin he became national chief-of-police in 1840. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Middle Classes.]

La Peyrade (Madame de), first cousin and wife of the preceding, born Lydie Peyrade in 1810, natural daughter of the police officer Peyrade and of Mademoiselle Beaumesnil; passed her childhood successively in Holland and in Paris, on rue des Moineaux, whence, Jacques Collin, thirsting for revenge, abducted her during the Restoration. Being somewhat in love, at that time, with Lucien de Rubempré she was taken to a house of ill-fame, Peyrade being at the time very ill. Upon her departure she was insane. Her own cousin, Théodose de la Peyrade, had been her lover there, fortuitously and without dreaming that they were blood relatives. Corentin adopted this insane girl, who was a talented musician and singer, and at his home on rue Honoré-Chevalier, in 1840, he arranged for both the cure and the marriage of his ward. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Middle Classes.]

La Pouraille, usual surname of Dannepont.

Laravinière, tavern-keeper in Western France, lodged "brigands" who had armed themselves as Royalists under the first Empire. He was condemned, either by Bourlac

or Mergi, to five years in prison. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Lardot (Madame), born in 1771, lived in Alençon in 1816 on rue du Cours—a street still bearing the same name. She was a laundress, and took as boarders a relative named Grévin and the Chevalier de Valois. She had among her employés Césarine and Suzanne, afterwards Madame Théodore Gaillard. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Laroche, born in 1763 at Blangy in Bourgogne, was, in 1823, an aged vine-dresser, who felt a calm, relentless hatred for the rich, especially the Montcornets, occupants of Aigues. [The Peasantry.]

La Roche (Sébastien de), born early in the nineteenth century, was probably the son of an unpretentious, retired Treasury clerk. In December, 1824, he found himself in Paris, poor, but capable and zealous, as a supernumerary in the office of Xavier Rabourdin of the Department of Finance. He lived with his widowed mother in the busiest part of Marais on rue du Roi-Doré. M. and Madame Rabourdin received and gave him assistance. M. de la Roche showed them his great appreciation by preparing a copy of a rare and mysterious government work. The discovery of this book by Dutocq unfortunately resulted in the discharge of both chief and clerk. [The Government Clerks.]

La Roche-Guyon (De), the eldest of one of the oldest families in the section of Orne, at one time connected with the Esgrignons, who visited them frequently. In 1805 he sued vainly, through Maître Chesnel, for the hand of Armande d'Esgrignon. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

La Roche-Hugon (Martial de), shrewd, turbulent and daring Southerner, had a long and brilliant administrative career in politics. Even in 1809 the Council of State employed him as one of the masters of petitions. Napoleon Bonaparte was patron of this young Provençal. Also, in November of the same year, Martial was invited to the fête given by

Malin de Gondreville—a celebration which the Emperor was vainly expected to attend. Montcornet was present, also the Duchesse de Lansac, who succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between her nephew and niece, M. and Madame de Soulanges. M. de la Roche-Hugon's mistress, Madame de Vaudremont, was also in attendance at this ball. For five years he had enjoyed a close friendship with Montcornet, and this bond was lasting. In 1815 the securing of Aigues for Montcornet was undertaken by Martial, who had served as prefect under the Empire, and retained his office under the Bourbons. Thus from 1821 to 1823 M. de la Roche-Hugon was at the head of the department in Bourgogne, which contained Aigues and Ville-aux-Fayes, M. des Lupeaulx's sub-prefecture. A dismissal from this office, to which the Comte de Casteran succeeded, threw Martial into the opposition among the Liberalists, but this was for a short time, as he soon accepted an embassy. Louis Philippe's government honored M. de la Roche-Hugon by making him minister, ambassador, and counselor of state. Eugène de Rastignac, who had favored him before, now gave him one of his sisters in marriage. Several children resulted from this union. Martial continued to remain influential, and associated with the popular idols of the time, M. and Madame de l'Estorade. His relations with the national chief of police, Corentin, in 1840, were also indicative of his standing. As a deputy the next year M. de la Roche-Hugon probably filled the directorship in the War Department, left vacant by Hector Hulot. [Domestic Peace. The Peasantry. A Daughter of Eve. The Member for Arcis. The Middle Classes. Cousin Betty.]

La Roche-Hugon (Madame Martial de). (*See* Rastignac, Mesdemoiselles de.)

La Rodière (Stéphanie de). (*See* Nueil, Madame Gaston de.)

La Roulie (Jacquin), chief huntsman of the Prince de Cadignan, took part with his master, in 1829, in the exciting hunt given in Normandie, in which as spectators or

riders were the Mignons de la Bastie, the Maufrigneuses, the Hérouvilles, M. de Canalis, Eléonore de Chaulieu and Ernest de la Brière. Jacquin la Roulie was at that time an old man and a firm believer in the French school; he had an argument with John Barry, another guest, who defended English principles. [Modeste Mignon.]

Larsonnière (M. and Madame de), formed the aristocracy of the little city of Saumur, of which Félix Grandet had been mayor in the years just previous to the First Empire. [Eugénie Grandet.]

La Thaumassière (De), grandson of the Berry historian, a young land-owner, the dandy of Sancerre. While present in Madame de la Baudraye's parlor, he had the misfortune to yawn during an exposition which she was giving, for the fourth time, of Kant's philosophy; he was henceforth looked upon as a man completely lacking in understanding and in soul. [The Muse of the Department.]

Latournelle (Simon-Babylas), born in 1777, was notary at Havre, where he had bought the most extensive practice for one hundred thousand francs, lent him in 1817 by Charles Mignon de la Bastie. He married Mademoiselle Agnès Labrosse, having by her one son, Exupère. He remained the intimate friend of his benefactors, the Mignons. [Modeste Mignon.]

Latournelle (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Agnès Labrosse, daughter to the clerk of the court of first instance at Havre. Tall and ungainly of figure, a bourgeoise of rather ancient tastes, at the same time good-hearted, she had somewhat late in life, by her marriage, a son whose given name was Exupère. She entertained Jean Butscha. Madame Latournelle was a frequent visitor of the Mignons de la Bastie, and at all times testified her affection for them. [Modeste Mignon.]

Latournelle (Exupère), son of the preceding couple, went with them often to visit the Mignons de la Bastie, towards

the end of the Restoration. He was then a tall, insignificant young man. [Modeste Mignon.]

Laudigeois, married, head of a family, typical petty bourgeois, employed during the Restoration by the mayor of the eleventh or twelfth ward in Paris, a position from which he was unjustly expelled by Colleville in 1840. In 1824 an intimate neighbor of the Phellions, and exactly like them in morals, he attended their informal card-party on Thursday evening. Laudigeois, introduced by the Phellions, finally became a close friend of the Thuilliers, during the reign of Louis Philippe. His civil statistical record should be corrected, as his name in several of the papers is spelled Leudigeois. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Laure, given name of a sweet and charming young peasant girl, who took Servin's course in painting at Paris in 1815. She protected Ginevra di Piombo, an affectionate friend, who was her elder. [The Vendetta.]

Laurent, a Savoyard, Antoine's nephew; husband of an expert laundress of laces, mender of cashmeres, etc. In 1824 he lived with them and their relative, Gabriel, in Paris. In the evening he was door-keeper in a subsidized theatre; in the daytime he was usher in the Bureau of Finance. In this position Laurent was first to learn of the worldly and official success attained by Célestine Rabourdin, when she attempted to have Xavier appointed successor to Flamet de la Billardière. [The Government Clerks.]

Laurent, Paris, 1815, M. Henri de Marsay's servant, equal to the Frontins of the old régime; was able to obtain for his master, through the mail-carrier, Moinot, the address of Paquita Valdès and other information about her. [The Thirteen.]

Lavienne, Jean-Jules Popinot's servant in Paris, rue du Fouarre, 1828; "made on purpose for his master," whom he aided in his active philanthropy by redeeming and renewing pledges given to the pawnbrokers. He took the place of his master in Palais de Justice during the latter's absence. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Lavrille, famous naturalist, employed in the Jardin des Plantes, and dwelling on rue de Buffon, Paris, 1831. Consulted as to the shagreen, the enlargment of which was so passionately desired by Raphaël de Valentin, Lavrille could do nothing more than talk on the subject and sent the young man to Planchette, the professor of mechanics. Lavrille, "the grand mogul of zoölogy," reduced science to a catalogue of names. He was then preparing a monograph on the duck family. [The Magic Skin.]

Lebas (Joseph), born in 1779, a penniless orphan, he was assisted and employed in Paris, first by the Guillaumes, cloth-merchants on rue Saint-Denis, at the Cat and Racket. Under the First Empire he married Virginie,[1] the elder of his employer's daughters, although he was in love with the younger, Mademoiselle Augustine. He succeeded the Guillaumes in business. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] During the first years of the Restoration he presided over the Tribunal of Commerce. Joseph Lebas, who was intimate with M. and Madame Birotteau, attended their ball with his wife. He also strove for César's rehabilitation. [César Birotteau.] During the reign of Louis Philippe, having for an intimate friend Célestin Crevel, he retired from business and lived at Corbeil. [Cousin Betty.]

Lebas (Madame Joseph), wife of the preceding, born Virginie Guillaume in 1784, elder of Guillaume's daughters, lived at the Cat and Racket; the counterpart, physically and morally, of her mother. Under the First Empire, at the parish church of Saint-Leu, Paris, her marriage took place on the same day that her younger sister, Augustine de Sommervieux, was wedded. The love which she felt for her husband was not reciprocated. She viewed with indifference her sister's misfortunes, became intimate in turn with the Birotteaus and the Crevels; and, having retired from business, spent her last days in the middle of Louis Philippe's reign at Corbeil. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. César Birotteau. Cousin Betty.]

[1] The names of Virginie and Augustine are confused in the original text.

Lebas, probably a son of the preceding. In 1836 first assistant of the king's solicitor at Sancerre; two years later counselor to the court of Paris. In 1838 he would have married Hortense Hulot if Crevel had not prevented the match. [The Muse of the Department. Cousin Betty.]

Lebœuf, for a long time connected with the prosecuting attorney at Nantes, being president of the court there in the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign. He was well acquainted with the Camusot de Marvilles, and knew Maître Fraisier, who claimed his acquaintance in 1845. [Cousin Pons.]

Lebrun, sub-lieutenant, then captain in the Seventy-second demi-brigade, commanded by Hulot during the war against the Chouans in 1799. [The Chouans.]

Lebrun, division-chief in the War Department in 1838. Marneffe was one of his employés. [Cousin Betty.]

Lebrun, protégé, friend and disciple of Doctor Bouvard. Being a physician at the prison in May, 1830, he was called upon to establish the death of Lucien de Rubempré. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In 1845 Lebrun was chief physician of the Parisian boulevard theatre, managed by Félix Gaudissart. [Cousin Pons.]

Lecamus (Baron de Tresnes), counselor to the royal court of Paris, lived, in 1816, rue Chanoinesse, with Madame de la Chanterie. Known there by the name of Joseph, he was a Brother of Consolation in company with Montauran, Alain, Abbé de Vèze and Godefroid. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Lechesneau, through the influence of Cambacérès and Bonaparte, appointed attorney-general in Italy, but as a result of his many disreputable love-affairs, despite his real capacity for office-holding, he was forced to give up his position. Between the end of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire he became head of the grand jury at Troyes. Lechesneau, who had been repeatedly bribed by Senator Malin, had to occupy himself in 1806 with the Hauteserre-Simeuse-Michu affair. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Leclerq, native of Bourgogne, commissioner for the vintners in the department to which Ville-aux-Fayes, a sub-prefecture of this same province, belonged. He was of service to Gaubertin, Madame Soudry, also Rigou, perhaps, and was in turn under obligations to them. Having arranged a partnership he founded the house of "Leclerq & Company," on Quai de Béthune, Ile Saint-Louis, Paris, in competition with the well-known house of Grandet. In 1815 Leclerq married Jenny Gaubertin. As a banker he dealt in wine commissions, and became regent of the National Bank. During the Restoration he represented as deputy on the Left Centre the district of Ville-aux-Fayes, and not far from the sub-prefecture, in 1823, bought a large estate, which brought thirty thousand francs rental. [The Peasantry.]

Leclerq (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Jenny Gaubertin, eldest daughter of Gaubertin, steward of Aigues in Bourgogne, received two hundred thousand francs as dowry. [The Peasantry.]

Leclerq, brother-in-law of the preceding, during the Restoration was special collector at Ville-aux-Fayes, Bourgogne, and joined the other members of his family in worrying, more or less, the Comte de Montcornet. [The Peasantry.]

Lecocq, a trader, whose failure was very cleverly foretold by Guillaume at the Cat and Racket. This failure was Guillaume's Battle of Marengo. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Lefebvre, Louis Lambert's uncle, was successively oratorian, sworn priest and curé of Mer, a small city near Blois. Had a delightful disposition and a heart of rare tenderness. He exercised a watchful care over the childhood and youth of his remarkable nephew. The Abbé Lefebvre later on lived at Blois, the Restoration having caused him to lose his position. In 1822, under form of a letter sent from Croisic, he was the first to receive information concerning the Cambremers. The next year, having become much older in appearance, while riding in a stage-coach he told of the frightful state of suffering, sometimes mingled with remarkable dis-

plays of intellect, which preceded the death of Louis Lambert. [Louis Lambert. A Seaside Tragedy.]

Lefebvre (Robert), well-known French painter of the First Empire. In 1806, at the expense of Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, he painted Michu's portrait. [The Gondreville Mystery.] Among the many paintings executed by Robert Lefebvre is a portrait of Hulot d'Ervy dressed in the uniform of chief commissary of the Imperial Guard. This is dated 1810. [Cousin Betty.]

Léganès (Marquis de), Spanish grandee, married, father of two daughters, Clara and Mariquita, and of three sons, Juanito, Philippe and Manuel. He manifested a spirit of patriotism in the war carried on against the French during the Empire and died then under the most tragic circumstances, in which Mariquita was an unwilling abettor. The Marquis de Léganès died by the hand of his eldest son, who had been condemned to be his executioner. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Marquise de), wife of the preceding and condemned to die with the other members of the family by the hand of her eldest son. She spared him the necessity of doing this horrible deed of war by committing suicide. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Clara de), daughter of the preceding couple; also shared the condemnation of the Marquis de Léganès and died by the hand of Juanito. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Mariquita de), sister of the preceding, had rescued Major Victor Marchand of the French infantry from danger in 1808. In testimony of his gratitude he was able to obtain pardon for one member of the Léganès family, but with the horribly cruel provision that the one spared should become executioner of the rest of the family. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Juanito de), brother of the last-named, born in 1778. Small and of poor physique, of gentlemanly manners, yet proud and scornful, he was gifted with that delicacy of feeling which in the olden times caused Spanish

gallantry to be so well known. Upon the earnest request of his proud-spirited family he consented to execute his father, his two sisters and his two brothers. Juanito only was saved from death, that his family might not become extinct. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Philippe de), younger brother of the preceding, born in 1788, a noble Spaniard condemned to death; executed by his elder brother in 1808, during the war waged against the French. [El Verdugo.]

Léganès (Manuel de), born in 1800, youngest of the five Léganès children, suffered, in 1808, during the war waged by the French in Spain, the fate of his father, the marquis, and of his elder brother and sisters. The youngest scion of this noble family died by the hand of Juanito de Léganès. [El Verdugo.]

Léger, extensive farmer of Beaumont-sur-Oise, married daughter of Reybert, Moreau's successor as exciseman of the Presles estate, belonging to the Comte de Sérizy; had by his wife a daughter who became, in 1838, Madame Joseph Bridau. [A Start in Life.]

Legrelu, a bald-headed man, tall and good-looking; in 1840 became a vintner in Paris on rue des Canettes, corner of rue Guisarde. Toupillier, Madame Cardinal's uncle, the "pauper of Saint-Sulpice," was his customer. [The Middle Classes.]

Lelewel, a nineteenth century revolutionist, head of the Polish Republican party in Paris in 1835. One of his friends was Doctor Moïse Halpersohn. [The Imaginary Mistress. The Seamy Side of History.]

Lemarchand. (*See* Tours, Minières des.)

Lemire, professor of drawing in the Imperial Lyceum, Paris, in 1812; foresaw the talent of Joseph Bridau, one of his pupils, for painting, and threw the future artist's mother into consternation by telling her of this fact. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Lempereur, in 1819, Chaussée-d'Antin, Paris, clerk to Charles Claparon, at that time "straw-man" of Tillet, Roguin & Company. [César Birotteau.]

Lemprun, born in 1745, son-in-law of Galard, market-gardener of Auteuil. Employed, in turn, in the houses of Thélusson and of Keller in Paris, he was probably the first messenger in the service of the Bank of France, having entered that establishment when it was founded. He met Mademoiselle Brigitte Thuillier during this period of his life, and in 1814 gave Céleste, his only daughter, in marriage to Brigitte's brother, Louis-Jérôme Thuillier. M. Lemprun died the year following. [The Middle Classes.]

Lemprun (Madame), wife of the preceding, daughter of Galard, the market-gardener of Auteuil, mother of one child—Madame Céleste Thuillier. She lived in the village of Auteuil from 1815 until the time of her death in 1829. She reared Céleste Phellion, daughter of L.-J. Thuillier and of Madame de Colleville. Madame Lemprun left a small fortune inherited from her father, M. Galard, which was administered by Brigitte Thuillier. This Lemprun estate consisted of twenty thousand francs, saved by the strictest economy, and of a house which was sold for twenty-eight thousand francs. [The Middle Classes.]

Lemulquinier, a native of Flanders, owed his name to the linen-yarn dealers of that province, who are called *mulquiniers*. He lived in Douai, was the valet of Balthazar Claës, and encouraged and aided his master in his foolish investigations, despite the extreme coldness of his own nature and the opposition of Josette, Martha, and the women of the Claës family. Lemulquinier even went so far as to give all of his personal property to M. Claës. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Lenoncourt (De), born in 1708, marshal of France, marquis at first, then duke, was the friend of Victor-Amédée de Verneuil, and adopted Marie de Verneuil, the acknowledged natural daughter of his old comrade, when the latter died.

Suspected unjustly of being this young girl's lover, the septuagenarian refused to marry her, and leaving her behind, he changed his place of residence to Coblentz. [The Chouans.]

Lenoncourt (Duc de), father of Madame de Mortsauf. The early part of the Restoration was the brilliant period of his career. He obtained a peerage, owned a house in Paris on rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain, looked after Birotteau and found him a situation just after his failure. Lenoncourt played for the favor of Louis XVIII., was first gentleman in the king's chamber, and welcomed Victurnien d'Esgrignon, with whom he had some relationship. The Duc de Lenoncourt was, in 1835, visiting the Princesse de Cadignan, when Marsay explained the reasons the political order had for the mysterious kidnapping of Gondreville. Three years later he died a very old man. [The Lily of the Valley. César Birotteau. Jealousies of a Country Town. The Gondreville Mystery. Béatrix.]

Lenoncourt (Duchesse de), wife of the preceding, born in 1758, of a cold, severe, insincere, ambitious nature, was almost always unkind to her daughter, Madame de Mortsauf. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Lenoncourt-Givry (Duc de), youngest son of M. and Madame de Chaulieu, at first followed a military career. Titles and names in abundance came to him. In 1827 he married Madeleine de Mortsauf, the only heir of her parents. [Letters of Two Brides.] The Duc de Lenoncourt-Givry was a man of some importance in the Paris of Louis Philippe and was invited to the festival at the opening of Josépha Mirah's new house, rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. [Cousin Betty.] The year following attention was still turned towards him indirectly, when Sallenauve was contending in defence of the duke's brother-in-law. [The Member for Arcis.]

Lenoncourt-Givry (Duchesse de), wife of the preceding, bore the first name of Madeleine. Madame de Lenoncourt-Givry was one of two children of the Comte and Comtesse

de Mortsauf. She lived almost alone in her family, having lost at an early age her mother, then her brother Jacques. While passing her girlhood in Touraine, she met Félix de Vandenesse, from whom she knew how to keep aloof on becoming an orphan. Her inheritance of names, titles and wealth brought about her marriage with the youngest son of M. and Madame de Chaulieu in 1827, and established for her a friendship with the Grandlieus, whose daughter, Clotilde, accompanied her to Italy about 1830. During the first day of their journey the arrest of Lucien Chardon de Rubempré took place under their eyes near Bouron, Seine-et-Marne. [The Lily of the Valley. Letters of Two Brides. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Lenormand was court registrar at Paris during the Restoration, and did Comte Octave de Bauvan a service by passing himself off as owner of a house on rue Saint-Maur, which belonged in reality to the count and where the wife of that high magistrate lived, at that time being separated from her husband. [Honorine.]

Léopold, a character in "L'Ambitieux par Amour," a novel by Albert Savarus, was Maître Léopold Hannequin. The author pictured him as having a strong passion—imaginary or true—for the mother of Rodolphe, the hero of this autobiographical novel, published by the "Revue de l'Est" under the reign of Louis Philippe. [Albert Savarus.]

Lepas (Madame de), for a long time keeper of a tavern at Vendôme, of Flemish physique; acquainted with M. and Madame de Merret, and furnished information about them to Doctor Horace Bianchon; Comte Bagos de Férédia, who died so tragically, having been a lodger in her house. She was also interviewed by the author, who, under the name of Valentine, gave on the stage of the Gymnase-Dramatique the story of the incontinence and punishment of Joséphine de Merret. This Vendôme tavern-keeper pretended also to have lodged some princesses, M. Decazes, Général Bertrand, the King of Spain, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Abrantès. [La Grande Bretêche. Another Study of Woman.]

Lepître, strong Royalist, had some relations with M. de Vandenesse, when they wished to rescue Marie-Antoinette from the Temple. Later, under the Empire, having become head of an academy, in the old Joyeuse house, Quartier Saint-Antoine, Paris, Lepître counted among his pupils a son of M. de Vandenesse, Félix. Lepître was fat, like Louis XVIII., and club-footed. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Lepître (Madame), wife of the preceding, reared Félix de Vandenesse. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Leprince (Monsieur and Madame). M. Leprince was a Parisian auctioneer towards the end of the Empire and at the beginning of the Restoration. He finally sold his business at a great profit; but being injured by one of Nucingen's failures, he lost in some speculations on the Bourse some of the profits that he had realized. He was the father-in-law of Xavier Rabourdin, whose fortune he risked in these dangerous speculations, that his son-in-law's domestic comfort might be increased. Crushed by misfortune he died under Louis XVIII., leaving some rare paintings which beautified the parlor of his children's home on rue Duphot. Madame Leprince, who died before the bankrupt auctioneer, a distinguished woman and a natural artist, worshiped and, consequently, spoiled her only child, Célestine, who became Madame Xavier Rabourdin. She communicated to her daughter some of her own tastes, and thoughtlessly, perhaps, developed in her a love of luxury, intelligent and refined. [The Government Clerks.]

Leroi (Pierre), called also Marche-à-terre, a Fougères Chouan, who played an important part during the civil war of 1799 in Bretagne, where he gave evidence of courage and heartlessness. He survived the tragedy of this period, for he was seen on the Place d'Alençon in 1809 when Cibot —Pille-Miche—was tried at the bar as a chauffeur and attempted to escape. In 1827, nearly twenty years later, this same Pierre Leroi was known as a peaceable cattle-trader in the markets of his province. [The Chouans. The Seamy Side of History. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Leroi (Madame), mother of the preceding, being ill, was cured on coming to Fougères to pray under the oak of the Patte-d'Oie. This tree was decorated with a beautiful wooden image of the Virgin, placed there in memory of Sainte-Anne d'Auray's appearance in this place. [The Chouans.]

Leseigneur de Rouville (Baronne), pensionless widow of a sea-captain who had died at Batavia, under the Republic, during a prolonged engagement with an English vessel; mother of Madame Hippolyte Schinner. Early in the nineteenth century she lived at Paris with her unmarried daughter, Adélaïde. On the fourth story of a house belonging to Molineux, on rue de Surène, near the Madeleine, Madame Leseigneur occupied unadorned and gloomy apartments. There she frequently received Hippolyte Schinner, Messieurs du Halga and de Kergarouët. She received from two of these friends many delicate marks of sympathy, despite the gossip of the neighbors who were astonished that Madame de Rouville and her daughter should have different names, and shocked by their very suspicious behavior. The manner in which Mesdames Leseigneur recognized the good offices of Schinner led to his marriage with Mademoiselle de Rouville. [The Purse.]

Leseigneur (Adélaïde). (*See* Schinner, Madame Hippolyte.)

Lesourd, married the eldest daughter of Madame Guénée of Provins, and toward the end of the Restoration presided over the justice court of that city, of which he had first been king's attorney. In 1828 he was able, indeed, to defend Pierrette Lorrain, thus showing his opposition to the local Liberalist leaders, represented by Rogron, Vinet and Gourand. [Pierrette.]

Lesourd (Madame), wife of the preceding and eldest daughter of Madame Guénée; for a long time called in Provins, "the little Madame Lesourd." [Pierrette.]

Léveillé (Jean-François), notary in Alençon inflexible

correspondent of the Royalists of Normandie under the Empire. He issued arms to them, received the surname of Confesseur, and, in 1809, was put to death with others as the result of a judgment rendered by Bourlac. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Levrault, enriched by the iron industry in Paris, died in 1813; former owner of the house in Nemours which came into the possession finally of Doctor Minoret, who lived there in 1815. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Levrault-Crémière, related to the preceding, an old miller, who became a Royalist under the Restoration; he was mayor of Nemours from 1829 to 1830, and was replaced after the Revolution of July by the notary, Crémière-Dionis. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Levrault-Levrault, eldest son, thus named to distinguish him from his numerous relatives of the same name; he was a butcher in Nemours in 1829, when Ursule Mirouët was undergoing persecution. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Liautard (Abbé), in the first years of the nineteenth century was at the head of an institution of learning in Paris; had among his pupils Godefroid, Madame de la Chanterie's lodger in 1836 and the future Brother of Consolation. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Lina (Duc de), an Italian, at Milan early in the century, one of the lovers of La Marana, the mother of Madame Diard. [The Maranas.]

Lindet (Jean-Baptiste-Robert, called Robert), member of the Legislature and of the Convention, born at Bernay in 1743, died at Paris in 1825; minister of finance under the Republic, weakened Antoine and the Poiret brothers by giving them severe work, although twenty-five years later they were still laboring in the Treasury. [The Government Clerks.]

Lisieux (François), called the Grand-Fils (grandson), a rebel of the department of Mayenne; chauffeur under the

First Empire and connected with the Royalist insurrection in the West, which caused Madame de la Chanterie's imprisonment. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Listomère (Marquis de), son of the "old Marquise de Listomère"; deputy of the majority under Charles X., with hopes of a peerage; husband of Mademoiselle de Vandenesse the elder, his cousin. One evening in 1828, in his own house on rue Saint-Dominique, he was quietly reading the "Gazette de France" without noticing the flirtation carried on at his side by his wife and Eugène de Rastignac, then twenty-five years old. [The Lily of the Valley. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Study of Woman.]

Listomère (Marquise de), wife of the preceding, elder of M. de Vandenesse's daughters, and sister of Charles and Félix. Like her husband and cousin, during the early years of the Restoration, she was a brilliant type of the period, combining, as she did, godliness with worldliness, occasionally figuring in politics, and concealing her youth under the guise of austerity. However, in 1828, her mask seemed to fall at the moment when Madame de Mortsauf died; for, then, she wrongly fancied herself the object of Eugène de Rastignac's wooing. Under Louis Philippe she took part in an intrigue formed for the purpose of throwing her sister-in-law, Marie de Vandenesse, into the power of Raoul Nathan. [The Lily of the Valley. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Study of Woman. A Daughter of Eve.]

Listomère (Marquis de), mother-in-law of the preceding, born Grandlieu. She lived in Paris at an advanced age in Ile Saint-Louis, during the early years of the nineteenth century; received on his holidays her grand-nephew, Félix de Vandenesse, then a student, and frightened him by the solemn or frigid appearance of everything about her. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Listomère (Baronne de), had been the wife of a lieutenant-general. As a widow she lived in the city of Tours under

the Restoration, assuming all the grand airs of the past centuries. She helped the Birotteau brothers. In 1823 she received the army paymaster, Gravier, and the terrible Spanish husband who killed the French surgeon, Béga. Madame de Listomère died, and her wish to make François Birotteau her partial heir was not executed. [The Vicar of Tours. César Birotteau. The Muse of the Department.]

Listomère (Baron de), nephew of the preceding, born in 1791; was in turn lieutenant and captain in the navy. During a leave of absence spent with his aunt at Tours he began to intervene in favor of the persecuted abbé, François Birotteau, but finally opposed him upon learning of the power of the Congregation, and that the priest's name figured in Baronne de Listomère's will. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Listomère (Comtesse de), old, lived in Saint-Germain suburbs of Paris, in 1839. At the Austrian embassy she became acquainted with Rastignac, Madame de Nucingen, Ferdinand du Tillet and Maxime de Trailles. [The Member for Arcis.]

Listomère-Landon (Marquise de), born in Provence, 1744; lady of the eighteenth century aristocracy, had been the friend of Duclos and Maréchal de Richelieu. Later she lived in the city of Tours, where she tried to help by unbiased counsel her unsophisticated niece by marriage, the Marquise Victor d'Aiglemont. Gout and her happiness over the return of the Duc d'Angoulême caused Madame de Listomère's death in 1814. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Lolotte. (*See* Topinard, Madame.)

Longueville (De), noble and illustrious family, whose last scion, the Duc de Rostein-Limbourg, executed in 1793, belonged to the younger branch. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Longueville, deputy under Charles X., son of an attorney, without authority placed the particle *de* before his name. M. Longueville was connected with the house of Palma, Werbrust & Co.; he was the father of Auguste, Maximilien and Clara; desired a peerage for himself and a minister's

daughter for his elder son, who had an income of fifty thousand francs. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Longueville (Auguste), son of the preceding, born late in the eighteenth century, possessed an income of fifty thousand francs; married, probably a minister's daughter; was secretary of an embassy; met Madame Emilie de Vandenesse during a vacation which he was spending in Paris, and told her the secret of his family. Died young, while employed in the Russian embassy. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Longueville (Maximilien), one of Longueville's three children, sacrificed himself for his brother and sister; entered business, lived on rue du Sentier—then no longer called rue du Groschenet; was employed in a large linen establishment, situated near rue de la Paix; fell passionately in love with Emilie de Fontaine, who became Madame Charles de Vandenesse. She ceased to reciprocate his passion upon learning that he was merely a novelty clerk. However, M. Longueville, as a result of the early death of his father and of his brother, became a banker, a member of the nobility, a peer, and finally the Vicomte "Guiraudin de Longueville." [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Longueville (Clara), sister of the preceding; she was probably born during the Empire; was a very refined young woman of frail constitution, but good complexion; lived in the time of the Restoration; was companion and protégée of her elder brother, Maximilien, future Vicomte Guiraudin, and was cordially received at the Planat de Baudry's pavilion, situated in the valley of Sçeaux, where she was a good friend of the last unmarried heiress of Comte de Fontaine. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Lora (Léon de), born in 1806, descendant of a noble family of Roussillon, of Spanish origin; penniless son of Comte Fernand Didas y Lora and Léonie de Lora, born Gazonal; younger brother of Juan de Lora, nephew of Mademoiselle Urraca y Lora; he left his native country at an early age. His family, with the exception of his mother, who died,

remained at home long after his departure, but he never inquired concerning them. He went to Paris, where, having entered the artist, Schinner's, studio, under the name of Mistigris, he became celebrated for his animation and repartée. From 1820 he shone in this way, rarely leaving Joseph Bridau —a friend whom he accompanied to the Comte de Sérizy's at Presles in the valley of Oise. Later Léon protected his very sympathetic but commonplace countryman, Pierre Grassou. In 1830 he became a celebrity. Arthez entrusted to him the decoration of a castle, and Léon de Lora forthwith showed himself to be a master. Some years later he took a tour through Italy with Félicité des Touches and Claude Vignon. Being present when the domestic troubles of the Bauvans were recounted, Lora was able to give a finished analysis of Honorine's character to M. de l'Hostal. Being a guest at all the social feasts and receptions he was in attendance at one of Mademoiselle Brisetout's gatherings on rue Chauchat. There he met Bixiou, Etienne Lousteau, Stidmann and Vernisset. He visited the Hulots frequently and their intimate friends. With the aid of Joseph Bridau he rescued W. Steinbock from Clichy, saw him marry Hortense, and was invited to the second marriage of Valérie Marneffe. He was then the greatest living painter of landscapes and sea-pieces, a prince of repartée and dissipation, and dependent on Bixiou. Fabien du Ronceret gave to him the ornamentation of an apartment on rue Blanche. Wealthy, illustrious, living on rue Berlin, the neighbor of Joseph Bridau and Schinner, member of the Institute, officer of the Legion of Honor, Léon, assisted by Bixiou, received his cousin Palafox Gazonal, and pointed out to him many well-known people about town. [The Unconscious Humorists. A Bachelor's Establishment. A Start in Life. Pierre Grassou. Honorine. Cousin Betty. Béatrix.]

Lora (Don Juan de), elder brother of the preceding, spent his whole life in Roussillon, his native country; in the presence of their cousin, Palafox Gazonal, denied that his younger brother, "le petit Léon," possessed great artistic ability. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Loraux (Abbé), born in 1752, of unattractive bearing, yet the very soul of tenderness. Confessor of the pupils of the Lycée Henry IV., and of Agathe Bridau; for twenty-two years vicar of Saint-Sulpice at Paris; in 1818 confessor of César Birotteau; became in 1819 curé of the Blancs-Manteaux in Marais parish. He thus became a neighbor of Octave de Bauvan, in whose home he placed in 1824 M. de l'Hostal, his nephew and adopted son. Loraux, who was the means of restoring to Bauvan the Comtesse Honorine, received her confessions. He died in 1830, she being his nurse at the time. [A Start in Life. A Bachelor's Establishment. César Birotteau. Honorine.]

Lorrain, petty merchant of Pen-Hoël in the beginning of the nineteenth century; married and had a son, whose wife and child, Pierrette, he took care of after his son's death. Lorrain was completely ruined later, and took refuge in a home for the old and needy, confiding Pierrette, both of whose parents were now dead, to the care of some near relatives, the Rogrons of Provins. Lorrain's death took place previously to that of his wife. [Pierrette.]

Lorrain (Madame), wife of the preceding, and grandmother of Pierrette; born about 1757; lived the simple life of her husband, to whom she bore some resemblance. A widow towards the end of the Restoration, she became comfortably situated after the return of Collinet of Nantes. Upon going to Provins to recover her granddaughter, she found her dying; went into retirement in Paris, and died soon after, making Jacques Brigaut her heir. [Pierrette.]

Lorrain, son of the preceding couple, Bretagne; captain in the Imperial Guard; major in the line; married the second daughter of a Provins grocer, Auffray, through whom he had Pierrette; died a poor man, on the battlefield of Montereau, February 18, 1814. [Pierrette.]

Lorrain (Madame), wife of the preceding and mother of Pierrette; born Auffray in 1793; half sister to the mother of Sylvie and Denis Rogron of Provins. In 1814, a poor

widow, still very young, she lived with the Lorrains of Pen-Hoël, a town in the Vendéan Marais. It is said that she was consoled by the ex-major, Brigaut, of the Catholic army, and survived the unfortunate marriage of Madame Néraud, widow of Auffray, and maternal grandmother of Pierrette, only three years. [Pierrette.]

Lorrain (Pierrette), daughter of the preceding, born in the town of Pen-Hoël in 1813; lost her father when fourteen months old and her mother when six years old; lovable disposition, delicate and unaffected. After a happy childhood, spent with her excellent maternal grandparents and a playmate, Jacques Brigaut, she was sent to some first maternal cousins of Provins, the wealthy Rogrons, who treated her with pitiless severity. Pierrette died on Easter Tuesday, March, 1828, as the result of sickness brought on by the brutality of her cousin, Sylvie Rogron, who was extremely envious of her. A trial of her persecutors followed her death, and, despite the efforts of old Madame Lorrain, Jacques Brigaut, Martener, Desplein and Bianchon, her assailants escaped through the craftily exerted influence of Vinet. [Pierrette.]

Louchard, the craftiest bailiff of Paris; undertook the recovery of Esther van Gobseck, who had escaped from Frédéric de Nucingen; did business with Maître Fraisier. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.]

Louchard (Madame), wife of the preceding, did not live with him; acquainted with Madame Komorn de Godollo and, in 1840, furnished her information about Théodose de la Peyrade. [The Middle Classes.]

Loudon (Prince de), general in the Vendéan cavalry, lived at Le Mans during the Terror. He was brother of a Verneuil who was guillotined, was noted for "his boldness and the martyrdom of his punishment." [The Chouans. Modeste Mignon.]

Loudon (Prince Gaspard de), born in 1791, third and only surviving son of the Duc de Verneuil's four children; fat

and commonplace, having, very inappropriately, the same name as the celebrated Vendéan cavalry general; became probably Desplein's son-in-law. He took part in 1829 in a great hunt given in Normandie, in company with the Hérouvilles, the Cadignans and the Mignons. [Modeste Mignon.]

Louis XVIII. (Louis-Stanislas-Xavier), born at Versailles, November 16, 1754, died September 16, 1824, King of France. He was in political relations with Alphonse de Montauran, Malin de Gondreville, and some time before this, under the name of the Comte de Lille, with the Baronne de la Chanterie. He considered Peyrade an able officer and was his patron. King Louis XVIII., friend of the Comte de Fontaine, engaged Félix de Vandenesse as secretary. His last mistress was the Comtesse Ferraud. [The Chouans. The Seamy Side of History. The Gondreville Mystery. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Ball at Sçeaux. The Lily of the Valley. Colonel Chabert. The Government Clerks.]

Louise, during the close of Louis Philippe's reign, was Madame W. Steinbock's waiting-maid at Paris, rue Louis-le-Grand, and was courted by Hulot d'Ervy's cook, at the time when Agathe Piquetard, who was destined to become the second Baronne Hulot, was another servant. [Cousin Betty.]

Lourdois, during the Empire wealthy master-painter of interiors; contractor with thirty thousand francs income; of Liberal views. Charged an enormous sum for the famous decorations in César Birotteau's apartments, where he was a guest with his wife and daughter at the grand ball of December 17, 1818. After the failure of the perfumer, a little later, he treated him somewhat slightingly. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. César Birotteau.]

Lousteau, sub-delegate at Issoudun and afterwards the intimate friend of Doctor Rouget, at that time his enemy, because the doctor was possibly the father of Mademoiselle Agathe Rouget, then become Madame Bridau. Lousteau died in 1800. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Lousteau (Étienne), son of the preceding, born at Sancerre in 1799, nephew of Maximilienne Hochon, born Lousteau, school-mate of Doctor Bianchon. Urged on by his desire for a literary vocation, he entered Paris without money, in 1819, made a beginning with poetry, was the literary partner of Victor Ducange in a melodrama played at the Gaîté in 1821, undertook the editing of a small paper devoted to the stage, of which Andoche Finot was proprietor. He had at that time two homes, one in the Quartier Latin, rue de la Harpe, above the Servel café, another on rue de Bondy, with Florine his mistress. Not having a better place, he became at times Flicoteaux's guest, in company with Daniel d'Arthez and especially Lucien de Rubempré, whom he trained, piloted, and introduced to Dauriat, in fact, whose first steps he aided, not without feeling regret later in life. For one thousand francs per month, Lousteau rid Philippe Bridau of his wife, Flore, placing her in a house of ill-fame. He was at the Opéra, the evening of the masque ball of the year 1824, where Blondet, Bixiou, Rastignac, Jacques Collin, Châtelet and Madame d'Espard discovered Lucien de Rubempré with Esther Gobseck. Lousteau wrote criticisms, did work for various reviews, and for Raoul Nathan's gazette. He lived on rue des Martyrs, and was Madame Schontz's lover. He obtained by some little intrigue a deputyship at Sancerre; carried on a long liaison with Dinah de la Baudraye; just escaped a marriage with Madame Berthier, then Félicie Cardot; was father of Madame de la Baudraye's children, and spoke as follows concerning the birth of the eldest: "Madame la Baronne de la Baudraye is happily delivered of a child; M. Etienne Lousteau has the honor of announcing it." During this liaison, Lousteau, for the sum of five hundred francs, gave to Fabien du Ronceret a discourse to be read at a horticultural exhibition, for which the latter was decorated. He attended a house-warming at Mademoiselle Brisetout's, rue Chauchat; asked Dinah and Nathan for the purpose or moral of the "Prince of Bohemia." Lousteau's manner of living underwent little change when Madame de la Baudraye left him. He heard Maître Desroches re-

count one of Cérizet's adventures, saw Madame Marneffe marry Crevel, took charge of the "Echo de la Bièvre," and undertook the managment of a theatre with Ridal, the author of vaudevilles. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Bachelor's Establishment. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. A Daughter of Eve. Béatrix. The Muse of the Department. Cousin Betty. A Prince of Bohemia. A Man of Business. The Middle Classes. The Unconscious Humorists]

Luigia, young and beautiful Roman girl of the suburbs, wife of Benedetto, who claimed the right of selling her. She tried to kill herself at the same time she killed him, but did not succeed. Charles de Sallenauve—Dorlange—protected her, taking care of her when she became a widow, and made her his housekeeper in 1839. Luigia soon left her benefactor, the voice of slander having accused them in their mutually innocent relations. [The Member for Arcis.]

Lupeaulx (Clément Chardin des), officer and politician, born about 1785; left in good circumstances by his father; who was ennobled by Louis XV., his coat-of-arms showing "a ferocious wolf of sable bearing a lamb in its jaws," with this motto: "En lupus in historia." A shrewd and ambitious man, ready for all enterprises, even the most compromising, Clément des Lupeaulx knew how to make himself of service to Louis XVIII. in several delicate undertakings. Many influential members of the aristocracy placed in his hands their difficult business and their lawsuits. He served thus as mediator between the Duc de Navarreins and Polydore Milaud de la Baudraye, and attained a kind of mightiness that Annette seemed to fear would be disastrous to Charles Grandet. He accumulated duties and ranks, was master of petitions in the Council of State, secretary-general to the minister of finance, colonel in the National Guard, government commissioner in a joint-stock company; also provided with an inspectorship in the king's house, he became Chevalier de Saint-Louis and officer of the Legion of Honor. An open follower of Voltaire, but an attendant at mass, at

all times a Bertrand in pursuit of a Raton, egotistic and vain, a glutton and a libertine, this man of intellect, sought after in all social circles, a kind of minister's "household drudge," openly lived, until 1825, a life of pleasure and anxiety, striving for political success and love conquests. As mistresses he is known to have had Esther van Gobseck, Flavie Colleville; perhaps, even, the Marquise d'Espard. He was seen at the Opéra ball in the winter of 1824, at which Lucien de Rubempré reappeared. The close of this year brought about considerable change in the Secretary-General's affairs. Crippled by debt, and in the power of Gobseck, Bidault and Mitral, he was forced to give up one of the treasury departments to Isidore Baudoyer, despite his personal liking for Rabourdin. He gained as a result of this stroke a coronet and a deputyship. He had ambitions for a peerage, the title of gentleman of the king's chamber, a membership in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, and the commander's cross. [The Muse of the Department. Eugénie Grandet. A Bachelor's Establishment. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. The Government Clerks. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Ursule Mirouët.]

Lupeaulx (Des), nephew of the preceding, and, thanks to him, appointed sub-prefect of Ville-aux-Fayes, Bourgogne, in 1821, in the department presided over successively by Martial de la Roche-Hugon and Casteran. As Gaubertin's prospective son-in-law, M. des Lupeaulx, espousing the cause of his fiancée's family, was instrumental in disgusting Montcornet, owner of Aigues, with his property. [The Peasantry.]

Lupin, born in 1778, son of the last steward of the Soulanges in Bourgogne; in time he became manager of the domain, notary and deputy mayor of the city of Soulanges. Although married and a man of family, M. Lupin, still in excellent physical condition, was, in 1823, a brilliant figure in Madame Soudry's reception-room, where he was known for his tenor voice and his extreme gallantries—the latter characteristic being proved by two liaisons carried on with

two middle-class women, Madame Sarcus, wife of Sarcus the Rich, and Euphémie Plissoud. [The Peasantry.]

Lupin (Madame), wife of the preceding, called "Bebelle;" only daughter of a salt-merchant enriched by the Revolution; had a platonic affection for the chief clerk, Bonnac. Madame Lupin was fat, awkward, of very ordinary appearance, and weak intellectually. On account of these characteristics Lupin and the Soudry adherents neglected her. [The Peasantry.]

Lupin (Amaury), only son of the preceding couple, perhaps the lover of Adéline Sarcus, who became Madame Adolphe Sibilet; was on the point of marrying one of Gaubertin's daughters, the same one, doubtless, that was wooed and won by M. des Lupeaulx. In the midst of this liaison and of these matrimonial designs, Amaury Lupin was sent to Paris in 1822 by his father to study the notary's profession with Maître Crottat, where he had for a companion another clerk, Georges Marest, with whom he committed some indiscretions and went into debt. Amaury went with his friend to the Lion d'Argent, rue d'Enghien in the Saint-Denis section, when Marest took Pierrotin's carriage to Isle-Adam. On the way they met Oscar Husson, and made fun of him. The following year Amaury Lupin returned to Soulanges in Bourgogne. [The Peasantry. A Start in Life.]

M

Machillot (Madame), kept in Paris, in 1838, in the Notre Dame-des-Champs neighborhood, a modest restaurant, which was patronized by Godefroid on account of its nearness to Bourlac's house. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Macumer (Felipe Hénarez, Baron de), Spanish descendant of the Moors, about whom much information has been furnished by Talleyrand; had a right to names and titles as follows: Hénarez, Duc de Soria, Baron de Macumer. He never used all of them; for his entire youth was a succession of sacrifices, misfortunes and undue trials. Macumer, a

leading Spanish revolutionist of 1823, saw fortune turn against him. Ferdinand VII., once more enthroned, recognized him as constitutional minister, but never forgave him for his assumption of power. Seeing his property confiscated and himself banished, he took refuge in Paris, where he took poor lodgings on rue Hillerin-Bertin and began to teach Spanish for a living, notwithstanding he was Baron de Sardaigne with large estates and a palace at Sassari. Macumer also suffered many heart-aches. He vainly loved a woman who was beloved by his own brother. His brother's passion being reciprocated, Macumer sacrificed himself for their happiness. Under the simple name of Hénarez, Macumer was the instructor of Armande-Marie-Louise de Chaulieu, whom he did not woo in vain. He married her, March, 1825. At various times the baron occupied or owned Chantepleurs, a château Nivernais, a house on rue du Bac, and La Crampade, Louis de l'Estorade's residence in Provençe. The foolish, annoying jealousy of Madame de Macumer embittered his life and was responsible for his physical break-down. Idolized by his wife, in spite of his marked plainness, he died in 1829. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Macumer (Baronne de). (*See* Gaston, Madame Marie.)

Madeleine, first name of Madeleine Vinet, by which she was called while employed as a domestic. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.]

Madou (Angélique), woman of the masses, fat but spry; although ignorant, very shrewd in her business of selling dried fruit. At the beginning of the Restoration she lived in Paris on rue Perrin-Gasselin, where she fell prey to the usurer Bidault—Gigonnet. Angélique Madou at first dealt harshly with César Birotteau, when he was unable to pay his debts; but she congratulated him, later on, when, as a result of his revived fortunes, the perfumer settled every obligation. Angélique Madou had a little godchild, in whom she occasionally showed much interest. [César Birotteau.]

Magnan (Prosper), of Beauvais, son of a widow; chief-surgeon's assistant; executed in 1799 at Andernach on the

banks of the Rhine, being the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence, which condemned him for the double crime of robbery and murder—this crime having, in reality, been committed by his comrade, Jean-Frédéric-Taillefer, who escaped punishment. [The Red Inn.]

Magnan (Madame), mother of the preceding, lived at Beauvais, where she died a short time after her son's death, and previous to the arrival of Hermann, who was bringing her a letter from Prosper. [The Red Inn.]

Magus (Elie), Flemish Jew, Dutch-Belgian descent, born in 1770. He lived now at Bordeaux, now at Paris; was a merchant of costly articles, such as pictures, diamonds and curiosities. By his influence Madame Luigi Porta, born Ginevra di Piombo, obtained from a print-seller a position as colorist. Madame Evangélista engaged him to estimate the value of her jewels. He bought a copy of Rubens from Joseph Bridau and some Flemish subjects from Pierre Grassou, selling them later to Vervelli as genuine Rembrandts or Téniers; he arranged for the marriage of the artist with a cork-maker's daughter. Very wealthy, and having retired from business in 1835, he left his house on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle to occupy an old dwelling on Chaussée des Minimes, now called rue de Béarn. He took with him his treasures, his daughter, Noémi, and Abramko as a guard for his property. Elie Magus was still living in 1845, when he had just acquired, in a somewhat dishonorable manner, a number of superb paintings from Sylvain Pons' collection. [The Vendetta. A Marriage Settlement. A Bachelor's Establishment. Pierre Grassou. Cousin Pons.]

Mahoudeau (Madame), in 1840, in company with Madame Cardinal, her friend, created a disturbance during one of Bobino's performances at a small theatre near the Luxembourg, where Olympe Cardinal was playing. While playing the "jeune première" she was recognized by her mother. [The Middle Classes.]

Mahuchet (Madame), women's shoemaker, "a very foul-mouthed woman," in the language of Madame Nourrisson;

mother of seven children. After having dunned a countess, to no avail, for a hundred francs that was due her, she conceived the idea of carrying off the silverware, on display at a grand dinner to be given by her debtor one evening, as a pledge. She promptly returned, however, the silver she had taken, upon finding that it was white metal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Malaga, surname of Marguerite Turquet.

Malassis (Jeanne), from the country, a servant of Pingret, who was an avaricious and wealthy old peasant of the suburbs of Limoges. Mortally injured while hastening to the assistance of her master, who was robbed and murdered, she was the second victim of J.-F. Tascheron. [The Country Parson.]

Malfatti, Venetian doctor; in 1820 called into consultation with one of his fellow-physicians in France, concerning the sickness of the Duc Cataneo. [Massimilla Doni.]

Malin. (*See* Gondreville.)

Mallet, policeman in the department of Orne in 1809. Ordered to find and arrest Madame Bryond des Minières, he let her escape, by means of an agreement with his comrade, Ratel, who was to have aided in her capture. Having been imprisoned for this deed, Mallet was declared by Bourlac deserving of capital punishment, and was put to death the same year. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Malvaut (Jenny). (*See* Derville, Madame.)

Mancini (De), Italian, fair, effeminate, madly beloved by La Marana, who had by him a daughter, Juan-Pepita-Maria de Mancini, later Madame Diard. [The Maranas.]

Mancini (Juana-Pepita-Maria de). (*See* Diard, Madame.)

Manerville (De), born in 1731; Norman gentleman to whom the governor of Guyenne, Richelieu, married one of the wealthiest Bordeaux heiresses. He purchased a commission as major of the Gardes de la Porte, in the latter part of Louis

XV.'s reign; had by his wife a son, Paul, who was reared with austerity; emigrated, at the outbreak of the Revolution, to Martinique, but managed to save his property, Lanstrac, etc., thanks to Maître Mathias, head-clerk of the notary. He became a widower in 1810, three years before his death. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Manerville (Paul François-Joseph, Comte de), son of the preceding, born in 1794, received his education in the college at Vendôme, finishing his work there in 1810, the year of his mother's death. He passed three years at Bordeaux with his father, who had become overbearing and avaricious; when left an orphan, he inherited a large fortune, including Lanstrac in Gironde, and a house in Paris, rue de la Pépinière. He spent six years in Europe as a diplomat, passing his vacations in Paris, where he was intimate with Henri de Marsay, and was a lover of Paquita Valdès. There he was subject to the trifling of Madame Charles de Vandenesse, then Emilie de Fontaine; also, perhaps, met Lucien de Rubempré. In the winter of 1821 he returned to Bordeaux, where he was a social leader. Paul de Manerville received the appropriate nick-name of "le fleur des pois." Despite the good advice of his two devoted friends, Maître Mathias and Marsay, he asked, through the instrumentality of his great-aunt, Madame de Maulincour, for the hand of Natalie Evangélista in marriage, and obtained it. After being wedded five years, he was divorced from his wife and sailed for Calcutta under the name of Camille, one of his mother's given names. [The Thirteen. The Ball at Sçeaux. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. A Marriage Settlement.]

Manerville (Comtesse Paul de), wife of the preceding, born Mademoiselle Natalie Evangélista, non-lineal descendant of the Duke of Alva, related also to the Claës. Having been spoiled as a child, and being of a sharp, domineering nature, she robbed her husband without impoverishing him. She was a leader at Paris as well as at Bordeaux. As the mistress of Félix de Vandenesse she disliked his dedication to a story, for in it he praised Madame de Mortsauf. Later,

in company with Lady Dudley and Mesdames d'Espard, Charles de Vandenesse and de Listomère, she attempted to compromise the Comtesse Félix de Vandenesse, recently married, with Raoul Nathan. [A Marriage Settlement. The Lily of the Valley. A Daughter of Eve.]

Manette, under the Restoration at Clochegourde in Touraine, the Comtesse de Mortsauf's housekeeper, taking her mother's place in the care of her young master and mistress, Jacques and Madeleine de Mortsauf. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Manon. (*See* Godard, Manon.)

Manon-la-Blonde, during the last years of the Restoration a Paris prostitute, who fell violently in love with Théodore Calvi, became a receiver of stolen goods, brought to her by the companion of Jacques Collin, who committed murder also, at the time of the robbery; she thus became the indirect or involuntary cause of the Corsican's arrest. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Manseau (Père), tavern-keeper at Echelles, a town in Savoie, gave aid to La Fosseuse, in her poverty, and sheltered this unfortunate woman in a barn. La Fosseuse became the protégée of Doctor Benassis. [The Country Doctor.]

Marana (La), the last of a long series of prostitutes bearing the same name; natural descendant of the Hérouvilles. She was known to have had more than one distinguished lover: Mancini, the Duc de Lina, and a king of Naples. She was notorious in Venice, Milan and Naples. She had by Mancini one child, whom he acknowledged, Juan-Pepita-Maria, and had her reared in good morals by the Lagounias, who were under obligations to her. Upon going to seek her daughter in Tarragone, Spain, she surprised the girl in company with Montefiore, but scorned to take vengeance upon him. She accepted as husband of the young girl M. Diard, who had asked for her hand. In 1823, when she was dying in the hospital at Bordeaux, Marana once more saw her daughter, still virtuous, although unhappy. [The Hated Son. The Maranas.]

Marcas (Zéphirin), born about 1803 in a Brétagne family at Vitré. In after life he supported his parents who were in poor circumstances. He received a free education in a seminary, but had no inclination for the priesthood. Carrying hardly any money he went to Paris, in 1823 or 1824, and after studying with a lawyer became his chief clerk. Later he studied men and objects in five capitals: London, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Constantinople. For five years he was a journalist, and reported the proceedings of the "Chambres." He often visited R. de la Palférine. With women he proved to be of the passionate-timid kind. With the head of a lion, and a strong voice, he was equal as an orator to Berryer, and the superior of M. Thiers. For a long time he supplied the political ability needed by a deputy who had become a minister, but, convinced of his disloyalty, he overthrew him, only to restore him for a short time. He once more entered into polemical controversy; saw the newspapers which had sparkled with his forceful, high-minded criticism die; and lived miserably upon a daily allowance of thirty sous, earned by copying for the Palais. Marcas lived at that time, 1836, in the garret of a furnished house on rue Corneille. His thankless debtor, become minister again, sought him anew. Had it not been for the hearty attention of his young neighbors, Rabourdin and Juste, who furnished him with some necessary clothing, and aided him at Humann's expense, Marcas would not have taken advantage of the new opportunity that was offered him. His new position lasted but a short time. The third fall of the government hastened that of Marcas. Lodged once more on rue Corneille he was taken with a nervous fever. The sickness increased and finally carried away this unrecognized genius. Z. Marcas was buried in a common grave in Montparnasse cemetery, January, 1838. [A Prince of Bohemia. Z. Marcas.]

Marchand (Victor), son of a Parisian grocer, infantry-major during the campaign of 1808, a lover of Clara Léganès, to whom he was under obligation; tried, without success, to marry this girl of the Spanish nobility, who preferred to

suffer the most horrible of deaths, decapitation by the hand of her own brother. [El Verdugo.]

Marche-à-Terre. (*See* Leroi, Pierre.)

Marcillac (Madame de). Thanks to some acquaintances of the old régime, whom she had kept, and to her relationship with the Rastignacs, with whom she lived quietly, she found the means of introducing to Claire de Beauséant, Chevalier de Rastignac, her well-beloved grand-nephew—about 1819. [Father Goriot.]

Marcosini (Count Andrea), born in 1807 at Milan; although an aristocrat he took temporary refuge in Paris as a liberal; a wealthy and handsome poet; took his period of exile in 1834 in good spirits. He was received on terms of friendship by Mesdames d'Espard and Paul de Manerville. On the rue Froidmanteau he was constantly in pursuit of Marianina Gambara; at the Italian Giardini's "table-d'hôte" he discussed musical topics and spoke of "Robert le Diable." For five years he kept Paolo Gambara's wife as his mistress; then he gave her up to marry an Italian dancer. [Gambara.]

Maréchal, under the Restoration an attorney at Villeaux-Fayes, Bourgogne, Montcornet's legal adviser, helped by his recommendation to have Sibilet appointed steward of Aigues in 1817. [The Peasantry.]

Mareschal, supervisor in the college of Vendôme in 1811, when Louis Lambert became a student in this educational institution. [Louis Lambert.]

Marest (Frédéric), born about 1802, son of a rich lumber-merchant's widow, cousin of Georges Marest; attorney's clerk in Paris, November, 1825; lover of Florentine Cabirolle, who was maintained by Cardot; made the acquaintance at Maître Desroches' of Oscar Husson, and took him to a fête given by Mademoiselle Cabirolle on rue de Vendôme, where his friend foolishly compromised himself. [A Start in Life.] Frédéric Marest, in 1838, having become an examining magistrate in the public prosecutor's office in Paris, had to examine Auguste de Mergi, who was charged with having

committed robbery to the detriment of Doctor Halpersohn. [The Seamy Side of History.] The following year, while acting as king's solicitor at Arcis-sur-Aube, Frédéric Marest, still unmarried and very corpulent, became acquainted with Martener's sons, Goulard, Michu and Vinet, and visited in the Beauvisage and Mollot families. [The Member for Arcis.]

Marest (Georges), cousin of the preceding, son of the senior member of a large Parisian hardware establishment on rue Saint-Martin. He became, in 1822, the second clerk of a Parisian notary, Maître A. Crottat. He had then as a comrade in study and in pleasure Amaury Lupin. At this time Marest's vanity made itself absurdly apparent in Pierrotin's coach, which did service in the valley of Oise; he hoaxed Husson, amused Bridau and Lora, and vexed the Comte de Sérizy. Three years later Georges Marest had become the chief clerk of Léopold Hannequin. He lost by debauchery a fortune amounting to thirty thousand francs a year, and died a plain insurance-broker. [The Peasantry. A Start in Life.]

Margaritis, of Italian origin, took up his residence in Vouvray in 1831, an old man of deranged mind, most eccentric of speech, and who pretended to be a vine-grower. He was induced by Vernier to hoax the famous traveler, Gaudissart, during a business trip of the latter. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Margaritis (Madame), wife of the insane Margaritis. She kept him near her for the sake of economy, and made amends to the deceived Gaudissart. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Margueron, wealthy citizen of Beaumont-sur-Oise, under Louis XVIII., wished his son to be tax-collector of the district in which he himself owned the farm lying next to the property of Sérizy at Presles, and which he had leased to Léger. [A Start in Life.]

Marianne, during the Restoration, servant of Sophie Gamard at Tours. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Marianne, served with Gaucher in Michu's house, October, 1803, in the district of Arcis-sur-Aube, at Cinq-Cygne. She

served her master with discretion and fidelity. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Mariast, owned No. 22 rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, Paris, and let it to Messieurs d'Espard during nearly the whole period of the Restoration. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Marie des Anges (Mère), born in 1762, Jacques Bricheteau's aunt, superior of the Ursuline convent at Arcis-sur-Aube, saved from the guillotine by Danton, had the fifth of April of each year observed with a mass in her nephew's behalf, and, under Louis Philippe, protected the descendant of a celebrated Revolutionist, Charles de Sallenauve; her influence gave him the position of deputy of the district. [The Member for Arcis.]

Mariette. (*See* Godeschal, Marie.)

Mariette, born in 1798; from 1817 in the service of the Watteville's of Besançon; was under Louis Philippe, despite her extreme homeliness, and on account of the money she had saved, courted by Jérôme, a servant of Albert Savarus. Mademoiselle de Watteville, who was in love with the lawyer, used Mariette and Jérôme to her own advantage. [Albert Savarus.]

Mariette, in 1816, cook in the employ of Mademoiselle Cormon, of Alençon; sometimes received advice from M. du Ronceret; an ordinary kitchen-maid in the same household, when her mistress became Madame du Bousquier. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Mariette, was in the employ of La Fosseuse, towards the end of the Restoration, in the village over which Benassis was mayor. [The Country Doctor.]

Marigny (Duchesse de), much sought after in the Saint-Germain section; related to the Navarreins and the Grandlieus; a woman of experience and good at giving advice; real head of her house; died in 1819. [The Thirteen.]

Marigny[1] (De), son of the preceding, harebrained, but attractive, had an attachment for Madame Keller, a middle-class lady of the Chaussée-d'Antin. [The Thirteen.]

Marin, in 1839, at Cinq-Cygne, in the district of Arcis-sur-Aube, first valet of Georges de Maufrigneuse and protector of Anicette. [The Member for Arcis.]

Marion of Arcis, grandson of a steward in the employ of Simeuse; brother-in-law of Madame Marion, born Giguet. He had the confidence of Malin, acquired for him the Gondreville property, and became a lawyer in Aube, then president of an Imperial court. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Marion, brother of the preceding and brother-in-law of Colonel Giguet, whose sister became his wife. Through Malin's influence, he became co-receiver-general of Aube, with Sibuelle as his colleague. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Marion (Madame), wife of the preceding, Colonel Giguet's sister. She was on intimate terms with Malin de Gondreville. After her husband's death she returned to her native country, Arcis, where her parlor was frequented by many guests. Under Louis Philippe, Madame Marion exerted her powers in behalf of Simon Giguet, the Colonel's son. [The Member for Arcis.]

Marion. (*See* Kolb, Madame.)

Mariotte, of Auxerre, a rival of the wealthy Gaubertin in contracting for the forest lands of that portion of Bourgogne in which Aigues, the large estate of Montcornet, was situated. [The Peasantry.]

Mariotte (Madame), of Auxerre, mother of the preceding, in 1823, had Mademoiselle Courtecuisse in her service. [The Peasantry.]

Marius, the cognomen, become hereditary, of a native of

[1] During the last century the Marignys owned, before the Verneuils, Rosembray an estate where a great hunt brought together, 1829, Cadignan, Chaulieu, Canalis, Mignon, etc.

Toulouse, who established himself as a Parisian hair-dresser, and was thus nick-named by the Chevalier de Parny, one of his patrons, in the early part of the nineteenth century. He handed down this name of Marius as a kind of permanent property to his successors. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Marmus (Madame), wife of a savant, who was an officer in the Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute. They lived together on rue Duguay-Trouin in Paris, and were (in 1840) on intimate terms with Zélie Minard. [The Middle Classes.]

Marmus, husband of the preceding and noted for his absent-mindedness. [The Middle Classes.]

Marneffe (Jean-Paul-Stanislas), born in 1794, employed in the War Department. In 1833, while a mere clerk living on twelve hundred francs a year, he married Mademoiselle Valérie Fortin. Having become as unprincipled as a convict, under the patronage of Baron Hulot, his wife's paramour, he left rue du Doyenné to install himself in luxury in the Saint-Germain section, and later became head-clerk, assistant chief, and chief of the bureau, chevalier, then officer of the Legion of Honor. Jean-Paul-Stanislas Marneffe, decayed physically as well as morally, died in May, 1842. [Cousin Betty.]

Marneffe[1] (Madame). (*See* Crevel, Madame Célestin.)

Marneffe (Stanislas), legal son of the preceding couple, suffered from scrofula, much neglected by his parents. [Cousin Betty.]

Marolles (Abbé de), an old priest, who lived towards the close of the eighteenth century. Having escaped in September, 1792, from the massacre of the Carmelite convent, now a small chapel on rue de Vaugirard, he concealed himself in the upper Saint-Martin district, near the German highway. He had under his protection, at this time, two

[1] In 1849, at Paris, Clairville produced upon the stage of the Gymnase-Dramatique, the episodes in the life of Madame Marneffe, somewhat modified, under the double title, "Madame Marneffe, or the Prodigal Father" (a vaudeville drama in five acts).

nuns, who were in as great danger as he, Sister Marthe and Sister Agathe. On January 22, 1793, and on January 21, 1794, the Abbé de Marolles, in their presence, said masses for the repose of Louis XVI.'s soul, having been asked to do so by the executioner of the "martyr-king," whose presence at mass the Abbé knew nothing of until January 25, 1794, when he was so informed at the corner of rue des Frondeurs by Citizen Ragou. [An Episode under the Terror.]

Maronis (Abbé de), a priest of great genius, who would have been another Borgia, had he worn the tiara. He was Henri de Marsay's teacher, and made of him a complete skeptic, in a period when the churches were closed. The Abbé de Maronis died a bishop in 1812. [The Thirteen.]

Marron, under the Restoration, a physician at Marsac, Charente; nephew of the Curé Marron. He married his daughter to Postel, a pharmacist of Angoulême. He was intimate with the family of David Séchard. [Lost Illusions. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Marsay (De), immoral old gentleman. To oblige Lord Dudley he married one of the former's mistresses and recognized their son as his own. For this favor he received a hundred thousand francs per year for life, money which he soon threw away in evil company. He confided the child to his old sister, Mademoiselle de Marsay, and died, as he had lived, away from his wife. [The Thirteen.]

Marsay (Madame de). (*See* Vordac, Marquise de.)

Marsay (Mademoiselle de), sister-in-law of the preceding, took care of her son, Henri, and treated him so well that she was greatly mourned by him when she died advanced in years. [The Thirteen.]

Marsay (Henri de), born between 1792 and 1796, son of Lord Dudley and the celebrated Marquise de Vordac, who was first united in marriage to the elder De Marsay. This gentleman adopted the boy, thus becoming, according to law, his father. The young Henri was reared by Mademoiselle de Marsay and the Abbé de Maronis. He was on in-

timate terms, in 1815, with Paul de Manerville, and was already one of the all powerful Thirteen, with Bourignard, Montriveau and Ronquerolles. At that time he found on rue Saint-Lazare a girl from Lesbosen, Paquita Valdès, whom he wished to make his mistress. He met at the same time his own natural sister, Madame de San-Réal, of whom he became the rival for Paquita's love. At first Marsay had been the lover of the Duchesse Charlotte, then of Arabelle Dudley, whose children were his very image. He was also known to be intimate with Delphine de Nucingen up to 1819, then with Diane de Cadignan. In his position as member of the Thirteen Henri was in Montriveau's party when Antoinette de Langeais was stolen from the Carmelites. He bought Coralie for sixty thousand francs. He passed the whole of his time during the Restoration in the company of young men and women. He was the companion and counselor of Victurnien d'Esgrignon, Savinien de Portenduère and above all of Paul de Manerville, whose course he vainly tried to direct after an ill-appointed marriage, and to whom he announced, as possible, his own union. Marsay aided Lucien de Rubempré and served for him, with Rastignac, as second in a duel with Michel Chrestien. The Chaulieu and Fontaine women feared or admired Henri de Marsay—a man who was slighted by M. de Canalis, the much toasted poet. The Revolution of July, 1830, made Marsay a man of no little importance. He, however, was content to tell over his old love affairs gravely in the home of Félicité des Touches. As prime minister from 1832 to 1833, he was an habitué of the Princesse de Cadignan's Legitimist salon, where he served as a screen for the last Vendean insurrection. There, indeed, Marsay brought to light the secrets, already old, of Malin's kidnapping. Marsay died in 1834, a physical wreck, having but a short time before, when Nathan was courting Marie de Vandenesse, taken part in the intrigue, although he was disgusted with the author. [The Thirteen. The Unconscious Humorists. Another Study of Woman. The Lily of the Valley. Father Goriot. Jealousies of a Country Town. Ursule Mirouët. A Marriage Settlement. Lost

Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Letters of Two Brides. The Ball at Sçeaux. Modeste Mignon. The Secrets of a Princess. The Gondreville Mystery. A Daughter of Eve.]

Martainville (Alphonse-Louis-Dieudonné), publicist and dramatic writer, born at Cadiz, in 1776, of French parents, died August 27, 1830. He was an extreme Royalist and, as such, in 1821 and 1822, threw away his advice and support on Lucien de Rubempré, then a convert to Liberalism. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Martener, well-educated old man who lived in Provins under the Restoration. He explained to the archæologist, Desfondrilles, who consulted him, the reason why Europe, disdaining the waters of Provins, sought Spa, where the waters were less efficacious, according to French medical advice. [Pierrette.]

Martener, son of the preceding; physician at Provins in 1827, capable man, simple and gentle. He married Madame Guénée's second daughter. When consulted one day by Mademoiselle Habert, he spoke against the marriage of virgins of forty, and thus filled Sylvie Rogron with despair. He protected and cared for Pierrette Lorrain, the victim of this same old maid. [Pierrette.]

Martener (Madame), wife of the preceding, second daughter of Madame Guénée, and sister of Madame Auffray. Having taken pity on Pierrette Lorrain in her sickness, she gave to her, in 1828, the pleasures of music, playing the compositions of Weber, Beethoven or Hérold. [Pierrette.]

Martener, son of the preceding couple, protégé of Vinet the elder, honest and thick-headed. He was, in 1839, examining magistrate at Arcis-sur-Aube and caucused, during the election season in the spring of this same year, with the officers, Michu, Goulard, O. Vinet and Marest. [The Member for Arcis.]

Martha was for a long time the faithful chambermaid of

Joséphine Claës; she died in old age between 1828 and 1830. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Marthe (Sister), a Gray sister of Auvergne; from 1809 to 1816 instructed Véronique Sauviat—Madame Graslin—in reading, writing, sacred history, the Old and the New Testaments the Catechism, the elements of arithmetic. [The Country Parson.]

Marthe (Sister), born Beauséant, in 1730, a nun in the Abbey of Chelles, fled with Sister Agathe (*née* Langeais) and the Abbé de Marolles to a poor lodging in the upper Saint-Martin district. On January 22, 1793, she went to a pastry-cook near Saint Laurent to get the wafers necessary for a mass for the repose of Louis XVI.'s soul. At this ceremony she was present, as was also the man who had executed the King. The following year, January 21, 1794, this same ceremony was repeated exactly. She passed these two years of the Terror under Mucius Scoevola's protection. [An Episode under the Terror.]

Marthe (Sister), in the convent of the Carmelites at Blois, knew two young women, Mesdames de l'Estorade and Gaston. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Martin, a woman of a Dauphiné village, of which Doctor Benassis was mayor, kept the hospital children for three francs and a bar of soap each month. She was, possibly, the first person in the country seen by Genestas-Bluteau, and also the first to impart knowledge to him. [The Country Doctor.]

Martineau, name of two brothers employed by M. de Mortsauf in connection with his farms in Touraine. The elder was at first a farm-hand, then a steward; the younger, a warden. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Martineau, son of one of the two Martineau brothers. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Marty (Jean-Baptiste), actor of melodrama, employé or manager of the Gaîté, before and after the Paris fire of

1836; born in 1779, celebrated during the Restoration; in 1819 and 1820 he played in "Mont-Sauvage," a play warmly applauded by Madame Vauquer. This woman was accompanied to the theatre on the Boulevard du Crime, by her rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève lodger, Jacques Collin, called also Vautrin, on the evening before his arrest. [Father Goriot.] Marty died, at an advanced age, in 1868, a chevalier in the Legion of Honor, after having been for many years mayor of Charenton.

Marville (De). (*See* Camusot.)

Mary, an Englishwoman in the family of Louis de l'Estorade during the Restoration and under Louis Philippe. [Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis.]

Massin-Levrault, junior, son of a poor locksmith of Montargis, grand-nephew of Doctor Denis Minoret, as a result of his marriage with a Levrault-Minoret; father of three girls, Paméla, Aline, and Madame Goupil. He bought the office of clerk to the justice of peace in Nemours, January, 1815, and lived at first with his family in the good graces of Doctor Minoret, through whom his sister became postmistress at Nemours. Massin-Levrault, junior, was one of the indirect persecutors of Ursule de Portenduère. He became a municipal councilor after July, 1830, began to lend money to the laboring people at exorbitant rates of interest, and finally developed into a confirmed usurer. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Massin-Levrault (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Levrault-Minoret in 1793, grand-niece of Doctor Denis Minoret on the maternal side; her father was a victim of the campaign in France. She strove in every way possible to win the affections of her wealthy uncle, and was one of Ursule de Portenduère's persecutors. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Massol, native of Carcassonne, licentiate in law and editor of the "Gazette des Tribunaux" in May, 1830. Without knowing their relationship he brought together Jacqueline and Jacques Collin, a boarder at the Concierge, and, acting under Granville's orders, in his journal attributed Lucien

de Rubempré's suicidal death to the rupture of a tumor. A Republican, through the lack of the particle *de* before his name, and very ambitious, he was, in 1834, the associate of Raoul Nathan in the publication of a large journal, and sought to make a tool of the poet-founder of this paper. In company with Stidmann, Steinbock and Claude Vignon, Massol was a witness of the second marriage of Valérie Marneffe. In 1845, having become a councilor of state and president of a section, he supported Jenny Cadine. He was then charged with the administrative lawsuit of S.-P. Gazonal. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Magic Skin. A Daughter of Eve. Cousin Betty. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Masson, friend of Maître Desroches, an attorney, to whom, upon the latter's advice, Lucien de Rubempré hastened, when Coralie's furniture was attached, in 1821. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Masson (Publicola), born in 1795, the best known chiropodist in Paris, a radical Republican of the Marat type, even resembled the latter physically; counted Léon de Lora among his customers. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Mathias, born in 1753. He started as third clerk to a Bordeaux notary, Chesneau, whom he succeeded. He married, but lost his wife in 1826. He had one son on the bench, and a married daughter. He was a good example of the old-fashioned country magistrate, and gave out his enlightened opinions to two generations of Manervilles. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Mathilde (La Grande), on terms of friendship with Jenny Courand in Paris, under the reign of Louis Philippe. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Mathurine, a cook, spiritual and upright, first in the employ of the Bishop of Nancy, but later given a place on rue Vaneau, Paris, with Valérie Marneffe, by Lisbeth, a relative of the former on her mother's side. [Cousin Betty.]

Matifat, a wealthy druggist, on rue des Lombards, Paris,

at the beginning of the nineteenth century; kept the "Reine des Roses," which later was handled by Ragon and Birotteau; typical member of the middle classes, narrow in views and pleased with himself, vulgar in language and, perhaps, in action. He married and had a daughter, whom he took, with his wife, to the celebrated ball tendered by César Birotteau on rue Saint-Honoré, Sunday, December 17, 1818. As a friend of the Collevilles, Thuilliers and Saillards, Matifat obtained for them invitations from César Birotteau. In 1821 he supported on rue de Bondy an actress, who was shortly transferred from the Panorama to the Gymnase-Dramatique. Although called Florine, her true name was Sophie Grignault, and she became subsequently Madame Nathan. J.-J. Bixiou and Madame Desroches visited Matifat frequently during the year 1826, sometimes on rue du Cherche-Midi, sometimes in the suburbs of Paris. Having become a widower, Matifat remarried under Louis Philippe, and retired from business. He was a silent partner in the theatre directed by Gaudissart. [César Birotteau. A Bachelor's Establishment. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. The Firm of Nucingen. Cousin Pons.]

Matifat (Madame), first wife of the preceding, a woman who wore a turban and gaudy colors. She shone, under the Restoration, in bourgeois circles and died probably during the reign of Louis Philippe. [César Birotteau. The Firm of Nucingen.]

Matifat (Mademoiselle), daughter of the preceding couple, attended the Birotteau ball, was sought in marriage by Adolphe Cochin and Maître Desroches; married General Baron Gouraud, a poor man much her elder, bringing to him a dowry of fifty thousand crowns and expectations of an estate on rue du Cherche-Midi and a house at Luzarches. [César Birotteau. The Firm of Nucingen. Pierrette.]

Maucombe (Comte de), of a Provençal family already celebrated under King René. During the Revolution he "clothed himself in the humble garments of a provincial proof-reader," in the printing-office of Jérôme-Nicolas

Séchard at Angoulême. He had a number of children: Renée, who became Madame de l'Estorade; Jean, and Marianina, a natural daughter, claimed by Lanty. He was a deputy by the close of 1826, sitting between the Centre and the Right [Lost Illusions. Letters of Two Brides.]

Maucombe (Jean de), son of the preceding, gave up his portion of the family inheritance to his older sister, Madame de l'Estorade, born Renée de Maucombe [Letters of Two Brides.]

Maufrigneuse (Duc de), born in 1778, son of the Prince de Cadignan, who died an octogenarian towards the close of the Restoration, leaving then as eldest of the house the Prince de Cadignan. The prince was in love with Madame d'Uxelles, but married her daughter, Diane, in 1814, and afterwards lived unhappily with her. He supported Marie Godeschal; was a cavalry colonel during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; had under his command Philippe Bridau, the Vicomte de Sérizy, Oscar Husson. He was on intimate terms with Messieurs de Grandlieu and d'Espard. [The Secrets of a Princess. A Start in Life. A Bachelor's Establishment. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Maufrigneuse (Duchesse de), wife of the preceding, born Diane d'Uxelles in 1796, married in 1815. She was in turn the mistress of Marsay, Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto, Victurnien d'Esgrignon, Maxime de Trailles, Eugène de Rastignac, Armand de Montriveau, Marquis de Rouquerolles, Prince Galathionne, the Duc de Rhétoré, a Grandlieu, Lucien de Rubempré, and Daniel d'Arthez. She lived at various times in the following places: Anzy, near Sancerre; Paris, on rue Saint-Honoré in the suburbs and on rue Miromesnil; Cinq-Cygne in Champagne; Geneva and the borders of Léman. She inspired a foolish platonic affection in Michel Chrestien, and kept at a distance the Duc d'Hérouville, who courted her towards the end of the Restoration, by sarcasm and brilliant repartee. Her first and last love affairs were especially well known. For her the Marquis Miguel d'Ajudo-Pinto gave up Berthe de Rochefide, his wife, avenging thus a former mistress, Claire

de Beauséant. Her liaison with Victurnien d'Esgrignon became the most stormy of romances. Madame de Maufrigneuse, disguised as a man and possessed of a passport, bearing the name of Félix de Vandenesse, succeeded in rescuing from the Court of Assizes the young man who had compromised himself in yielding to the foolish extravagance of his mistress. The duchesse received even her tradesmen in an angelic way, and became their prey. She scattered fortunes to the four winds, and her indiscretions led to the sale of Anzy in a manner advantageous to Polydore Milaud de la Baudraye. Some years later she made a vain attempt to rescue Lucien de Rubempré, against whom a criminal charge was pending. The Restoration and the Kingdom of 1830 gave to her life a different lustre. Having fallen heir to the worldly sceptre of Mesdames de Langeais and de Beauséant, both of whom she knew socially, she became intimate with the Marquise d'Espard, a lady with whom in 1822 she disputed the right to rule the "fragile kingdom of fashion." She visited frequently the Chaulieus, whom she met at a famous hunt near Havre. In July, 1830, reduced to poor circumstances, abandoned by her husband, who had then become the Prince de Cadignan, and assisted by her relatives, Mesdames d'Uxelles and de Navarreins, Diane operated as it were a kind of retreat, occupied herself with her son Georges, and strengthening herself by the memory of Chrestien, also by constantly visiting Madame d'Espard, she succeeded, without completely foregoing society, in making captive the celebrated deputy of the Right, a man of wealth and maturity, Daniel Arthez himself. In her own home and in that of Félicité des Touches she heard, between 1832 and 1835, anecdotes of Marsay. The Princesse de Cadignan had portraits of her numerous lovers. She had also one of the *Madame* whom she had attended, and upon meeting him, showed it to Marsay, minister of Louis Philippe. She owned also a picture of Charles X. which was thus inscribed, "Given by the King." After the marriage of her son to a Cinq-Cygne, she visited often at the estate of that name, and was there in 1839, during the regular

election. [The Secrets of a Princess. Modeste Mignon. Jealousies of a Country Town. The Muse of the Department. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Letters of Two Brides. Another Study of Woman. The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Maufrigneuse (Georges de), son of the preceding, born in 1814, had successively in his service Toby and Marin, took the title of duke towards the close of the Restoration, was in the last Vendéan uprising. Through his mother's instrumentality, who paved the way for the match in 1833, he married Mademoiselle Berthe de Cinq-Cygne in 1838, and became heir to the estate of the same name the following year during the regular election. [The Secrets of a Princess. The Gondreville Mystery. Béatrix. The Member for Arcis.]

Maufrigneuse (Berthe de), wife of the preceding, daughter of Adrien and Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, married in 1838, although she had been very nearly engaged in 1833; she lived with all of her family on their property at Aube during the spring of 1839. [Béatrix. The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Maugredie, celebrated Pyrrhonic physician, being called into consultation, he gave his judgment on the very serious case of Raphaël de Valentin. [The Magic Skin.]

Maulincour[1] (Baronne de), born Rieux, an eighteenth century woman who "did not lose her head" during the Revolution; intimate friend of the Vidame de Pamiers. At the beginning of the Restoration she spent half of her time in the suburbs of Saint-Germain, where she managed to educate her grandson, Auguste Carbonnon de Maulincour, and the remainder on her estates at Bordeaux, where she demanded the hand of Natalie Evangélista in marriage for her grand-nephew, Paul de Manerville. Of the family of this girl she had an unfavorable, but just opinion. The Baronne de Maulincour died a short time before her grandson of the

[1] Some Maulincourts had, during the last century, a place of residence on Chaussée des Minimes, in the Marais, of which Elie Magus subsequently became proprietor

chagrin which she felt on account of this young man s unhappy experiences. [A Marriage Settlement. The Thirteen.]

Maulincour (Auguste Carbonnon de), born in 1797, grandson of the preceding, by whom he was reared; moulded by the Vidame de Pamiers, whom he left but rarely; lived on rue de Bourbon in Paris; had a short existence, under Louis XVIII., which was full of brilliance and misfortune. Having embraced a military career he was decorated, becoming major in a cavalry regiment of the Royal Guard, and afterwards lieutenant-colonel of a company of body-guards. He vainly courted Madame de Langeais, fell in love with Clémence Desmarets, followed her, compromised her, and persecuted her. By his indiscretions he drew upon himself the violent enmity of Gratien Bourignard, father of Madame Desmarets. In this exciting struggle Maulincour, having neglected the warnings that many self-imposed accidents had brought upon him, also a duel with the Marquis de Ronquerolles, was fatally poisoned and soon after followed the old baroness, his grandmother, to Père-Lachaise. [The Thirteen.]

Mauny (Baron de), was killed during the Restoration, or after 1830, in the suburbs of Versailles, by Victor (the Parisian), who struck him with a hatchet. The murderer finally took refuge at Aiglemont in the family of his future mistress, Hélène. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Maupin (Camille). (*See* Touches, Félicité des.)

Maurice, valet, employed by the Comte and Comtesse de Restaud, during the Restoration. His master believed his servant to be faithful to his interests, but the valet, on the contrary, was true to those of the wife who opposed her husband in everything. [Father Goriot. Gobseck.]

Médal (Robert), celebrated and talented actor, who was on the Parisian stage in the last years of Louis Philippe, at the time when Sylvain Pons directed the orchestra in Gaudissart's theatre. [Cousin Pons.]

Melin, inn-keeper or "cabaretier" in the west of France,

furnished lodging in 1809 to the Royalists who were afterwards condemned by Mergi, and himself received five years of confinement. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Melmoth (John), an Irishman of pronounced English characteristics, a Satanical character, who made a strange agreement with Rodolphe Castanier, Nucingen's faithless cashier, whereby they were to make a reciprocal exchange of personalities; in 1821, he died in the odor of holiness, on rue Férou, Paris. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Memmi (Emilio). (*See* Varèse, Prince de.)

Mène-à-Bien, cognomen of Coupiau.

Mergi (De), magistrate during the Empire and the Restoration, whose activity was rewarded by both governments, inasmuch as he always struck the members of the party out of power. In 1809 the court over which he presided was charged with the cases of the "Chauffeurs of Mortagne." Mergi showed great hatred in his dealings with Madame de la Chanterie. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Mergi (De), son of the preceding, married Vanda de Bourlac. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Mergi (Baronne Vanda de), born Bourlac, of Polish origin on her mother's side, belonged to the family of Tarlowski, married the son of Mergi, the celebrated magistrate, and, having survived him, was condemned to poverty and sickness; was aided in Paris by Godefroid, a messenger from Madame de la Chanterie, and attended by her father and Doctors Bianchon, Desplein, Haudry and Moïse Halpersohn, the last of whom finally saved her. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Mergi (Auguste de), during the last half of Louis Philippe's reign was in turn a collegian, university student and humble clerk in the Palais at Paris; looked after the needs of his mother, Vanda de Mergi, with sincerest devotion. For her sake he stole four thousand francs from Moïse Halpersohn, but remained unpunished, thanks to one of the Brothers

of Consolation, who boarded with Madame de la Chanterie [The Seamy Side of History.]

Merkstus, banker at Douai, under the Restoration had a bill of exchange for ten thousand francs signed by Balthazar Claës, and, in 1819, presented it to the latter for collection [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Merle, captain in the Seventy-second demi-brigade; jolly and careless. Killed at La Vivetière in December, 1799 by Pille-Miche (Cibot). [The Chouans.]

Merlin, of Douai, belonged to the convention, of which he was, for two years, one of the five directors; attorney-general in the court of appeal; in September, 1805, rejected the appeal of the Simeuses, of the Hauteserres, and of Michu, men who had been condemned for kidnapping Senator Malin. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Merlin (Hector), came to Paris from Limoges, expecting to become a journalist; a Royalist; during the two years in which Lucien de Rubempré made his literary and political beginning, Merlin was especially noted. At that time he was Suzanne du Val-Noble's lover, and a polemical writer for a paper of the Right-Centre; he also brought honor to Andoche Finot's little gazette by his contributions. As a journalist he was dangerous, and could, if necessary, fill the chair of the editor-in-chief. In March, 1822, with Théodore Gaillard, he established the "Réveil," another kind of "Drapeau Blanc." Merlin had an unattractive face, lighted by two pale-blue eyes, which were fearfully sharp; his voice had in it something of the mewing of a cat, something of the hyena's asthmatic gasping. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Merlin de la Blottière (Mademoiselle), of a noble family of Tours (1826); François Birotteau's friend. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Merret (De), gentleman of Picardie, proprietor of the Grande-Bretêche, near Vendôme, under the Empire; had the room walled up, where he knew the Spaniard Bagos de Férédia, lover of his wife, was in hiding. He died in

1816 at Paris as the result of excesses. [Another Study of Woman. La Grande Bretêche.]

Merret (Madame Joséphine de), wife of the preceding, mistress of Bagos de Férédia, whom she saw perish almost under her eyes, after she had refused to give him up to her husband. She died in the same year as Merret, at La Grande Bretêche, as a result of the excitement she had undergone. The story of Madame de Merret was the subject of a vaudeville production given at the Gymnase-Dramatique theatre, under the title of "Valentine." [Another Study of Woman. La Grande Bretêche.]

Métivier, paper merchant on rue Serpente in Paris, under the Restoration; correspondent of David Séchard, friend of Gobseck and of Bidault, accompanying them frequently to the café Thémis, between rue Dauphine and the Quai des Augustins. Having two daughters, and an income of a hundred thousand francs, he withdrew from business. [Lost Illusions. The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Métivier, nephew and successor of the preceding, one of whose daughters he married. He was interested in the book business, in connection with Morand and Barbet; took advantage of Bourlac in 1838; lived on rue Saint-Dominique d'Enfer, in the Thuillier house in 1840; engaged in usurious transactions with Jeanne-Marie-Brigitte, Cérizet, Dutocq, discounters of various kinds and titles. [The Seamy Side of History. The Middle Classes.]

Meynardie (Madame), at Paris, under the Restoration, in all probability, had an establishment or shop in which Ida Gruget was employed; undoubtedly controlled a house of ill-fame, in which Esther van Gobseck was a boarder. [The Thirteen. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Meyraux, medical doctor; a scholarly young Parisian, with whom Louis Lambert associated, November, 1819. Until his death in 1832 Meyraux was a member of the rue des Quatre-Vents Cénacle, over which Daniel d'Arthez presided. [Louis Lambert. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Michaud (Justin), an old chief quartermaster to the cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He married one of the Montcornet maids, Olympe Charel, and became, under the Restoration, head warden of the Montcornet estates at Blangy in Bourgogne. Unknown to himself he was secretly beloved by Geneviève Niseron. His military frankness and loyal devotion succumbed before an intrigue formed against him by Sibilet, steward of Aigues, and by the Rigous, Soudrys, Gaubertins, Fourchons and Tonsards. On account of the complicity of Courtecuisse and Vaudoyer the bullet fired by François Tonsard, in 1823, overcame the vigilance of Michaud. [The Peasantry.]

Michaud (Madame Justin), born Olympe Charel, a virtuous and pretty farmer's daughter of Le Perche; wife of the preceding; chambermaid of Madame de Montcornet—born Troisville—before her marriage and induction to Aigues in Bourgogne. Her marriage to Justin Michaud was the outcome of mutual love. She had in her employ Cornevin, Juliette and Gounod; sheltered Geneviève Niseron, whose strange disposition she seemed to understand. For her husband, who was thoroughly hated in the Canton of Blangy, she often trembled, and on the same night that Michaud was murdered she died from overanxiety, soon after giving birth to a child which did not survive her. [The Peasantry.]

Michel, waiter at Socquard's café and coffee-house keeper at Soulanges in 1823. He also looked after his patron's vineyard and garden. [The Peasantry.]

Michonneau (Christine-Michelle). (*See* Poiret, the elder, Madame.)

Michu, during the progress of and after the French Revolution he played a part directly contrary to his regular political affiliations. His lowly birth, his harsh appearance, and his marriage with the daughter of a Troyes tanner of advanced opinion, all helped to make his pronounced Republicanism seem in keeping, although beneath it he hid his Royalist faith and an active devotion to the Simeuses, the Hauteserres

and the Cinq-Cygnes. Michu controlled the Gondreville estate between 1789 and 1804, after it was snatched from its rightful owners, and under the Terror he presided over the Jacobin club at Arcis. As a result of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien March 21, 1804, he lost his position at Gondreville. Michu then lived not far from there, near Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, to whom he made known his secret conduct, and, as a result, became overseer of all the estate attached to the castle. Having publicly shown his opposition to Malin, he was thought guilty of being leader in a plot to kidnap the new Seigneur de Gondreville, and was consequently condemned to death, a sentence which was executed, despite his innocence, October, 1806. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Michu (Marthe), wife of the preceding, daughter of a Troyes tanner, "the village apostle of the Revolution," who, as a follower of Baboeuf, a believer in racial and social equality, was put to death. A blonde with blue eyes, and of perfect build, in accordance with her father's desire, despite her modest innocence, posed before a public assembly as the Goddess of Liberty. Marthe Michu adored her husband, by whom she had a son, François, but being ignorant for a long time of his secret, she lived in a manner separated from him, under her mother's wing. When she did learn of her husband's Royalist actions, and that he was devoted to the Cinq-Cygnes, she assisted him, but falling into a skilfully contrived plot, she innocently brought about her husband's execution. A forged letter having attracted her to Malin's hiding-place, Madame Michu furnished all the necessary evidence to make the charge of kidnapping seem plausible. She also was cast into prison and was awaiting trial when death claimed her, November, 1806. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Michu (François), son of the preceding couple, born in 1793. In 1803, while in the service of the house of Cinq-Cygne, he ferreted out the police-system that Giguet represented. The tragic death of his parents (a picture of one of them

hung on the wall at Cinq-Cygne) caused his adoption in some way or other by the Marquise Laurence, whose efforts afterwards paved the way for his career as a lawyer from 1817 to 1819, an occupation which he left, only to become a magistrate. In 1824 he was associate judge of the Alençon court. Then he was appointed attorney of the king and received the cross of the Legion of Honor, after the suit against Victurnien d'Esgrignon by M. du Bosquier and the Liberals. Three years later he performed similar duties at the Arcis court, over which he presided in 1839. Already wealthy, and receiving an income of twelve thousand francs granted him in 1814 by Madame de Cinq-Cygne, François Michu married a native of Champagne, Mademoiselle Girel, a Troyes heiress. In Arcis he attended only the social affairs given by the Cinq-Cygnes, then become allies of the Cadignans, and in fact never visited any others. [The Gondreville Mystery. Jealousies of a Country Town. The Member for Arcis.]

Michu (Madame François), wife of the preceding, born Girel. Like her husband, she rather looked with scorn upon Arcis society, in 1839, and departed little from the circle made up of government officers' families and the Cinq-Cygnes. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Migeon, in 1836, porter in the rue des Martyrs house in which Etienne Lousteau lived for three years; he was commissioned for nine hundred francs by Mme. de la Baudraye, who then lived with the writer, to carry her jewelry to the pawn-broker. [The Muse of the Department.]

Migeon (Paméla), daughter of the preceding, born in 1823; in 1837, the intelligent little waiting-maid of Madame de la Baudraye, when he baronne lived with Lousteau. [The Muse of the Department.]

Mignon de la Bastie (Charles), born in 1773 in the district of Var, "last member of the family to which Paris is indebted for the street and the house built by Cardinal Mignon"; went to war under the Republic; was closely associated with Anne Dumay. At the beginning of the Empire, as the re-

sult of mutual affection, his marriage with Bettina Wallenrod only daughter of a Frankfort banker took place. Shortly before the return of the Bourbons, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel, and became commander of the Legion of Honor. Under the Restoration Charles Mignon de la Bastie lived at Havre with his wife, and acquired forthwith, by means of banking, a large fortune, which he shortly lost. After absenting himself from the country, he returned, during the last year of Charles X.'s reign, from the Orient, having become a multi-millionaire. Of his four children, he lost three, two having died in early childhood, while Bettina Caroline, the third, died in 1827, after being misled and finally deserted by M. d'Estourny. Marie-Modeste was the only child remaining, and she was confided during her father's journeys to the care of the Dumays, who were under obligations to the Mignons; she married Ernest de la Bastie-La Brière (also called La Brière-la Bastie). The brilliant career of Charles Mignon was the means of his reassuming the title, Comte de la Bastie. [Modeste Mignon.]

Mignon (Madame Charles), wife of the preceding, born Bettina Wallenrod-Tustall-Bartenstild, indulged daughter of a banker in Frankfort-on-the-Main. She became blind soon after her elder daughter, Bettina-Caroline's troubles and early death, and had a presentiment of the romance connected with her younger daughter, Marie-Modeste, who became Madame Ernest de la Bastie-La Brière. Towards the close of the Restoration, Madame Charles Mignon, as the result of an operation by Desplein, recovered her sight and was a witness of Marie-Modeste's happiness. [Modeste Mignon.]

Mignon (Bettina-Caroline), elder daughter of the preceding couple; born in 1805, the very image of her father; a typical Southern girl; was favored by her mother over her younger sister, Marie-Modeste, a kind of "Gretchen," who was similar in appearance to Madame Mignon. Bettina-Caroline was seduced, taken away and finally deserted by a "gentleman of fortune," named D'Estourny, and shortly sank at Havre under the load of her sins and suffering, surrounded by

nearly all of her family. Since 1827 there has been inscribed on her tomb in the little Ingouville cemetery the following inscription: "Bettina Caroline Mignon, died when twenty-two years of age. Pray for her!" [Modeste Mignon.]

Mignon (Marie-Modeste). (*See* La Bastie-La Brière, Madame Ernest de.)

Mignonnet, born in 1782, graduate of the military schools, was an artillery captain in the Imperial Guard, but resigned under the Restoration and lived at Issoudun. Short and thin, but of dignified bearing; much occupied with science; friend of the cavalry officer Carpentier, with whom he joined the citizens against Maxence Gilet. Gilet's military partisans, Commandant Potel and Captain Renard, lived in the Faubourg of Rome, Belleville of the coporation of Berry. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Milaud, handsome representative of the self-enriched plebeian branch of Milauds; relative of Jean-Athanase-Polydore Milaud de la Baudraye, in whose marriage he put no confidence, and from whom he expected to receive an inheritance. Under the favor of Marchangy, he undertook the career of a public prosecutor. Under Louis XVIII. he was a deputy at Angoulême, a position to which he was succeeded by Maître Petit-Claud. Milaud eventually performed the same duties at Nevers, which was probably his native country. [Lost Illusions. The Muse of the Department.]

Milaud de la Baudraye. (*See* La Baudraye.)

Millet, Parisian grocer, on rue Chanoinesse, in 1836 attended to the renting of a small, unfurnished room in Madame de la Chanterie's house; gave Godefroid information, after having submitted him to a rigid examination. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Minard (Louis), refractory "chauffeur," connected with the Royalist insurrection in western France, 1809, was tried at the bar of justice, where Bourlac and Mergi presided; he was executed the same year that he was condemned to death. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Minard (Auguste-Jean-François), as clerk to the minister of finances he received a salary of fifteen hundred francs. In the florist establishment of a fellow-workman's sister, Mademoiselle Godard, of rue Richelieu, he met a clerk, Zélie Lorain, the daughter of a porter. He fell in love with her, married her, and had by her two children, Julien and Prudence. He lived near the Courcelles gate, and as an economical worker of retiring disposition he was made the butt of J.-J. Bixiou's jests in the Treasury Department. Necessity gave him fortitude and originality. After giving up his position in December, 1824, Minard opened a trade in adulterated teas and chocolates, and subsequently became a distiller. In 1835 he was the richest merchant in the vicinity, having an establishment on the Place Maubert and one of the best houses on the rue des Maçons-Sorbonne. In 1840 Minard became mayor of the eleventh district, where he lived, judge of the tribunal of commerce, and officer of the Legion of Honor. He frequently met his former colleagues of the period of the Restoration: Colleville, Thuillier, Dutocq, Fleury, Phellion, Xavier Rabourdin, Saillard, Isidore Baudoyer and Godard. [The Government Clerks. The Firm of Nucingen. The Middle Classes.]

Minard (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Zélie Lorain, daughter of a porter. On account of her cold and prudent disposition, she did not persist long in her trial at the Conservatory, but became florist's girl in Mademoiselle Godard's establishment on rue Richelieu. After her marriage to François Minard she gave birth to two children, and, with the help of Madame Lorain, her mother, reared them comfortably near the Courcelles gate. Under Louis Philippe, having become rich, and living in that part of the Saint-Germain suburbs which lies next to Saint-Jacques, she showed, as did her husband, the silly pride of the enriched mediocrity. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Minard (Julien), son of the preceding couple, attorney; at first considered "the family genius." In 1840 he committed some indiscretions with Olympe Cardinal, creator of

"Love's Telegraphy," played at Mourier's small theatre[1] on the Boulevard. His dissipation ended in a separation brought about by Julien's parents, who contributed to the support of the actress, then become Madame Cérizet. [The Middle Classes.]

Minard (Prudence), sister of the preceding, was sought in marriage by Félix Gaudissart towards the end of Louis Philippe's reign. [The Middle Classes. Cousin Pons.]

Minette,[2] vaudeville actress on rue de Chartres, during the Restoration, died during the first part of the Second Empire, lawful wife of a director of the Gaz; was well known for her brilliancy, and was responsible for the saying that "Time is a great faster," quoted sometimes before Lucien de Rubempré in 1821-22. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Minorets (The), representatives of the well-known "company of army contractors," in which Mademoiselle Sophie Laguerre's steward, who preceded Gaubertin at Aigues, in Bourgogne, acquired a one-third share, after giving up his stewardship. [The Peasantry.] The relatives of Madame Flavie Colleville, daughter of a ballet-dancer, who was supported by Galathionne and, perhaps, by the contractor, Du Bourguier, were connected with the Minorets, probably the army contractor Minorets. [The Government Clerks.]

Minoret (Doctor Denis), born in Nemours in 1746, had the support of Dupont, deputy to the States-General in 1789, who was his fellow-citizen; he was intimate with the Abbé Morellet, also the pupil of Rouelle the chemist, and an ardent admirer of Diderot's friend, Bordeu, by means of whom, or his friends, he gained a large practice. Denis Minoret invented the Lelièvre balm, became an acquaintance and protector of Robespierre, married the daughter of the celebrated harpsichordist, Valentin Mirouët, died suddenly,

[1] This theatre was built in 1831 on the Boulevard du Temple, where the first Ambigu had been situated; it was afterwards moved to No. 40, rue de Bondy, December 30, 1862.

[2] Minette married M. Marguerite; she lived in Paris during the last years of her life in the large house at the corner of rue Saint-Georges and rue Provence.

soon after the execution of Madame Roland. The Empire, like the former governments, recompensed Minoret's ability, and he became consulting physician to His Imperial and Royal Majesty, in 1805, chief hospital physician, officer of the Legion of Honor, chevalier of Saint-Michel, and member of the Institute. Upon withdrawing to Nemours, January, 1815, he lived there in company with his ward, Ursule Mirouët, daughter of his brother-in-law, Joseph Mirouët, later Madame Savinien de Portenduère, a girl whom he had taken care of since she had become an orphan. As she was the living image of the late Madame Denis Minoret, he loved her so devotedly that his lawful heirs, Minoret-Levrault, Massin, Crémière, fearing that they would lose a large inheritance, mistreated the adopted child. Doctor Minoret, at the time when he was worried over their plotting, saw Bouvard, a fellow-Parisian with whom he had formerly associated, and through his influence interested himself greatly in the subject of magnetism. In 1835, surrounded by some of his nearest relatives, Minoret died at an advanced age, having been converted from the philosophy of Voltaire through the influence of Ursule, whom he remembered substantially in his will. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Minoret-Levrault (François), son of the oldest brother of the preceding, and his nearest heir, born in 1769, strong but uncouth and illiterate, had charge of the post-horses and was keeper of the best tavern in Nemours, as a result of his marriage with Zélie Levrault-Crémière, an only daughter. After the Revolution of 1830 he became deputy-mayor. As principal heir to Doctor Minoret's estate he was the bitterest persecutor of Ursule Mirouët, and made way with the will which favored the young girl. Later, being compelled to restore her property, overcome by remorse, and sorrowing for his son, who was the victim of a runaway, and for his insane wife, François Minoret-Levrault became the faithful keeper of the property of Ursule, who had then become Madame Savinien de Portenduère. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Minoret-Levrault (Madame François), wife of the pre-

ceding, born Zélie Levrault-Crémière, physically feeble, sour of countenance and action, harsh, greedy, as illiterate as her husband, brought him as dower half of her maiden name (a local tradition) and a first-class tavern. She was, in reality, the manager of the Nemours post-house. She worshiped her son Désiré, whose tragic death was sufficient punishment for her avaricious persecutions of Ursule de Portenduère. She died insane in Doctor Blanche's sanitarium in the village of Passy[1] in 1841. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Minoret (Désiré), son of the preceding couple, born in 1805. Obtained a half scholarship in the Louis-le-Grand lyceum in Paris, through the instrumentality of Fontanes, an acquaintance of Dr. Minoret; finally studied law. Under Goupil's leadership he became somewhat dissipated as a young man, and loved in turn Esther van Gobseck and Sophie Grignault—Florine—who, after declining his offer of marriage, became Madame Nathan. Désiré Minoret was not actively associated with his family in the persecution of Ursule de Portenduère. The Revolution of 1830 was advantageous to him. He took part during the three glorious days of fighting, received the decoration, and was selected to be deputy attorney to the king at Fontainebleau. He died as a result of the injuries received in a runaway, October, 1836. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Mirah (Josépha) born in 1814. Natural daughter of a wealthy Jewish banker, abandoned in Germany, although she bore as a sign of her identity an anagram of her Jewish name, Hiram. When fifteen years old and a working girl in Paris, she was found out and misled by Célestin Crevel, whom she left eventually for Hector Hulot, a more liberal man. The munificence of the commissary of stores exalted her socially, and gave her the opportunity of training her voice. Her vocal attainments established her as a prima donna, first at the Italiens, then on rue le Peletier. After Hector Hulot became a bankrupt, she abandoned him and his house on rue Chauchat, near the Royal Academy, where

[1] Since 1860 a suburb of Paris

at different times, had lived Tullia, Comtesse du Bruel and Héloïse Brisetout. The Duc d'Hérouville became Mademoiselle Mirah's lover. This affair led to an elegant reception on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque to which all Paris received invitation. Josépha had at all times many followers. One of the Kellers and the Marquis d'Esgrignon made fools of themselves over her. Eugène de Rastignac, at that time minister, invited her to his home, and insisted upon her singing the celebrated cavatina from "La Muette." Irregular in her habits, whimsical, covetous, intelligent, and at times good-natured, Josépha Mirah gave some proof of generosity when she helped the unfortunate Hector Hulot, for whom she went so far as to get Olympe Grenouville. She finally told Madame Adeline Hulot of the baron's hiding-place on the Passage du Soleil in the Petite-Pologne section. [Cousin Betty.]

Mirault, name of one branch of the Bargeton family, merchants in Bordeaux during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. [Lost Illusions.]

Mirbel (Madame de), well-known miniature-painter from 1796 to 1849; made successively the portrait of Louise de Chaulieu, given by this young woman to the Baron de Macumer, her future husband; of Lucien de Rubempré for Esther Gobseck; of Charles X. for the Princess of Cadignan, who hung it on the wall of her little salon on rue Miromesnil, after the Revolution of 1830. This last picture bore the inscription, "Given by the King." [Letters of Two Brides. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Secrets of a Princess.]

Mirouët (Ursule). (*See* Portenduère, Vicomtesse Savinien de.)

Mirouët (Valentin), celebrated harpsichordist and instrument-maker; one of the best known French organists; father-in-law of Doctor Minoret; died in 1785. His business was bought by Erard. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Mirouët (Joseph), natural son of the preceding and brother-in-law of Doctor Denis Minoret. He was a good musician

and of a Bohemian disposition. He was a regiment musician during the wars in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. He passed through Germany, and while there married Dinah Grollman, by whom he had a daughter, Ursule, later the Vicomtesse de Portenduère, who had been left a penniless orphan in her early youth. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Mitant (La), a very poor woman of Conches in Bourgogne, who was condemned for having let her cow graze on the Montcornet estate. In 1823 the animal was seized by the deputy, Brunet, and his assistants, Vermichel and Fourchon. [The Peasantry.]

Mitouflet, old grenadier of the Imperial Guard, husband of a wealthy vineyard proprietress, kept the tavern Soleil d'Or at Vouvray in Touraine. After 1830 Félix Gaudissart lived there and Mitouflet served as his second in a harmless duel brought on by a practical joke played on the illustrious traveling salesman, dupe of the insane Margaritis. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Mitouflet, usher to the minister of war under Louis Philippe, in the time of Cottin de Wissembourg, Hulot d'Ervy and Marneffe. [Cousin Betty.]

Mitral, a bachelor, whose eyes and face were snuff-colored, a bailiff in Paris during the Restoration, also at the same time a money-lender. He numbered among his patrons Molineux and Birotteau. He was invited to the celebrated ball given in December, 1818, by the perfumer. Being a maternal uncle of Isidore Baudoyer, connected in a friendly way with Bidault —Gigonnet—and Esther-Jean van Gobseck, Mitral, by their good-will, obtained his nephew's appointment to the Treasury, December, 1824. He spent his time then in Isle-Adam, the Marais and the Saint-Marceau section, places of residence of his numerous family. In possession of a fortune, which undoubtedly would go later to the Isidore Baudoyers, Mitral retired to the Seine-et-Oise division. [César Birotteau The Government Clerks.]

Mizerai, in 1836 a restaurant-keeper on rue Michel-le-Comte, Paris. Zéphirin Marcas took his dinners with him at the rate of nine sous. [Z. Marcas.]

Modinier, steward to Monsieur de Watteville; "governor" of Rouxey, the patrimonial estate of the Wattevilles. [Albert Savarus.]

Moinot, in 1815 mail-carrier for the Chaussée-d'Antin; married and the father of four children; lived in the fifth story at 11, rue des Trois-Frères, now known as rue Taitbout. He innocently exposed the address of Paquita Valdès to Laurent, a servant of Marsay, who artfully tried to obtain it for him. "My name," said the mail-carrier to the servant, "is written just like *Moineau* (sparrow)—M-o-i-n-o-t." "Certainly," replied Laurent. [The Thirteen.]

Moïse, Jew, who was formerly a leader of the *rouleurs* in the South. His wife, La Gonore, was a widow in 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Moïse, a Troyes musician, whom Madame Beauvisage thought of employing in 1839 as the instructor of her daughter, Cécile, at Arcis-sur-Aube. [The Member for Arcis.]

Molineux (Jean-Baptiste), Parisian landlord, miserly and selfish. Mesdames Crochard lived in one of his houses between rue du Tourniquet-Saint-Jean and rue la Tixeranderie, in 1815. Mesdames Leseigneur de Rouville and Hippolyte Schinner were also his tenants, at about the same time, on rue de Surène. Jean-Baptiste Molineux lived on Cour-Batave during the first part of Louis XVIII.'s reign. He then owned the house next to César Birotteau's shop on rue Saint-Honoré. Molineux was one of the many guests present at the famous ball of December 17, 1818, and a few months later was the annoying assignee connected with the perfumer's failure. [A Second Home. The Purse. César Birotteau.]

Mollot, through the influence of his wife Sophie, appointed clerk to the justice of the peace at Arcis-sur-Aube; often

visited Madame Marion, and saw at her home Goulard, Beauvisage, Giguet, and Herbelot. [The Member for Arcis.]

Mollot (Madame Sophie), wife of the preceding, a prying, prating woman, who disturbed herself greatly over Maxime de Trailles during the electoral campaign in the division of Arcis-sur-Aube, April, 1839. [The Member for Arcis.]

Mollot (Ernestine), daughter of the preceding couple, was, in 1839, a young girl of marriageable age. [The Member for Arcis.]

Mongenod, born in 1764; son of a grand council attorney, who left him an income of five or six thousand. Becoming bankrupt during the Revolution, he became first a clerk with Frédéric Alain, under Bordin, the solicitor. He was unsuccessful in several ventures: as a journalist with the "Sentinelle," started or built up by him; as a musical composer with the "Péruviens," an opéra-comique given in 1798 at the Feydau theatre.[1] His marriage and the family expenses attendant rendered his financial condition more and more embarrassing. Mongenod had lent money to Frédéric Alain, so that he might be present at the opening performance of the "Mariage de Figaro." He borrowed, in turn, from Alain a sum of money which he was unable to return at the time agreed. He set out thereupon for America, made a fortune, returned January, 1816, and reimbursed Alain. From this time dates the opening of the celebrated Parisian banking-house of Mongenod & Co. The firm-name changed to Mongenod & Son, and then to Mongenod Brothers. In 1819 the bankruptcy of the perfumer, César Birotteau, having taken place, Mongenod became personally interested at the Bourse,[2] in the affair, negotiating with merchants and discounters. Mongenod died in 1827. [The Seamy Side of History. César Birotteau.]

Mongenod (Madame Charlotte), wife of the preceding,

[1] The Feydau theatre, with its dependencies on the thoroughfare of the same name, existed in Paris until 1826 on the site now taken by the rue de la Bourse.

[2] The Bourse temporarily occupied a building on rue Feydau, while the present palace was building.

in the year 1798 bore up bravely under her poverty, even selling her hair for twelve francs that her family might have bread. Wealthy, and a widow after 1827, Madame Mongenod remained the chief adviser and support of the bank, operated in Paris on rue de la Victoire, by her two sons, Frédéric and Louis. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Mongenod (Frédéric), eldest of the preceding couple's three children, received from his thankful parents the given name of M. Alain and became, after 1827, the head of his father's banking-house on rue de la Victoire. His honesty is shown by the character of his patrons, among whom were the Marquis d'Espard, Charles Mignon de la Bastie, the Baronne de la Chanterie and Godefroid. [The Commission in Lunacy. The Seamy Side of History.]

Mongenod (Louis), younger brother of the preceding, with whom he had business association on rue de la Victoire, where he was receiving the prudent advice of his mother, Madame Charlotte Mongenod, when Godefroid visited him in 1836. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Mongenod (Mademoiselle), daughter of Frédéric and Charlotte Mongenod, born in 1799; she was offered in marriage, January, 1816, to Frédéric Alain, who would not accept this token of gratitude from the wealthy Mongenods. Mademoiselle Mongenod married the Vicomte de Fontaine. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Monistrol, native of Auvergne, a Parisian broker, towards the last years of Louis Philippe's reign, successively on rue de Lappe and the new Beaumarchais boulevard. He was one of the pioneers in the curio business, along with the Popinots, Ponses, and the Rémonencqs. This kind of business afterwards developed enormously. [Cousin Pons.]

Montauran (Marquis Alphonse de), was, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, connected with nearly all of the well-known Royalist intrigues in France and elsewhere. He frequently visited, along with Flamet de la Billardière and the Comte de Fontaine, the home of Ragon, the perfumer.

who was proprietor of the "Reine des Roses," from which went forth the Royalist correspondence between the West and Paris. Too young to have been at Versailles, Alphonse de Montauran had not "the courtly manners for which Lauzun, Adhémar, Coigny, and so many others were noted." His education was incomplete. Towards the autumn of 1799 he especially distinguished himself. His attractive appearance, his youth, and a mingled gallantry and authoritativeness, brought him to the notice of Louis XVIII., who appointed him governor of Bretagne, Normandie, Maine and Anjou. Under the name of Gars, having become commander of the Chouans, in September, the marquis conducted them in an attack against the Blues on the plateau of La Pélerine, which extends between Fougères, Ille-et-Vilaine, and Ernée, Mayenne. Madame du Gua did not leave him even then. Alphonse de Montauran sought the hand of Mademoiselle d'Uxelles, after leaving this, the last mistress of Charette. Nevertheless, he fell in love with Marie de Verneuil, the spy, who had entered Bretagne with the express intention of delivering him to the Blues. He married her in Fougères, but the Republicans murdered him and his wife a few hours after their marriage. [César Birotteau. The Chouans.]

Montauran (Marquise Alphonse de), wife of the preceding; born Marie-Nathalie de Verneuil at La Chanterie near Alençon, natural daughter of Mademoiselle Blanche de Casteran, who was abbess of Notre-Dame de Séez at the time of her death, and of Victor-Amédée, Duc de Verneuil, who owned her and left her an inheritance, at the expense of her legitimate brother. A lawsuit between brother and sister resulted. Marie-Nathalie lived then with her guardian, the Maréchal Duc de Lenoncourt, and was supposed to be his mistress. After vainly trying to bring him to the point of marriage she was cast off by him. She passed through divers political and social paths during the Revolutionary period. After having shone in court circles she had Danton for a lover. During the autumn of 1799 Fouché hired Marie de Verneuil to betray Alphonse de Montauran, but the lovely spy and

the chief of the Chouans fell in love with each other. They were united in marriage a few hours before their death towards the end of that year, 1799, in which Jacobites and Chouans fought on Bretagne soil. Madame de Montauran was attired in her husband's clothes when a Republican bullet killed her. [The Chouans.]

Montauran (Marquis de), younger brother of Alphonse de Montauran, was in London, in 1799, when he received a letter from Colonel Hulot containing Alphonse's last wishes. Montauran complied with them; returned to France, but did not fight against his country. He kept his wealth through the intervention of Colonel Hulot and finally served the Bourbons in the gendarmerie, where he himself became a colonel. When Louis Philippe came to the throne, Montauran believed an absolute retirement necessary. Under the name of M. Nicolas, he became one of the Brothers of Consolation, who met in Madame de la Chanterie's home on rue Chanoinesse. He saved M. Auguste de Mergi from being prosecuted. In 1841 Montauran was seen on rue du Montparnasse, where he assisted at the funeral of the elder Hulot. [The Chouans. The Seamy Side of History. Cousin Betty.]

Montbauron (Marquise de), Raphaël de Valentin's aunt, died on the scaffold during the Revolution. [The Magic Skin.]

Montcornet (Maréchal, Comte de), Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Commander of Saint-Louis, born in 1774, son of a cabinet-maker in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, "child of Paris," mingled in almost all of the wars in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. He commanded in Spain and in Pomerania, and was colonel of cuirassiers in the Imperial Guard. He took the place of his friend, Martial de la Roche-Hugon in the affections of Madame de Vaudremont. The Comte de Montcornet was in intimate relations with Madame or Mademoiselle Fortin, mother of Valérie Crevel. Towards 1815, Montcornet bought, for about a hundred thousand francs, the Aigues, Sophie Laguerre's old estate, situated between

Conches and Blangy, near Soulanges and Ville-aux-Fayes The Restoration allured him. He wished to have his origin overlooked, to gain position under the new régime, to efface all memory of the expressive nick-name received from the Bourgogne peasantry, who called him the "Upholsterer." In the early part of 1819 he married Virginie de Troisville. His property, increased by an income of sixty thousand francs, allowed him to live in state. In winter he occupied his beautiful Parisian mansion on rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, now called rue des Mathurins, and visited many places, especially the homes of Raoul Nathan and of Esther Gobseck. During the summer the count, then mayor of Blangy, lived at Aigues. His unpopularity and the hatred of the Gaubertins, Rigous, Sibilets, Soudrys, Tonsards, and Fourchons rendered his sojourn there unbearable, and he decided to dispose of the estate. Montcornet, although of violent disposition and weak character, could not avoid being a subordinate in his own family. The monarchy of 1830 overwhelmed Montcornet, then lieutenant-general unattached, with gifts, and gave a division of the army into his command. The count, now become marshal, was a frequent visitor at the Vaudeville.[1] Montcornet died in 1837. He never acknowledged his daughter, Valérie Crevel, and left her nothing. He is probably buried in Père-Lachaise cemetery, where a monument was to be raised for him under W. Steinbock's supervision. Maréchal de Montcornet's motto was: "Sound the Charge." [Domestic Peace. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Peasantry. A Man of Business. Cousin Betty.]

Montcornet (Comtesse de.) (*See* Blondet, Madame Emile.)

Montefiore, Italian of the celebrated Milanese family of Montefiore, commissary in the Sixth of the line under the Empire; one of the finest fellows in the army; marquis, but unable under the laws of the kingdom of Italy to use his

[1] A Parisian theatre, situated until 1838 on rue de Chartres. Rue de Chartres, which also disappeared, although later, was located between the Palais-Royal square and the Place du Carrousel.

title. Thrown by his disposition into the "mould of the Rizzios," he barely escaped being assassinated in 1808 in the city of Tarragone by La Marana, who surprised him in company with her daughter, Juana-Pepita-Maria de Mancini, afterwards François Diard's wife. Later, Montefiore himself married a celebrated Englishwoman. In 1823 he was killed and plundered in a deserted alley in Bordeaux by Diard, who found him, after being away many years, in a gambling-house at a watering-place. [The Maranas.]

Montès de Montejanos (Baron), a rich Brazilian of wild and primitive disposition; towards 1840, when very young, was one of the first lovers of Valérie Fortin, who became in turn Madame Marneffe and Madame Célestin Crevel. He saw her again at the Faubourg Saint-Germain and at the Place or Pâté des Italiens, and had occasion for being envious of Hector Hulot, W. Steinbock and still others. He had revenge on his mistress by communicating to her a mysterious disease from which she died in the same manner as Célestin Crevel. [Cousin Betty.]

Montpersan (Comte de), nephew of a canon of Saint-Denis, upon whom he called frequently; an aspiring rustic, grown sour on account of disappointment and deceit; married, and head of a family. At the beginning of the Restoration he owned the Château de Montpersan, eight leagues from Moulins in Allier, where he lived. In 1819 he received a call from a young stranger who came to inform him of the death of Madame de Montpersan's lover. [The Message.]

Montpersan (Comtesse Juliette de), wife of the preceding, born about 1781, lived at Montpersan with her family, and while there learned from her lover's fellow-traveler of the former's death as a result of an overturned carriage. The countess rewarded the messenger of misfortune in a delicate manner. [The Message.]

Montpersan (Mademoiselle de), daughter of the preceding couple, was but a child when the sorrowful news arrived which caused her mother to leave the table. The child,

thinking only of the comical side of affairs, remarked upon her father's gluttony, suggesting that the countess' abrupt departure had allowed him to break the rules of diet imposed by her presence. [The Message.]

Montriveau (Général Marquis de), father of Armand de Montriveau. Although a knighted chevalier, he continued to hold fast to the exalted manners of Bourgogne, and scorned the opportunities which rank and wealth had offered in his birth. Being an encyclopædist and "one of those already mentioned who served the Republic nobly," Montriveau was killed at Novi near Joubert's side. [The Thirteen.]

Montriveau (Comte de), paternal uncle of Armand de Montriveau. Corpulent, and fond of oysters. Unlike his brother he emigrated, and in his exile met with a cordial reception by the Dulmen branch of the Rivaudoults of Arschoot, a family with which he had some relationship. He died at St. Petersburg. [The Thirteen.]

Montriveau (Général Marquis Armand de), nephew of the preceding and only son of Général de Montriveau. As a penniless orphan he was entered by Bonaparte in the school of Châlons. He went into the artillery service, and took part in the last campaigns of the Empire, among others that in Russia. At the battle of Waterloo he received many serious wounds, being then a colonel in the Guard. Montriveau passed the first three years of the Restoration far away from Europe. He wished to explore the upper sections of Egypt, and Central Africa. After being made a slave by savages he escaped from their hands by a bold ruse and returned to Paris, where he lived on rue de Seine near the Chamber of Peers. Despite his poverty and lack of ambition and influential friends, he was soon promoted to a general's position. His association with The Thirteen, a powerful and secret band of men, who counted among their members Ronquerolles, Marsay and Bourignard, probably brought him this unsolicited favor. This same freemasonry aided Montriveau in his desire to have revenge on Antoinette de Langeais for her delicate flirtation; also later, when still feeling for her the

same passion, he seized her body from the Spanish Carmelites. About the same time the general met, at Madame de Beauséant's, Rastignac, just come to Paris, and told him about Anastasie de Restaud. Towards the end of 1821, the general met Mesdames d'Espard and de Bargeton, who were spending the evening at the Opéra. Montriveau was the living picture of Kleber, and in a kind of tragic way became a widower by Antoinette de Langeais. Having become celebrated for a long journey fraught with adventures, he was the social lion at the time he ran across a companion of his Egyptian travels, Sixte du Châtelet. Before a select audience of artists and noblemen, gathered during the first years of the reign of Louis Philippe at the home of Mademoiselle des Touches, he told how he had unwittingly been responsible for the vengeance taken by the husband of a certain Rosina, during the time of the Imperial wars. Montriveau, now admitted to the peerage, was in command of a department. At this time, having become unfaithful to the memory of Antoinette de Langeais, he became enamored of Madame Rogron, born Bathilde de Chargeboeuf, who hoped soon to bring about their marriage. In 1839, in company with M. de Ronquerolles, he became second to the Duc de Rhétoré, elder brother of Louise de Chaulieu, in his duel with Dorlange-Sallenauve, brought about because of Marie Gaston. [The Thirteen. Father Goriot. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Another Study of Woman. Pierrette. The Member for Arcis.]

Morand, formerly a clerk in Barbet's publishing-house, in 1838 became a partner; along with Métivier tried to take advantage of Baron de Bourlac, author of "The Spirit of Modern Law." [The Seamy Side of History.]

Moreau, born in 1772; son of a follower of Danton, procureur-syndic at Versailles during the Revolution; was Madame Clapart's devoted lover, and remained faithful almost all the rest of his life. After a very adventurous life Moreau, about 1805, became manager of the Presles estate, situated in the valley of the Oise, which was the property of the

Comte de Sérizy. He married Estelle, maid of Léontine de Sérizy, and had by her three children. After serving as manager of the estate for seventeen years, he gave up his position, when his dishonest dealings with Léger were exposed by Reybert, and retired a wealthy man. A silly deed of his godson, Oscar Husson, was, more than anything else, the cause of his dismissal from his position at Presles. Moreau attained a lofty position under Louis Philippe, having grown wealthy through real-estate, and became the father-in-law of Constant-Cyr-Melchior de Canalis. At last he became a prominent deputy of the Centre under the name of Moreau of the Oise. [A Start in Life.]

Moreau (Madame Estelle), fair-skinned wife of the preceding, born of lowly origin at Saint-Lô, became maid to Léontine de Sérizy. Her fortune made, she became overbearing and received Oscar Husson, son of Madame Clapart by her first husband, with unconcealed coldness. She bought the flowers for her coiffure from Nattier, and, wearing some of them, she was seen, in the autumn of 1822, by Joseph Bridau and Léon de Lora, who had just arrived from Paris to do some decorating in the château at Sérizy. [A Start in Life.]

Moreau (Jacques), eldest of the preceding couple's three children, was the agent between his mother and Oscar Husson at Presles. [A Start in Life.]

Moreau, the best upholsterer in Alençon, rue de la Porte-de-Séez, near the church; in 1816 furnished Madame du Bousquier, then Mademoiselle Rose Cormon, the articles of furniture made necessary by M. de Troisville's unlooked-for arrival at her home on his return from Russia. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Moreau, an aged workman at Dauphiné, uncle of little Jacques Colas, lived, during the Restoration, in poverty and resignation, with his wife, in the village near Grenoble—a place which was completely changed by Doctor Benassis. [The Country Doctor.]

Moreau-Malvin, "a prominent butcher," died about 1820. His beautiful tomb of white marble ornaments rue du Maréchal-Lefebvre at Père-Lachaise, near the burial-place of Madame Jules Desmarets and Mademoiselle Raucourt of the Comédie-Française. [The Thirteen.]

Morillon (Père), a priest, who had charge, for some time under the Empire, of Gabriel Claës' early education. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Morin (La), a very poor old woman who reared La Fosseuse, an orphan, in a kindly manner, in a market-town near Grenoble, but who gave her some raps on the fingers with her spoon when the child was too quick in taking soup from the common porringer. La Morin tilled the soil like a man, and murmured frequently at the miserable pallet on which she and La Fosseuse slept. [The Country Doctor.]

Morin (Jeanne-Marie-Victoire Tarin, veuve), accused of trying to obtain money by forging signatures to promissory-notes, also of the attempted assassination of Sieur Ragoulleau; condemned by the Court of Assize at Paris on January 11, 1812, to twenty years of hard labor. The elder Poiret, a man who never thought independently, was a witness for the defence, and often thought of the trial. The widow Morin, born at Pont-sur-Seine, Aube, was a fellow-countrywoman of Poiret, who was born at Troyes. [Father Goriot.] Many extracts have been taken from the items published about this criminal case.

Morisson, an inventor of purgative pills, which were imitated by Doctor Poulain, physician to Pons and the Cibots, when, as a beginner, he wished to make his fortune rapidly. [Cousin Pons.]

Mortsauf (Comte de), head of a Touraine family, which owed to an ancestor of Louis XI.'s reign—a man who had escaped the gibbet—its fortune, coat-of-arms and position. The count was the incarnation of the "refugee." Exiled, either willingly or unwillingly, his banishment made him weak of mind and body. He married Blanche-Henriette de Lenon-

court, by whom he had two children, Jacques and Madeleine. On the accession of the Bourbons he was breveted field-marshal, but did not leave Clochegourde, a castle brought to him in his wife's dowry and situated on the banks of the Indre and the Cher. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Mortsauf (Comtesse de),[1] wife of the preceding; born Blanche-Henriette de Lenoncourt, of the "house of Lenoncourt-Givry, fast becoming extinct," towards the first years of the Restoration; was born after the death of three brothers, and thus had a sorrowful childhood and youth; found a good foster-mother in her aunt, a Blamont-Chauvry; and when married found her chief pleasure in the care of her children. This feeling gave her the power to repress the love which she felt for Félix de Vandenesse, but the effort which this hard struggle caused her brought on a severe stomach disease of which she died in 1820. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Mortsauf (Jacques de), elder child of the preceding couple, pupil of Dominis, most delicate member of the family, died prematurely. With his death the line of Lenoncourt-Givrys proper passed away, for he would have been their heir. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Mortsauf (Madeleine de), sister of the preceding; after her mother's death she would not receive Félix de Vandenesse, who had been Madame de Mortsauf's lover. She became in time Duchesse de Leoncourt-Givry (see that name). [The Lily of the Valley.]

Mouche, born in 1811, illegitimate son of one of Fourchon's natural daughters and a soldier who died in Russia; was given a home, when an orphan, by his maternal grandfather, whom he aided sometimes as ropemaker's apprentice. About 1823, in the district of Ville-aux-Fayes, Bourgogne, he profited by the credulity of the strangers whom he was supposed to teach the art of hunting otter. Mouche's attitude and conversation, as he came in the autumn of 1823 to the Aigues, scandalized the Montcornets and their guests. [The Peasantry.]

[1] Beauplan and Barrière presented a play at the Comedie-Française, having for a heroine Madame de Mortsauf, June 14, 1853.

Mouchon, eldest of three brothers who lived in 1793 in the Bourgogne valley of Avonne or Aigues; managed the estate of Ronquerolles; became deputy of his division to the Convention; had a reputation for uprightness; preserved the property and the life of the Ronquerolles; died in the year 1804, leaving two daughters, Mesdames Gendrin and Gaubertin. [The Peasantry.]

Mouchon, brother of the preceding, had charge of the relay post-house at Conches, Bourgogne; had a daughter who married the wealthy farmer Guerbet; died in 1817. [The Peasantry.]

Mouchon, brother of the preceding, born in 1756; priest, who had, before the Revolution, the curacy of Ville-aux-Fayes, and knew how to keep it during the Restoration. This sharpness illustrates his character. He was in high favor with the Rigous, Soudrys, Gaubertins, Sibilets, Fourchons and Tonsards. They called him sometimes by the name of "Moucheron." [The Peasantry.]

Mougin, born about 1805 in Toulouse, fifth of the Parisian hair-dressers who, under the name of Marius, successively owned the same business. In 1845, a wealthy married man of family, captain in the Guard and decorated after 1832, an elector and eligible to office, he had established himself on the Place de la Bourse as capillary artist emeritus, where his praises were sung by Bixiou and Lora to the wondering Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Mouilleron, king's attorney at Issoudun in 1822, cousin to every person in the city during the quarrels between the Rouget and Bridau families. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Murat (Joachim, Prince). In October, 1800, on the day in which Bartolomeo di Piombo was presented by Lucien Bonaparte, he was, with Lannes and Rapp, in the rooms of Bonaparte, the First Consul. He became Grand Duke of Berg in 1806, the time of the well-known quarrel between the Simeuses and Malin de Gondreville. Murat came to the rescue of Colonel Chabert's cavalry regiment at the

battle of Eylau, February 7 and 8, 1807. "Oriental in tastes," he exhibited, even before acceding to the throne of Naples in 1808, a foolish love of luxury for a modern soldier. Twenty years later, during a village celebration in Dauphiné, Benassis and Genestas listened to the story of Bonaparte, as told by a veteran, then become a laborer, who mingled with his narrative a number of entertaining stories of the bold Murat. [The Vendetta. The Gondreville Mystery. Colonel Chabert. Domestic Peace. The Country Doctor.]

Muret gave information about Jean-Joachim Goriot, his predecessor in the manufacture of "pâtes alimentaires." [Father Goriot.]

Musson, well-known hoaxer in the early part of the nineteenth century. The policeman, Peyrade, imitated his craftiness in manner and disguise twenty years later, while acting as an English nabob keeping Suzanne Gaillard. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

N

Nanon, called Nanon the Great from her height (6 ft. 4 in.); born about 1769. First she tended cows on a farm that she was forced to leave after a fire; turned away on every side, because of her appearance, which was repulsive, she became, about 1791, at the age of twenty-two, a member of Félix Grandet's household at Saumur, where she remained the rest of her life. She always showed gratitude to her master for having taken her in. Brave, devoted and serious-minded, the only servant of the miser, she received as wages for very hard service only sixty francs a year. However, the accumulations from even so paltry an income allowed her, in 1819, to make a life investment of four thousand francs with Monsieur Cruchot. Nanon had also an annuity of twelve hundred francs from Madame de Bonfons, lived near the daughter of her former master, who was dead, and, about 1827, being almost sixty years of age, married Antoine Cornoiller. With her husband, she continued her work of devoted service to Eugénie de Bonfons. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Napolitas, in 1830, secretary of Bibi-Lupin, chief of the secret police. Prison spy at the Conciergerie, he played the part of a son in a family accused of forgery, in order to observe closely Jacques Collin, who pretended to be Carlos Herrera. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Narzicof (Princess), a Russian; had left to the merchant Fritot, according to his own account, as payment for supplies, the carriage in which Mistress Noswell, wrapped in the shawl called Sélim, returned to the Hotel Lawson. [Gaudissart II.]

Nathan (Raoul), son of a Jew pawn-broker, who died in bankruptcy a short while after marrying a Catholic, was for twenty-five years (1820-45) one of the best known writers in Paris. Raoul Nathan touched upon many branches: the journal, romance, poetry and the stage. In 1821, Dauriat published for him an imaginative work which Lucien de Rubempré alternately praised and criticized. The harsh criticism was meant for the publisher only. Nathan then put on the stage the "Alcade dans l'Embarras"—a comedie called an "imbroglio" and presented at the Panorama-Dramatique. He signed himself simply "Raoul"; he had as collaborator Cursy—M. du Bruel. The play was a distinct success. About the same time, he supplanted Lousteau, lover of Florine, one of his leading actresses. About this time also Raoul was on terms of intimacy with Emile Blondet, who wrote him a letter dated from Aigues (Bourgogne) in which he described the Montcornets, and related their local difficulties. Raoul Nathan, a member of all the giddy and dissipated social circles, was with Giroudeau, Finot and Bixiou, a witness of Philip Bridau's wedding to Madame J.-J. Rouget. He visited Florentine Cabirolle, when the Marests and Oscar Husson were there, and appeared often on the rue Saint-Georges, at the home of Esther van Gobseck, who was already much visited by Blondet, Bixiou and Lousteau. Raoul, at this time, was much occupied with the press, and made a great parade of Royalism. The accession of Louis Philippe did not diminish the extended

circle of his relations. The Marquise d'Espard received him. It was at her house that he heard evil reports of Diane de Cadignan, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Daniel d'Arthez, also present. Marie de Vandenesse, just married, noticed Nathan, who was handsome by reason of an artistic, uncouth ugliness, and elegant irregularity of features, and in the full glory of his renown as a writer and a gallant. Raoul resolved to make the most of the situation. Although turned Republican, he took very readily to the idea of winning a lady of the aristocracy. The conquest of Madame the Comtesse de Vandenesse would have revenged him for the contempt shown him by Lady Dudley, but, fallen into the hands of usurers, fascinated with Florine, living in pitiable style in a passage between the rue Basse-du-Rempart and the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, and being often detained on the rue Feydau, in the offices of a paper he had founded, Raoul failed in his scheme in connection with the countess, whom Vandenesse even succeeded in restoring to his own affections, by very skilful play with Florine. During the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, Nathan presented a flaming and brilliant drama, the two collaborators in which were Monsieur and Madame Marie Gaston, whose names were indicated on the hand-bills by stars only. In his younger days he had had a play of his put on at the Odéon, a romantic work after the style of "Pinto,"[1] at a time when the classic was dominant, and the stage had been so greatly stirred up for three days that the play was prohibited. At another time he presented at the Théâtre-Français a great drama that fell "with all the honors of war, amid the roar of newspaper cannon." In the winter of 1837-38, Vanda de Mergi read a new romance of Nathan's, entitled "La Perle de Dol." The memory of his social intrigues still haunted Nathan when he returned so reluctantly to M. de Clagny, who demanded it of him, a printed note, announcing the birth of Melchior de la Baudraye, as follows: "Madame la Baronne de la Baudraye is happily delivered of a child; M. Etienne Lousteau has the honor of announcing it to you." Nathan

[1] A drama by Népomucène Lemercier; according to Labitte, "the first work of the renovated stage."

sought the society of Madame de la Baudraye, who got from him, in the rue de Chartres-du-Roule, at the home of Béatrix de Rochefide, a certain story, to be arranged as a novel, related more or less after the style of Sainte-Beuve, concerning the Bohemians and their prince, Rusticoli de la Palférine. Raoul cultivated likewise the society of the Marquise de Rochefide, and, one evening of October, 1840, a proscenium box at the Variétés was the means of bringing together Canalis, Nathan and Béatrix. Received everywhere, perfectly at home in Marguerite Turquet's boudoir, Raoul, as a member of a group composed of Bixiou, La Palférine and Maître Cardot, heard Maître Desroches tell how Cérizet made use of Antonia Chocardelle, to "get even" with Maxime de Trailles. Nathan afterwards married his mistress, Florine, whose maiden name was really Sophie Grignault. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Secrets of a Princess. A Daughter of Eve. Letters of Two Brides. The Seamy Side of History. The Muse of the Department. A Prince of Bohemia. A Man of Business. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Nathan[1] (Madame Raoul), wife of the preceding, born Sophie Grignault, in 1805, in Bretagne. She was a perfect beauty, her foot alone left something to be desired. When very young she tried the double career of pleasure and the stage, under the now famous name of Florine. The details of her early life are rather obscure: Madame Nathan, as supernumerary of the Gaîté, had six lovers, before choosing Etienne Lousteau in that relation in 1821. She was at that time closely connected with Florentine Cabirolle, Claudine Chaffaroux, Coralie and Marie Godeschal. She had also a supporter in Matifat, the druggist, and lodged on the rue de Bondy, where, after a brilliant success at the Panorama-Dramatique, with Coralie and Bouffé, she received in magnificent style the diplomatists, Lucien de Rubempré, Camusot and others. Florine soon made an advantageous change in lover, home, theatre and protector; Nathan, whom she afterwards married.

[1] On the stage of the Boulevard du Temple Madame Nathan (Florine) henceforth made a salary of eight thousand francs.

supplanted Lousteau about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign. Her home was on rue Hauteville instead of rue de Bondy; and she had moved from the stage of the Panorama to that of the Gymnase. Having made an engagement at the theatre of the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, she met there her old rival, Coralie, against whom she organized a cabal; she was distinguished for the brilliancy of her costumes, and brought into her train of followers successively the opulent Dudley, Désiré Minoret, M. des Grassins, the banker of Saumur, and M. du Rouvre; she even ruined the last two. Florine's fortune rose during the monarchy of July. Her association with Nathan subserved, moreover, their mutual interests; the poet won respect for the actress, who knew moreover how to make herself formidable by her spirit of intrigue and the tartness of her sallies of wit. Who did not know her mansion on the rue Pigalle? Indeed, Madame Nathan was an intimate acquaintance of Coralie, Esther la Torpille, Claudine du Bruel, Euphrasie, Aquilina, Madame Théodore Gaillard, and Marie Godeschal; entertained Emile Blondet, Andoche Finot, Etienne Lousteau, Félicien Vernou, Couture, Bixiou, Rastignac, Vignon, F. du Tillet, Nucingen, and Conti. Her apartments were embellished with the works of Bixiou, F. Souchet, Joseph Bridau, and H. Schinner. Madame de Vandenesse, being somewhat enamored of Nathan, would have destroyed these joys and this splendor, without heeding the devotion of the writer's mistress, on the one hand, or the interference of Vandenesse on the other. Florine, having entirely won back Nathan, made no delay in marrying him. [The Muse of the Department. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Government Clerks. A Bachelor's Establishment Ursule Mirouët. Eugénie Grandet. The Imaginary Mistress. A Prince of Bohemia. A Daughter of Eve. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Navarreins (Duc de), born about 1767, son-in-law of the Prince de Cadignan, through his first marriage; father of Antoinette de Langeais, kinsman of Madame d'Espard, and cousin of Valentin; accused of "haughtiness." He was patron

of M. du Bruel—Cursy—on his entrance into the government service; had a lawsuit against the hospitals, which he entrusted to the care of Maître Derville. He had Polydore de la Baudraye dignified to the appointment of collector, in consideration of his having released him from a debt contracted during the emigration; held a family council with the Grandlieus and Chaulieus when his daughter compromised her reputation by accepting an invitation to the house of Montriveau; was the patron of Victurnien d'Esgrignon; owned near Ville-aux-Fayes, in the sub-prefecture of Auxerrois, extensive estates, which were respected by Montcornet's enemies, the Gaubertins, the Rigous, the Soudrys, the Fourchons, and the Tonsards; accompanied Madame d'Espard to the Opéra ball, when Jacques Collin and Lucien de Rubempré mystified the marchioness; for five hundred thousand francs sold to the Graslins his estates and his Montégnac forest, near Limoges; was an acquaintance of Foedora through Valentin; was a visitor of the Princesse de Cadignan, after the death of their common father-in-law, of whom he had little to make boast, especially in matters of finance. The Duc de Navarrein's mansion at Paris was on the rue du Bac. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Colonel Chabert. The Muse of the Department. The Thirteen. Jealousies of a Country Town. The Peasantry. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. The Country Parson. The Magic Skin. The Gondreville Mystery. The Secrets of a Princess. Cousin Betty.]

Négrepelisse (De), a family dating back to the Crusades, already famous in the times of Saint-Louis, the name of the younger branch of the "renowned family" of Espard, borne during the Restoration in Angoumois, by M. de Bargeton's father-in-law, M. de Négrepelisse, an imposing looking old country gentleman, and one of the last representatives of the old French nobility, mayor of Escarbes, peer of France, and commander of the Order of Saint-Louis. Négrepelisse survived by several years his son-in-law, whom he took under his roof when Anaïs de Bargeton went to Paris in the summer of 1821. [The Commission in Lunacy. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Négrepelisse (Comte Clément de), born in 1812; cousin of the preceding, who left him his title. He was the elder of the two legitimate sons of the Marquis d'Espard. He studied at College Henri IV., and lived in Paris during the Restoration, as did also his brother, under their father's roof, on the rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève. The Comte de Négrepelisse seldom visited his mother, the Marquise d'Espard, who lived apart from her family in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Negro (Marquis di), a Genoese noble, "Knight Hospitaller endowed with all known talents," was a visitor, in 1836, of the consul-general of France, at Genoa, when Maurice de l'Hostal gave before Damaso Pareto, Claude Vignon, Léon de Lora, and Félicité des Touches, a full account of the separation, the reconciliation, and, in short, the whole history of Octave de Bauvan and his wife. [Honorine.]

Népomucène, a foundling; servant-boy of Madame Vauthier, manager and door-keeper of the house on the Boulevard Montparnasse, which was occupied by the families of Bourlac and Mergi. Népomucène usually wore a ragged blouse and, instead of shoes, gaiters or wooden clogs. To his work with Madame Vauthier was added daily work in the wood-yards of the vicinity, and, on Sundays and Mondays, during the summer, he worked also with the wine-merchants at the barrier. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Néraud, a physician at Provins during the Restoration. He ruined his wife, who was the widow of a grocer named Auffray, and who had married him for love. He survived her. Being a man of doubtful character and a rival of Dr. Martener, Néraud attached himself to the party of Gouraud and Vinet, who represented Liberal ideas; he failed to uphold Pierrette Lorrain, the granddaughter of Auffray, against her guardians, the Rogrons. [Pierrette.]

Néraud (Madame), wife of the preceding. Married first to Auffray, the grocer, who was sixty years old; she was only thirty-eight at the beginning of her widowhood; she married

Dr. Néraud almost immediately after the death of her first husband. By her first marriage she had a daughter, who was the wife of Major Lorrain, and the mother of Pierrette. Madame Néraud died of grief, amid squalid surroundings, two years after her second marriage. The Rogrons, descended from old Auffray by his first marriage, had stripped her of almost all she had. [Pierrette.]

Nicolas. (*See* Montauran, Marquis de.)

Ninette, born in 1832, "rat" at the Opéra in Paris, was acquainted with Léon de Lora and J.-J. Bixiou, who called Gazonal's attention to her in 1845. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Niolland (Abbé), the promising pupil of Abbé Roze. Concealed during the Revolution at the house of M. de Négrepelisse, near Barbezieux, he had in charge the education of Marie-Louise-Anaïs (afterwards Madame de Bargeton), and taught her music, Italian and German. He died in 1802. [Lost Illusions.]

Niseron, curate of Blangy (Bourgogne) before the Revolution; predecessor of Abbé Brossette in this curacy; uncle of Jean-François Niseron. He was led by a childish but innocent indiscretion on the part of his great-niece, as well as by the influence of Dom Rigou, to disinherit the Niserons in the interests of the Mesdemoiselles Pichard, house-keepers in his family. [The Peasantry.]

Niseron (Jean-François), beadle, sacristan, chorister, bell-ringer, and grave-digger of the parish of Blangy (Bourgogne), during the Restoration; nephew and only heir of Niseron the curé; born in 1751. He was delighted at the Revolution, was the ideal type of the Republican, a sort of Michel Chrestien of the fields; treated with cold disdain the Pichard family, who took from him the inheritance, to which he alone had any right; lived a life of poverty and sequestration; was none the less respected; was of Montcornet's party represented by Brossette; their opponent, Grégoire Rigou, felt for him both esteem and fear. Jean-François Niseron lost, one after an-

other, his wife and his two children, and had by his side, in his old days, only Geneviève, natural daughter of his deceased son, Auguste. [The Peasantry.]

Niseron (Auguste), son of the preceding; soldier of the Republic and of the Empire; while an artilleryman in 1809, he seduced, at Zahara, a young Montenegrin, Zéna Kropoli, who died, at Vincennes, early in the year 1810, leaving him an infant daughter. Thus he could not realize his purpose of marrying her. He himself was killed, before Montereau, during the year 1814, by the bursting of a shell. [The Peasantry.]

Niseron (Geneviève), natural daughter of the preceding and the Montenegrin woman, Zéna Kropoli; born in 1810, and named Geneviève after a paternal aunt; an orphan from the age of four, she was reared in Bourgogne by her grandfather, Jean-François Niseron. She had her father's beauty and her mother's peculiarities. Her patronesses, Madame de Montcornet and Madame de Michaud, bestowed upon her the surname Péchina, and, to guard her against Nicholas Tonsard's attentions, placed her in a convent at Auxerre, where she might acquire skill in sewing and forget Justin Michaud, whom she loved unconsciously. [The Peasantry.]

Noël, book-keeper for Jean-Jules Popinot of Paris, in 1828, at the time that the judge questioned the Marquis d'Espard, whose wife tried to deprive him of the right to manage his property. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Noswell (Mistress), a rich and eccentric Englishwoman, who was in Paris at the Hotel Lawson about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign; after much mental debate she bought of Fritot the shawl called Sélim, which he said at first it was "impossible" for him to sell. [Gaudissart II.]

Nouastre (Baron de), a refugee of the purest noble blood. A ruined man, he returned to Alençon in 1800, with his daughter, who was twenty-two years of age, and found a home with the Marquis d'Esgrignon, and died of grief two

months later. Shortly afterwards the marquis married the orphan daughter. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Nourrisson (Madame), was formerly, under the Empire, attached to the service of the Prince d'Ysembourg in Paris. The sight of the disorderly life of a "great lady" of the times decided Madame Nourrisson's profession. She set up shop as a dealer in old clothes, and was also known as mistress of various houses of shame. Intimate relations with Jacqueline Collin, continued for more than twenty years, made this two-fold business profitable. The two matrons willingly exchanged, at times, names and business signs, resources and profits. It was in the old clothes shop, on the rue Neuve-Saint-Marc, that Frédéric de Nucingen bargained for Esther van Gobseck. Towards the end of Charles X.'s reign, one of Madame Nourrisson's establishments, on the rue Saint-Barbe, was managed by La Gonore; in the time of Louis Philippe another—a secret affair—existed at the so-called "Pâté des Italiens"; Valérie Marneffe and Wenceslas Steinbock were once caught there together. Madame Nourrisson, first of the name, evidently continued to conduct her business on the rue Saint-Marc, since, in 1845, she narrated the minutiæ of it to Madame Mahuchet before an audience composed of the well-known trio, Bixiou, Lora and Gazonal, and related to them her own history, disclosing to them the secrets of her own long past beginnings in life. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Betty. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Nouvion (Comte de), a noble refugee, who had returned in utter poverty; chevalier of the Order of Saint-Louis; lived in Paris in 1828, subsisting on the delicately disguised charity of his friend, the Marquis d'Espard, who made him superintendent of the publication, at No. 22 rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, of the "Picturesque History of China," and offered him a share in the possible profits of the work. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Noverre, a celebrated dancer, born in Paris 1727; died in 1807; was the rather unreliable customer of Chevrel the draper, father-in-law and predecessor of Guillaume at the Cat and Racket. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Nucingen (Baron Frédéric de), born, probably at Strasbourg, about 1767. At that place he was formerly clerk to M. d'Aldrigger, an Alsatian banker. Of better judgment than his employer, he did not believe in the success of the Emperor in 1815 and speculated very skilfully on the battle of Waterloo. Nucingen now carried on business alone, and on his own account, in Paris and elsewhere; he thus prepared by degrees the famous house of the rue Saint-Lazare, and laid the foundation of a fortune, which, under Louis Philippe, reached almost eighteen million francs. At this period he married one of the two daughters of a rich vermicelli-maker, Mademoiselle Delphine Goriot, by whom he had a daughter, Augusta, eventually the wife of Eugène de Rastignac. From the first years of the Restoration may be dated the real brilliancy of his career, the result of a combination with the Kellers, Ferdinand du Tillet, and Eugène de Rastignac in the successful manipulation of schemes in connection with the Wortschin mines, followed by opportune assignments and adroitly managed cases of bankruptcy. These various combinations ruined the Ragons, the Aiglemonts, the Aldriggers, and the Beaudenords. At this time, too, Nucingen, though clamorously declaring himself an out-and-out Bourbonist, turned a deaf ear to César Birotteau's appeals for credit, in spite of knowing of the latter's consistent Royalism. There was a time in the baron's life when he seemed to change his nature; it was when, after giving up his hired dancer, he madly entered upon an amour with Esther van Gobseck, alarmed his physician, Horace Bianchon, employed Corentin, Georges, Louchard, and Peyrade, and became especially the prey of Jacques Collin. After Esther's suicide, in May, 1830, Nucingen abandoned "Cythera," as Chardin des Lupeaulx had done before, and became again a man of figures, and was overwhelmed with favors: insignia, the peerage, and the cross of grand officer of the Legion of Honor. Nucingen, being respected and esteemed, in spite of his blunt ways and his German accent, was a patron of Beaudenord, and a frequent guest of Cointet, the minister; he went everywhere, and, at the mansion of Mademoiselle des Touches, heard Mar-

say give an account of some of his old love-affairs; witnessed, before Daniel d'Arthez, the calumniation of Diane de Cadignan by every one present in Madame d'Espard's parlor; guided Maxime de Trailles between the hands, or, rather, the clutches of Claparon-Cérizet; accepted the invitation of Josépha Mirah to her reception on the rue Ville-l'Evêque. When Wenceslas Steinbock married Hortense Hulot, Nucingen and Cottin de Wissembourg were the bride's witnesses. Furthermore, their father, Hector Hulot d'Ervy, borrowed of him more than a hundred thousand francs. The Baron de Nucingen acted as sponsor to Polydore de la Baudraye when he was admitted to the French peerage. As a friend of Ferdinand du Tillet, he was admitted on most intimate terms to the boudoir of Carabine, and he was seen there, one evening in 1845, along with Jenny Cadine, Gazonal, Bixiou, Léon de Lora, Massol, Claude Vignon, Trailles, F. du Bruel, Vauvinet, Marguerite Turquet, and the Gaillards of the rue Ménars. [The Firm of Nucingen. Father Goriot. Pierrette. César Birotteau. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Another Study of Woman. The Secrets of a Princess. A Man of Business. Cousin Betty. The Muse of the Department. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Nucingen (Baronne Delphine de), wife of the preceding, born in 1792; of fair complexion; the spoiled daughter of the opulent vermicelli-maker, Jean-Joachim Goriot; on the side of her mother, who died young, the granddaughter of a farmer. In the latter period of the Empire she contracted, greatly to her taste, a marriage for money. Madame de Nucingen formerly had as her lover Henri de Marsay, who finally abandoned her most cruelly. Reduced, at the time of Louis XVIII., to the society of the Chaussée-d'Antin, she was ambitious to be admitted to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, a circle of which her elder sister, Madame de Restaud, was a member. Eugène de Rastignac opened to her the parlor of Madame de Beauséant, his cousin, rue de Greville, in 1819, and, at about the same time, became her lover. Their liaison lasted more than fifteen years. An apartment on the

rue d'Artois, fitted up by Jean-Joachim Goriot, sheltered their early love. Having entrusted to Rastignac a certain sum for play at the Palais-Royal, the baroness was able with the proceeds to free herself of a humiliating debt to Marsay. Meanwhile she lost her father. The Nucingen carriage, without an occupant, however, followed the hearse. [Father Goriot.] Madame de Nucingen entertained a great deal on the rue Saint-Lazare. It was there that Auguste de Maulincour saw Clémence Desmarets, and Adolphe des Grassins met Charles Grandet. [The Thirteen. Eugénie Grandet.] César Birotteau, on coming to beg credit of Nucingen, as also did Rodolphe Castanier, immediately after his forgery, found themselves face to face with the baroness. [César Birotteau. Melmoth Reconciled.] At this period, Madame de Nucingen took the box at the Opéra which Antoinette de Langeais had occupied, believing undoubtedly, said Madame d'Espard, that she would inherit her charms, wit and success. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. The Commission in Lunacy.] According to Diane de Cadignan, Delphine had a horrible journey when she went to Naples by sea, of which she brought back a most painful reminder. The baroness showed a haughty and scornful indulgence when her husband became enamored of Esther van Gobseck. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Forgetting her origin she dreamed of seeing her daughter Augusta become Duchesse d'Hérouville; but the Hérouvilles, knowing the muddy source of Nucingen's millions, declined this alliance. [Modeste Mignon. The Firm of Nucingen.] Shortly after the year 1830, the baroness was invited to the house of Félicité des Touches, where she saw Marsay once more, and heard him give an account of an old love-affair. [Another Study of Woman.] Delphine aided Marie de Vandenesse and Nathan to the extent of forty thousand francs during the checkered course of their intrigues. She remembered indeed having gone through with similar experiences. [A Daughter of Eve.] About the middle of the monarchy of July, Madame de Nucingen, as mother-in-law of Eugène de Rastignac, visited Madame d'Espard and met Maxime

de Trailles and Ferdinand du Tillet in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. [The Member for Arcis.]

Nueil (De), proprietor of the domain of the Manervilles, which, doubtless, descended to the younger son, Gaston. [The Deserted Woman.]

Nueil (Madame de), wife of the preceding, survived her husband, and her eldest son, became the dowager Comtesse de Nueil, and afterwards owned the domain of Manerville, to which she withdrew in retirement. She was the type of the scheming mother, careful and correct, but worldly. She matched off Gaston, and was thereby involuntarily the cause of his death. [The Deserted Woman.]

Nueil (De), eldest son of the preceding, died of consumption in the reign of Louis XVIII., leaving the title of Comte de Nueil to his younger brother, Baron Gaston. [The Deserted Woman.]

Nueil (Gaston de), son of the Nueils and brother of the preceding, born about 1799, of good extraction and with fortune suitable to his rank. He went, in 1822, to Bayeux, where he had family connections, in order to recuperate from the wearing fatigues of Parisian life; had an opportunity to force open the closed door of Claire de Beauséant, who had been living in retirement in that vicinity ever since the marriage of Miguel d'Ajuda-Pinto to Berthe de Rochefide; he fell in love with her, his love was reciprocated, and for nearly ten years he lived with her as her husband in Normandie and Switzerland. Albert Savarus, in his autobiographical novel, "L'Ambitieux par Amour," made a vague reference to them as living together on the shore of Lake Geneva. After the Revolution of 1830, Gaston de Nueil, already rich from his Norman estates that afforded an income of eighteen thousand francs, married Mademoiselle Stéphanie de la Rodière. Wearying of the marriage tie, he wished to renew his former relations with Madame de Beauséant. Exasperated by the haughty repulse at the hands of his former mistress, Nueil killed himself. [The Deserted Woman. Albert Savarus.]

Nueil (Madame Gaston de), born Stéphanie de la Rodière, about 1812, a very insignificant character, married, at the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign, Gaston de Nueil, to whom she brought an income of forty thousand francs a year. She was enceinte after the first month of her marriage. Having become Comtesse de Nueil, by succession, upon the death of her brother-in-law, and being deserted by Gaston, she continued to live in Normandie. Madame Gaston de Nueil survived her husband. [The Deserted Woman.]

O

O'Flaharty (Major), maternal uncle of Raphaël de Valentin, to whom he bequeathed ten millions upon his death in Calcutta, August, 1828. [The Magic Skin.]

Oignard, in 1806 was chief clerk to Maître Bordin, a Parisian lawyer. [A Start in Life.]

Olga, daughter of the Topinards, born in 1840. She was not a legitimate child, as parents were not married at the time when Schmucke saw her with them in 1845. He loved her for the beauty of her light Teutonic hair. [Cousin Pons.]

Olivet, an Angoulême lawyer, succeeded by Petit-Claud. [Lost Illusions.]

Olivier was in the service of the policemen, Corentin and Peyrade, when they found the Hauteserres and the Simeuses with the Cinq-Cygne family in 1803. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Olivier (Monsieur and Madame), first in the employ of Charles X. as outrider and laundress; had charge of three children, of whom the eldest became an under notary's clerk; were finally, under Louis Philippe, servants of the Marneffes and of Mademoiselle Fischer, to whom, through craftiness or gratitude, they devoted themselves exclusively [Cousin Betty.]

Orfano (Duc d'), title of Maréchal Cottin.

Orgemont (D'), wealthy and avaricious banker, proprietor at Fougères, bought the Abbaye de Juvigny's estate. He remained neutral during the Chouan insurrection of 1799 and came into contact with Coupiau, Galope-Chopine, and Mesdames du Gua-Saint-Cyr and de Montauran. [The Chouans.]

Orgemont (D'), brother of the preceding, a Breton priest who took the oath of allegiance. He died in 1795 and was buried in a secluded spot, discovered and preserved by M. d'Orgemont, the banker, as a place of hiding from the fury of the Vendeans. [The Chouans.]

Origet, famous Tours physician; known to the Mortsaufs, châtelains of Clochegourde. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Orsonval (Madame d'), frequently visited the Cruchot and Grandet f milies at Saumur. [Eugénie Grandet.

Ossian, valet in the service of Mougin, the well-known hair-dresser on the Place de la Bourse, in 1845. Ossian's duty was to show the patrons out, and in this capacity he attended Bixiou, Lora and Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Ottoboni, an Italian conspirator who hid in Paris. In 1831, on dining at the Giardinis on rue Froidmanteau, he became acquainted with the Gambaras. [Gambara.]

P

Paccard, released convict, in Jacques Collin's clutches, well known as a thief and drunkard. He was Prudence Servien's lover, and both were employed by Esther van Gobseck at the same time, Paccard being a footman, lived with a carriage-maker on rue de Provence, in 1829. After stealing seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, which had been left by Esther van Gobseck, he was obliged to give up seven hundred and thirty thousand of them. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Paccard (Mademoiselle), sister of the preceding, in the

power of Jacqueline Collin. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Palma, Parisian banker of the Poissonière suburbs; had, during the régime of the Restoration and of July, great fame as a financier. He was "private counsel for the Keller establishment." Birotteau, the perfumer, at the time of his financial troubles, vainly asked him for help. [The Firm of Nucingen. César Birotteau.] With Werbrust as a partner he dealt in discounts as shrewdly as did Gobseck and Bidault, and thus was in a position to help Lucien de Rubempré. [Gobseck. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] He was also M. Werbrust's associate in the muslin, calico and oil-cloth establishment at No. 5 rue du Sentier, when Maximilien was so friendly with the Fontaines. [The Ball at Sçeaux.]

Pamiers (Vidame de), "oracle of Faubourg Saint-Germain at the time of the Restoration," a member of the family council dealing with Antoinette de Langeais, who was accused of compromising herself with Montriveau. Past-commander of the Order of Malta, prominent in both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, old and confidential friend of the Baronne de Maulincour. Palmiers reared the young Baron Auguste de Maulincour, defending him with all his power against Bourignard's hatred. [The Thirteen.] As a former intimate friend of the Marquis d'Esgrignon, the vidame introduced the Vicomte d'Esgrignon—Victurnien—to Diane de Maufrigneuse. An intimate friendship between the young man and the future Princess de Cadignan was the result. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Pannier, merchant and banker after 1794; treasurer of the "brigands"; connected with the uprising of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne in 1809. Having been condemned to twenty years of hard labor, Pannier was branded and placed in the galleys. Appointed lieutenant-general under Louis XVIII., he governed a royal castle. He died without children. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Paradis, born in 1830; Maxime de Trailles' servant-boy or "tiger"; quick and bold; made a tour, during the election period in the spring of 1839, through the Arcis-sur-Aube district, with his master, meeting Goulard, the sub-prefect, Poupart, the tavern-keeper, and the Maufrigneuses and Mollots of Cinq-Cygne. [The Member for Arcis.]

Parquoi (François), one of the Chouans, for whom Abbé Gudin held a funeral mass in the heart of the forest, not far from Fougères, in the autumn of 1799. François Parquoi died, as did Nicolas Laferté, Joseph Brouet and Sulpice Coupiau, of injuries received at the battle of La Pélerine and at the siege of Fougères. [The Chouans.]

Pascal, porter of the Thuilliers in their Place de la Madeleine house; acted also as beadle at La Madeleine church. [The Middle Classes.]

Pascal (Abbé), chaplain at Limoges prison in 1829; gentle old man. He tried vainly to obtain a confession from Jean-François Tascheron, who had been imprisoned for robbery followed by murder. [The Country Parson.]

Pastelot, priest in 1845, in the Saint-François church in the Marais, on the street now called rue Charlot; watched over the dead body of Sylvain Pons. [Cousin Pons.]

Pastureau (Jean François), in 1829, owner of an estate in Isère, the value of which was said to have been impaired by the passing by of Doctor Benassis' patients. [The Country Doctor.]

Patrat (Maître), notary at Fougères in 1799, an acquaintance of D'Orgemont, the banker, and introduced to Marie de Verneuil by the old miser. [The Chouans.]

Patriote, a monkey, which Marie de Verneuil, its owner, had taught to counterfeit Danton. The craftiness of this animal reminded Marie of Corentin. [The Chouans.]

Pauline, for a long time Julie d'Aiglemont's waiting-maid. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Paulmier, employed under the Restoration in the Ministry

of Finance in Isidore Baudoyer's bureau of Flamet de la Billardière's division. Paulmier was a bachelor, but quarreled continually with his married colleague, Chazelles. [The Government Clerks.]

Paz (Thaddée), Polish descendant of a distinguished Florentine family, the Pazzi, one of whose members had become a refugee in Poland. Living contemporaneously with his fellow-citizen and friend, the Comte Adam Mitgislas Laginski, like him Thaddée Paz fought for his country, later on following him into exile in Paris, during the reign of Louis Philippe. Bearing up bravely in his poverty, he was willing to become steward to the count, and he made an able manager of the Laginski mansion. He gave up this position, when, having become enamored of Clémentine Laginska, he saw that he could no longer control his passion by means of a pretended mistress, Marguerite Turquet, the horsewoman. Paz (pronounced Pac), who had willingly assumed the title of captain, had seen the Steinbocks married. His departure from France was only feigned, and he once more saw the Comtesse Laginska, during the winter of 1842. At Rusticoli he took her from La Palférine, who was on the point of carrying her away. [The Imaginary Mistress. Cousin Betty.]

Péchina (La), nick-name of Geneviève Niseron.

Pederotti (Signor), father of Madame Maurice de l'Hostal. He was a Genoa banker; gave his only daughter a dowry of a million; married her to the French consul, and left her, on dying six months later in January, 1831, a fortune made in grain and amounting to two millions. Pederotti had been made count by the King of Sardinia, but, as he left no male heir, the title became extinct. [Honorine.]

Pelletier, one of Benassis' patients in Isère, who died in 1829, was buried on the same day as the last "cretin," which had been kept on account of popular superstition. Pelletier left a wife, who saw Genestas, and several children, of whom the eldest, Jacques, was born about 1807. [The Country Doctor.

Pen-Hoël (Jacqueline de), of a very old Breton family, lived at Guérande, where she was born about 1780. Sister-in-law of the Kergarouëts of Nantes, the patrons of Major Brigaut, who, despite the displeasure of the people, did not themselves hesitate to assume the name of Pen-Hoël. Jacqueline protected the daughters of her younger sister, the Vicomtesse de Kergarouët. She was especially attracted to her eldest niece, Charlotte, to whom she intended to give a dowry, as she desired the girl to marry Calyste du Guénic, who was in love with Félicité des Touches. [Béatrix.]

Péroux (Abbé), brother of Madame Julliard; vicar of Provins during the Restoration. [Pierrette.]

Perrache, small hunchback, shoemaker by trade, and, in 1840, porter in a house belonging to Corentin on rue Honoré-Chevalier, Paris. [The Middle Classes.]

Perrache (Madame), wife of the preceding, often visited Madame Cardinal, niece of Toupillier, one of Corentin's renters. [The Middle Classes.]

Perret, with his partner, Grosstête, preceded Pierre Graslin in a banking-house at Limoges, in the early part of the nineteenth century. [The Country Parson.]

Perret (Madame), wife of the preceding, an old woman in 1829, disturbed herself, as did every one in Limoges, over the assassination committed by Jean-François Tascheron. [The Country Parson.]

Perrotet, in 1819, laborer on Félix Grandet's farm in the suburbs of Saumur. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Petit-Claud, son of a very poor tailor of L'Houmeau, a suburb of Angoulême, where he pursued his studies in the town lyceum, becoming acquainted at the same time with Lucien de Rubempré. He studied law at Poitiers. On going back to the chief city of La Charente, he became clerk to Maître Olivet, an attorney whom he succeeded. Now began Petit-Claud's period of revenge for the insults which his poverty and homeliness had brought on. He met

Cointet, the printer, and went into his employ, although at the same time he feigned allegiance to the younger Séchard, also a printer. This conduct paved the way for his accession to the magistracy. He was in turn deputy and king's procureur. Petit-Claud did not leave Angoulême, but made a profitable marriage in 1822 with Mademoiselle Françoise de la Haye, natural daughter of Francis du Hautoy and of Madame de Senonches. [Lost Illusions.]

Petit-Claud (Madame), wife of the preceding, natural daughter of Francis du Hautoy and of Madame de Senonches; born Françoise de la Haye, given into the keeping of old Madame Cointet; married through the instrumentality of Madame Cointet's son, the printer, known as Cointet the Great. Madame Petit-Claud, though insignificant and forward, was provided with a very substantial dowry. [Lost Illusions.]

Peyrade, born about 1758 in Provence, Comtat, in a large family of poor people who eked out a scant subsistence on a small estate called Canquoëlle. Peyrade, paternal uncle of Théodose de la Peyrade, was of noble birth, but kept the fact secret. He went from Avignon to Paris in 1776, where he entered the police force two years later. Lenoir thought well of him. Peyrade's success in life was impaired only by his immoralities; otherwise it would have been much more brilliant and lasting. He had a genius for spying, also much executive ability. Fouché employed him and Corentin in connection with the affair of Gondreville's imaginary abduction. A kind of police ministry was given to him in Holland. Louis XVIII. counseled with him and gave him employment, but Charles X. held aloof from this shrewd employé. Peyrade lived in poverty on rue des Moineaux with an adored daughter, Lydie, the child of La Beaumesnil of the Comédie-Française. Certain events brought him into the notice of Nucingen, who employed him in the search for Esther Gobseck, at the same time warning him against the courtesan's followers. The police department, having been told of this arrangement by the so-called Abbé Carlos

Herrera, would not permit him to enter into the employ of a private individual. Despite the protection of his friend, Corentin, and the talent as a policeman, which he had shown under the assumed names of Canquoëlle and Saint-Germain, especially in connection with F. Gaudissart's seizure, Peyrade failed in his struggle with Jacques Collin. His excellent transformation into a nabob defender of Madame Théodore Gaillard made the former convict so angry that, during the last years of the Restoration, he took revenge on him by making way with him. Peyrade's daughter was abducted and he died from the effects of poison. [The Gondreville Mystery. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Peyrade (Lydie).[1] (*See* La Peyrade, Madame Théodose de.)

Phellion, born in 1780, husband of a Le Perche woman, who bore him three children, two of whom were sons, Félix and Marie-Théodore, and one a daughter, who became Madame Barniol; clerk in the Ministry of Finance, Xavier Rabourdin's bureau, division of Flamet de la Billardière, a position which he held until the close of 1824. He upheld Rabourdin, who, in turn, often defended him. While living on rue du Faubourg-Saint-Jacques near the Sourds-Muets, he taught history, literature and elementary ethics to the students of Mesdemoiselles La-Grave. The Revolution of July did not affect him; even his retirement from service did not cause him to give up the home in which he remained for at least thirty years. He bought for eighteen thousand francs a small house on Feuillantines lane, now rue des Feuillantines, which he occupied, after he had improved it, in a serious Bourgeois manner. Phellion was a major in the National Guard. For the most part he still had the same friends, meeting and visiting frequently Baudoyer, Dutocq, Fleury, Godard, Laudigeois, Rabourdin, Madame Poiret the elder, and especially the Colleville, Thuillier and Minard families. His leisure time was occupied with politics and art. At the

[1] Under the title of "Lydie" a portion of the life of Peyrade's daughter was used in a play presented at the Théâtre des Nations, now Théâtre de Paris, but the author did not publish his play.

Odéon he was on a committee of classical reading. His political influence and vote were sought by Théodose de la Peyrade in the interest of Jérôme Thuillier's candidacy for the General Council; for Phellion favored another candidate, Horace Bianchon, relative of the highly-honored J.-J. Popinot. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Phellion (Madame), wife of the preceding; belonged to a family who lived in a western province. Her family being so large that the income of more than nine thousand francs, pension and rentals, was insufficient, she continued, under Louis Philippe, to give lessons in harmony to Mesdemoiselles La Grave, as in the Restoration, with the strictness observed in her every-day life.

Phellion (Félix), eldest son of the preceding couple, born in 1817; professor of mathematics in a Royal college at Paris, then a member of the Academy of Sciences, and chevalier of the Legion of Honor. By his remarkable works and his discovery of a star, he was thus made famous before he was twenty-five years old, and married, after this fame had come to him, Céleste-Louise-Caroline-Brigitte Colleville, the sister of one of his pupils and a woman for whom his love was so strong that he gave up Voltairism for Catholicism. [The Middle Classes.]

Phellion (Madame Félix), wife of the preceding; born Céleste-Louise-Caroline-Brigitte Colleville. Although M. and Madame Colleville's daughter, she was reared almost entirely by the Thuilliers. Indeed, M. L.-J. Thuillier, who had been one of Madame Flavie Colleville's lovers, passed for Céleste's father. M., Madame and Mademoiselle Thuillier were all determined to give her their Christian names and to make up a large dowry for her. Olivier Vinet, Godeschal, Théodose de la Peyrade, all wished to marry Mademoiselle Colleville. Nevertheless, although she was a devoted Christian, she loved Félix Phellion, the Voltairean, and married him after his conversion to Catholicism. [The Middle Classes.]

Phellion (Marie-Théodore), Félix Phellion's younger brother,

in 1840 pupil at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées. [The Middle Classes.]

Philippart (Messieurs), owners of a porcelain manufactory at Limoges, in which was employed Jean-François Taschcron, the murderer of Pingret and Jeanne Malassis. [The Country Parson.]

Philippe, employed in Madame Marie Gaston's family; formerly an attendant of the Princesse de Vaurémont; later became the Duc Henri de Chaulieu's servant; finally entered Marie Gaston's household, where he was employed after his wife's decease. [Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis.]

Pichard (Mademoiselle), house-keeper of Niseron, vicar of Blangy in Bourgogne. Prior to 1789 she brought her niece, Mademoiselle Arsène Pichard, to his house. [The Peasantry.]

Pichard (Arsène), niece of the preceding. (*See* Rigou, Madame Grégoire.) [The Peasantry.]

Picot (Népomucène), astronomer and mathematician, friend of Biot after 1807, author of a "Treatise on Differential Logarithms," and especially of a "Theory of Perpetual Motion," four volumes, quarto, with engravings, Paris, 1825; lived, in 1840, No. 9 rue du Val-de-Grâce. Being very near-sighted and erratic, the prey of his thieving servant, Madame Lambert, his family thought that he needed a protector. Being instructor of Félix Phellion, with whom he took a trip to England, Picot made known his pupil's great ability, which the boy had modestly kept secret, at the home of the Thuilliers, Place de la Madeleine, before an audience composed of the Collevilles, Minards and Phellions. Celeste Colleville's future was thus determined. As Picot was decorated late in life, his marriage to a wealthy and eccentric Englishwoman of forty was correspondingly late. After passing through a successful operation for a cancer, he returned, "a new man," to the home of the Thuilliers. He was led through gratitude to leave to the Félix Phellions the wealth brought him by Madame Picot. [The Middle Classes.]

Picquoiseau (Comtesse), widow of a colonel. She and Madame de Vaumerland boarded with one of Madame Vauquer's rivals, according to Madame de l'Ambermesnil. [Father Goriot.]

Pius VII. (Barnabas Chiaramonti), lived from 1740 till 1823; pope. Having been asked by letter in 1806, if a woman might go *décolleté* to the ball or to the theatre, without endangering her welfare, he answered his correspondent, Madame Angélique de Granville, in a manner befitting the gentle Fénelon. [A Second Home.]

Piédefer (Abraham), descendant of a middle class Calvinist family of Sancerre, whose ancestors in the sixteenth century were skilled workmen, and subsequently woolen-drapers; failed in business during the reign of Louis XVI.; died about 1786, leaving two sons, Moïse and Silas, in poverty. [The Muse of the Department.]

Piédefer (Moïse), elder son of the preceding, profited by the Revolution in imitating his forefathers; tore down abbeys and churches; married the only daughter of a Convention member who had been guillotined, and by her had a child, Dinah, later Madame Milaud de la Baudraye; compromised his fortune by his agricultural speculations; died in 1819. [The Muse of the Department.]

Piédefer (Silas), son of Abraham Piédefer, and younger brother of the preceding; did not receive, as did Moïse Piédefer, his part of the small paternal fortune; went to the Indies; died, about 1837, in New York, with a fortune of twelve hundred thousand francs. This money was inherited by his niece, Madame de la Baudraye, but was seized by her husband. [The Muse of the Department.]

Piédefer (Madame Moïse), sister-in-law of the preceding, unaffable and excessively pious; pensioned by her son-in-law; lived successively in Sancerre and at Paris with her daughter, Madame de la Baudraye, whom she managed to separate from Etienne Lousteau. [The Muse of the Department.]

Pierquin, born about 1786, successor to his father as notary in Douai; distant cousin of the Molina-Claës of rue de Paris, through the Pierquins of Antwerp; self-interested and positive by nature; aspired to the hand of Marguerite Claës, eldest daughter of Balthazar, who afterwards became Madame Emmanuel de Solis; finally married Félicie, a younger sister of his first choice, in the second year of Charles X.'s reign. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Pierquin (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Félicie Claës, found, as a young girl, a second mother in her elder sister, Marguerite. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Pierquin, brother-in-law of the preceding; physician who attended the Claës at Douai. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Pierrot, assumed name of Charles-Amédée-Louis-Joseph Rifoël, Chevalier du Vissard. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Pierrotin, born in 1781. After having served in the cavalry, he left the service in 1815 to succeed his father as manager of a stage-line between Paris and Isle-Adam—an undertaking which, though only moderately successful, finally flourished. One morning in the autumn of 1822, he received as passengers, at the Lion d'Argent, some people, either famous or of rising fame, the Comte Hugret de Sérizy, Léon de Lora and Joseph Bridau, and took them to Presles, a place near Beaumont. Having become "coach-proprietor of Oise," in 1838 he married his daughter, Georgette, to Oscar Husson, a high officer, who, upon retiring, had been appointed to a collectorship in Beaumont, and who, like the Canalises and the Moreaus, had for a long time been one of Pierrotin's customers. [A Start in Life.]

Pietro, Corsican servant of the Bartolomeo di Piombos, kinsmen of Madame Luigi Porta. [The Vendetta.]

Pigeau, during the Restoration, at one time head-carrier and afterwards owner of a small house, which he had built with his own hands and on a very economical basis, at Nanterre (between Paris and Saint-Germain-in-Laye.) [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Pigeau (Madame), wife of the preceding; belonged to a family of wine merchants. After her husband's death, about the end of the Restoration, she inherited a little property, which caused her much unhappiness, in consequence of her avarice and distrust. Madame Pigeau was planning to remove from Nanterre to Saint-Germain with a view to living there on her annuity, when she was murdered, with her servant and her dogs, by Théodore Calvi, in the winter of 1828-29. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Pigeron, of Auxerre, was murdered, it is said, by his wife; be that as it may, the autopsy, entrusted to Vermut, a druggist of Soulanges, in Bourgogne, proved the use of poison. [The Peasantry.]

Pigoult, was head clerk in the office where Malin de Gondreville and Grévin studied pettifogging; was, about 1806, first justice of the peace at Arcis, and then president of the tribunal of the same town, at the time of the lawsuit in connection with the abduction of Malin, when he and Grévin were the prosecuting attorneys. [The Gondreville Mystery.] In the neighborhood of 1839, Pigoult was still living, having his home in the ward. At that time he made public recognition of Pantaléon, Marquis de Sallenauve, and supposed father of Charles Dorlange, Comte de Sallenauve, thus serving the interests, or rather the ambitions, of the deputy. [The Member for Arcis.]

Pigoult, son of the preceding, acquired the hat manufactory of Philéas Beauvisage, made a failure of the undertaking, and committed suicide; but appeared to have had a natural, though sudden, death. [The Member for Arcis.]

Pigoult (Achille), son of the preceding and grandson of the next preceding, born in 1801. A man of unattractive personality, but of great intelligence, he supplanted Grévin, and, in 1819, was the busiest notary of Arcis. Gondreville's influence, and his intimacy with Beauvisage and Giguet, were the causes of his taking a prominent part in the political contests of that period; he opposed Simon Giguet's candidacy,

and successfully supported the Comte de Sallenauve. The introduction of the Marquis Pantaléon de Sallenauve to old Pigoult was brought about through Achille Pigoult, and assured a triumph for the sculptor, Sallenauve-Dorlange. [The Member for Arcis.]

Pillerault (Claude-Joseph), a very upright Parisian trader, proprietor of the Cloche d'Or, a hardware establishment on the Quai de la Ferraille; made a modest fortune, and retired from business in 1814. After losing, one after another, his wife, his son, and an adopted child, Pillerault devoted his life to his niece, Constance-Barbe-Joséphine, of whom he was guardian and only relative. Pillerault lived on the rue des Bourdonnais, in 1818, occupying a small apartment let to him by Camusot of the Cocon d'Or. During that period, Pillerault was remarkable for the intelligence, energy and courage displayed in connection with the unfortunate Birotteaus, who were falling into bad repute. He found out Claparon, and terrified Molineux, both enemies of the Birotteaus. Politics and the Café David, situated between the rue de la Monnaie and the rue Saint-Honoré, consumed the leisure hours of Pillerault, who was a stoical and staunch Republican; he was exceedingly considerate of Madame Vaillant, his house-keeper, and treated Manuel, Foy, Perier, Lafayette and Courier as gods. [César Birotteau.] Pillerault lived to a very advanced age. The Anselme Popinots, his grand-nephew and grand-niece, paid him a visit in 1844. Poulain cured the old man of an illness when he was more than eighty years of age; he then owned an establishment (rue de Normandie, in the Marais), managed by the Cibots, and counting among its occupants the Chapoulot family, Schmucke and Sylvain Pons. [Cousin Pons.]

Pillerault (Constance-Barbe-Joséphine). (*See* Birotteau, Madame César.)

Pimentel (Marquis and Marquise de), enjoyed extended influence during the Restoration, not only with the society element of Paris, but especially in the department of Charente, where they spent their summers. They were reputed to be

the wealthiest land-owners around Angoulême, were on intimate terms with their peers, the Rastignacs, together with whom they composed the shining lights of the Bargeton circle. [Lost Illusions.]

Pinaud (Jacques), a "poor linen-merchant," the name under which M. d'Orgemont, a wealthy broker of Fougères, tried to conceal his identity from the Chouans, in 1799, to avoid being a victim of their robbery. [The Chouans.]

Pingret, uncle of Monsieur and Madame des Vauneaulx; a miser, who lived in an isolated house in the Faubourg Saint-Etienne, near Limoges; robbed and murdered, with his servant Jeanne Malassis, one night in March, 1829, by Jean-François Tascheron. [The Country Parson.]

Pinson, long a famous Parisian restaurant-keeper of the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, at whose establishment Théodose de la Peyrade, reduced, in the time of Louis Philippe, to the uttermost depths of poverty, dined, at the expense of Cérizet and Dutocq, at a cost of forty-seven francs; there also these three men concluded a compact to further their mutual interests. [The Middle Classes.]

Piombo (Baron Bartolomeo di), born in 1738, a fellow-countryman and friend of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose mother he had protected during the Corsican troubles. After a terrible vendetta, carried out in Corsica against all the Portas except one, he had to leave his country, and went in great poverty to Paris with his family. Through the intercession of Lucien Bonaparte, he saw the First Consul (October, 1800) and obtained property, titles and employment. Piombo was not without gratitude; the friend of Daru, Drouot, and Carnot, he gave evidence of devotion to his benefactor until the latter's death. The return of the Bourbons did not deprive him entirely of the resources that he had acquired. For his Corsican property Bartolomeo received of Madame Letitia Bonaparte a sum which allowed him to purchase and occupy the Portenduère mansion. The marriage of his adored daughter, Ginevra, who, against her

father's will, became the wife of the last of the Portas, was a source of vexation and grief to Piombo, that nothing could diminish. [The Vendetta.]

Piombo (Baronne Elisa di), born in 1745, wife of the preceding and mother of Madame Porta, was unable to obtain from Bartolomeo the pardon of Ginevra, whom he would not see after her marriage. [The Vendetta.]

Piombo (Ginevra di). (*See* Porta, Madame Luigi.)

Piombo (Gregorio di), brother of the preceding, and son of Bartolomeo and Elisa di Piombo; died in his infancy, a victim of the Portas, in the vendetta against the Piombos. [The Vendetta.]

Piquetard (Agathe). (*See* Hulot d'Ervy, Baronne Hector.)

Piquoizeau, porter of Frédéric de Nucingen, when Rodolphe Castanier was cashier at the baron's bank. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Plaisir, an "illustrious hair-dresser" of Paris; in September, 1816, on the rue Taitbout, he waited on Caroline Crochard de Bellefeuille, at that time mistress of the Comte de Granville. [A Second Home.]

Planchette, an eminent professor of mechanics, consulted by Raphaël de Valentin on the subject of the wonderful piece of shagreen that the young man had in his possession; he took him to Spieghalter, the mechanician, and to Baron Japhet, the chemist, who tried in vain to stretch this skin. The failure of science in this effort was a cause of amazement to Planchette and Japhet. "They were like Christians come from the tomb without finding a God in heaven." Planchette was a tall, thin man, and a sort of poet always in deep contemplation. [The Magic Skin.]

Plantin, a Parisian publicist, was, in 1834, editor of a review, and aspired to the position of master of requests in the Council of State, when Blondet recommended him to Raoul Nathan, who was starting a great newspaper. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Plissoud, like Brunet, court-crier at Soulanges (Bourgogne), and afterwards Brunet's unfortunate competitor. He belonged, during the Restoration, to the "second" society of his village, witnessed his exclusion from the "first" by reason of the misconduct of his wife, who was born Euphémie Wattebled. Being a gambler and a drinker, Plissoud did not save any money; for, though he was appointed to many offices, they were all lacking in lucrativeness; he was insurance agent, as well as agent for a society that insured against the chances for conscription. Being an enemy of Soudry's party, Maître Plissoud might readily have served, especially for pecuniary considerations, the interests of Montcornet, proprietor at Aigues. [The Peasantry.]

Plissoud (Madame Euphémie), wife of the preceding and daughter of Wattebled; ruled the "second" society of Soulanges, as Madame Soudry did the first, and though married to Plissoud, lived with Lupin as if she were his wife. [The Peasantry.]

Poidevin was, in the month of November, 1806, second clerk of Maître Bordin, a Paris attorney. [A Start in Life.]

Poincet, an old and unfortunate public scribe, and interpreter at the Palais de Justice of Paris; about 1815, he went with Christemio to see Henri de Marsay, in order to translate the words of the messenger of Paquita Valdès. [The Thirteen.]

Poirel (Abbé), a priest of Tours; advanced to the canonry at the time that Monseigneur Troubert and Mademoiselle Gamard persecuted Abbé François Birrotteau. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Poiret, the elder, born at Troyes. He was the son of a clerk and of a woman whose wicked ways were notorious, and who died in a hospital. Going to Paris with a younger brother, they became clerks in the Department of Finance under Robert Lindet; there he met Antoine, the office boy; he left this department, in 1816, with a retiring pension, and was replaced by Saillard. [The Government Clerks.]

Afflicted with cretinism he remained a bachelor because of the horror inspired by the memory of his mother's immoral life; he was a confirmed *idémiste*, repeating, with slight variation, the words of those with whom he was conversing. Poiret established himself on the rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, at Madame Vauquer's private boarding-house; he occupied the second story at the widow's house, became intimate with Christine-Michelle Michonneau and married her, when Horace Bianchon demanded the exclusion of this young woman from the house for denouncing Jacques Collin (1819). [Father Goriot.] Poiret often afterwards met M. Clapart, an old comrade whom he had found again on the rue de la Cerisaïe; had apartments on the rue des Poules and lost his health. [A Start in Life. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] He died during the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Middle Classes.]

Poiret (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Christine-Michelle Michonneau, in 1779, doubtless had a stormy youth. Pretending to have been persecuted by the heirs of a rich old man for whom she had cared, Christine-Michelle Michonneau went, during the Restoration, to board with Madame Vauquer, the third floor of the house on rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève; made Poiret her squire; made a deal with Bibi-Lupin—Gondureau—to betray Jacques Collin, one of Madame Vauquer's guests. Having thus sated her cupidity and her bitter feelings, Mademoiselle Michonneau was forced to leave the house on rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, at the formal demand of Bianchon, another of the guests. [Father Goriot.] Accompanied by Poiret, whom she afterwards married, she moved to the rue des Poules and rented furnished rooms. Being summoned before the examining magistrate Camusot (May, 1830), she recognized Jacques Collin in the pseudo Abbé Carlos Herrera. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Ten years later, Madame Poiret, now a widow, was living on a corner of the rue des Postes, and numbered Cérizet among her lodgers. [The Middle Classes.]

Poiret the younger, brother of Poiret the elder, and brother-in-law of the preceding, born in 1771; had the same start, the

same instincts, and the same weakness of intellect as the elder; ran the same career, overwhelmed with work under Lindet; remained at the Treasury as copying clerk ten years longer than Poiret the elder; was also book-keeper for two merchants, one of whom was Camusot of the Cocon d'Or; he lived on the rue du Martroi; dined regularly at the Veau qui Tette, on the Place du Châtelet; bought his hats of Tournan, on rue Saint-Martin; and, a victim of J.-J. Bixiou's practical jokes, he wound up by being business clerk in the office of Xavier Rabourdin. Being retired on January 1, 1825, Poiret the younger counted on living at Madame Vauquer's boarding-house. [The Government Clerks.]

Polissard, appraiser of the wood of the Ronquerolles estate in 1821; at this time, probably on the recommendation of Gaubertin, he employed as agent for the wood-merchant, Vaudoyer, a peasant of Ronquerolles, who had shortly before been discharged from the post of forest-keeper of Blangy (Bourgogne). [The Peasantry.]

Pollet, book-publisher in Paris, in 1821; a rival of Dogue-reau; published "Léonide ou La Vieille de Suresnes," a romance by Victor Ducange; had business relations with Porchon and Vidal; was at their establishment, when Lucien de Rubempré presented to them his "Archer de Charles IX." [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Pombreton (Marquis de), a genuine anomaly; lieutenant of the black musketeers under the old régime, friend of the Chevalier de Valois, who prided himself on having lent him for assistance in leaving the country, twelve hundred pistoles. Pombreton returned this loan afterwards, almost beyond a question of doubt, but the fact of the case always remained unknown, for M. de Valois, an unusually successful gamester, was interested in spreading a report of the return of this loan, to shadow the resources that he derived from the gaming table; and so, five years later, about 1821, Etienne Lousteau declared that the Pombreton succession and the Maubreuil[1] affair were

[1] Maubreuil died at the end of the Second Empire.

among the most profitable "stereotypes" of journalism. Finally, Le Courrier de l'Orne of M. du Bousquier published, about 1830, these lines: "A certificate for an income of a thousand francs a year will be awarded to the person who can show the existence of a M. de Pombreton before, during, or after the emigration." [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Pomponne (La). (*See* Toupinet, Madame.)

Pons (Sylvain)[1], born about 1785; son of the old age of Monsieur and Madame Pons, who, before 1789, founded the famous Parisian house for the embroidery of uniforms that was bought, in 1815, by M. Rivet, first cousin of the first Madame Camusot of the Cocon d'Or, sole heir of the famous Pons brothers, embroiderers to the Court; under the Empire, he won the Prix de Rome for musical composition, returned to Paris about 1810, and was for many years famous for his romances and melodies which were full of delicacy and good taste. From his stay in Italy, Pons brought back the tastes of the bibliomaniac and a love for works of art. His passion for collecting consumed almost his entire patrimony. Pons became Sauvageot's rival. Monistrol and Elie Magus felt a hidden but envious appreciation of the artistic treasures ingeniously and economically collected by the musician. Being ignorant of the rare value of his museum, he went from house to house, giving private lessons in harmony. This lack of knowledge proved his ruin afterwards, for he became all the more fond of paintings, stones and furniture, as lyric glory was denied him, and his ugliness, coupled with his supposed poverty, kept him from getting married. The pleasures of a gourmand replaced those of the lover; he likewise found some consolation for his isolation in his friendship with Schmucke. Pons suffered from his taste for high living; he grew old, like a parasitic plant, outside the circle of his family, only tolerated by his distant cousins, the Camusot de Marvilles, and their connections, Cardot, Berthier and

[1] M. Alphonse de Launay has derived from the life of Sylvain Pons a drama that was presented at the Cluny theatre, Paris, about 1873.

Popinot. In 1834, at the awarding of prizes to the young ladies of a boarding-school, he met the pianist Schmucke, a teacher as well as himself, and in the strong intimacy that grew up between them, he found some compensation for the blighted hopes of his existence. Sylvain Pons was director of the orchestra at the theatre of which Félix Gaudissart was manager during the monarchy of July. He had Schmucke admitted there, with whom he passed several happy years, in a house, on the rue de Normandie, belonging to C.-J. Pillerault. The bitterness of Madeleine Vivet and Amélie Camusot de Marville, and the covetousness of Madame Cibot, the door-keeper, and Fraisier, Magus, Poulain and Rémonencq were perhaps the indirect causes of the case of hepatitis of which Pons died (in April, 1845), appointing Schmucke his residuary legatee before Maître Léopold Hannequin, who had been hastily summoned by Héloïse Brisetout. Pons was on the point of being employed to compose a piece of ballet music, entitled "Les Mohicans." This work most likely fell to his successor, Garangeot. [Cousin Pons.]

Popinot, alderman of Sancerre in the eighteenth century; father of Jean-Jules Popinot and Madame Ragon (born Popinot). He was the officer whose portrait, painted by Latour, adorned the walls of Madame Ragon's parlor, during the Restoration, at her home in the Quartier Saint-Sulpice, Paris. [César Birotteau.]

Popinot (Jean-Jules), son of the preceding, brother of Madame Ragon, and husband of Mademoiselle Bianchon —of Sancerre—embraced the profession of law, but did not attain promptly the rank which his powers and integrity deserved. Jean-Jules Popinot remained for a long time a judge of a lower court in Paris. He took a deep interest in the fate of the young orphan Anselme Popinot, his nephew, and a clerk of César Birotteau; and was invited with Madame Jean-Jules Popinot to the perfumer's famous ball, on Sunday, December 17, 1818. Nearly eighteen months later, Jean-Jules Popinot once more saw Anselme, who was set up as a

druggist on the rue des Cinq-Diamants, and met Félix Gaudissart, the commercial-traveler, and tried to excuse certain imprudent utterances of his on the political situation, that had been reported by Canquoëlle-Peyrade, the police-agent. [César Birotteau.] Three years later he lost his wife, who had brought him, for dowry, an income of six thousand francs, representing exactly twice his personal assets. Living from this time at the rue du Fouarre, Popinot was able to give free rein to the exercise of charity, a virtue that had become a passion with him. At the urgent instance of Octave de Bauvan, Jean-Jules Popinot, in order to aid Honorine, the count's wife, sent her a pretended commission-merchant, probably Félix Gaudissart, offering a more than generous price for the flowers she made. [Honorine.] Jean-Jules Popinot eventually established a sort of benevolent agency. Lavienne, his servant, and Horace Bianchon, his wife's nephew aided him. He relieved Madame Toupinet, a poor woman on the rue du Petit-Banquier, from want (1828). Madame d'Espard's request for a guardian for her husband served to divert Popinot from his rôle of Saint Vincent de Paul; a man of rare delicacy hidden beneath a rough and uncultured exterior, he immediately discovered the injustice of the wrongs alleged by the marchioness, and recognized the real victim in M. d'Espard, when he cross-questioned him at No. 22 rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, in an apartment, the good management of which he seemed to envy, though the rooms were simply furnished, and in striking contrast with the splendor of which he had been a witness, at the home of the marchioness in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. A delay caused by a cold in the head, and especially the influence of Madame d'Espard's intrigues, removed Popinot from the cause, in which Camusot was substituted. [The Commission in Lunacy.] We have varying accounts of Jean-Jules Popinot's last years. Madame de la Chanterie's circle mourned the death of the judge in 1833 [The Seamy Side of History] and Phellion in 1840. J.-J. Popinot probably died at No. 22 rue de la Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève, in the apartment that he had already coveted, being the counselor

to the court, municipal counselor of Paris, and a member of the General Council of the Seine. [The Middle Classes.]

Popinot (Anselme), a poor orphan, and nephew of the preceding and of Madame Ragon (born Popinot), who took charge of him in his infancy. Small of stature, red-haired, and lame, he gladly became clerk to César Birotteau, the Paris perfumer of the Reine des Roses, the successor of Ragon, with whom he did a great deal of work, in order to be able to show appreciation for the favor shown a part of his family, that was well-nigh ruined as a result of some bad investments (the Wortschin mines, 1818-19). Anselme Popinot, being secretly in love with Césarine Birotteau, his employer's daughter—the feeling being reciprocated, moreover—brought about, as far as his means allowed, the rehabilitation of César, thanks to the profits of his drug business, established on the rue des Cinq-Diamants, between 1819 and 1820. The beginning of his great fortune and of his domestic happiness dated from this time. [César Birotteau.] After Birotteau's death, about 1822, Popinot married Mademoiselle Birotteau, by whom he had three children, two sons and a daughter. The consequences of the Revolution of 1830 brought Anselme Popinot in the way of power and honors; he was twice deputy after the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign, and was also minister of commerce. [Gaudissart the Great.] Anselme Popinot, twice secretary of state, had finally been made a count, and a peer of France. He owned a mansion on the rue Basse du Rempart. In 1834 he rewarded Félix Gaudissart for services formerly rendered on the rue des Cinq-Diamants, and entrusted to him the management of a boulevard theatre, where the opera, the drama, the fairy spectacle, and the ballet took turn and turn. [Cousin Pons.] Four years later the Comte Popinot, again minister of commerce and agriculture, a lover of the arts and one who gladly acted the part of the refined Mæcenas, bought for two thousand francs a copy of Steinbock's "Groupe de Samson" and stipulated that the mould should be destroyed that there might be only two copies, his own and the one belonging to Mademoiselle Hortense Hulot, the artist's fiancée.

When Wenceslas married Mademoiselle Hulot, Popinot and Eugène de Rastignac were the Pole's witnesses. [Cousin Betty.]

Popinot (Madame Anselme), wife of the preceding, born Césarine Birotteau, in 1801. Beautiful and attractive, though, at one time, almost promised to Alexandre Crottat, she married, about 1822, Anselme Popinot, whom she loved and by whom she was loved. [César Birotteau.] After her marriage, though in the midst of splendor, she remained the simple, open, and even artless character that she was in the modest days of her youth.[1] The transformation of the dancer Claudine du Bruel, the whilom Tullia of the Royal Academy of Music, to a moral bourgeois matron, surprised Madame Anselme, who became intimate with her. [A Prince of Bohemia.] The Comtesse Popinot rendered aid, in a delicate way, in 1841, to Adeline Hulot d'Ervy. Her influence, with that of Mesdames de Rastignac, de Navarreins, d'Espard, de Grandlieu, de Carigliano, de Lenoncourt, and de la Bastie, procured Adeline's appointment as salaried inspector of charities. [Cousin Betty.] Three years later, when one of her three children married Mademoiselle Camusot de Marville, Madame Popinot, although she appeared at the most exclusive social gatherings, imitated modest Anselme, and, unlike Amélie Camusot, received Pons, a tenant of her maternal great-uncle, C.-J. Pillerault. [Cousin Pons.]

Popinot (Vicomte), the eldest of the three children of the preceding couple, married, in 1845, Cécile Camusot de Marville. [Cousin Pons.] During the course of the year 1846, he questioned Victorin Hulot about the remarkable second marriage of Baron Hector Hulot d'Ervy, which was solemnized on the first of February of that year. [Cousin Betty.]

Popinot (Vicomtesse), wife of the preceding; born Cécile Camusot in 1821, before the name Marville was added to Camusot through the acquisition of a Norman estate. Red-haired and insignificant looking, but very pretentious, she

[1] In 1838, the little theatre Panthéon, destroyed in 1846, gave a vaudeville play, by M. Eugène Cormon, entitled "César Birotteau," of which Madame Anselme Popinot was one of the heroines.

persecuted her distant kinsman Pons, from whom she afterwards inherited; from lack of sufficient fortune she failed of more than one marriage, and was treated with scorn by the wealthy Frédéric Brunner, especially because of her being an only daughter and the spoiled child. [Cousin Pons.]

Popinot-Chandier (Madame and Mademoiselle), mother and daughter; of the family of Madame Boirouge; hailing from Sancerre; frequent visitors of Madame de la Baudraye, whose superiority of manner they ridiculed in genuine bourgeois fashion. [The Muse of the Department.]

Porchon. (*See* Vidal.)

Porraberil (Euphémie). (*See* San-Réal, Marquise de.)

Porriquet, an elderly student of the classics, was teacher of Raphaël de Valentin, whom he had as a pupil in the sixth class, in the third class, and in rhetoric. Retired from the university without a pension after the Revolution of July, on suspicion of Carlism, seventy years of age, without means, and with a nephew whose expenses he was paying at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, he went to solicit the aid of his dear "foster-child," to obtain the position of principal of a provincial school, and suffered rough treatment at the hands of the *carus alumnus*, every act of whose shortened Valentin's existence.. [The Magic Skin.]

Porta (Luigi), born in 1793, strikingly like his sister Nina. He was the last member that remained, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, of the Corsican family of Porta, by reason of a bloody vendetta between his kinspeople and the Piombos. Luigi Porta alone was saved, by Elisa Vanni, according to Giacomo; he lived at Genoa, where he enlisted, and found himself, when quite young, in the affair of the Bérésina. Under the Restoration he was already an officer of high rank; he put an end to his military career and was hunted by the authorities at the same time as Labédoyère. Luigi Porta found Paris a safe place of refuge. Servin, the Bonapartist painter, who had opened a studio of drawing, where he taught his art to young ladies, concealed the officer

One of his pupils, Ginevra di Piombo, discovered the outlaw's hiding-place, aided him, fell in love with him, made him fall in love with her, and married him, despite the opposition of her father, Bartolomeo di Piombo. Luigi Porta chose as a witness, when he was married, his former comrade, Louis Vergniaud, also known to Hyacinthe-Chabert. He lived from hand to mouth by doing secretary's work, lost his wife, and, crushed by his poverty, went to tell the Piombos of her death. He died almost immediately after her (1820). [The Vendetta.]

Porta (Madame Luigi), wife of the preceding, born Ginevra di Piombo about 1790; shared, in Corsica as in Paris, the stormy life of her father and mother, whose adored child she was. In Servin's, the painter's, studio, where with her talent she shone above the whole class, Ginevra knew Mesdames Tiphaine and Camusot de Marville, at that time Mesdemoiselles Roguin and Thirion. Defended by Laure alone, she endured the cruelly planned persecution of Amélie Thirion, a Royalist, and an envious woman, especially when the favorite drawing pupil discovered and aided Luigi Porta, whom she married shortly afterwards, against the will of Bartolomeo di Piombo. Madame Porta lived most wretchedly; she resorted to Magus to dispose of copies of paintings at a meagre price; brought a son into the world, Barthélemy; could not nurse him, lost him, and died of grief and exhaustion in the year 1820. [The Vendetta.]

Portail (Du), name assumed by Corentin, when as "prefect of secret police of diplomacy and political affairs," he lived on the rue Honoré-Chevalier, in the reign of Louis Philippe. [The Government Clerks.]

Portenduère (Comte Luc-Savinien de), grandson of Admiral de Portenduère, born about 1788, represented the elder branch of the Portenduères, of whom Madame de Portenduère and her son Savinien represented the younger branch. Under the Restoration, being the husband of a rich wife, the father of three children and member for Isère, he lived, according to the season of the year, in the château

of Portenduère or the Portenduère mansion, which were situated, the one in Dauphiné, and the other in Paris, and extended no aid to the Vicomte Savinien, though he was harassed by his creditors. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Portenduère (Madame de), born Kergarouët, a Breton, proud of her noble descent and of her race. She married a post-captain, nephew of the famous Admiral de Portenduère, the rival of the Suffrens, the Kergarouëts, and the Simeuses; bore him a son, Savinien; she survived her husband; was on intimate terms with the Rouvres, her country neighbors; for, having but little means, she lived, during the Restoration, in the little village of Nemours, on the rue des Bourgeois, where Denis Minoret was domiciled. Savinien's prodigal dissipation and the long opposition to his marriage to Ursule Mirouët saddened, or at least disturbed, Madame de Portenduère's last days. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Portenduère (Vicomte Savinien de), son of preceding, born in 1806; cousin of the Comte de Portenduère, who was descended from the famous admiral of this name, and great-nephew of Vice-Admiral Kergarouët. During the Restoration he left the little town of Nemours and his mother's society to go and try the life of Paris, where, in spite of his relationship with the Fontaines, he fell in love with Emilie de Fontaine, who did not reciprocate his love, but married first Admiral de Kergarouët, and afterwards the Marquis de Vandenesse. [The Ball at Sçeaux.] Savinien also became enamored of Léontine de Sérizy; was on intimate terms with Marsay, Rastignac, Rubempré, Maxime de Trailles, Blondet and Finot; soon lost a considerable sum of money, and, laden with debts, became a boarder at Sainte-Pélagie; he then received Marsay, Rastignac and Rubempré, the latter wishing to relieve his distress, much to the amusement of Florine, afterwards Madame, Nathan. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Urged by Ursule Mirouët, his ward, Denis Minoret, who was one of Savinien's neighbors at Nemours, raised the sum necessary to liquidate young Portenduère's debt, and freed him of its burden. The

viscount enlisted in the marine service, and retired with the rank and insignia of an ensign, two years after the Revolution of July, and five years before being able to marry Ursule Mirouët. [Ursule Mirouët.] The Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Portenduère made a charming couple, recalling two other happy families of Paris, the Laginskis and the Ernest de la Basties. In 1840 they lived on the rue Saint-Pères, became the intimate friends of the Calyste du Guénics, and shared their box at the Italiens. [Béatrix.]

Portenduère (Vicomtesse Savinien de), wife of the preceding, born in 1814. The orphan daughter of an unfortunate artist, Joseph Mirouët, the military musician, and Dinah Grollman, a German; natural granddaughter of Valentin Mirouët, the famous harpsichordist, and consequently niece of the rich Dr. Denis Minoret; she was adopted by the last-named, and became his ward, so much the more adored as, in appearance and character, she recalled Madame Denis Minoret, deceased. Ursule's girlhood and youth, passed at Nemours, were marked alternately by joy and bitterness. Her guardian's servants, as well as his intimate friends, overwhelmed her with indications of interest. A distinguished performer, the future viscountess received lessons in harmony from Schmucke, the pianist, who was summoned from Paris. Being of a religious nature, she converted Denis Minoret, who was an adherent of Voltaire's teachings; but the influence she acquired over him called forth against the young girl the fierce animosity of Minoret-Levrault, Massin, Crémière, Dionis and Goupil, who, foreseeing that she would be the doctor's residuary legatee, abused her, slandered her, and persecuted her most cruelly. Ursule was also scornfully treated by Madame de Portenduère, with whose son, Savinien, she was in love. Later, the relenting of Minoret-Levrault and Goupil, shown in various ways, and her marriage to the Vicomte de Portenduère, at last approved by his mother, offered Ursule some consolation for the loss of Denis Minoret. [Ursule Mirouët.] Paris adopted her, and made much of her; she made a glorious success in society as a singer. [Another Study of Woman.] Amid her own great happiness, the vis-

countess showed herself the devoted friend, in 1840, of Madame Calyste du Guénic, just after her confinement, who was almost dying of grief over the treachery of her husband. [Béatrix.]

Postel was pupil and clerk of Chardon the druggist of L'Houmeau, a suburb of Angoulême; succeeded Chardon after his death; was kind to his former patron's unfortunate family; desired, but without success, to marry Eve, who was afterwards Madame David Séchard, and became the husband of Léonie Marron, by whom he had several sickly children. [Lost Illusions.]

Postel (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Léonie Marron, daughter of Doctor Marron, a practitioner in Marsac (Charente); through jealousy she was disagreeable to the beautiful Madame Séchard; through cupidity she fawned upon the Abbé Marron, from whom she hoped to inherit. [Lost Illusions.]

Potasse, sobriquet of the Protez family, manufacturers of chemicals, as associates of Cochin; known by Minard, Phellion, Thuillier and Colleville, types of Parisians of the middle class, about 1840. [The Middle Classes.]

Potel, former officer of the Imperial forces, retired, during the Restoration, to Issoudun, with Captain Renard; he took sides with Maxence Gilet against the officers, Mignonnet and Carpentier, declared enemies of the chief of the "Knights of Idlesse." [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Poulain (Madame), born in 1778. She married a trousers-maker, who died in very reduced circumstances; for from the sale of his business she received only about eleven hundred francs for income. She lived then, for twenty years, on work which some fellow-countrymen of the late Poulain gave to her, and the meagre profits of which afforded her the opportunity of starting in a professional career her son, the future physician, whom she dreamed of seeing gain a rich marriage settlement. Madame Poulain, though deprived of an education, was very tactful, and she was in the habit of

retiring when patients came to consult her son. This she did when Madame Cibot called at the office on rue d'Orléans, late in 1844 or early in 1845. [Cousin Pons.]

Poulain (Doctor), born about 1805, friendless and without fortune; strove in vain to gain the patronage of the Paris "four hundred" after 1835. He kept constantly near him his mother, widow of a trousers-maker. As a poor-neighborhood physician he afterwards lived with his mother on rue d'Orléans at the Marais He became acquainted with Madame Cibot, door-keeper at a house on rue de Normandie, the proprietor of which, C.-J. Pillerault, uncle of the Popinots and ordinarily under Horace Bianchon's treatment, he cured. By Madame Cibot, Poulain was called also to attend Pons in a case of inflammation of the liver. Aided by his friend Fraisier, he arranged matters to suit the Camusots de Marville, the rightful heirs of the musician. Such a service had its reward. In 1845, following the death of Pons, and that of his residuary legatee, Schmucke, soon after, Poulain was given an appointment in the Quinze-Vingts hospital as head physician of this great infirmary. [Cousin Pons.]

Poupart, or Poupard, from Arcis-sur-Aube, husband of Gothard's sister; one of the heroes of the Simeuse affair; proprietor of the Mulet tavern. Being devoted to the interest of the Cadignans, the Cinq-Cygnes and the Hauteserres, in 1839, during the electoral campaign, he gave lodging to Maxime de Trailles, a government envoy, and to Paradis, the count's servant. [The Member for Arcis.]

Poutin, colonel of the Second lancers, an acquaintance of Maréchal Cottin, minister of war in 1841, to whom he told that many years before this one of his men at Severne, having stolen money to buy his mistress a shawl, repented of his deed and ate broken glass so as to escape dishonor. The Prince of Wissembourg told this story to Hulot d'Ervy, while upbraiding him for his dishonesty. [Cousin Betty.]

Prélard (Madame), born in 1808, pretty, at first mistress of the assassin Auguste, who was executed. She remained con-

stantly in the clutches of Jacques Collin, and was married by Jacqueline Collin, aunt of the pseudo-Herrera, to the head of a Paris hardware-house on Quai aux Fleurs, the Bouclier d'Achille. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Prévost (Madame), well-known florist, whose store still remains in the Palais-Royal. Early in 1830, Frédéric de Nucingen bought a ten louis bouquet there for Esther van Gobseck. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Prieur (Madame), laundress at Angoulême, for whom Mademoiselle Chardon, afterwards Madame David Séchard, worked. [Lost Illusions.]

Pron (Monsieur and Madame), both teachers. M. Pron taught rhetoric in 1840 at a college in Paris directed by priests. Madame Pron, born Barniol, and therefore sister-in-law of Madame Barniol-Phellion, succeeded Mesdemoiselles La Grave, about the same time, as director of their young ladies' boarding-school. M. and Madame Pron lived in the Quartier Saint-Jacques, and frequently visited the Thuilliers. [The Middle Classes.]

Protez and Chiffreville, manufactured chemicals; sold a hundred thousand francs' worth to the inventor, Balthazar Claës, about 1812. [The Quest of the Absolute.] On account of their friendly relations with Cochin, of the Treasury, all the Protezes and the Chiffrevilles were invited to the celebrated ball given by César Birotteau, Sunday, December 17, 1818, on rue Saint Honoré. [César Birotteau.]

Proust, clerk to Maître Bordin, a Paris attorney, in November, 1806; this fact became known a few years later by Godeschal, Oscar Husson and Marest, when they reviewed the books of the attorneys who had been employed in Bordin's office. [A Start in Life.]

Provençal (Le), born in 1777, undoubtedly in the vicinity of Arles. A common soldier during the wars at the close of the eighteenth century, he took part in the expedition of General Desaix into upper Egypt. Having been taken prisoner by the Maugrabins he escaped only to lose himself

in the desert, where he found nothing to eat but dates. Reduced to the dangerous friendship of a female panther, he tamed her, singularly enough, first by his thoughtless caresses, afterwards by premeditation. He ironically named her Mignonne, as he had previously called Virginie, one of his mistresses. Le Provençal finally killed his pet, not without regret, having been moved to great terror by the wild animal's fierce love. About the same time the soldier was discovered by some of his own company. Thirty years afterwards, an aged ruin of the Imperial wars, his right leg gone, he was one day visiting the menagerie of Martin the trainer, and recalled his adventure for the delectation of a young spectator. [A Passion in the Desert.]

Q

Quélus (Abbé), priest of Tours or of its vicinity, called frequently on the Chessels, neighbors of the Mortsaufs, at the beginning of the century. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Queverdo, faithful steward of the immense domain of Baron de Macumer, in Sardinia. After the defeat of the Liberals in Spain, in 1823, he was told to look out for his master's safety. Some fishers for coral agreed to pick him up on the coast of Andalusia and set him off at Macumer. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Quillet (François), office-boy employed by Raoul Nathan's journal on rue Feydau, Paris, 1835. He aided his employer by lending him the name of François Quillet. Raoul, in great despair, while occupying a furnished room on rue du Mail, threw several creditors off his track by the use of this assumed name. [A Daughter of Eve.]

R

Rabouilleuse (La), name assumed by Flore Brazier, who became in turn Madame Jean-Jacques Rouget and Madame Philippe Bridau. (*See* this last name.)

Rabourdin (Xavier), born in 1784; his father was unknown

to him. His mother, a beautiful and fastidious woman, who lived in luxury, left him a penniless orphan of sixteen. At this time he left the Lycée Napoleon and became a supernumerary clerk in the Treasury Department. He was soon promoted, becoming second head clerk at twenty-two and head clerk at twenty-five An unknown, but influential friend, was responsible for this progress, and also gave him an introduction into the home of M. Leprince, a wealthy widower, who had formerly been an auctioneer. Rabourdin met, loved and married this man's only daughter. Beginning with this time, when his influential friend probably died, Rabourdin saw the end of his own rapid progress. Despite his faithful, intelligent efforts, he occupied at forty the same position. In 1824 the death of M. Flamet de la Billardière left open the place of division chief This office, to which Rabourdin had long aspired, was given to the incapable Baudoyer, who had been at the head of a bureau, through the influence of money and the Church. Disgusted, Rabourdin sent in his resignation. He had been responsible for a rather remarkable plan for executive and social reform, and this possibly contributed to his overthrow. During his career as a minister Rabourdin lived on rue Duphot. He had by his wife two children, Charles, born in 1815, and a daughter, born two years later. About 1830 Rabourdin paid a visit to the Bureau of Finances, where he saw once more his former pages, nephews of Antoine, who had retired from service by that time. From these he learned that Colleville and Baudoyer were tax-collectors in Paris. [The Government Clerks.] Under the Empire he was a guest at the evening receptions given by M. Guillaume, the cloth-dealer of rue Saint-Denis. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] Later he and his wife were invited to attend the famous ball tendered by César Birotteau, December 17, 1818. [César Birotteau.] In 1840, being still a widower, Rabourdin was one of the directors of a proposed railway. At this time he began to lodge in a house on the Place de la Madeleine, which had been recently bought by the Thuilliers, whom he had known in the Bureau of Finance. [The Middle Classes.]

Rabourdin (Madame), born Célestine Leprince, in 1796; beautiful, tall and of good figure; reared by an artistic mother; a painter and a good musician; spoke many tongues and even had some knowledge of science. She was married when very young through the instrumentality of her father, who was then a widower. Her reception-rooms were not open to Jean-Jacques Bixiou, but she was frequently visited by the poet Canalis, the painter Schinner, Doctor Bianchon, who was especially fond of her company; Lucien de Rubempré, Octave de Camps, the Comte de Granville, the Vicomte de Fontaine, F. du Bruel, Andoche Finot, Derville, Châtelet, then deputy; Ferdinand du Tillet, Paul de Manerville, and the Vicomte de Portenduère. A rival, Madame Colleville, had dubbed Madame Rabourdin "The Célimène of rue Duphot." Having been over-indulged by her mother, Célestine Leprince thought herself entitled to a man of high rank. Consequently, although M. Rabourdin pleased her, she hesitated at first about marrying him, as she did not consider him of high enough station. This did not prevent her loving him sincerely. Although she was very extravagant, she remained always strictly faithful to him. By listening to the demands of Chardin des Lupeaulx, secretary-general in the Department of Finance, who was in love with her, she might have obtained for her husband the position of division chief. Madame Rabourdin's reception days were Wednesdays and Fridays. She died in 1840. [The Commission in Lunacy. The Government Clerks.]

Rabourdin (Charles), law-student, son of the preceding couple, born in 1815, lived from 1836 to 1838 in a house on rue Corneille, Paris. There he became acquainted with Z. Marcas, helped him in his distress, attended him on his death-bed, and, with Justi, a medical student, as his only companion, followed the body of this great, but unknown man to the beggar's grave in Montparnasse cemetery. After having told some friends the short, but pitiful story of Z. Marcas, Charles Rabourdin, following the advice of the deceased, left the country, and sailed from Havre for the

Malayan islands; for he had not been able to gain a foothold in France. [Z. Marcas.]

Racquets (Des). (*See* Raquets, des.)

Ragon born about 1748; a perfumer on rue Saint-Honoré, between Saint-Roche and rue des Frondeurs, Paris, towards the close of the eighteenth century; small man, hardly five feet tall, with a face like a nut-cracker, self-important and known for his gallantry. He was succeeded in his business, the "Reine des Roses," by his chief clerk, César Birotteau, after the eighteenth Brumaire. As a former perfumer to Her Majesty Queen Marie-Antoinette, M. Ragon always showed Royalist zeal, and, under the Republic, the Vendeans used him to communicate between the princes and the Royalist committee of Paris. He received at that time the Abbé de Marolles, to whom he pointed out and revealed the person of Louis XVI.'s executioner. In 1818, being a loser in the Nucingen speculation in Wortschin mining stock, Ragon lived with his wife in an apartment on rue du Petit-Bourbon-Saint-Sulpice. [César Birotteau. An Episode under the Terror.]

Ragon (Madame), born Popinot; sister of Judge Popinot, wife of the preceding, being very nearly the same age as her husband, was in 1818 "a tall slender woman of wrinkled face, sharp nose, thin lips, and the artificial manner of a marchioness of the old line." [César Birotteau.]

Ragoulleau[1] (Jean-Antoine), a Parisian lawyer, whose signature the widow Morin tried to extort. She also attempted his assassination, and was condemned, January 11, 1812, on the evidence of a number of witnesses, among others that of Poiret, to twenty years of hard labor. [Father Goriot.]

Raguet working boy in the establishment of César Birotteau, the perfumer, in 1818. [César Birotteau.]

Rapariier, a Douai notary; drew up marriage con-

[1] The real spelling of the name, as shown by some authentic papers, is Ragou leau.

tracts in 1825 for Marguerite Claës and Emmanuel de Solis, for Félicie Claës and Pierquin the notary, and for Gabriel Claës and Mademoiselle Conyncks. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Raparlier, a Douai auctioneer, under the Restoration; nephew of the preceding; took an inventory at the Claës house after the death of Madame Balthazar Claës in 1816 [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Rapp, French general, born at Colmar in 1772; died in 1821. As aide-de-camp of the First Consul, Bonaparte, he found himself one day in October serving near his chief at the Tuileries, when the proscribed Corsican, Bartolomeo di Piombo, came up rather unexpectedly. Rapp, who was suspicious of this man, as he was of all Corsicans, wished to stay at Bonaparte's side during the interview, but the Consul good-naturedly sent him away. [The Vendetta.] On October 13, 1806, the day before the battle of Jéna, Rapp had just made an important report to the Emperor at the moment when Napoleon was receiving on the next day's battlefield Mademoiselle Laurence de Cinq-Cygne and M. de Chargeboeuf, who had come from France to ask for the pardon of the two Hauteserres and the two Simeuses, people affected by a political suit and condemned to hard labor. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Raquets (Des), lived at Douai, of Flemish descent, and devoted to the traditions and customs of his province; very wealthy uncle of the notary Pierquin, his only heir, who received his inheritance towards the close of the Restoration. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Rastignac (Chevalier de), great-uncle of Eugène de Rastignac; as vice-admiral was commander of the "Vengeur" before 1789, and lost his entire fortune in the service of the king, as the revolutionary government did not wish to satisfy his demands in the adjusting of the Compagnie des Indes affairs. [Father Goriot.]

Rastignac (Baron and Baronne de) had, near Ruffec,

Charente, an estate, where they lived in the latter part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and where were born to them five children: Eugène, Laure-Rose, Agathe, Gabriel and Henri. They were poor, and lived in close retirement, keeping a dignified silence, and like their neighbors, the Marquis and Marquise de Pimentel, exercised, through their connection with court circles, a strong influence over the entire province, being invited at various times to the home of Madame de Bargeton, at Angoulême, where they met Lucien de Rubempré and were able to understand him. [Father Goriot. Lost Illusions.]

Rastignac (Eugène de),[1] eldest son of the Baron and Baronne de Rastignac, born at Rastignac near Ruffec in 1797. He came to Paris in 1819 to study law; lived at first on the third floor of the Vauquer lodging-house, rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, having then some association with Jacques Collin, called Vautrin, who was especially interested in him and wanted him to marry Victorine Taillefer. Rastignac became the lover of Madame de Nucingen, second daughter of Joachim Goriot, an old vermicelli-maker, and, in February, 1820, lived on rue d'Artois in pretty apartments, rented and furnished by the father of his mistress. Goriot died in his arms. The servant, Christophe, and Rastignac were the only attendants in the good man's funeral procession. At the Vauquer lodging-house he was intimate with Horace Bianchon, a medical student. [Father Goriot.] In 1821, at the Opéra, young Rastignac made fun for the occupants of two boxes over the provincialisms of Madame de Bargeton and Lucien de Rubempré, "young Chardon." This led Madame d'Espard to leave the theatre with her relative, thus publicly and in a cowardly way abandoning the distinguished provincial. Some months later Rastignac sought the favor of this same Lucien de Rubempré, who was by that time an influential citizen. He agreed to act with Marsay as the poet's witness in the duel which he fought with Michel Chrestien, in regard to Daniel d'Arthez. [A Dis-

[1] In a recent publication of Monsieur S. de Lovenjoul, he speaks of a recent abridged biography of Eugène de Rastignac.

tinguished Provincial at Paris.] At the last masquerade ball of 1824 Rastignac found Rubempré, who had disappeared from Paris some time before. Vautrin, recalling his memories of the Vauquer lodging-house, urged him authoritatively to treat Lucien as a friend. Shortly after, Rastignac became a frequenter of the sumptuous mansion furnished by Nucingen for Esther van Gobseck on rue Saint-Georges. Rastignac was present at Lucien de Rubempré's funeral in May, 1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] About the same time the Comte de Fontaine asked his daughter Emilie what she thought of Rastignac—among several others—as a possible husband for her. But, knowing the relations of this youthful aspirant with Madame de Nucingen, she saved herself by replying maliciously. [The Ball at Sçeaux.] In 1828 Rastignac sought to become Madame d'Espard's lover, but was restrained by his friend, Doctor Bianchon. [The Interdiction.] During the same year Rastignac was treated slightingly by Madame de Listomère, because he asked her to return a letter, which through mistake had been sent to her, but which he had meant for Madame de Nucingen. [A Study of Woman.] After the Revolution of July he was a guest at Mademoiselle des Touchès's evening party, where Marsay told the story of his first love. [Another Study of Woman.] At this time he was intimate with Raphaël de Valentin, and expected to marry an Alsatian. [The Magic Skin.] In 1832, Rastignac, having been appointed a baron, was under-secretary of state in the department of which Marsay was the minister. [The Secrets of a Princess.] In 1833-1834, he volunteered as nurse at the bedside of the dying minister, in the hope of being remembered in his will. One evening about this same time he took Raoul Nathan and Emile Blondet, whom he had met in society, to supper with him at Véry's. He then advised Nathan to profit by the advances made him by the Comtesse Félix de Vandenesse [A Daughter of Eve.] In 1833, at the Princesse de Cadignan's home, in the presence of the Marquise d'Espard, the old Ducs de Lenoncourt and de Navarreins, the Comte and the Comtesse de Vandenesse, D'Arthez, two ambassadors, and

two well-known orators of the Chamber of Peers, Rastignac heard his minister reveal the secrets of the abduction of Senator Malin, an affair which took place in 1806. [The Gondreville Mystery.] In 1836, having become enriched by the third Nucingen failure, in which he was more or less a willing accomplice, he became possessed of an income of forty thousand francs. [The Firm of Nucingen.] In 1838 he attended the opening reception given at Josépha's mansion on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. He was also a witness at Hortense Hulot's marriage to Wenceslas Steinbock. He married Augusta de Nucingen, daughter of Delphine de Nucingen, his former mistress, whom he had quitted five years previously. In 1839, Rastignac, minister once more, and this time of public works, was made count almost in spite of himself. In 1845 he was, moreover, made a peer. He had then an income of 300,000 francs. He was in the habit of saying: "There is no absolute virtue, all things are dependent on circumstances." [Cousin Betty. The Member for Arcis. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Rastignac (Laure-Rose and Agathe de),[1] sisters of Eugène de Rastignac; second and third children of the Baron and Baronne de Rastignac; Laure, the elder, born in 1801; Agathe, the second, born in 1802; both were reared unostentatiously in the Rastignac château. In 1819 they sent what they had saved by economy to their brother Eugène, then a student. Several years after, when he was wealthy and powerful, he married one of them to Martial de la Roche-Hugon, the other to a minister. In 1821, Laure, with her father and mother, was present at a reception of M. de Bargeton's, where she admired Lucien de Rubempré. [Father Goriot. Lost Illusions.] Madame de la Roche-Hugon in 1839 took her several daughters to a children's dance at Madame de l'Estorade's in Paris. [The Member for Arcis.]

Rastignac (Monseigneur Gabriel de), brother of Eugène de Rastignac; one of the youngest two children of the Baron and Baronne de Rastignac; was private secretary to the

[1] The Mesdemoiselles de Rastignac are here placed together under their maiden name, as it is not known which one married Martial de la Roche-Hugon.

Bishop of Limoges towards the end of the Restoration, during the trial of Tascheron. In 1832 he became, when only a young man of thirty, a bishop. He was consecrated by the Archbishop Dutheil. [Father Goriot. The Country Parson. A Daughter of Eve.]

Rastignac (Henri de), the fifth child, probably, of the Baron de Rastignac and his wife. Nothing is known of his life. [Father Goriot.]

Ratel, gendarme in the Orne district; in 1809, along with his fellow-officer, Mallet, was charged with the capture of "Lady" Bryond des Miniares, who was implicated in the affair known as the "Chauffeurs de Mortagne." He found the fugitive, but, instead of arresting her, allowed himself to be unduly influenced by her, and then protected her and let her escape. This action on his part was known to Mallet. Ratel, when imprisoned, confessed all, and committed suicide before the time assigned for trial. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Ravenouillet, porter in Bixiou's house, at No. 112 rue Richelieu, in 1845; son of a Carcassonne grocer; a steward throughout his life and owed his first position to his fellow-countryman, Massol. Ravenouillet, although uneducated, was not unintelligent. According to Bixiou, he was the "Providence at thirty per cent" of the seventy-one lodgers in the house, through whom he netted in the neighborhood of six thousand francs a month. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Ravenouillet (Madame), wife of the preceding. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Ravenouillet (Lucienne), daughter of the preceding couple, was in 1845 a pupil of the Paris Conservatory of Music. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Regnauld (Baron) (1754-1829), celebrated artist, member of the Institute. Joseph Bridau, when fourteen, was a frequent visitor at his studio, in 1812-1813. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Regnault, former chief clerk to Maître Roguin, a Paris notary; came to Vendôme in 1816 and purchased there a notaryship. He was called by Madame de Merret to her death-bed, and was made her executor. In this position, some years later, he urged Doctor Bianchon to respect one of the last wishes of the deceased by discontinuing his promenades in the Grande Bretêche garden, as she had wished this property to remain entirely unused for half a century Maître Regnault married a wealthy cousin of Vendôme. Regnault was tall and slender, with sloping forehead, small pointed head and wan complexion. He frequently used the expression, "One moment." [La Grande Bretêche.]

Regnier (Claude-Antoine), Duc de Massa, born in 1746, died 1814; an advocate, and afterwards deputy to the Constituency; was high justice—justice of the peace—during the celebrated trial of the Simeuses and Hautesserres, accused of the abduction of Senator Malin. He noticed the talent displayed by Granville for the defendants, and a little later, having met him at Archchancelor Cambacérès's house, he took the young barrister into his own carriage, setting him down on the Quai des Augustins, at the young man's door, after giving him some practical advice and assuring him of his protection. [The Gondreville Mystery. A Second Home.]

Rémonencq, an Auvergnat, dealer in old iron, established on rue de Normandie, in the house in which Pons and Schmucke lived, and where the Cibots were porters. Rémonencq, who had come to Paris with the intention of being a porter, ran errands between 1825 and 1831 for the dealers in curiosities on Boulevard Beaumarchais and the coppersmiths on rue de Lappe, then opened in this same quarter a small shop for odds and ends. He lived there in sordid economy. He had been in Sylvain Pons's house, and had fully recognized the great value of the aged collector's treasures. His greed urged him to crime, and he instigated Madame Cibot in her theft at the Pons house. After receiving his share of the property, he poisoned the husband of the portress, in order to marry the widow, with whom he established

a curiosity shop in an excellent building on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. About 1846 he unwittingly poisoned himself with a glass of vitriol, which he had placed near his wife. [Cousin Pons.]

Rémonencq (Mademoiselle), sister of the preceding, "a kind of idiot with a vacant stare, dressed like a Japanese idol." She was her brother's house-keeper. [Cousin Pons.]

Rémonencq (Madame), born in 1796, at one time a beautiful oyster-woman of the "Cadran Bleu" in Paris; married for love the porter-tailor, Cibot, in 1828, and lived with him in the porter's lodge of a house on rue de Normandie, belonging to Claude-Joseph Pillerault. In this house the musicians, Pons and Schmucke, lived. She busied herself for some time with the management of the house and the cooking for these two celibates. At first she was faithful, but finally, moved by Rémonencq, and encouraged by Fontaine, the necromancer, she robbed the ill-fated Pons. Her husband having been poisoned, without her knowledge, by Rémonencq, she married the second-hand dealer, now a dealer in curiosities, and proprietor of the beautiful shop on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. She survived her second husband. [Cousin Pons.]

Rémy or Remy (Jean), peasant of Arcis-sur-Aube, against whom a neighbor lost a lawsuit concerning a boundary line. This neighbor, who was given to drink, used strong language in speaking against Jean Rémy in a session of the electors who had organized in the interest of Dorlange-Sallenauve, a candidate, in the month of April, 1839. If we may believe this neighbor, Jean Rémy was a wife-beater, and had a daughter who had obtained, through the influence of a deputy, and apparently without any claim, an excellent tobacco-stand on rue Mouffetard. [The Member for Arcis.]

Renard, former captain in the Imperial army, withdrew to Issoudun during the Restoration; one of the officers in the Faubourg de Rome, who were hostile to the "pékins" and partisans of Maxence (Max) Gilet. Renard and Commandant

Potel were seconds for Maxence in his duel with Philippe Bridau—a duel which resulted in the former's death. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Renard, regimental quartermaster in the cavalry, 1812. Although educated as a notary he became an under officer. He had the face of a girl and was considered a "wheedler." He saved the life of his friend, Genestas, several times, but enticed away from him a Polish Jewess, whom he loved, married in Sarmatian fashion, and left enceinte. When fatally wounded in the battle against the Russians, just before the battle of Lutzen, in his last hours, to Genestas, he acknowledged having betrayed the Jewess, and begged this gentleman to marry her and claim the child, which would soon be born. This was done by the innocent officer. Renard was the son of a Parisian wholesale grocer, a "toothless shark," who would not listen to anything concerning the quartermaster's offspring. [The Country Doctor.]

Renard (Madame). (*See* Genestas, Madame.)

Renard (Adrien). (*See* Genestas, Adrien.)

René, the only servant to M. du Bousquier of Alençon, in 1816; a silly Breton servant, who, although very greedy, was perfectly reliable. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Restaud (Comte de), a man whose sad life was first brought to the notice of Barchou de Penhöen, a school-mate of Dufaure and Lambert; born about 1780; husband of Anastasie Goriot, by whom he was ruined; died in December, 1824, while trying to adjust matters favorably for his eldest son, Ernest, the only one of Madame de Restaud's three children whom he recognized as his own. To this end he had pretended that, having been very extravagant, he was greatly in debt to Gobseck. He assured his son by another letter of the real condition of his estate. M. de Restaud was similar in appearance to the Duc de Richelieu, and had the proud manners of the statesman of the aristocratic faubourg. [Gobseck. Father Goriot.]

Restaud (Comtesse Anastasie de), wife of the pre-

ceding; elder daughter of the vermicelli-maker, Jean-Joachim Goriot; a beautiful brunette of queenly bearing and manners. Like the fair and gentle Madame de Nucingen, her sister, she showed herself severe and ungrateful towards the kindliest and weakest of fathers. She had three children, two boys and a girl; Ernest, the eldest, being the only legitimate one. She ruined herself for Trailles, her lover's, benefit, selling her jewels to Gobseck and endangering her children's future. As soon as her husband had breathed his last, in a moment anxiously awaited, she took from under his pillow and burned the papers which she believed contrary to her own interests and those of her two natural children. It thus followed that Gobseck, the fictitious creditor, gained a claim on all of the remaining property. [Gobseck. Father Goriot.]

Restaud (Ernest de), eldest child of the preceding, and their only legitimate one, as the other two were natural children of Maxime de Trailles. In 1824, while yet a child, he received from his dying father instruction to hand to Derville, the attorney, a sealed package which contained his will; but Madame de Restaud, by means of her maternal authority, kept Ernest from carrying out his promise. On attaining his majority, after his fortune had been restored to him by his father's fictitious creditor, Gobseck, he married Camille de Grandlieu, who reciprocated his love for her. As a result of this marriage Ernest de Restaud became connected with the Legitimists, while his brother Félix, who had almost attained the position of minister under Louis Philippe, followed the opposite party. [Gobseck. The Member for Arcis.]

Restaud (Madame Ernest de), born Camille de Grandlieu in 1813, daughter of the Vicomtesse de Grandlieu. During the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, while very young, she fell in love with and married Ernest de Restaud, who was then a minor. [Gobseck. The Member for Arcis.]

Restaud (Félix-Georges de), one of the younger children of the Comte and Comtesse de Restaud; probably a natural son of Maxime de Trailles. In 1839, Félix de Restaud was

chief secretary to his cousin Eugène de Rastignac, minister of public works. [Gobseck. The Member for Arcis.]

Restaud (Pauline de), legal daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Restaud, but probably the natural daughter of Maxime de Trailles. We know nothing of her life. [Gobseck.]

Reybert (De), captain in the Seventh regiment of artillery under the Empire; born in the Messin country. During the Restoration he lived in Presles, Seine-et-Oise, with his wife and daughter, on only six hundred francs pension. As a neighbor of Moreau, manager of the Comte de Sérizy's estate, he detected the steward in some extortions, and sending his wife to the count, denounced the guilty man. He was chosen as Moreau's successor. Reybert married his daughter, without furnishing her a dowry, to the wealthy farmer Léger. [A Start in Life.]

Reybert (Madame de), born Corroy, in Messin, wife of the preceding, and like him of noble family. Her face was pitted by small-pox until it looked like a skimmer; her figure was tall and spare; her eyes were bright and clear; she was as straight as a stick; she was a strict Puritan, and subscribed to the Courrier Français. She paid a visit to the Comte de Sérizy, and unfolded to him Moreau's extortions, thus obtaining for her husband the stewardship of Presles. [A Start in Life.]

Rhétoré (Duc Alphonse de), eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse de Chaulieu, he became an ambassador in the diplomatic service. For many years during the Restoration he kept Claudine Chaffaroux, called Tullia, the star dancing-girl at the Opéra, who married Bruel in 1824. He became acquainted with Lucien de Rubempré, both in his own circle of acquaintance and in the world of gallantry, and entertained him one evening in his box at a first performance at the Ambigu in 1821. He reproached his guest for having wounded Châtelet and Madame de Bargeton by his newspaper satire, and at the same time, while addressing him

continually as Chardon, he counseled the young man to become a Royalist, in order that Louis XVIII. might restore to him the title and name of the Rubemprés, his maternal ancestors. The Duc de Rhétoré, however, disliked Lucien de Rubempré, and a little later at a performance in the Italiens, he traduced him to Madame de Sérizy, who was really in love with the poet. [A Bachelor's Establishment. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Letters of Two Brides.] In 1835, he married the Duchesse d'Argaïolo, born the Princesse Soderini, a woman of great beauty and fortune. [Albert Savarus.] In 1839, he had a duel with Dorlange-Sallenauve, having provoked the latter, by speaking in a loud voice, which he knew could be easily understood, and slandering Marie Gaston, second husband of Dorlange's sister, Louise de Chaulieu. Dorlange was wounded. [The Member for Arcis.

Rhétoré (Duchesse de), born Francesca Soderini in 1802; a very beautiful and wealthy Florentine; married, when very young, by her father, to the Duc d'Argaïolo, who was also very rich and much older than herself. In Switzerland or Italy she became acquainted with Albert Savarus, when, as a result of political events, she and her husband were proscribed and deprived of their property. The Duchesse d'Argaïolo and Albert Savarus loved platonically, and Francesca-like she promised her hand to her François whenever she should become a widow. In 1835, having been widowed for some time, and, as a result of Rosalie de Watteville's plots, believing herself forgotten and betrayed by Savarus, from whom she had received no news, she gave her hand to the Duc de Rhétoré, the ex-ambassador. The marriage took place in the month of May at Florence and was celebrated with much pomp. The Duchesse d' Argaïolo is pictured under the name of the Princesse Gandolphini in "L'Ambitieux par Amour," published in 1834 by the Revue de l'Est. Under Louis Philippe, the Duchesse de Rhétoré became acquainted with Mademoiselle de Watteville at a charity entertainment. On their second meeting, which took place at the Opéra ball,

Mademoiselle de Watteville revealed her own ill-doings and vindicated Savarus. [Albert Savarus.]

Richard (Veuve), a Nemours woman from whom Ursule Mirouët, afterwards Vicomtesse de Portenduère, after the death of Doctor Minoret, her guardian, purchased a house to occupy. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Ridal (Fulgence), dramatic author, member of the Cénacle, which held its sessions at D'Arthez's home on rue des Quatre-Vents, during the Restoration. He disparaged Léon Giraud's beliefs, went under a Rabelaisian guise, careless, lazy and skeptical, also inclined to be melancholy and happy at the same time; nick-named by his friends the "Regimental Dog." Fulgence Ridal and Joseph Bridau, with other members of the Cénacle, were present at an evening party given by Madame Veuve Bridau, in 1819, to celebrate the return of her son Philippe from Texas. [A Bachelor's Establishment. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1845, having been a vaudevillist, he was given the direction of a theatre in association with Lousteau. He had influential government friends. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Riffé, copying-clerk in the Financial Bureau, who had charge of the "personnel." [The Government Clerks.]

Rifooël. (*See* Vissard, Chevalier du.)

Riganson, called Biffon, also Chanoine, constituted with La Biffe, his mistress, one of the most important couples in his class of society. When a convict he met Jacques Collin, called Vautrin, and in May, 1830, saw him once more at the Conciergerie, at the time of the judical investigation succeeding Esther Gobseck's death. Riganson was short of stature, fat, and with livid skin, and an eye black and sunken. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Rigou (Grégoire), born in 1756; at one time a Benedictine friar. Under the Republic he married Arsène Pichard, only heir of the rich Curé Niseron. He became a money-lender; filled the office of mayor of Blangy, Bourgogne, up to 1821, when he was succeeded by Montcornet. On the

arrival of the general in the country Rigou endeavored to be friendly with him, but having been quickly slighted, he became one of the Montcornets' most dangerous enemies, along with Gaubertin, mayor of Ville-aux-Fayes, and Soudry, mayor of Soulanges. This triumvirate succeeded in arousing the peasants against the owner of Aigues, and the local citizens having become more or less opposed to him, the general sold his property, and it fell to the three associates. Rigou was selfish, avaricious but pleasure-loving; he looked like a condor. His name was often the subject of a pun, and he was called Grigou (G. Rigou—a miserly man). "Deep as a monk, silent as a Benedictine, crafty as a priest, this man would have been a Tiberius in Rome, a Richelieu under Louis XIII. or a Fouché under the Convention." [The Peasantry.]

Rigou (Madame), born Arsène Pichard, wife of the preceding, niece of a maid named Pichard, who was house-keeper for Curé Niseron under the Revolution, and whom she succeeded as house-keeper. She inherited, together with her aunt, some money from the wealthy priest. She was known while young by the name of La Belle Arsène. She had great influence over the curé, although she could neither read nor write. After her marriage with Rigou, she became the old Benedictine's slave. She lost her Rubens-like freshness, her magical figure, her beautiful teeth and the lustre of her eyes when she gave birth to her daughter, who eventually became the wife of Soudry (fils). Madame Rigou quietly bore the continued infidelity of her husband, who always had pretty maids in his household. [The Peasantry.]

Rivaudoult d'Arschoot, of the Dulmen branch of a noted family of Galicia or Russie-Rouge; heirs, through their grandfather, to this family, and also, in default of the direct heirs successors to the titles. [The Thirteen.]

Rivet (Achille), maker of lace and embroidery on rue des Mauvaises-Paroles, in the old Langeais house, built by the illustrious family at the time when the greatest lords were clustered around the Louvre. In 1815 he succeeded the **Pons** Brothers, embroiderers to the Court, and was judge

in the tribunal of commerce. He employed Lisbeth Fischer, and, despite their quarrel, rendered this spinster some service. Achille Rivet worshiped Louis Philippe, who was to him the "noble representative of the class out of which he constructed his dynasty." He loved the Poles less, at the time they were preventing European equilibrium. He was willing to aid Cousin Betty in the revenge against Wenceslas, which she once contemplated, as a result of her jealousy. [Cousin Betty. Cousin Pons.]

Robert, a Paris restaurant-keeper, near Frascati. Early in 1822 he furnished a banquet lasting nine hours, at the time of the founding of the Royalist journal, the "Réveil." Théodore Gaillard and Hector Merlin, founders of the paper, Nathan and Lucien de Rubempré, Martainville, Auger, Destains and many authors who "were responsible for monarchy and religion," were present. "We have enjoyed an excellent monarchical and religious feast!" said one of the best known romanticists as he stood on the threshold. This sentence became famous and appeared the next morning in the "Miroir." Its repetition was wrongly attributed to Rubempré, although it had been reported by a book-seller who had been invited to the repast. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Rochefide (Marquis Arthur de), one of the later nobility; married through his father's instrumentality, in 1828, Béatrix de Casteran, a descendant of the more ancient nobility. His father thought that by doing this his son would obtain an appointment to the peerage, an honor which he himself had vainly sought. The Comtesse de Montcornet was interested in this marriage. Arthur de Rochefide served in the Royal Guards. He was a handsome man, but not especially worthy. He spent much of his time at his toilet, and it was known that he wore a corset. He was everybody's friend, as he joined in with the opinions and extravagances of everybody. His favorite amusement was horse-racing, and he supported a journal devoted to the subject of horses. Having been deserted by his wife, he mourned without becom-

ing the object of ridicule, and passed for a "jolly, good fellow." Made rich by the death of his father and of his elder sister, who was the wife of D'Ajuda-Pinto, he inherited, among other things, a splendid mansion on rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré. He slept and ate there only occasionally and was very happy at not having the marital obligations and expense customary with married men. At heart he was so well satisfied at having been deserted by his wife, that he said to his friends, "I was born lucky." For a long time he supported Madame Schontz, and then they lived together maritally. She reared his legitimate son as carefully as though he were her own child. After 1840 she married Du Ronceret, and Arthur de Rochefide was rejoined by his wife. He soon communicated to her a peculiar disease, which Madame Schontz, angered at having been abandoned, had given to him, as well as to Baron Calyste du Guénic. [Béatrix.] In 1838, Rochefide was present at the housewarming given by Josépha in her mansion on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. [Cousin Betty.]

Rochefide (Marquise de), wife of the preceding, younger daughter of the Marquis de Casteran; born Béatrix-Maximilienne-Rose de Casteran, about 1808, in the Casteran Castle, department of Orne. After being reared there she became the wife of the Marquis de Rochefide in 1828. She was fair of skin, but a flighty, vain coquette, without heart or brains—a second Madame d'Espard, except for her lack of intelligence. About 1832 she left her husband to flee into Italy with the musician, Gennaro Conti, whom she took from her friend, Mademoiselle des Touches. Finally she allowed Calyste du Guénic to pay her court. She had met him also at her friend's house, and at first resisted the young man. Afterwards, when he was married, she abandoned herself to him. This liaison filled Madame du Guénic with despair, but was ended after 1840 by the crafty manœuvres of the Abbé Brossette. Madame de Rochefide then rejoined her husband in the elegant mansion on rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré, but not until she had retired with him to Nogent-sur-Marne, to care for her health which had been

injured during the resumption of marital relations. Before this reconciliation she lived in Paris on rue de Chartres-du-Roule, near Monceau Park. The Marquise de Rochefide had, by her husband, a son, who was for some time under the care of Madame Schontz. [Béatrix. The Secrets of a Princess.] In 1834, in the presence of Madame Félix de Vandenesse, then in love with the poet Nathan, the Marquise Charles de Vandenesse, sister-in-law of Madame Félix, Lady Dudley, Mademoiselle des Touches, the Marquise d'Espard, Madame Moïna de Saint Héreen and Madame de Rochefide expressed their ideas on love and marriage. "Love is heaven," said Lady Dudley. "It is hell!" cried Mademoiselle des Touches. "But it is a hell where there is love," replied Madame de Rochefide. "There is often more pleasure in suffering than in happiness; remember the martyrs!" [A Daughter of Eve.] The history of Sarrasine was told her about 1830. The marquise was acquainted with the Lantys, and at their house saw the strange Zambinella. [Sarrasine.] One afternoon, in the year 1836 or 1837, in her house on rue des Chartres, Madame de Rochefide heard the story of the "Prince of Bohemia" told by Nathan. After this narrative she became wild over La Palférine. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Rochegude (Marquis de), an old man in 1821, possessing an income of six hundred thousand francs, offered a brougham at this time to Coralie, who was proud of having refused it, being "an artist, and not a prostitute." [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] This Rochegude was apparently a Rochefide. The change of names and confusion of families was corrected eventually by law.

Rodolphe, natural son of an intelligent and charming Parisian and of a Barbançon gentleman who died before he was able to arrange satisfactorily for his sweetheart. Rodolphe was a fictitious character in "L'Ambitieux par Amour," by Albert Savarus in the "Revue de l'Est" in 1834, where, under this assumed name, he recounted his own adventures. [Albert Savarus.]

Roger, general, minister and director of personnel in the

War Department in 1841. For thirty years a comrade of Baron Hulot. At this time he enlightened his friend on the administrative situation, which was seriously endangered at the time he asked for an appointment for his sub-chief, Marneffe. This advancement was not merited, but became possible through the dismissal of Coquet, the chief of bureau. [Cousin Betty.]

Rogron, Provins tavern-keeper in the last half of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. He was at first a carter, and married the daughter of M. Auffray, a Provins grocer, by his first wife. When his father-in-law died, Rogron bought his house from the widow for a song, retired from business and lived there with his wife. He possessed about two thousand francs in rentals, obtained from twenty-seven pieces of land and the interest on the twenty thousand francs raised by the sale of his tavern. Having become in his old age a selfish, avaricious drunkard and shrewd as a Swiss tavern-keeper, he reared coarsely and without affection the two children, Sylvie and Jérôme-Denis, whom he had by his wife. He died, in 1822, a widower. [Pierrette.]

Rogron (Madame), wife of the preceding; daughter, by his first wife, of M. Auffray, a Provins grocer; paternal aunt of Madame Lorrain, the mother of Pierrette; born in 1743; very homely; married at the age of sixteen; left her husband a widower. [Pierrette.]

Rogron (Sylvie), elder child of the preceding; born between 1780 and 1785 at Provins; sent to the country to be nursed. When thirteen years old she was placed in a store on rue Saint-Denis, Paris. When twenty years old she was second clerk in a silk-store, the Ver Chinois, and towards the end of 1815, bought with her own savings and those of her brother the property of the Sœur de Famille, one of the best retail haberdasher's establishments and then kept by Madame Guénee. Sylvie and Jérôme-Denis, partners in this establishment, retired to Provins in 1823. They lived there in their father's house, he having been dead several months,

and received their cousin, the young Pierrette Lorrain, a fatherless and motherless child of a delicate nature, whom they treated harshly, and who died as a result of the brutal treatment of Sylvie, an envious spinster. This woman had been sought in marriage, on account of her dowry, by Colonel Gouraud, and she believed herself deserted by him for Pierrette. [Pierrette.]

Rogron (Jérôme-Denis), two years younger than his sister Sylvie, and like her sent to Paris by his father. When very young he entered the establishment of one of the leading haberdashers on rue Saint-Denis, the firm of Guépin at the Trois Quenouilles. He became first clerk there at eighteen. Finally associated with Sylvie in the haberdasher's establishment, the Sœur de Famille, he withdrew with her in 1823 to Provins. Jérôme-Denis Rogron was ignorant and did not amount to much, but depended on his sister in everything, for Sylvie had "good sense and was sharp at a bargain." He allowed his sister to maltreat Pierrette Lorrain, and, when called before the Provins court as responsible for the young girl's death, was acquitted. In his little city, Rogron, through the influence of the attorney, Vinet, opposed the government of Charles X. After 1830 he was appointed receiver-general. The former Liberal, who was one of the masses, said that Louis Philippe would not be a real king until he could create noblemen. In 1828, although homely and unintelligent, he married the beautiful Bathilde de Chargeboeuf, who inspired in him an old man's foolish passion. [Pierrette.]

Rogron (Madame Denis), born Bathilde de Chargeboeuf, about 1803, one of the most beautiful young girls of Troyes, poor but noble and ambitious. Her relative, Vinet the attorney, had made "a little Catherine de Médicis" of her, and married her to Denis Rogron. Some years after this marriage she desired to become a widow as soon as possible, so that she might marry Général Marquis de Montriveau, a peer of France, who was very attentive to her. Montriveau controlled the department in which Rogron had a receivership. [Pierrette.]

Roguin, born in 1761; for twenty-five years a Paris notary; tall and heavy; black hair and high forehead; of somewhat distinguished appearance; affected with ozœna. This affection caused his ruin, for, having married the only daughter of the banker, Chevrel, he disgusted his wife very soon, and she was untrue to him. On the other hand, he had paid mistresses, and kept and was fleeced by Sarah van Gobseck—"La Belle Hollandaise"—mother of Esther. He had met her about 1815. In 1818 and 1819 Roguin, seriously compromised by careless financial ventures as well as by dissipation, disappeared from Paris; and thus brought about the ruin of Guillaume Grandet, César Birotteau, and Mesdames Descoings and Bridau. [César Birotteau. Eugénie Grandet. A Bachelor's Establishment.] Roguin had by his wife a daughter, whom he married to the president of the Provins tribunal. She was called in that city "the beautiful Madame Tiphaine." [Pierrette.] In 1816 he made, for Ginevra di Piombo, a respectful request of her father that he would allow his daughter to marry Luigi Porta, an enemy of the family. [The Vendetta.]

Roguin (Madame), born Chevrel between the years 1770 and 1780; only daughter of Chevrel, the banker; wife of the preceding; cousin of Madame Guillaume of The Cat and Racket, and fifteen years her junior; aided her relative's daughter, Augustine, in her love affair with the painter, Sommervieux; pretty and coquettish; for a long time the mistress of Tillet, the banker; was present with her husband at the famous ball given by César Birotteau, December 17, 1818. She had a country-house at Nogent-sur-Marne, in which she lived with her lover after Roguin's departure. [César Birotteau. At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. Pierrette.] In 1815 Caroline Crochard, then an embroiderer, worked for Madame Roguin, who made her wait for her wages. [A Second Home.] In 1834 and 1835 Madame Roguin, then more than fifty years of age, still posed as young and dominated Du Tillet, who was married to the charming Marie-Eugénie de Granville. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Roguin (Mathilde-Mélanie). (*See* Tiphaine, Madame.)

Romette (La). (*See* Paccard, Jéromette.)

Ronceret (Du), president of the Alençon tribunal under the Restoration; was then a tall man, very thin, with forehead sloping back to his thin chestnut hair; eyes of different colors, and compressed lips. Not having been courted by the nobility, he turned his attention to the middle classes, and then in the suit against Victurnien d'Esgrignon, charged with forgery, he immediately took part in the prosecution. That a preliminary trial might be avoided he kept away from Alençon, but a judgment which acquitted Victurnien was rendered during his absence. M. du Ronceret, in Machiavelli fashion, manœuvred to gain for his son Fabien the hand of a wealthy heiress of the city, Mademoiselle Blandureau, who had also been sought by Judge Blondet for his son Joseph. In this contest the judge won over his chief. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] M. du Ronceret died in 1837, while holding the presidency of chamber at the Royal Court of Caen. The Du Roncerets, ennobled under Louis XV., had arms bearing the word "Servir" as a motto and a squire's helmet. [Béatrix.]

Ronceret (Madame du), wife of the preceding, tall and ill-formed; of serious disposition; dressed herself in the most absurd costumes of gorgeous colors; spent much time at her toilet, and never went to a ball without first decorating her head with a turban, such as the English were then wearing. Madame du Ronceret received each week, and each quarter gave a great three-course dinner, which was much spoken of in Alençon, for the president then endeavored, with his miserly abundance, to compete with M. du Bousquier's elegance. In the Victurnien d'Esgrignon affair, Madame du Ronceret, at the instigation of her husband, urged the deputy, Sauvages, to work against the young nobleman. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Ronceret (Fabien-Félicien du), or Duronceret, son of the preceding couple; born about 1802, educated at Alençon;

was here the companion in dissipation of Victurnien d'Esgrignon, whose evil nature he stimulated at M. du Bousquier's instigation. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] At first a judge in Alençon, Du Ronceret resigned after the death of his father and went to Paris in 1838, with the intention of pushing himself into notice by first causing an uproar. He became acquainted in Bohemian circles where he was called "The Heir," on account of some prodigalities. Having made the acquaintance of Couture, the journalist, he was presented by him to Madame Schontz, a popular courtesan of the day, and became his successor in an elegantly furnished establishment in a first floor on rue Blanche. He there began as vice-president of a horticultural society. After an opening session, during which he delivered an address which he had paid Lousteau five hundred francs to compose, and where he made himself noticed by a flower given him by Judge Blondet, he was decorated. Later he married Madame Schontz, who wished to enter middle-class society. Ronceret expected, with her influence, to become president of the court and officer of the Legion of Honor. [Béatrix.] While purchasing a shawl for his wife at M. Fritot's, in company with Bixiou, Fabien du Ronceret was present about 1844 at the comedy which took place when the Sélim shawl was sold to Mistress Noswell. [Gaudissart II.]

Ronceret (Madame Fabien du), born Joséphine Schiltz in 1805, wife of the preceding, daughter of a colonel under the Empire; fatherless and motherless, at nine years of age she was sent to Saint-Denis by Napoleon in 1814, and remained in that educational institution, as assistant-mistress, until 1827. At this time Joésphine Schiltz, who was a god-child of the Empress, began the adventurous life of a courtesan, after the example of some of her companions who were, like her, at the end of their patience. She now changed her name from Schiltz to Schontz, and she was also known under the assumed name of Little Aurélie. Animated, intelligent and pretty, after having sacrificed herself to true love, after having known "some poor but dishonorable writers," after having tried intimacy with several rich simpletons, she was

met in a day of distress, at Valentino Mussard's, by Arthur de Rochefide, who loved her madly. Having been abandoned by his wife for two years, he lived with her in free union. This evil state of affairs existed until the time when Joséphine Schiltz was married by Fabien du Ronceret. In order to have revenge on the Marquis de Rochefide for abandoning her, she gave him a peculiar disease, which she had made Fabien du Ronceret contract, and which also was conveyed to Calyste du Guénic. During her life as a courtesan, her rivals were Suzanne de Val-Noble, Fanny Beaupré, Mariette, Antonia, and Florine. She was intimate with Finot, Nathan, Claude Vignon, to whom she probably owed her critical mind, Bixiou, Léon de Lora, Victor de Vernisset, La Palférine, Gobenheim, Vermanton the cynical philosopher, etc. She even hoped to marry one of these. In 1836 she lived on rue Fléchier, and was the mistress of Lousteau, to whom she wished to marry Félicie Cardot, the notary's daughter. Later she belonged to Stidmann. In 1838 she was present at Josépha's house-warming on rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. In 1840, at a first performance at the Ambigu, she met Madame de la Baudraye, then Lousteau's mistress. Joséphine Schiltz finally became the wife of President du Ronceret. [Béatrix. The Muse of the Department. Cousin Betty. The Unconscious Humorists.]

Ronquerolles (Marquis de), brother of Madame de Sérizy; uncle of the Comtesse Laginska; one of "The Thirteen," and one of the most efficient governmental diplomats under Louis Philippe; next to the Prince de Talleyrand the shrewdest ambassador; was of great service to Marsay during his service as a minister; was sent to Russia in 1838 on a secret mission. Having lost his two children during the cholera scourge of 1832, he was left without a direct heir. He had been a deputy on the Right Centre under the Restoration, representing a department in Bourgogne, where he was proprietor of a forest and of a castle next to the Aigues in the commune of Blangy. When Gaubertin, the steward, was discharged by the Comte de Montcornet, Soudry spoke as follows: "Patience! We have Messieurs de Soulanges and de

Ronquerolles." [The Imaginary Mistress. The Peasantry Ursule Mirouët.] M. de Ronquerolles was an intimate friend of the Marquis d'Aiglemont; they even addressed each other familiarly as *thou* instead of *you*. [A Woman of Thirty.] He alone knew of Marsay's first love and the name of "Charlotte's" husband. [Another Study of Woman.] In 1820 the Marquis de Ronquerolles, while at a ball at the Elysée-Bourbon, in the Duchesse de Berri's house, provoked Auguste de Maulincour, of whom Ferragus Bourignard had complained, to a duel. Also, as a result of his membership in the Thirteen, Ronquerolles, along with Marsay, helped General de Montriveau abduct the Duchesse de Langeais from the convent of bare-footed Carmelites, where she had taken refuge. [The Thirteen.] In 1839 he was M. de Rhétoré's second in a duel fought with Dorlange-Sallenauve, the sculptor, in connection with Marie Gaston. [The Member for Arcis.]

Rosalie, rosy-cheeked and buxom, waiting-maid to Madame de Merret at Vendôme; then, after the death of her mistress, servant employed by Madame Lepas, tavern-keeper in that town. She finally told Horace Bianchon the drama of La Grande Bretêche and the misfortunes of the Merrets. [Another Study of Woman. La Grande Bretêche.]

Rosalie, chambermaid to Madame Moreau at Presles in 1822. [A Start in Life.]

Rose, maid in the service of Armande-Louise-Marie de Chaulieu in 1823, at the time when this young lady, having left the Carmelites of Blois, came to live with her father on the Boulevard des Invalides in Paris. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Rosina, an Italian from Messina, wife of a Piedmont gentleman, who was captain in the French army under the Empire; mistress of her husband's colonel. She died with her lover near Bérésina in 1812, her jealous husband having set fire to the hut which she and the colonel were occupying. [Another Study of Woman.]

Roubaud, born about 1803 was declared doctor by the Paris medical school, a pupil of Desplein; practiced medicine at Montégnac, Haute-Vienne, under Louis Philippe; small man of fair skin and very insipid appearance, but with gray eyes which betrayed the depth of a physiologist and the tenacity of a student. Rubaud was introduced to Madame Graslin by the Curé Bonnet, who was in despair at Rubaud's religious indifference. The young physician admired and secretly loved this celebrated Limousinese, and became converted suddenly to Catholicism on seeing the saintly death of Madame Graslin. When dying she made him head-physician in a hospital founded by her at the Tascherons near Montégnac. [The Country Parson.]

Rouget (Doctor), an Issoudun physician under Louis XVI. and the Republic; born in 1737; died in 1805; married the most beautiful girl of the city, whom, it is said, he made very unhappy. He had by her two children: a son, Jean-Jacques; and, ten years later, a daughter, Agathe, who became Madame Bridau. The birth of this daughter brought about a rupture between the doctor and his intimate friend, the sub-delegate Lousteau, whom Rouget, doubtless wrongly, accused of being the girl's father. Each of these men charged the other with being the father of Maxence Gilet, who was in reality the son of a dragoon officer, stationed at Bourges. Doctor Rouget, who passed for a very disagreeable, unaccommodating man, was selfish and spiteful. He quickly got rid of his daughter, whom he hated. After his wife, his mother-in-law and his father-in-law had died, he was very rich, and although his life was apparently regular and free from scandal, he was in reality very dissipated. In 1799, filled with admiration for the beauty of the little Rabouilleuse, Flore Brazier, he received her into his own home, where she stayed, becoming first the mistress, and afterwards the wife of his son, Jean-Jacques, and eventually Madame Philippe Bridau, Comtesse de Brambourg. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Rouget (Madame), born Descoings, wife of the preceding,

daughter of rich and avaricious wool-dealers at Issoudun, elder sister of the grocer, Descoings, who married the widow of M. Bixiou and afterwards died with André Chénier, July 25, 1794, on the scaffold. As a young woman, although in very poor health, she was celebrated for her beauty. Not being gifted with a very sound intellect, when married it was thought that she was very badly treated by Doctor Rouget. Her husband believed that she was unfaithful to him for the sake of the sub-delegate, Lousteau. Madame Rouget, deprived of her dearly-beloved daughter, and finding her son lacking altogether in affection for her, declined rapidly and died early in 1799, unwept by her husband, who had counted correctly on her early death. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Rouget (Jean-Jacques), born at Issoudun in 1768, son of the preceding couple, brother of Madame Bridau, who was ten years his junior. Entirely lacking in intellect, he became wildly in love with Flore Brazier, whom he knew as a child in his father's house. He made this girl his servant-mistress soon after the doctor's death, and allowed her lover, Maxence Gilet, near her. He finally married her in 1823, being urged to do so by his nephew, Philippe Bridau, who soon took Rouget to Paris, and there arranged for the old man's early death by starting him into dissipation. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] After the death of J.-J. Rouget, the Baudrayes of Sancerre bought part of his furniture, and had it removed from Issoudun to Anzy, where they placed it in their castle, which had formerly belonged to the Cadignans. [The Muse of the Department.]

Rouget (Madame Jean-Jacques). (*See* Bridau, Madame Philippe.)

Rousse (La), significant name given Madame Prélard. (*See* this last name.)

Rousseau, driver of the public hack which carried the taxes collected at Caen. This conveyance was attacked and plundered by robbers in May, 1809, in the forest of

Chesnay, near Mortagne, Orne. Rousseau, being looked upon as an accomplice of the robbers, was included in the prosecution which took place soon after; but he was acquitted. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Roustan, Mameluke, in the service of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was with his master on the eve of the battle of Jéna, October 13, 1806, when Laurence de Cinq-Cygne and M. de Chargeboeuf observed him holding the Emperor's horse as Napoleon dismounted. This was just before these two approached the Emperor to ask pardon for the Hauteserres and the Simeuses, who had been condemned as accomplices in the abduction of Senator Malin. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Rouville (de). (*See* Leseigneur, Madame.)

Rouvre (Marquis du), father of the Comtesse Clémentine Laginska; threw away a considerable fortune, by means of which he had brought about his marriage with a Ronquerolles maiden. This fortune was partly eaten up by Florine, "one of the most charming actresses of Paris." [The Imaginary Mistress.] M. du Rouvre was the brother-in-law of the Comte de Sérizy, who, like him, had married a Ronquerolles. Having been a marquis under the old régime, M. du Rouvre was created count and made chamberlain by the Emperor. [A Start in Life.] In 1829, M. du Rouvre, then ruined, lived at Nemours. He had near this city a castle which he sold at great loss to Minoret-Levrault. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Rouvre (Chevalier du), younger brother of the Marquis du Rouvre; an eccentric old bachelor, who became wealthy by dealing in houses and real estate, and is supposed to have left his fortune to his niece, the Comtesse Clémentine Laginska. [The Imaginary Mistress. Ursule Mirouët.]

Rouzeau, an Angoulême printer, predecessor and master of Jérôme-Nicolas Séchard, in the eighteenth century. [Lost Illusions.]

Rubempré (Lucien-Chardon de), born in 1800 at Angoulême;

son of Chardon, a surgeon in the armies of the Republic who became an apothecary in that town, and of Mademoiselle de Rubempré, his wife, the descendant of a very noble family. He was a journalist, poet, romance writer, author of "Les Marguerites," a book of sonnets, and of the "Archer de Charles IX.," a historical romance. He shone for a time in the salon of Madame de Bargeton, born Marie-Louise-Anaïs de Négrepelisse, who became enamored of him, enticed him to Paris, and there deserted him, at the instigation of her cousin, Madame d'Espard. He met the members of the Cénacle on rue des Quatre-Vents, and became well acquainted with D'Arthez. Etienne Lousteau, who revealed to him the shameful truth concerning literary life, introduced him to the well-known publisher, Dauriat, and escorted him to an opening night at the Panorama-Dramatique theatre, where the poet saw the charming Coralie. She loved him at first sight, and he remained true to her until her death in 1822. Started by Lousteau into undertaking Liberal journalism, Lucien de Rubempré passed over suddenly to the Royalist side, founding the "Reveil," an extremely partisan organ, with the hope of obtaining from the King the right to adopt the name of his mother. At this time he frequented the social world and thus brought to poverty his mistress. He was wounded in a duel by Michel Chrestien, whom he had made angry by an article in the "Reveil," which had severely criticised a very excellent book by Daniel d'Arthez. Coralie having died, he departed for Angoulême on foot, with no resources except twenty francs that Bérénice, the cousin and servant of her mistress, had received from chance lovers. He came near dying of exhaustion and sorrow, very near the city of his birth. He found there Madame de Bargeton, then the wife of Comte Sixte du Châtelet, prefect of Charente and a state councilor. Despite the warm reception given him, first by a laudatory article in a local newspaper, and next by a serenade from his young fellow-citizens, he left Angoulême hastily, desperate at having been responsible for the ruin of his brother-in-law, David Séchard, and contemplating suicide. While walking along he chanced upon Canon Carlos Herrera (Jacques Collin—Vautrin), who

took him to Paris and became the guardian of his future career. In 1824, while passing an evening at the theatre Porte-Saint-Martin, Rubempré became acquainted with Esther Van Gobseck, called La Torpille, a courtesan. They were both seized at once with a violent love. A little later, at the last Opéra ball of the winter of 1824, they would have compromised their security and pleasure if it had not been for the interference of Jacques Collin, called Vautrin, and if Lucien had not denied certain people the pleasure of satisfying their ill-willed curiosity, by agreeing to take supper at Lointier's.[1] Lucien de Rubempré sought to become the son-in-law of the Grandlieus; he was welcomed by the Rabourdins; he became protector of Savinien de Portenduère; he became the lover of Mmes. Maufrigneuse and Sérizy, and the beloved of Lydie Peyrade. His life of ambition and of pleasure ended in the Conciergerie, where he was imprisoned unjustly, charged with robbing and murdering Esther, or with being an accomplice He hanged himself while in prison, May 15, 1830. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. The Government Clerks. Ursule Mirouët. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Lucien de Rubempré lived in turn in Paris at the Hôtel du Gaillard-Bois, rue de l'Echelle, in a room in the Quartier Latin, in the Hôtel de Cluny on the street of the same name, in a lodging-house on rue Charlot, in another on rue de la Lune in company with Coralie, in a little apartment on rue Cassette with Jacques Collin, who followed him at least to one of his two houses on the Quai Malaquais and on rue Taitbout, the former home of Beaudenord and of Caroline de Bellefeuille. He is buried in Père-Lachaise in a costly tomb which contains also the body of Esther Gobseck, and in which there is a place reserved for Jacques Collin. A series of articles, sharp and pointed, on Rubempré is entitled "Les Passants de Paris."

Ruffard, called Arrachelaine, a robber and at the same time employed by Bibi-Lupin, chief of secret police in 1830; connected, with Godet, in the assassination of the Crottats,

[1] The Lointier restaurant, on rue Richelieu, opposite rue de la Bourse, was very popular about 1846 with the "four hundred."

husband and wife, committed by Dannepont, called La Pouraille. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Ruffin, born in 1815, the instructor of Francis Graslin after 1840. Ruffin was a professional teacher, and was possessed of a wonderful amount of information. His extreme tenderness "did not exclude from his nature the severity necessary on the part of one who wishes to govern a child." He was of pleasing appearance, known for his patience and piety. He was taken to Madame Graslin from his diocese by the Archbishop Dutheil, and had, for at least nine years, the direction of the young man who had been put in his charge. [The Country Parson.]

Rusticoli. (*See* La Palférine.)

S

Sabatier, police-agent; Corentin regretted not having had his assistance in the search with Peyrade, at Gondreville, in 1803. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Sabatier (Madame), born in 1809. She formerly sold slippers in the trade gallery of the Palais de Justice, in Paris; widow of a man who killed himself by excessive drinking, became a trained nurse, and married a man whom she had nursed and had cured of an affection of the urinary ducts ("lurinary," according to Madame Cibot), and by whom she had a fine child. She lived in rue Barre-du-Bec. Madame Bordevin, a relative, wife of a butcher of the rue Charlot, was god-mother of the child. [Cousin Pons.]

Sagredo, a very wealthy Venetian senator, born in 1730, husband of Bianca Vendramini; was strangled, in 1760, by Facino Cane, whom he had found with Bianca, conversing on the subject of love, but in an entirely innocent way. [Facino Cane.]

Sagreda (Bianca), wife of the preceding, born Vendramini, about 1742; in 1760, she undeservingly incurred the suspicion, in the eyes of her husband, of criminal relations

with Facino Cane, and was unwilling to follow her platonic friend away from Venice after the murder of Sagredo. [Facino Cane.]

Saillard, a clerk of mediocre talent in the Department of Finance, during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X.; formerly book-keeper at the Treasury, where he is believed to have succeeded the elder Poiret;[1] he was afterwards appointed chief cashier, and held that position a long while. Saillard married Mademoiselle Bidault, a daughter of a furniture merchant, whose establishment was under the pillars of the Paris market, and a niece of the bill-discounter on rue Greneta; he had by her a daughter, Elisabeth, who became by marriage Madame Isidore Baudoyer; owned an old mansion on Place Royale, where he lived together with the family of Isidore Baudoyer; he became mayor of his ward during the monarchy of July, and renewed then his acquaintance with his old comrades of the department, the Minards and the Thuilliers. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Saillard (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Bidault, in 1767; niece of the bill-discounter called Gigonnet; was the leading spirit of the household on Place Royale, and, above all, the counselor of her husband; she reared her daughter Elisabeth, who became Madame Baudoyer, very strictly. [César Birotteau. The Government Clerks.]

Sain, shared with Augustin the sceptre of miniature painting under the Empire. In 1809, before the Wagram campaign, he painted a miniature of Montcornet, then young and handsome; this painting passed from the hands of Madame Fortin, mistress of the future marshal, to the hands of their daughter, Madame Valérie Crevel (formerly Marneffe). [Cousin Betty.]

Saint-Denis (De), assumed name of the police-agent, Corentin.

Sainte-Beuve (Charles-Augustin), born at Boulogne-sur-

[1] The Compilers subsequently dispute this.

Mer in 1805; died in Paris in 1869; an academician and senator under the Second Empire. An illustrious Frenchman of letters whom Raoul Nathan imitated poorly enough before Béatrix de Rochfide in his account of the adventures of Charles-Edouard Rusticoli de la Palférine. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Sainte-Sévère (Madame de), cousin to Gaston de Nueil, lived in Bayeux, where she received, in 1822, her young kinsman, just convalescing from some inflammatory disorder caused by excess in study or in pleasure. [The Deserted Woman.]

Saint-Estève (De), name of Jacques Collin as chief of the secret police.

Saint-Estève (Madame de), an assumed name, shared by Madame Jacqueline Collin and Madame Nourrisson.

Saint-Foudrille (De), a "brilliant scholar," lived in Paris, and most likely in the Saint-Jacques district, at least about 1840, the time when Thuillier wished to know him. [The Middle Classes.]

Saint-Foudrille (Madame de), wife of the preceding, received, about 1840, a very attentive visit from the Thuillier family. [The Middle Classes.]

Saint-Georges (Chevalier de), 1745-1801, a mulatto, of superb figure and features, son of a former general; captain of the guards of the Duc d'Orléans; served with distinction under Dumouriez; arrested in 1794 on suspicion, and released after the 9th Thermidor; he became distinguished in the pleasing art of music, and especially in the art of fencing. The Chevalier de Saint-Georges traded at the Cat and Racket on the rue Saint-Denis, but did not pay his debts. Monsieur Guillaume had obtained a judgment of the consular government against him. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.] Later he was made popular by a production of a comédie-vaudeville of Roger de Beauvoir, at the Variétées under Louis Philippe, with the comedian Lafont[1] as interpreter.

[1] Complimented in 1836, at the chateau of Madame de la Baudraye, by Etienne Lousteau and Horace Bianchon.

Saint-Germain (De), one of the assumed names of police-agent Peyrade.

Saint-Héreen (Comte de), husband of Moïna d'Aiglemont, was heir of one of the most illustrious houses of France. He lived with his wife and mother-in-law in a house belonging to the former, on the rue Plumet (now rue Oudinot), adjoining the Boulevard des Invalides; about the middle of December, 1843, he left this house alone to go on a political mission; during this time his wife received too willingly the frequent and compromising visits of young Alfred de Vandenesse, and his mother-in-law died suddenly. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Saint-Héreen (Comtesse Moïna de), wife of the preceding; of five children she was the only one that survived Monsieur and Madame d'Aiglemont, in the second half of Louis Philippe's reign. Blindly spoiled by her mother, she repaid that almost exclusive affection by coldness only, or even disdain. By a cruel word Moïna caused the death of her mother; she dared, indeed, to recall to her mother her former relations with Marquis Charles de Vandenesse, whose son Alfred she herself was receiving with too much pleasure in the absence of Monsieur de Saint-Héreen. [A Woman of Thirty.] In a conversation concerning love with the Marquise de Vandenesse, Lady Dudley, Mademoiselle des Touches, the Marquise of Rochefide, and Madame d'Espard, Moïna laughingly remarked: "A lover is forbidden fruit, a statement that sums up the whole case with me." [A Daughter of Eve.] Madame Octave de Camps, referring to Naïs de l'Estorade, then a child, made the following cutting remark: "That little girl makes me anxious; she reminds me of Moïna d'Aiglemont." [The Member for Arcis.]

Saint-Martin (Louis-Claude de), called the "Unknown Philosopher," was born on the 18th of January, 1743, at Amboise, and died October 13, 1803; he was very often received at Clochegourde by Madame de Verneuil, an aunt of Madame de Mortsauf, who knew him there. At Clochegourde, Saint-Martin superintended the publication of his

last books, which were printed at Letourmy's in Tours. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Saint-Vier (Madame de). (*See* Gentillet.)

Saintot (Astolphe de), one of the frequenters of the Bargeton salon at Angoulême; president of the society of agriculture of his town; though "ignorant as a carp," he passed for a scholar of the first rank; and, though he did nothing, he let it be believed that he had been occupied for several years with writing a treatise on modern methods of cultivation. His success in the world was due, for the most part, to quotations from Cicero, learned by heart in the morning and recited in the evening. Though a tall, stout, red-faced man, Saintot seemed to be ruled by his wife. [Lost Illusions.]

Saintot (Madame de), wife of the preceding. Her Christian name was Elisa, and she was usually called Lili, a childish designation that was in strong contrast with the character of this lady, who was dry and solemn, extremely pious, and a cross and quarrelsome card-player. [Lost Illusions.]

Sallenauve (François-Henri-Pantaléon-Dumirail, Marquis de), a noble of Champagne, lost and ruined by cards, in his old age was reduced to the degree of a street-sweep, under the service of Jacques Bricheteau. [The Member for Arcis.]

Sallenauve (Comte de), legal son of the preceding, was born in 1809 of the relations of Catherine-Antoinette Goussard and Jacques Collin; grandson of Danton through his mother; school-mate of Marie Gaston, whose friend he continued to be, and for whom he fought a duel. For a long time he knew nothing of his family, but lived almost to the age of thirty under the name of Charles Dorlange. [The Member for Arcis.]

Sallenauve (Comtesse de), wife of the preceding, born Jeanne-Athenaïs de l'Estorade (Naïs, by familiar abbreviation) in February, 1827; the precocious and rather spoilt child of the Comte and Comtesse Louis de l'Estorade. [Letters of Two Brides. The Member for Arcis.]

Salmon, formerly expert in the museum at Paris. In 1826, while on a visit at Tours, whither he had gone to see his mother-in-law, he was engaged to assess a "Virgin" by Valentin and a "Christ" by Lebrun, paintings which Abbé François Birotteau had inherited from Abbé Chapeloud, having left them in an apartment recently occupied by himself at Mademoiselle Sophie Gamard's. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Salomon (Joseph), of Tours, or near Tours, uncle and guardian to Pauline Salomon de Villenoix, a very rich Jewess. He was deeply attached to his niece and wished a brilliant match for her. Louis Lambert, who was engaged to Pauline, said: "This terrible Salomon freezes me; this man is not of our heaven." [Louis Lambert.]

Samanon, a squint-eyed speculator, followed the various professions of a money-handler during the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. In 1821, Lucien de Rubempré, still a novice, visited Samanon's establishment in the Faubourg Poissonnière, where he was then engaged in the numerous trades of dealing in old books and old clothes, of brokerage, and of discount. There he found a certain great man of unknown identity, a Bohemian and cynic, who had come to borrow his own clothes that he had left in pawn. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Nearly three years later, Samanon was the man of straw of the Gobseck-Bidault (Gigonnet) combination, who were persecuting Chardin des Lupeaulx for the payment of debts due them. [The Government Clerks.] After 1830, the usurer joined with the Cérizets and the Claparons when they tried to circumvent Maxime de Trailles. [A Man of Business.] The same Samanon, about 1844, had bills to the value of ten thousand francs against Baron Hulot d'Ervy, who was seeking refuge under the name of Father Vyder. [Cousin Betty.]

San-Esteban (Marquise de), a foreign and aristocratic sounding assumed name, under which Jacqueline Collin disguised herself when she visited the Conciergerie, in May,

1830, to see Jacques Collin, himself under the incognito of Carlos Herrera. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

San-Réal (Don Hijos, Marquis de), born about 1735, a powerful nobleman; he enjoyed the friendship of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, and married a natural daughter of Lord Dudley, Margarita-Euphémia Porrabéril (born of a Spanish mother), with whom he lived in Paris, in 1815, in a mansion on the rue Saint-Lazare, near Nucingen. [The Thirteen.]

San-Réal (Marquise de), wife of the preceding, born Margarita-Euphémia Porrabéril, natural daughter of Lord Dudley and a Spanish woman, and sister of Henri de Marsay; had the restless energy of her brother, whom she resembled also in appearance. Brought up at Havana, she was then taken back to Madrid, accompanied by a creole girl of the Antilles, Paquita Valdès, with whom she maintained passionate unnatural relations, that marriage did not interrupt and which were being continued in Paris in 1815, when the marquise, meeting a rival in her brother, Henri de Marsay, killed Paquita. After this murder, Madame de San Réal retired to Spain to the convent of Los Dolorès. [The Thirteen.]

Sanson (Charles-Henri), public executioner in the period of the Revolution, and beheader of Louis XVI.; he attended two masses commemorating the death of the King, celebrated in 1793 and 1794, by the Abbé de Marolles, to whom his identity was afterwards disclosed by Ragon. [An Episode under the Terror.]

Sanson, son of the preceding, born about 1770, descended, as was his father, from headsmen of Rouen. After having been captain of cavalry he assisted his father in the execution of Louis XVI.; was his agent when scaffolds were operated at the same time in the Place Louis XV. and the Place du Trône, and eventually succeeded him. Sanson was prepared to "accommodate" Théodore Calvi in May, 1830; he awaited the condemning order, which was not issued. He had the appearance of a rather distinguished Englishman. At least Sanson gave Jacques Collin that impression, when he

met the ex-convict, then confined at the Conciergerie. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] Sanson lived in the rue des Marais (the district of the Faubourg Saint-Martin), which is a much shorter street now than formerly.

Sarcus was justice of the peace, in the reign of Louis XVIII., at Soulanges (Bourgogne), where he lived on his fifteen hundred francs, together with the rent of a house in which he lived, and three hundred francs from the public funds. Sarcus married the elder sister of Vermut, the druggist of Soulanges, by whom he had a daughter, Adeline, afterwards Madame Adolphe Sibilet. This functionary of inferior order, a handsome little old man with iron-gray hair, was none the less the politician of the first order in the society of Soulanges, which was completely under Madame Soudry's sway, and which counted almost all Montcornet's enemies. [The Peasantry.]

Sarcus, cousin in the third degree of the preceding; called Sarcus the Rich; in 1817 a counselor at the prefecture of the department of Bourgogne, which Monsieur de la Roche-Hugon and Monsieur de Casteran governed successively under the Restoration, and which included as dependencies Ville-aux-Fayes, Soulanges, Blangy, and Aigues. He recommended Sibilet as steward for Aigues, which was Montcornet's estate. Sarcus the Rich was a member of the Chamber of Deputies; he was also said to be right-hand man to the prefect. [The Peasantry.]

Sarcus (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Vallat, in 1778, of a family connected with the Gaubertins, was supposed in her youth to have favored Monsieur Lupin, who, in 1823, was still paying devoted attentions to this woman of forty-five, the mother of an engineer. [The Peasantry.]

Sarcus, son of the preceding couple, became, in 1823, general engineer of bridges and causeways of Ville-aux-Fayes, thus completing the group of powerful native families hostile to the Montcornets. [The Peasantry.]

Sarcus-Taupin, a miller at Soulanges, who enjoyed an

income of fifty thousand francs; the Nucingen of his town; was father of a daughter whose hand was sought by Lupin, the notary, and by President Gendrin for their respective sons. [The Peasantry.]

Sarrasine (Matthieu or Mathieu), a laborer in the neighborhood of Saint-Dié, father of a rich lawyer of Franche-Comté, and grandfather of the sculptor, Ernest-Jean Sarrasine. [Sarrasine.]

Sarrasine, a rich lawyer of Franche-Comté in the eighteenth century, father of the sculptor, Ernest-Jean Sarrasine. [Sarrasine.]

Sarrasine (Ernest-Jean), a famous French sculptor, son of the preceding and grandson of Matthieu Sarrasine. When quite young he showed a calling for art strong enough to combat the will of his father, who wished him to adopt the legal profession; he went to Paris, entered Bouchardon's studio, found a friend and protector in this master; became acquainted with Madame Geoffrin, Sophie Arnould, the Baron d'Holbach, and J.-J. Rousseau. Having become the lover of Clotilde, the famous singer at the Opéra, Sarrasine won the sculptor's prize founded by Marigny, a brother of La Pompadour, and received praise from Diderot. He then went to Rome to live (1758); became intimate with Vien, Louthrebourg,[1] Allegrain, Vitagliani, Cicognara, and Chigi. He then fell madly in love with the eunuch Zambinella, uncle of the Lanty-Duvignons; believing him to be a woman, he made a magnificent bust of the singular singer, who was kept by Cicognara, and, having carried him off, was murdered at the instigation of his rival in the same year, 1758. The story of Sarrasine's life was related, during the Restoration, to Béatrix de Rochefide. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Sauteloup, familiarly called "Father Sauteloup," had the task, in May, 1830, of reading to Théodore Calvi, who was condemned to death and a prisoner in the Conciergerie, the

[1] Or Louthrebourg, and also Lauterbourg, intentionally left out in the Repertory because of the various ways of spelling the name.

denial of his petition for appeal. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Sauvage (Madame), a person of repulsive appearance, and of doubtful morality, the servant-mistress of Maître Fraisier; on the death of Pons, kept house for Schmucke, who inherited from Pons to the prejudice of the Camusot de Marvilles. [Cousin Pons.]

Sauvage, first deputy of the king's attorney at Alençon; a young magistrate, married, harsh, stiff, ambitious, and selfish; took sides against Victurnien d'Esgrignon in the notorious affair known as the D'Esgrignon-Du-Bousquier case; after the famous lawsuit he was sent to Corsica. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Sauvagnest, successor of the attorney Bordin, and predecessor of Maître Desroches; was an attorney in Paris. [A Start in Life.]

Sauvaignou (of Marseilles), a head carpenter, had a hand in the sale of the house on the Place de la Madeleine which was bought in 1840, by the Thuilliers at the urgent instance of Cérizet, Claparon, Dutocq, and especially Théodose de la Peyrade. [The Middle Classes.]

Sauviat (Jérôme-Baptiste), born in Auvergne, about 1747; a traveling tradesman from 1792 to 1796; of commercial tastes, rough, energetic, and avaricious; of a profoundly religious nature; was imprisoned during the Terror; barely escaped being beheaded for abetting the escape of a bishop; married Mademoiselle Champagnac at Limoges in 1797; had by her a daughter, Véronique (Madame Pierre Graslin); after the death of his father-in-law, he bought, in the same town, the house which he was occupying as tenant and where he sold old iron; he continued his business there; retired from business in wealth, but still, at a later period, went as superintendent into a porcelain factory with J.-F. Tascheron; gave his attention to that work for at least three years, and died then through an accident in 1827. [The Country Parson.]

Sauviat (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Champagnac, about 1767; daughter of a coppersmith of Limoges, who became a widower in 1797, and from whom she afterwards inherited. Madame Sauviat lived, in turn, near the rue de la Vieille-Poste, a suburb of Limoges, and at Montégnac. Like Sauviat, she was industrious, rough, grasping, economical, and hard, but pious withal; and like him, too, she adored Véronique, whose terrible secret she knew,—a sort of Marcellange affair.[1] [The Country Parson.]

Savaron de Savarus, a noble and wealthy family, whose various members known in the eighteenth century were as follows: Savaron de Savarus (of Tournai), a Fleming, true to Flemish traditions, with whom the Claës and the Pierquins seem to have had transactions. [The Quest of the Absolute.] Mademoiselle Savarus, a native of Brabant, a wealthy unmarried heiress; Savarus (Albert), a French attorney, descended, but not lineally, from the Comte de Savarus. [Albert Savarus.]

Savarus (Albert Savaron de), of the family of the preceding list, but natural son of the Comte de Savarus, was born about 1798; was secretary to a minister of Charles X., and was also Master of Requests. The Revolution of 1830 fatally interrupted a very promising career; a deep love, which was reciprocated, for the Duchesse d'Argaïolo (afterwards Madame Alphonse de Rhétoré) restored to Savarus his energetic and enterprising spirit; he succeeded in being admitted to the bar of Besançon, built up a good practice, succeeded brilliantly, founded the "Revue de l'Est," in which he published an autobiographic novel, "L'Ambitieux par Amour," and met with warm support in his candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies (1834). Albert Savarus, with his mask of a deep thinker, might have seen all his dreams realized, but for the romantic and jealous fancies of Rosalie de Watteville, who discovered and undid the advocate's plans, by bringing about the second marriage of Madame d'Argaïolo. His hopes thus baffled, Albert Savarus became a friar of the

[1] A famous criminal case of the time.

parent institution of the Carthusians, which was situated near Grenoble, and was known as Brother Albert. [The Quest of the Absolute. Albert Savarus.]

Scherbelloff, Scherbellof, or Sherbelloff (Princesse), maternal grandmother of Madame de Montcornet. [The Peasantry. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Schiltz married a Barnheim (of Baden), and had by her a daughter, Joséphine, afterwards Madame Fabien du Ronceret; was "an intrepid officer, a chief among those bold Alsatian partisans who almost saved the Emperor in the campaign of France." He died at Metz, despoiled and ruined. [Béatrix.]

Schiltz (Joséphine), otherwise known as Madame Schontz (*See* Ronceret, Madame Fabien du.)

Schinner (Mademoiselle), mother of Hippolyte Schinner, the painter, and daughter of an Alsatian farmer; being seduced by a coarse but wealthy man, she refused the money offered as compensation for refusing to legitimize their liaison, and consoled herself in the joys of maternity, the duties whereof she fulfilled with the most perfect devotion. At the time of her son's marriage she was living in Paris, and shared with him an apartment situated near the artist's studio, and not far from the Madeleine, on the rue des Champs-Elysées. [The Purse.]

Schinner (Hippolyte), a painter, natural son of the preceding; of Alsatian origin, and recognized by his mother only; a pupil of Gros, in whose studio he formed a close intimacy with Joseph Bridau. [A Bachelor's Establishment.] He was married during the reign of Louis XVIII.; he was at that time a knight of the Legion of Honor, and was already a celebrated character. While working in Paris, near the Madeleine, in a house belonging to Molineux, he met the other occupants, Madame and Mademoiselle Leseigneur de Rouville, and seems to have imitated with respect to them the delicate conduct of their benefactor and friend, Kergarouët; was touched by the cordiality extended to him by the baroness

in spite of his poverty; he loved Adelaïde de Rouville, and, the passion being reciprocated, he married her. [The Purse.] Being associated with Pierre Grassou, he gave him excellent advice, which this indifferent artist was scarcely able to profit by. [Pierre Grassou.] In 1822, the Comte de Sérizy employed Schinner to decorate the château of Presles; Joseph Bridau, who was trying his hand, completed the master's work, and even, in a passing fit of levity, appropriated his name. [A Start in Life.] Schinner was mentioned in the autobiographical novel of Albert Savarus, "L'Ambitieux par Amour." [Albert Savarus.] He was the friend of Xavier Rabourdin. [The Government Clerks.] He drew vignettes for the works of Canalis. [Modeste Mignon.] To him we owe the remarkable ceilings of Adam Laginski's house situated on the rue de la Pépinière. [The Imaginary Mistress.] About 1845, Hippolyte Schinner lived not far from the rue de Berlin, near Léon de Lora, to whom he had been first instructor. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Schinner (Madame), wife of Hippolyte Schinner, born Adelaïde Leseigneur de Rouville, daughter of the Baron and Baronne de Rouville, her father being a naval officer; lived during the Restoration in Paris with her mother, boarding at a house situated on the rue de Surène and belonging to Molineux. Bereft of her father, the future Madame Schinner would then have found it difficult to await the slow adjustment of her father's pension, had not their old friend, Admiral de Kergarouët, come in his unobtrusive way to the assistance of herself and her mother. About the same time she nursed their neighbor, Hippolyte Schinner, who was suffering from the effects of a fall, and conceived for him a love that was returned; the gift of a little embroidered purse on the part of the young woman brought about the marriage. [The Purse.]

Schmucke (Wilhelm), a German Catholic, and a man of great musical talent; open-hearted, absent-minded, kind, sincere, of simple manners, of gentle and upright bearing. Originally he was precentor to the Margrave of Anspach;

he had known Hoffman, the eccentric writer of Berlin, in whose memory he afterwards had a cat named Mürr. Schmucke then went to Paris; in 1835-36, he lived there in a small apartment on the Quai Conti, at the corner of the rue de Nevers.[1] Previous to this, in the Quartier du Marais, he gave lessons in harmony, that were much appreciated, to the daughters of the Granvilles, afterwards Mesdames de Vandenesse and du Tillet; at a later period the former lady asked him to endorse some notes of hand for Raoul Nathan's benefit. [A Daughter of Eve.] Schmucke was also instructor of Lydie Peyrade before her marriage with Théodose de la Peyrade. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life]; but those whom he regarded as his favorite pupils were Mesdames de Vandenesse and du Tillet, and the future Vicomtesse de Portenduère, Mademoiselle Mirouët of Nemours, the three "Saint-Cecilias" who combined to pay him an annuity. [Ursule Mirouët.] The former precentor, now of ugly and aged appearance, readily obtained a welcome with the principals of boarding-schools for young ladies. At a distribution of prizes he was brought in contact with Sylvain Pons for whom he immediately felt an affection that proved to be mutual (1834). Their intimacy brought them under the same roof, rue de Normandie, as tenants of C.-J. Pillerault (1836). Schmucke lived for nine years in perfect happiness. Gaudissart, having become manager of a theatre, employed him in his orchestra, entrusted him with the work of making copies of the music, and employed him to play the piano and various instruments that were not used in the boulevard theatres: the viol d'amore, English horn, violoncello, harp, castanets, bells, saxhorns, etc. Pons made him his residuary legatee (April, 1845); but the innocent German was not strong enough to contend with Maître Fraisier, agent of the Camusot de Marvilles, who were ignored in this will. In spite of Topinard, to whom, in despair at the death of his friend, he went to demand hospitality, in the Bordin district, Schmucke allowed himself to be swindled, and was soon carried off by apoplexy. [Cousin Pons.]

[1] Perhaps the former lodging place of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Schontz (Madame), name borne by Mademoiselle Schiltz afterwards Madam Fabien du Ronceret. (*See* this last name.)

Schwab (Wilhelm), born at Strasbourg in the early part of the nineteenth century, of the German family of Kehl, had Frédéric (Fritz) Brunner as his friend, whose follies he shared, whose poverty he relieved, and with whom he went to Paris; there they went to the Hotel du Rhin, rue du Mail, kept by Johann Graff, father of Emilie, and brother of the famous tailor, Wolfgang Graff. Schwab kept books for this rival of Humann and Staub. Several years later he played the flute at the theatre at which Sylvain Pons directed the orchestra. During an intermission at the first brilliant performance of "La Fiancée du Diable," presented in the fall of 1844, Schwab invited Pons through Schmucke to his approaching wedding; he married Mademoiselle Emilie Graff—a love-match—and joined in business with Frédéric Brunner, who was a banker and enriched by the inheritance of his father's property. [Cousin Pons.]

Schwab (Madame Wilhelm), wife of the preceding; born Mademoiselle Emilie Graff; an accomplished beauty; niece of Wolfgang Graff, the wealthy tailor, who provided her with dowry. [Cousin Pons.]

Scio (Madame), a prominent singer of the Théâtre Feydeau in 1798, was very beautiful in "Les Péruviens," a comic opera by Mongenod, produced with very indifferent success. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Scœvola (Mucius). Under this assumed name was concealed, during the Terror, a man who had been huntsman to the Prince de Conti, to whom he owed his fortune. A plasterer, and proprietor of a small house in Paris, on about the highest point of the Faubourg Saint-Martin,[1] near the rue d'Allemagne, he affected an exaggerated civism, which masked an unfailing fidelity to the Bourbons, and he in some mysterious way afforded protection to Sisters Marthe and Agathe (Mesdemoiselles de Beauséant and de Langeais),

[1] His parish was the Saint-Laurent church, which for a while during the Revolution had the name of Temple of Fidelity.

nuns who had escaped from the Abbey of Chelles, and were, with Abbé de Marolles, taking refuge under his roof. [An Episode under the Terror.]

Séchard (Jérôme-Nicolas), born in 1743. After having been a workman in a printer's shop of Angoulême situated on the Place du Mûrier, though very illiterate, he became its owner at the beginning of the Revolution; was acquainted at that time with the Marquis de Maucombe, married a woman that was provided with a certain competency, but soon lost her, after having by her a son, David. In the reign of Louis XVIII., fearing the competition of Cointet, J.-N. Séchard retired from active life, selling his business to his son, whom he intentionally deceived in the trade, and moved to Marsac, near Angoulême, where he raised grapes, and drank to excess. During all the latter part of his life, Séchard mercilessly aggravated the commercial difficulties which his son David was struggling against. The old miser died about 1829, leaving property of some value. [Lost Illusions.]

Séchard (David), only son of the preceding, school-mate and friend of Lucien de Rubempré, learned the art of printing from the Didots of Paris. On one occasion, upon his return to his native soil, he gave many evidences of his kindness and delicacy; having purchased his father's printing shop, he allowed himself to be deliberatly cheated and duped by him; employed as proof-reader Lucien de Rubempré, whose sister, Eve Chardon, he adored with a passion that was fully reciprocated; he married her in spite of the poverty of both parties, for his business was on the decline. The expense involved, the competition of the Cointets, and especially his experiments as inventor in the hope of finding the secret of a particular way of making paper, reduced him to very straitened circumstances. Indeed, everything combined to destroy Séchard; the cunning and power of the Cointet house, the spying of the ungrateful Cérizet, formerly his apprentice, the disorderly life of Lucien de Rubempré, and the jealous greed of his father. A victim of the wiles of

Cointet, Séchard abandoned his discovery, resigned himself to his fate, inherited from his father, and, cheered by the devotion of the Kolbs, dwelt in Marsac, where Derville, led by Corentin, hunted him out with a view to gaining information as to the origin of Lucien de Rubempré's million. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Séchard (Madame David), wife of the preceding, born Eve Chardon in 1804, daughter of a druggist of L'Houmeau (a suburb of Angoulême), and of a member of the house of Rubempré; worked first at the house of Madame Prieur, a laundress, for the consideration of fifteen sous a day; manifested great devotion to her brother Lucien, and on marrying David Séchard, in 1821, transferred her devotion to him; having undertaken to manage the printing shop, she competed with Cérizet, Cointet, and Petit-Claud, and almost succeeded in softening Jérôme-Nicholas Séchard. Madame Séchard shared with her husband the inheritance of old J.-N. Séchard, and was then the modest châtelaine of La Verberie, at Marsac. By her husband she had at least one child, named Lucien. Madame Séchard was tall and of dark complexion, with blue eyes. [Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Séchard (Lucien), son of the preceding couple. [Lost Illusions.]

Ségaud, solicitor at Angoulême, was successor to Petit-Claud, a magistrate, about 1824. [Lost Illusions.]

Sélérier, called the Auvergnat, Père Ralleau, Le Rouleur, and especially Fil-de-Soie, belonged to the aristocracy of the galleys, and was a member of the group of "Ten Thousand," whose chief was Jacques Collin; the latter, however, suspected him of having sold him to the police, about 1819, when Bibi-Lupin arrested him at the Vauquer boarding-house. [Father Goriot.] In his business Sélérier always avoided bloodshed. He was of philosophical turn, very selfish, incapable of love,

and ignorant of the meaning of friendship. In May, 1830, when being a prisoner at the Conciergerie, and about to be condemned to fifteen years of forced labor, he saw and recognized Jacques Collin, the pseudo-Carlos Herrera, himself incriminated. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Senonches (Jacques de), a noble of Angoulême, a great huntsman, stiff and haughty, a sort of wild boar; lived on very good terms with his wife's lover, François du Hautoy, and attended Madame de Bargeton's receptions. [Lost Illusions.]

Senonches (Madame Jacques de), wife of the preceding, bore the given name of Zéphirine, which was abbreviated to Zizine. By François du Hautoy, her adored lover, she had a daughter, Françoise de la Haye, who was presented as her ward, and who became Madame Petit-Claud. [Lost Illusions.]

Sepherd (Carl), name assumed by Charles Grandet in the Indies, the United States, Africa, etc., while he was in the slave-trading business. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Sérizy, or Sérisy (Comte Hugret de), born in 1765, descended in direct line from the famous President Hugret, ennobled under François I. The motto of this family was "I, semper melius eris," so that the final *s* of *melius*, the word *eris*, and the *I* of the beginning, represented the name (Sérizy) of the estate that had been made a county. A son of a first president of Parliament (who died in 1794), Sérizy was himself, as early as 1787, a member of the Grand Council; he did not emigrate during the Revolution, but remained in his estate of Sérizy, near Arpajon; became a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and afterwards of the Council of State. The Empire made him a count and a senator. Hugret de Sérizy was married, in 1806, to Léontine de Ronquerolles, the widow of Général Gaubert. This union made him the brother-in-law of the Marquis de Ronquerolles, and the Marquis du Rouvre. Every honor was alloted to him in course; chamberlain under the Empire, he afterwards became vice-

president of the Council of State, peer of France, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and member of the Privy Council. The glorious career of Sérizy, who was an unusually industrious person, did not offer compensation for his domestic misfortunes. Hard work and protracted vigils soon aged the high functionary, who was ever unable to win his wife's heart; but he loved her and sheltered her none the less constantly. It was chiefly to avenge her for the indiscretion of the volatile young Oscar Husson, Moreau's godson, that he discharged the not overhonest steward of Presles. [A Start in Life.] The system of government that succeeded the Empire increased Sérizy's influence and renown; he was an intimate friend of the Bauvans and the Grandvilles. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Honorine. Modeste Mignon.] His weakness in matters concerning his wife was such that he assisted her in person, when, in May, 1830, she hastened to the Conciergerie in the hope of saving her lover, Lucien de Rubempré, and entered the cell where the young man had just committed suicide. Sérizy even consented to be executor of the poet's will. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Sérizy (Comtesse de), wife of the preceding, born Léontine de Ronquerolles about 1784, sister of the Marquis du Ronquerolles; married, as her first husband, Général Gaubert, one of the most illustrious soldiers of the Republic; married a second time, when quite young, but could never entertain any feeling stronger than that of respect for M. de Sérizy, her second husband, by whom, however, she had a son, an officer, who was killed during the reign of Louis Philippe. [A Start in Life.] Worldly and brilliant, and a worthy rival of Mesdames de Beauséant, de Langeais, de Maufrigneuse, de Carigliano, and d'Espard, Léontine de Sérizy had several lovers, among them being Auguste de Maulincour, Victor d'Aiglemont and Lucien de Rubempré. [The Thirteen. Ursule Mirouët A Woman of Thirty.] This last liaison was a very stormy one. Lucien acquired considerable influence over Madame de Sérizy, and made use of it to reach the Marquise d'Espard, by effecting an annulment of the decree which she had ob-

tained against her husband, the Marquis d'Espard, placing him under guardianship. And so it was that, during Rubempré's imprisonment and after his suicide, she suffered the bitterest anguish. Léontine de Sérizy almost broke the bars of the Conciergerie, insulted Camusot, the examining magistrate, and seemed to be beside herself. The intervention of Jacques Collin saved her and cured her, when three famous physicians, Messieurs Bianchon, Desplein, and Sinard declared themselves powerless to relieve her. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] During the winter the Comtesse de Sérizy lived on the Chaussée-d'Antin; during the summer at Sérizy, her favorite residence, or still more at Presles, and sometimes near Nemours in Le Rouvre, the seat of the family of that name. Being a neighbor, in Paris, of Félicité des Touches, she was a frequent visitor of that emulator of George Sand, and was at her house when Marsay related the story of his first love-affair, taking part herself in the conversation. [Another Study of Woman.] Being a maternal aunt of Clémentine du Rouvre, Madame de Sérizy gave her a handsome dowry when she married Laginski; with her brother Ronquerolles, at his home on the rue de la Pépinière, she met Thaddée Paz, the Pole's comrade. [The Imaginary Mistress.]

Sérizy (Vicomte de), only son of the preceding couple, graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique in 1825, and entered the cavalry regiment of the Garde Royale, by favor, as sub-lieutenant, under command of the Duc de Maufrigneuse; at this time Oscar Husson, nephew of Cardot, entered the same regiment as a private. [A Start in Life.] In October, 1829, Sérizy, being an officer in the company of the guards stationed at Havre, was instructed to inform M. de Verneuil, proprietor of some well-stocked Norman "preserves," that Madame could not participate in the chase that he had organized. Having become enamored of Diane de Maufrigneuse, the viscount found her at Verneuil's house; she received his attentions, as a means of avenging herself on Léontine de Sérizy, then mistress of Lucien de Rubempré. [Modeste Mignon.] Being advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment, he was severely wounded at

the disastrous battle of Macta, in Africa (June 26, 1835), and died at Toulon as a result of his wounds. [The Imaginary Mistress. A Start in Life.]

Servais, the only good gilder in Paris, according to Elie Magus, whose advice he heeded; he had the good sense to use English gold, which is far better than the French. Like the book-binder, Thouvenin, he was in love with his own work [Cousin Pons.]

Servien (Prudence), born, in 1806, at Valenciennes, daughter of very poor weavers, was employed, from the age of seven years, in a spinning-mill; corrupted early by her life in the work-room, she was a mother at the age of thirteen; having had to testify in the court of assizes against Jean-François Durut, she made of him a formidable enemy, and fell into the power of Jacques Collin, who promised to shelter her from the resentment of the convict. She was at one time a ballet-girl, and afterwards served as Esther van Gobseck's chamber-maid, under the names of Eugénie and Europe; was the mistress of Paccard, whom she very probably married afterwards; aided Vautrin in fooling Nucingen and getting money from him. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Servin, born about 1775, a distinguished painter, made a love-match with the daughter of a penniless general; in 1815 was manager of a studio in Paris, which was frequented by Mademoiselle Laure, and Mesdemoiselles Mathilde-Mélanie Roguin, Amélie Thirion and Ginevra di Piombo, the last three of whom were afterwards, respectively, Mesdames Tiphaine, Camusot de Marville, and Porta. Servin at that time was concealing an exile who was sought by the police, namely Luigi Porta, who married the master's favorite pupil Mademoiselle Ginevra di Piombo. [The Vendetta.]

Servin (Madame), wife of the preceding, remembering that the romance of Porta and Ginevra's love had been the cause of all his pupils' leaving her husband's studio, refused to shelter Mademoiselle de Piombo when driven from her father's home. [The Vendetta.]

Sévérac (De), born in 1764, a country gentleman, mayor of a village in the canton of Angoulême, and author of an article on silkworms, was received at Madame de Bargeton's in 1821. A widower, without children, and doubtless very rich, but not knowing the ways of the world, one evening on the rue du Minage, he found as ready listeners only the poor but aristocratic Madame du Brossard and her daughter Camille, a young woman of twenty-seven years. [Lost Illusions.]

Sibilet, clerk of the court at Ville-aux-Fayes (Bourgogne), distant cousin of François Gaubertin, married a Mademoiselle Gaubertin-Vallat, and had by that marriage six children. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet (Adolphe), eldest of the six children of the preceding, born about 1793; was, at first, clerk to a notary, then an unimportant employé in the land-registry office; and then, in the latter part of the year 1817, succeeded his cousin, François Gaubertin, in the administration of Aigues, Général de Montcornet's estate, in Bourgogne. Sibilet had married Mademoiselle Adeline Sarcus (of the poor branch), who bore him two children in three years; his selfish interest and his personal obligations led him to gratify the ill-feeling of his predecessor, by being disloyal to Montcornet. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet (Madame Adolphe), wife of the preceding, born Adeline Sarcus, only daughter of a justice of the peace, rich with beauty as her sole fortune, she was reared by her mother, in the little village of Soulanges (Bourgogne), with all possible care. Not having been able to marry Amaury Lupin (son of Lupin the notary), with whom she was in love, in despair she allowed herself, three years after her mother's death, to be married, by her father, to the disagreeable and repulsive Adolphe Sibilet. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet, son of the court clerk, and police commissioner at Ville-aux-Fayes. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet (Mademoiselle), daughter of the court clerk, afterwards Madame Hervé. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet, son of the court clerk, first clerk of Maître Corbinet, notary at Ville-aux-Fayes, to whom he was the appointed successor. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet, son of the court clerk, and clerk in the Department of Public Lands, presumptive successor of the registrar of documents at Ville-aux-Fayes. [The Peasantry.]

Sibilet (Mademoiselle), daughter of the court clerk, born about 1807, postmistress at Ville-aux-Fayes; betrothed to Captain Corbinet, brother of the notary. [The Peasantry.]

Sibuelle, a wealthy contractor of somewhat tarnished reputation during the Directory and the Consulate, gave his daughter in marriage to Malin de Gondreville, and through the credit of his son-in-law became, with Marion, co-receiver-general of the department of Aube. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Sibuelle (Mademoiselle), only daughter of the preceding, became Madame Malin de Gondreville. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Siéyès (Emmanuel-Joseph), born in 1748 at Fréjus, died in Paris in 1836, was successively vicar-general of Chartres, deputy to the States-General and the Convention, member of the Committee of Public Safety, member of the Five Hundred, member of the Directory, consul, and senator; famous also as a publicist. In June, 1800, he might have been found in the Office of Foreign Relations, in the rue du Bac, where he took part with Talleyrand and Fouché, in a secret council, in which the subject of overthrowing Bonaparte, then First Consul, was discussed. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Signol (Henriette), a beautiful girl; of a good family of farmers, in the employ of Basine Clerget, a laundress at Angoulême; was the mistress of Cérizet, whom she loved and trusted; served as a tool against David Séchard, the printer. [Lost Illusions.]

Simeuse (Admiral de), father of Jean de Simeuse, was one of the most eminent French seamen of the eighteenth cen-

tury. [Béatrix. The Gondreville Mystery. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Simeuse (Marquis Jean de), whose name, "Cy meurs" or "Si meurs," was the motto of the family crest, was descended from a noble family of Bourgogne, who were formerly owners of a Lorrain fief called Ximeuse, corrupted to Simeuse. M. de Simeuse counted a number of illustrious men among his ancestors; he married Berthe de Cinq-Cygne; he was father of twins, Paul-Marie and Marie-Paul. He was guillotined at Troyes during the Terror; Michu's father-in-law presided over the Revolutionary tribunal that passed the death-sentence. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Simeuse (Marquise de), wife of the preceding, born Berthe de Cinq-Cygne, was executed at Troyes at the same time with her husband. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Simeuse (Paul-Marie and Marie-Paul), twin sons of the preceding couple, born in 1773; grandsons on the father's side of the admiral who was as famous for his dissipation as for his valor; descended from the original owners of the famous Gondreville estate in Aube, and belonged to the noble Champagne family of the Chargeboeufs, the younger branch of which was represented by their mother, Berthe de Cinq-Cygne. Paul-Marie and Marie-Paul were among the emigrants; they returned to France about 1803. Both being in love with their cousin, Laurence de Cinq-Cygne, an ardent Royalist, they cast lots to decide which should be her husband; fate favored Marie-Paul, the younger, but circumstances prevented the consummation of the marriage. The twins differed only in disposition, and there in only one point: Paul-Marie was melancholy, while Marie-Paul was of a bright disposition. Despite the advice of their elderly relative, M. de Chargeboeuf, Messieurs de Simeuse compromised themselves with the Hauteserres; being watched by Fouché, who sent Peyrade and Corentin to keep an eye on them, they were accused of the abduction of Malin, of which they were not guilty, and sentenced to twenty-four years of penal servitude; were pardoned by Napoleon, entered as sub-lieutenants

the same cavalry regiment, and were killed together in the battle of Sommo-Sierra (near Madrid, November 30, 1808) [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Simonin let carriages on the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Cour des Coches, Paris; about 1840, he let a berlin to Madame de Godollo, who, in accordance with the instructions of Corentin, the police-agent, was pretending to be taking a journey, but went no further than the Bois de Boulogne. [The Middle Classes.]

Simonnin, in the reign of Louis XVIII., was "errand-boy" to Maître Derville on the rue Vivienne, Paris, when that advocate received Hyacinthe-Chabert. [Colonel Chabert.]

Sinard, a Paris physician, was called, in May, 1830, together with Messieurs Desplein and Bianchon, to the bedside of Léontine de Sérizy, who had lost her reason after the tragic end of her lover, Lucien de Rubempré. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Sinet (Séraphine), a celebrated lorette, born in 1820, known by the sobriquet of Carabine, was present at Josépha Mirah's house-warming on the rue de la Ville-l'Evêque, in 1838. Five years later, being then mistress of the wealthy F. du Tillet, Mademoiselle Sinet supplanted the vivacious Marguerite Turquet as queen of the lorettes. [Cousin Betty.] A woman of splendid appearance, Séraphine was one of the marching chorus at the Opéra, and occupied the fine apartment on the rue Saint-Georges, where before her Suzanne du Val-Noble, Esther van Gobseck, Florine, and Madame Schontz had reigned. Of ready wit, dashing manners, and impish brazenness, Carabine held many successful receptions. Every day her table was set in magnificent style for ten guests. Artists, men of letters, and society favorites were among her frequent visitors. S.-P. Gazonal was taken to see her, in 1845, by Léon de Lora and Bixiou, together with Jenny Cadine of the Théâtre du Gymnase; and there he met Massol, Claude Vignon, Maxime de

Trailles, Nucingen, F. du Bruel, Malaga, Monsieur and Madame Gaillard, and Vauvinet, with a multitude of others, to say nothing of F. du Tillet. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Sinot, attorney at Arcis-sur-Aube, commanded the patronage of the "Henriquinquistes" (partisans of Henri V.) in 1839, when the district had to elect a deputy to replace M. François Keller. [The Member for Arcis.]

Socquard, during the Empire and the Restoration, kept the Café de la Paix at Soulanges (Bourgogne). The Milo of Crotona of the Avonne Valley, a stout little man, of placid countenance, and a high, clear voice. He was manager of the Tivoli, a dancing-hall adjoining the café. Monsieur Vermichel, violin, and Monsieur Fourchon, clarinet, constituted the orchestra. Plissoud, Bonnébault, Viallet, and Amaury Lupin were steady patrons of his establishment, which was long famous for its billiards, its punch, and its mulled wine. In 1823, Socquard lost his wife. [The Peasantry.]

Socquard (Madame Junie), wife of the preceding, had many thrilling love-affairs during the Empire. She was very beautiful, and her luxurious mode of living, to which the leading men of Soulanges contributed, was notorious in the Avonne Valley. Lupin, the notary, had been guilty of great weakness in her direction, and Gaubertin, who took her away from him, unquestionably had by her a natural son, little Bournier. Junie was the secret of the prosperity of the Socquard house. She brought her husband a vineyard, the house he lived in, and the Tivoli. She died in the reign of Louis XVIII. [The Peasantry.]

Socquard (Aglaé), daughter of the preceding couple, born in 1801, inherited her father's ridiculous obesity. Being sought in marriage by Bonnébault, whom her father esteemed highly as a customer, but little as a son-in-law, she excited the jealousy of Marie Tonsard, and was always at daggers drawn with her. [The Peasantry.]

Soderini (Prince), father of Madame d'Argaïolo, who was

afterwards the Duchesse Alphonse de Rhétoré; at Besançon, in 1834, he demanded of Albert Savarus his daughter's letters and portrait. His sudden arrival caused a hasty departure on the part of Savarus, then a candidate for election to the Chamber of Deputies, and ignorant of Madame d'Argaïolo's approaching second marriage. [Albert Savarus.]

Solis (Abbé de), born about 1733, a Dominican, grand penitentiary of Toledo, vicar-general of the Archbishopric of Malines; a venerable priest, unassuming, kindly and large of person. He adopted Emmanuel de Solis, his brother's son, and, retiring to Douai, under the acceptable protection of the Casa-Réals, was confessor and adviser of their last descendant, Madame Balthazar Claës. The Abbé de Solis died in December, 1818. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Solis (Emmanuel), nephew and adopted son of the preceding. Poor, and of a family originally from Granada, he responded well to the excellent education that he received, followed the teacher's calling, taught the humanities at the lyceum at Douai, of which he was afterwards principal, and gave lessons to the brothers of Marguerite Claës, whom he loved, the feeling being reciprocated. He married her in 1825; the more fully to enjoy his good fortune, he resigned the position as inspector of the University, which he then held. Shortly afterwards he inherited the title of Comte de Nourho, through the house of Solis. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Solis (Madame Emmanuel de), wife of the preceding, born Marguerite Claës, in 1796, elder sister of Madame Félicie Pierquin, whose husband had first sought her hand, received from her dying mother the injunction to contend respectfully, but firmly, against her father's foolish efforts as inventor; and, in compliance with her mother's injunctions, by dint of great perseverance, succeeded in restoring the family fortunes that had been more than endangered. Madame de Solis gave birth to a child, in the course of a trip to Spain, where she was visiting Casa-Réal, the cradle of her mother's family. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Solonet, born in 1795, obtained the decoration of the Legion

of Honor for having made very active contribution to the second return of the Bourbons; was the youthful and worldly notary of Bordeaux; in the drawing up of the marriage contract between Natalie Evangélista and Paul de Manerville, he triumphed over the objections raised by his colleague, Mathias, who was defender of the Manerville interests. Solonet paid the most devoted attentions of a lover to Madame Evangélista, but his love was not returned, and he sought her hand in vain. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Solvet, a handsome youth, but addicted to gaming and other vices, loved by Caroline Crochard de Bellefeuille and preferred by her to Monsieur de Granville, her generous protector. Solvet made Mademoiselle Crochard very unhappy, ruined her, but was none the less adored by her. These facts were known to Bianchon, and related by him to the Comte de Granville, whom he met, one evening, in the reign of Louis Philippe, near the rue Gaillon. [A Second Home.]

Sommervieux (Théodore de), a painter, winner of the prix de Rome, knight of the Legion of Honor, was particularly successful in interiors; and excelled in chiaro-oscuro effects, in imitation of the Dutch. He made an excellent reproduction of the interior of the Cat and Racket, on the rue Saint-Denis, which he exhibited at the Salon at the same time with a fascinating portrait of his future wife, Mademoiselle Guillaume, with whom he fell madly in love, and whom he married about 1808, almost in spite of her parents, and thanks to the kind offices of Madame Roguin, whom he knew in his society life. The marriage was not a happy one; the daughter of the Guillaumes adored Sommervieux without understanding him. The painter often neglected his rooms on the rue des Trois-Frères (now a part of the rue Taitbout) and transferred his homage to the Maréchale de Carigliano. He had an income of twelve thousand francs; before the Revolution his father was called the Chevalier de Sommervieux. [At he Sign of the Cat and Racket.] Théodore de Sommervieux designed a monstrance for Gohier, the king's goldsmith; this monstrance was bought by Madame Baudoyer

and given to the church of Saint-Paul, at the time of the death of F. de la Billardière, head clerk of the administration, whose position she desired for her husband. [The Government Clerks.] Sommervieux also drew vignettes for the works of Canalis. [Modeste Mignon.]

Sommervieux (Madame Théodore de), wife of the preceding, born Augustine Guillaume, about 1792, second daughter of the Guillaumes of the Cat and Racket (a drapery establishment on the rue Saint-Denis, Paris), had a sad life that was soon wrecked; for, with the exception of Madame Roguin, her family never understood her aspirations to a higher ideal, or the feeling that prompted her to choose Théodore de Sommervieux. Mademoiselle Guillaume was married about the middle of the Empire, at her parish church, Saint-Leu, on the same day that her sister was married to Lebas, the clerk, and immediately after the ceremony referred to. A little less coarse in her feelings than her parents and their associates, but insignificant enough at best, without being aware of it she displeased the painter, and chilled the enthusiasm of her husband's studio friends, Schinner, Bridau, Bixiou, and Lora. Grassou, who was very much of a countryman, was the only one that refrained from laughing at her. Worn out at last, she tried to win back the heart that had become the possession of Madame de Carigliano; she even went to consult her rival, but could not use the weapons supplied her by the coquettish wife of the marshal, and died of a broken heart shortly after the famous ball given by César Birotteau, to which she was invited. She was buried in Montmartre cemetery. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket. César Birotteau.]

Sonet, marble-worker and contractor for tombstones, at Paris, during the Restoration and Louis Philippe's reign. When Pons died, the marble-worker sent his agent to Schmucke to solicit an order for statues of Art and Friendship grouped together. Sonet had the draughtsman Vitelot as partner. The firm name was Sonet & Co. [Cousin Pons.]

Sonet (Madame), wife of the preceding, knew how to lavish attentions no less zealous than selfish on W. Schmucke, when he returned, broken-hearted, from Père-Lachaise, in April, 1845, and suggested to him, with some modifications however, to take certain allegorical monuments which the families of Marsay and Keller had formerly refused, preferring to apply to a genuine artist, the sculptor Stidmann. [Cousin Pons.]

Sophie, rival, namesake and contemporary of the famous Sophie, Doctor Véron's "blue ribbon," about 1844, was cook to the Comte Popinot on the rue Basse-du-Rempart, Paris. She must have been a remarkable culinary artist, for Sylvain Pons, reduced, in consequence of breaking with the Camusots, to dining at home, on the rue de Normandie, every day, often exclaimed in fits of melancholy, "O Sophie!" [Cousin Pons.]

Sorbier, a Parisian notary, to whom Chesnel (Choisnel) wrote, in 1822, from Normandie, to commend to his care the rattle-brained Victurnien d'Esgrignon. Unfortunately Sorbier was dead, and the letter was sent to his widow. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Sorbier (Madame), wife of the preceding, mentioned in Chesnel's (or Choisnel's) letter of 1822, concerning Victurnien d'Esgrignon. She scarcely read the note, and simply sent it to her deceased husband's successor, Maître Cardot. Thus the widow unwittingly served M. du Bousquier (du Croisier), the enemy of the D'Esgrignons. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Soria (Don Ferdinand, Duc de), younger brother of Don Felipe de Macumer, overwhelmed with kindness by his elder brother, owing him the duchy of Soria as well as the hand of Marie-Héréda, both being voluntarily renounced by the elder brother. Soria was not ungrateful; he hastened to his dying brother's bedside in 1829. The latter's death made Don Ferdinand Baron de Macumer. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Soria (Duchesse de), wife of the preceding, born Marie Hérédia, daughter of the wealthy Comte Hérédia, was loved by two brothers, Don Ferdinand, Duc de Soria, and Don

Felipe de Macumer. Though betrothed to the latter, she married the former, in accordance with her wishes, the Baron de Macumer having generously renounced her hand in favor of Don Ferdinand. The duchess retained a feeling of deep gratitude to him for his unselfishness, and at a later time bestowed every care on him in his last illness (1829). [Letters of Two Brides.]

Sormano, the "shy" servant of the Argaïolos, at the time of their exile in Switzerland, figures, as a woman, under the name of Gina, in the autobiographical novel of Albert Savarus, entitled "L'Ambitieux par l'Amour." [Albert Savarus.]

Souchet, a broker at Paris, whose failure ruined Guillaume Grandet, brother of the well-known cooper of Saumur. [Eugénie Grandet.]

Souchet (François), winner of the prix de Rome for his sculpture, about the beginning of Louis XVIII.'s reign; an intimate friend of Hippolyte Schinner, who confided to him his love for Adelaïde Leseigneur de Rouville, and was rallied on it by him. [The Purse.] About 1835, with Steinbock's assistance, Souchet carved the panels over the doors and mantels of Laginski's magnificent house on the rue de la Pépinière, Paris. [The Imaginary Mistress.] He had given to Florine (afterwards Madame Raoul Nathan) a plaster cast of a group representing an angel holding an aspersorium, which adorned the actress's sumptuous apartments in 1834. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Soudry, born in 1773, a quartermaster, secured a valuable friend in M. de Soulanges, then adjutant-general, by saving him at the peril of his own life. Having become brigadier of gendarmes at Soulanges (Bourgogne), Soudry, in 1815, married Mademoiselle Cochet, Sophie Laguerre's former lady's-maid. Six years later, he was put on the retired list, at the request of Montcornet, and replaced in his brigade by Viallet; but, supported by the influence of François Gaubertin, he was elected mayor of Soulanges, and became the formidable enemy of the Montcornets. Like Grégoire

Rigou, his son's father-in-law, the old gendarme kept as his mistress, under the same roof with his wife, his servant Jeannette, who was younger than Madame Soudry. [The Peasantry.]

Soudry (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Cochet in 1763. Lady's-maid to Sophie Laguerre, Montcornet's predecessor at Aigues, she had an understanding with François Gaubertin, the steward of the estate, to make a victim of the former opera singer. Twenty days after the burial of her mistress, La Cochet married the brigadier, Soudry, a superb specimen of manhood, though pitted with small-pox. During the reign of Louis XVIII., Madame Soudry, who tried awkwardly enough to imitate her late mistress, Sophie Laguerre, reigned supreme in the society of Soulanges, in her parlor which was the meeting ground of Montcornet's enemies. [The Peasantry.]

Soudry, natural son of Soudry, the brigadier of gendarmes; legitimized at the time of his father's marriage to Mademoiselle Cochet, in 1815. On the day on which Soudry became legally possessed of a mother, he had just finished his course at Paris. There he knew Gaubertin's son, during a stay which he had at first intended to make long enough to entitle him to be registered as an advocate, and eventually to enter the legal profession; but he returned to Bourgogne to take charge of an attorney's practice for which his father paid thirty thousand francs. However, abandoning pettifoggery, Soudry soon found himelf deputy king's attorney in a department of Bourgogne, and, in 1817, king's attorney under Attorney-General Bourlac, whom he replaced in 1821, thanks to the influence of François Gaubertin. He then married Mademoiselle Rigou. [The Peasantry.]

Soudry (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Arsène Rigou, the only daughter of wealthy parents, Grégoire Rigou and Arsène Pichard; resembled her father in cunningness of character, and her mother in beauty. [The Peasantry.]

Soulanges (Comte Léon de), born in 1777, was colonel

of the artillery guard in 1809. In the month of November of that year, he found himself the guest of the Malin de Gondrevilles, in their mansion in Paris, on the evening of a great party; he met there Montcornet, a friend of his in the regiment; Madame de Vaudremont, who had once been his mistress, accompanied by Martial de la Roche-Hugon, her new lover; and finally his deserted wife, Madame de Soulanges, who had abandoned society, but who had come to the senator's house at the instigation of Madame de Lansac, with a view to a reconciliation, which was successfully carried out. [Domestic Peace.] Léon de Soulanges had several children as a result of his marriage; a son and some daughters; having refused one of his daughters in marriage to Montcornet, on the ground that she was too young, he made an enemy of that general. The count, remaining faithful to the Bourbons during the Hundred Days, was made a peer of France and a general in the artillery corps. Enjoying the favor of the Duc d'Angoulême, he was allowed a command during the Spanish war (1823), gained prominence at the siege of Cadiz and attained the highest degrees in the military hierarchy. Monsieur de Soulanges, who was very rich, owned, in the territory of the commune of Blangy (Bourgogne), a forest and a château adjoining the Aigues estate, which had itself once belonged to the house of Soulanges. At the time of the Crusades, an ancestor of the count had created this domain. Soulanges's motto was: "Je soule agir." Like M. de Ronquerolles he got on badly enough with his neighbor Montcornet and seemed to favor François Gaubertin, Grégoire Rigou and Soudry, in their opposition to the future marshal. [The Peasantry.]

Soulanges (Comtesse Hortense de), wife of the preceding, and niece of the Duchesses de Lansac and de Marigny. In November, 1809, at a ball given by Malin de Gondreville, acting on the advice of Madame de Lansac, the countess, then on bad terms with her husband, conquered her proud timidity, and demanded of Martial de la Roche-Hugon a ring that she had received originally from her husband; M. de Soulanges had afterwards passed it on to his mistress, Madame

de Vaudremont, who had given it to her lover, M. de la Roche-Hugon; this restitution effected the reconciliation of the couple. [Domestic Peace.] Hortense de Soulanges inherited from Madame de Marigny (who died about 1820) the Guébriant estate, with its encumbrance of an annuity. [The Thirteen.] Madame de Soulanges followed her husband to Spain at the time of the war of 1823. [The Peasantry.]

Soulanges (Amélie de), youngest daughter of the preceding couple, would have married the Comte Philippe de Brambourg, in 1828, but for the condemning revelations made by Bixiou concerning Joseph Bridau's brother. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Soulanges (Vicomte de), probably a brother of the preceding, was, in 1836, commander of a squad of hussars at Fontainebleau; then, in company with Maxime de Trailles, he was going to be second to Savinien de Portenduère in a duel with Désiré Minoret, but the duel was prevented by the unforeseen death of the latter; the underlying cause was the disgraceful conduct of the Minoret-Levraults towards Ursule Mirouët, future Vicomtesse de Portenduère. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Soulas (Amédée-Sylvain-Jacques de), born in 1809, a gentleman of Besançon, of Spanish origin (the name was written Souleyas, when Franche-Comté belonged to Spain), succeeded in shining brightly in the capital of Doubs on an income of four thousand francs, which allowed him to employ the services of "Babylas, the tiger." Such discrepancy betwen his means and his manner of living may well convey an idea of this fellow's character, seeing that he sought in vain the hand of Rosalie de Watteville, but married, in the month of August, 1837, Madame de Watteville, her widowed mother. [Albert Savarus.]

Soulas (Madame Amédée de), born Clotilde-Louise de Rupt in 1798, stern in features and in character, a blonde of the extreme type, was married, in 1815, to the Baron de Watteville, whom she managed with little difficulty. She did not find it so easy, however, to govern her daughter,

Rosalie, whom she vainly tried to force to marry M. de Soulas. The presence, at Bensançon, of Albert Savarus, who was secretly loved by Mademoiselle de Watteville, gave a political significance to the salon of Rosalie's parents during the reign of Louis Philippe. Tired of her daughter's obstinacy, Madame de Watteville, now a widow, herself married M. de Soulas; she lived in Paris, in the winter at least, and knew how to be mistress of her house there, as she always had been elsewhere. [Albert Savarus.]

Sparchmann, hospital surgeon at Heilsberg, attended Colonel Chabert after the battle of Eylau. [Colonel Chabert.]

Spencer (Lord), about 1830, at Balthazar Claës's sale, bought some magnificent wainscoting that had been carved by Van Huysum, as well as the portrait of President Van Claës, a Fleming of the sixteenth century,—family treasures which the father of Mesdames de Solis and Pierquin was obliged to give up. [The Quest of the Absolute.]

Spieghalter, a German mechanician, who lived in Paris on the rue de la Santé, in the early part of Louis Philippe's reign, made unsuccessful efforts, with the aid of pressure, hammering and rolling, to stretch the anomalous piece of shagreen submitted to him by Raphaël de Valentin, at the suggestion of Planchette, professor of mechanics. [The Magic Skin.]

Sponde (Abbé de), born about 1746, was grand vicar of the bishopric of Séez. Maternal uncle, guardian, guest, and boarder of Madame du Bousquier—*née* Cormon—of Alençon; he died in 1819, almost blind, and strangely depressed by his niece's recent marriage. Entirely removed from worldly interests, he led an ascetic life, and an uneventful one, entirely consumed in thoughts of salvation, mortifications of the flesh, and secret works of charity. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Staël-Holstein (Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker, Baronne de), daughter of the famous Necker of Geneva, born in Paris

in 1766; became the wife of the Swiss minister to France; author of "L'Allemagne," of "Corinne," and of "Delphine"; noted for her struggle against Napoleon Bonaparte; mother-in-law of the Duc Victor de Broglie and grandmother of the generation of the Broglies of the present day; died in the year 1817. At various times she lived in the Vendômois in temporary exile. During one of her first stays on the Loire, she was greeted with the singular formula of admiration, "Fameuse garce!" [The Chouans.] At a later period, Madame de Staël came upon Louis Lambert, then a ragged urchin, absorbed in reading a translation of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell." She was struck with him, and had him educated at the college of Vendôme, where he had the future minister, Jules Dufaure, as his boon companion; but she forgot her protégé, who was ruined rather than benefited by this passing interest. [Louis Lambert.] About 1823 Louise de Chaulieu (Madame Marie-Gaston) believed that Madame de Staël was still alive, though she died in 1817. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Stanhope (Lady Esther), niece of Pitt, met Lamartine in Syria, who described her in his "Voyage en Orient"; had sent Lady Dudley an Arabian horse, that the latter gave to Félix de Vandenesse in exchange for a Rembrandt. [The Lily of the Valley.] Madame de Bargeton, growing weary of Angoulême in the first years of the Restoration, was envious of this "blue-stocking of the desert." Lady Esther's father, Earl Charles Stanhope, Viscount Mahon, a peer of England, and a distinguished scholar, invented a printing press, known to fame as the Stanhope press, of which the miserly and mechanical Jérôme-Nicholas Séchard expressed a contemptuous opinion to his son. [Lost Illusions.]

Staub, a German, and a Parisian tailor of reputation; in 1821, made for Lucien de Rubempré, presumably on credit, some garments that he went in person to try on the poet at the Hôtel du Gaillard-Bois, on the rue de l'Echelle. Shortly afterwards, he again favored Lucien, who was brought to his establishment by Coralie. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Steibelt, a famous musician, during the Empire was the instructor of Félicité des Touches at Nantes. [Béatrix.]

Steinbock (Count Wenceslas), born at Prélic (Livonia) in 1809; great-nephew of one of Charles XII.'s generals. An exile from his youth, he went to Paris to live, and, from inclination as much as on account of his poverty, he became a carver and sculptor. As assistant to François Souchet, a fellow-countryman of Laginski's, Wenceslas Steinbock worked on the decorations of the Pole's mansion, on the rue de la Pépinière. [The Imaginary Mistress.] Living amid squalor on the rue du Doyenné, he was saved from suicide by his spinster neighbor, Lisbeth Fischer, who restored his courage and determination, and aided him with her resources. Wenceslas Steinbock then worked and succeeded. A chance that brought one of his works to the notice of the Hulot d'Ervys brought him into connection with these people; he fell in love with their daughter, and, the love being returned, he married her. Orders then came in quick succession to Wenceslas, living, as he did, on the rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain, near the Esplanade des Invalides, not far from the marble stores, where the government had allowed him a studio. His services were secured for the work of the monument to be erected to the Maréchal de Montcornet. But Lisbeth Fischer's vindictive hatred, as well as his own weakness of character, caused him to fall beneath the fatal dominion of Valérie Marneffe, whose lover he became; with Stidmann, Vignon, and Massol, he witnessed that woman's second marriage. Steinbock returned to the conjugal domicile on the rue Louis-le-Grand, towards the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign. An exhausted artist, he confined himself to the barren rôle of critic; idle reverie replaced power of conception. [Cousin Betty.]

Steinbock (Countess Wenceslas), wife of the preceding; born Hortense Hulot d'Ervy in 1817; daughter of Hector Hulot d'Ervy and Adeline Fischer; younger sister of Victorin Hulot. Beautiful, and occupying a brilliant position in society through her parents, but lacking dowry, she made

choice of husband for herself. Endowed with enduring pride of spirit, Madame Steinbock could with difficulty excuse Wenceslas for being unfaithful, and pardoned his disloyalty only after a long while. Her trials ended with the last years of Louis Philippe's reign. The wisdom and foresight of her brother Victorin, coupled with the results of the wills of the Maréchal Hulot, Lisbeth Fischer, and Valérie Crevel, at last brought wealth to the countess's household, who lived successively on the rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain, the rue Plumet, and the rue Louis-le-Grand. [Cousin Betty.]

Steinbock (Wenceslas), only son of the preceding couple, born when his parents were living together, stayed with his mother after their separation. [Cousin Betty.]

Steingel, an Alsatian, natural son of General Steingel, who fell at the beginning of the Italian campaigns during the Republic; was, in Bourgogne, about 1823, under head-keeper Michaud, one of the three keepers of Montcornet's estates. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Peasantry.]

Stevens (Miss Dinah), born in 1791, daughter of an English brewer, ugly enough, saving, and puritanical, had an income of two hundred and forty thousand francs and expectations of as much more at her father's death; the Marquise de Vordac, who met her at some watering-place in 1827, spoke of her to her son Marsay, as a very fine match, and Marsay pretended that he was to marry the heiress; which he probably did, for he left a widow that erected to him, at Père-Lachaise, a superb monument, the work of Stidmann. [A Marriage Settlement. Cousin Pons.]

Stidmann, a celebrated carver and sculptor of Paris at the times of the Restoration and Louis Philippe; Wenceslas Steinbock's teacher; he carved, for the consideration of seven thousand francs, a representation of a fox-chase on the ruby-set gold handle of a riding whip that Ernest de la Brière gave to Modeste Mignon. [Modeste Mignon.] At the request of Fabien de Ronceret, Stidmann undertook to decorate an apartment for him on the rue Blanche [Béa-

trix]; he made the originals of a chimney-piece for the Hulot d'Ervys; was among the guests invited by Mademoiselle Brisetout at her little house-warming on the rue Chaucha (1838); the same year he was present at the celebration of Wenceslas Steinbock's marriage with Hortense Hulot; knew Dorlange-Sallenauve; with Vignon, Steinbock and Massol, he was a witness of Valérie Marneffe's second marriage to Célestin Crevel; entertained a secret love for Madame Steinbock when she was neglected by her husband [The Member for Arcis. Cousin Betty]; executed the work of Charles Keller's and Marsay's monuments. [Cousin Pons.] In 1845 Stidmann entered the Institute. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Stopfer (Monsieur and Madame), formerly coopers at Neuchâtel, in 1823; were proprietors of an inn at Gersau (canton of Lucerne), near the lake, to which Rodolphe came. The same village sheltered the Gandolphinis, disguised under the name of Lovelace. [Albert Savarus.]

Sucy (Général Baron Philippe de), born in 1789, served under the Empire; on one occasion, at the crossing of the Bérésina, he tried to assure the safety of his mistress, Stéphanie de Vandières, a general's wife, of whom he afterwards lost all trace. Seven years later, however, being a colonel and an officer in the Legion of Honor, while hunting with his friend, the Marquis d'Albon, near the Isle-Adam, Sucy found Madame de Vandières insane, under the charge of the alienist Fanjat, and he undertook to restore her reason. With this end in view, he arranged an exact reproduction of the parting scenes of 1812, on an estate of his at Saint-Germain. The mad-woman recognized him indeed, but she died immediately. Having gained the promotion of general, Sucy committed suicide, the prey of incurable despair. [Farewell.]

Suzanne, real given name of Madame Théodore Gaillard.

Suzannet was, with the Abbé Vernal, the Comte de Fontaine, and M. de Châtillon, one of the four Vendean chiefs at the time of the uprising in the West in 1799. [The Chouans.]

Suzette, during the first years of Louis XVIII.'s reign, was lady's-maid to Antoinette de Langeais, in Paris, about the time that the duchess was receiving attentions from Montriveau. [The Thirteen.]

Suzon was for a long time valet de chambre for Maxime de Trailles. [A Man of Business. The Member for Arcis.]

Sylvie, cook for Madame Vauquer, the widow, on the rue Neuve-Saint-Geneviève, during the years 1819 and 1820, at the time when Jean-Joachim Goriot, Eugène de Rastignac, Jacques Collin, Horace Bianchon, the Poirets, Madame Couture, and Victorine Taillefer boarded there. [Father Goriot.]

T

Tabareau, bailiff of the justice of the peace in the eighth ward of Paris in 1844-1845. He was on good terms with Fraisier, the business agent. Madame Cibot, door-keeper, on the rue de Normandie, retained Tabareau to make a demand for her upon Schmucke for the payment of three thousand one hundred and ninety-two francs, due her from the German musician and Pons, for board, lodging, taxes, etc. [Cousin Pons.]

Tabareau (Mademoiselle), only child of Tabareau, the bailiff; a large, red-haired consumptive; was heir, through her mother, of a house on the Place Royale; a fact which made her hand sought by Fraisier, the business agent. [Cousin Pons.]

Taboureau, formerly a day-laborer, and afterwards, during the Restoration, a grain-dealer and money-lender in the commune of Isère, of which Doctor Benassis was mayor. He was a thin man, very wrinkled, bent almost double, with thin lips, and a hooked chin that almost made connection with his nose, little gray eyes spotted with black, and as sly as a horse-trader. [The Country Doctor.]

Taillefer (Jean-Frédéric), born about 1779 at Beauvais; by means of a crime, in 1799, he laid the foundations of his fortune, which was considerable. In an inn near Andernach,

Rhenish Prussia, Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, then a surgeon in the army, killed and robbed, one night, a rich native tradesman, Monsieur Walhenfer, by name; however, he was never incommoded by this murder; for accusing appearances pointed to his friend, colleague and fellow-countryman, Prosper Magnan, who was executed. Returning to Paris, J.-F. Taillefer was from that time forth a wealthy and honored personage. He was captain of the first company of grenadiers of the National Guard, and an influencial banker; received much attention during the funeral obsequies of J.-B. d'Aldrigger; made successful speculations in Nucingen's third venture. He was married twice, and was brutal in his treatment of his first wife (a relative of Madame Couture) who bore him two children, Frédéric-Michel and Victorine. He was owner of a magnificent mansion on the rue Joubert. In Louis Philippe's reign he entertained in this mansion with one of the most brilliant affairs ever known, according to the account of the guests present, among whom were Blonde, Rastignac, Valentin, Cardot, Aquilina de la Garde, and Euphrasie. M. Taillefer suffered, nevertheless, morally and physically; in the first place because of the crime that he had previously committed, for remorse for this deed came over him every fall, that being the time of its perpetration; in the second place, because of gout in the head, according to Doctor Brousson's diagnosis. Though well cared for by his second wife, and by his daughter of the first wife, Jean-Frédéric died some time after a sumptuous feast given at his house. An evening passed in the salon of a banker, father of Mademoiselle Fanny, hastened Taillefer's end; for there he was obliged to listen to Hermann's story about the unjust martyrdom of Magnan. The funeral notice read as follows: "You are invited to be present at the funeral services of M. Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, of the firm Taillefer & Company, formerly contractor for supplies, in his life-time Knight of the Legion of Honor and of the Golden Spur, Captain of the First Company of Grenadiers of the Second Legion of the National Guard of Paris, died May 1st, at his mansion, rue Joubert. The services will be conducted at—,

etc. In behalf of——," etc. [The Firm of Nucingen. Father Goriot. The Magic Skin. The Red Inn.]

Taillefer (Madame), first wife of the preceding, and mother of Frédéric-Michel and Victorine Taillefer. As the result of the harsh treatment by her husband, who unjustly suspected her of being unfaithful, she died of a broken heart, presumably at quite an early age. [Father Goriot.]

Taillefer (Madame), second wife of Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, who married her as a speculation, but even then made her happy. She seemed to be devoted to him. [The Red Inn.]

Taillefer (Frédéric-Michel), son of Jean-Frédéric Taillefer by his first wife, did not even try to protect his sister, Victorine, from her father's unjust persecutions. Designated heir of the whole of his father's great fortune, he was killed, in 1819, near Clignancourt, by a dexterous and unerring stroke, in a duel with Colonel Franchessini, the duel being instigated by Jacques Collin, in the interest of Eugène de Rastignac, though the latter knew nothing of the matter. [Father Goriot.]

Taillefer (Victorine), sister of the preceding, and daughter of Jean-Frédéric Taillefer by his first wife; a distant cousin of Madame Couture; her mother having died in 1819, she wrongfully passed in her father's opinion for "the child of adulterous connections"; was turned away from her father's house, and sought protection with her kinswoman, Madame Couture, the widow of Couture the ordainer, on the rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, in Madame Vauquer's boarding-house; there she fell in love with Eugène de Rastignac; by the death of her brother she became heir to all the property of her father, Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, whose death-bed she comforted in every way possible. Victorine Taillefer probably remained single. [Father Goriot. The Red Inn.]

Talleyrand-Périgord (Charles-Maurice de), Prince de Bénévent, Bishop of Autun, ambassador and minister, born in Paris, in 1754, died in 1838, at his home on the rue Saint-

Florentin.[1] Talleyrand gave attention to the insurrectional stir that arose in Bretagne, under the direction of the Marquis de Montauran, about 1799. [The Chouans.] The following year (June, 1800), on the eve of the battle of Marengo, M. de Talleyrand conferred with Malin de Gondreville, Fouché, Carnot, and Siéyès, about the political situation. In 1804 he received M. de Chargeboeuf, M. d'Hauteserre the elder, and the Abbé Goujet, who came to urge him to have the names of Robert and Adrien d'Hauteserre and Paul-Marie and Marie-Paul de Simeuse erased from the list of emigrants; some time afterwards, when these latter were condemned, despite their innocence, of guilty of the abduction and detention of Senator Malin, he made every effort to secure their pardon, at the earnest instance of Maître Bordin, as well as the Marquis de Chargeboeuf. At the hour of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, which he had perhaps advised, he was found with Madame de Luynes in time to give her the news of it, at the exact moment of its happening. M. de Talleyrand was very fond of Antoinette de Langeais. A frequent visitor of the Chaulieus, he was even more intimate with their near relative, the elderly Princesse de Vaurémont, who made him executor of her will. [The Gondreville Mystery. The Thirteen. Letters of Two Brides.] Fritot, in selling his famous "Sélim" shawl to Mistress Noswell, made use of a cunning that certainly would not have deceived the illustrious diplomat; one day, indeed, on noticing the hesitation of a fashionable lady as between two bracelets, Talleyrand asked the opinion of the clerk who was showing the jewelry, and advised the purchase of the one rejected by the latter. [Gaudissart II.]

Tarlowski, a Pole; colonel in the Imperial Guard; ordnance officer under Napoleon Bonaparte; friend of Poniatowski; made a match between his daughter and Bourlac. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Tascheron, born about 1799; a very upright farmer, in a small way, in the market town of Montégnac, nine leagues

[1] Alexander I., Czar of Russia, once stayed at this house, which is now owned and occupied by the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild

distant from Limoges; left his village in August, 1829, immediately after the execution of his son, Jean-François. With his wife, parents, children and grandchildren, he sailed for America, where he prospered and founded the town of Tascheronville in the State of Ohio. [The Country Parson.]

Tascheron (Jean-François), one of the sons of the preceding, born about 1805, a porcelain maker, working successively with Messieurs Graslin and Philippart; at the end of Charles X.'s reign, he committed a triple crime which, owing to his excellent character and antecedents, seemed for a long time inexplicable. Jean-François Tascheron fell in love with the wife of his first employer, Pierre Graslin, and she reciprocated the passion; to prepare a way for them to escape together, he went one night to the house of Pingret, a rich and miserly husbandman in the Faubourg Saint-Etienne, robbed him of a large sum of money, and, thinking to assure his safety, murdered the old man and his servant, Jeanne Malassis. Being arrested, despite his precautions, Jean-François Tascheron made especial effort not to compromise Madame Graslin. Condemned to death, he refused to confess, and was deaf to the prayers of Pascal, the chaplain, yielding somewhat, however, to his other visitors, the Abbé Bonnet, his mother, and his sister Denise; as a result of their influence he restored a considerable portion of the hundred thousand francs stolen. He was executed at Limoges, in August, 1829. He was the natural father of François Graslin. [The Country Parson.]

Tascheron (Louis-Marie), a brother of the preceding, with Denise Tascheron (afterwards Denise Gérard) he fulfilled a double mission: he destroyed the traces of the crime of Jean-François, that might betray Madame Graslin, and restored the rest of the stolen money to Pingret's heirs, Monsieur and Madame de Vanneaulx. [The Country Parson.]

Tascheron (Denise), a sister of the preceding. (*See* Gérard, Madame Grégoire.)

Taupin, curé of Soulanges (Bourgogne), cousin of the

Sarcus family and Sarcus-Taupin, the miller. He was a man of ready wit, of happy disposition, and on good terms with all his parishioners. [The Peasantry.]

Ternninck (De), Duc de Casa-Réal, which name see.

Terrasse and Duclos, keepers of records at the Palais, in 1822; consulted at that time with success by Godeschal. [A Start in Life.]

Thélusson, a banker, one of whose clerks was Lemprun before he entered the Banque de France as messenger. [The Middle Classes.]

Thérèse, lady's-maid to Madame de Nucingen during the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. [Father Goriot. A Daughter of Eve.]

Thérèse, lady's-maid to Madame Xavier Rabourdin, on the rue Duphot, Paris, in 1824. [The Government Clerks.]

Thérèse, lady's-maid to Madame de Rochfide in the latter part of Charles X.'s reign, and during the reign of Louis Philippe. [Béatrix.]

Thérèse (Sister), the name under which Antoinette de Langeais died, after she had taken the veil, and retired to the convent of bare-footed Carmelites on an island belonging to Spain, probably the island of Léon. [The Thirteen.]

Thibon (Baron), chief of the Comptoir d'Escompte, in 1818, had been a colleague of César Birroteau, the perfumer. [César Birroteau.]

Thirion, usher to the closet of King Louis XVIII., was on terms of intimacy with the Ragons, and was invited to César Birotteau's famous ball on December 17, 1818, together with his wife and his daughter Amélie, one of Servin's pupils who married Camusot de Marville. [The Vendetta. César Birotteau.] The emoluments of his position, obtained by the patronage that his zeal deservedly acquired, enabled him to lay by a considerable sum, which the Camusot de Marvilles inherited. [Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Thomas was owner of a large house in Bretagne, that Marie

de Verneuil (Madame Alphonse de Montauran) bought for Francine de Cottin, her lady's-maid, and a niece of Thomas. [The Chouans.]

Thomas (Madame) was a milliner in Paris towards the latter part of the reign of Charles X.; it was to her establishment that Frédéric de Nucingen, after being driven to the famous pastry shop of Madame Domas, an error arising from his Alsatian pronunciation, betook himself in quest of a black satin cape, lined with pink, for Esther van Gobseck. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Thomire contributed to the material splendors of the famous entertainment given by Frédéric Taillefer, about 1831, at his mansion on the rue Joubert, Paris. [The Magic Skin.]

Thorec, an anagram of Hector, and one of the names successively assumed by Baron Hector Hulot d'Ervy, after deserting his conjugal roof. [Cousin Betty.]

Thorein, a carpenter, was employed in making changes in César Birotteau's apartments some days before the famous ball given by the perfumer on December 17, 1818. [César Birotteau.]

Thoul, anagram of the word Hulot, and one of the names successively assumed by Baron Hector Hulot d'Ervy, after his desertion of the conjugal roof. [Cousin Betty.]

Thouvenin, famous in his work, but an unreliable tradesman, was employed, in 1818, by Madame Anselme Popinot (then Mademoiselle Birotteau) to rebind for her father, the perfumer, the works of various authors. [César Birotteau.] Thouvenin, as an artist, was in love with his own works—like Servais, the favorite gilder of Elie Magus. [Cousin Pons.]

Thuillier was first door-keeper of the minister of finance in the second half of the eighteenth century; by furnishing meals to the clerks he realized from his position a regular annual income of almost four thousand francs; being married

and the father of two children, Marie-Jeanne-Brigitte and Louis-Jérôme, he retired from active duties about 1806, and, losing his wife in 1810, himself died in 1814. He was commonly called "Stout Father Thuillier." [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Thuillier (Marie-Jeanne-Brigitte), daughter of the preceding, born in 1787, of independent disposition and of obstinate will, chose the single state to become, as it were, the ambitious mother of Louis-Jérôme, a brother younger than herself by four years. She began life by making coin-bags at the Bank of France, then engaged in money-lending; took every advantage of her debtors, among others Fleury, her father's colleague at the Treasury. Being now rich, she met the Lempruns and the Galards; took upon herself the management of the small fortune of their heir, Céleste Lemprun, whom she had selected specially to be the wife of her brother; after their marriage she lived with her brother's family; was also one of Mademoiselle Colleville's god-mothers. On the rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer, and on the Place de la Madeleine, she showed herself many times to be the friend of Théodose de la Peyrade, who vainly sought the hand of the future Madame Phellion. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Thuillier (Louis-Jérôme), younger brother of the preceding, born in 1791. Thanks to his father's position, he entered the Department of Finance as clerk at an early age. Louis-Jérôme Thuillier, being exempted from military service on account of weak eyes, married Céleste Lemprun, Galard's wealthy granddaughter, about 1814. Ten years later he had reached the advancement of reporting clerk, in Xavier Rabourdin's office, Flamet de la Billardière's division. His pleasing exterior gave him a series of successes in love affairs, that was continued after his marriage, but cut short by the Restoration, bringing back, as it did, with peace, the gallants escaped from the battlefield. Among his amorous conquests may be counted Madame Flavie Colleville, wife of his intimate friend and colleague at the Treasury,

of their relations was born Céleste Colleville—Madame Félix Phellion. Having been deputy-chief for two years (since January 5, 1828), he left the Treasury at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830. In him the office lost an expert in equivocal jests. Having left the department, Thuillier turned his energies in another direction. Marie-Jeanne-Brigitte, his elder sister, turning him to the intricacies of real estate, made him leave their lodging-place on the rue d'Argenteuil, to purchase a house on the rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer, which had formerly belonged to President Lecamus and to Petitot, the artist. Thuillier's conceit and vanity, now that he had become a well-known and important citizen, were greatly flattered when Théodose de la Peyrade hired apartments from him. M. Thuillier was manager of the "Echo de la Bièvre," signed a certain pamphlet on political economy, was candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, purchased a second house, in 1840, on the Place de la Madeleine, and was chosen to succeed J.-J. Popinot as member of the General Council of the Seine. [The Government Clerks. The Middle Classes.]

Thuillier (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Céleste Lemprun, in 1794; only daughter of the oldest messenger in the Bank of France, and, on her mother's side, granddaughter of Galard, a well-to-do truck-gardener of Auteuil; a transparent blonde, slender, sweet-tempered, religious, and barren. In her married life, Madame Thuillier was swayed beneath the despotism of her sister-in-law, Marie-Jeanne-Brigitte, but derived some consolation from the affection of Céleste Colleville, and, about 1841, contributed, as far as her influence permitted, to the marriage of this her god-daughter. [The Middle Classes.]

Tiennette, born in 1769, a Breton who wore her native costume, was, in 1829, the devoted servant of Madame de Portenduère the elder, on the rue des Bourgeois (now Bezout), Nemours. [Ursule Mirouët.]

Tillet (Ferdinand du), had legally a right only to the first part of his name, which was given him on the morning of

Saint-Ferdinand's day by the curate of the church of Tillet, a town near Andelys (Eure). Ferdinand was the son of an unknown great nobleman and a poor countrywoman of Normandie, who was delivered of her son one night in the curate's garden, and then drowned herself. The priest took in the new born son of the betrayed mother and took care of him. His protector being dead, Ferdinand resolved to make his own way in the world, took the name of his village, was first commercial traveler, and, in 1814, he became head clerk in Birotteau's perfumery establishment on the rue Saint-Honoré, Paris. While there he tried, but without success, to win Constance Birotteau, his patron's wife, and stole three thousand francs from the cash drawer. They discovered the theft and forgave the offender, but in such a way that Du Tillet himself was offended. He left the business and started a bank; being the lover of Madame Roguin, the notary's wife, he became involved in the business scheme known as "the lands of the Madeleine," the original cause of Birotteau's failure and of his own fortune (1818). Ferdinand du Tillet, now a lynx of almost equal prominence with Nucingen, with whom he was on very intimate terms, being loved by Mademoiselle Malvina d'Aldrigger, being looked up to by the Kellers also, and being further the patron of Tiphaine, the Provins Royalist, was able to crush Birotteau, and triumphed over him, even on December 17, 1818, the evening of the famous ball given by the perfumer; Jules Desmarets, Benjamin de la Billardière, and he were the only perfect types present of worldly propriety and distinction. [César Birotteau. The Firm of Nucingen. The Middle Classes. A Bachelor's Establishment. Pierrette.] Once started, M. du Tillet seldom left the Chaussée d'Antin, the financial quarter of Paris, during the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. It was there that he received Birotteau, imploring aid, and gave him a letter of recommendation for Nucingen, the result of which was quite different from what the unfortunate merchant had anticipated. Indeed, it was agreed between the two business men, if the i's in the letter in question were not dotted, to give a negative

answer; by this intentional omission, Du Tillet ruined the unfortunate Birotteau. He had his bank on the rue Joubert when Rodolphe Castanier, the dishonest cashier, robbed Nucingen. [Melmoth Reconciled.] Ferdinand du Tillet was now a consequential personage, when Lucien de Rubempré was making his start in Paris (1821). [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Ten years later he married the last daughter of the Comte de Granville, a peer of France, and "one of the most illustrious names of the French magistracy." He occupied one of the elegant mansions on the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, now rue des Mathurins; for a long time he kept Madame Roguin as his mistress; was often seen, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, with the Marquise d'Espard, being found there on the day that Diane de Cadignan was slandered in the presence of Daniel d'Arthez, who was very much in love with her. With Massol and Raoul Nathan he founded a prominent newspaper, which he used for his financial interests. He did not hesitate to get rid of Nathan, who was loaded down with debts; but he found Nathan before him once more, however, as candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, to succeed Nucingen, who had been made a peer of France; this time, also, he triumphed over his rival, and was elected. [The Secrets of a Princess. A Daughter of Eve.] M. du Tillet was no more sparing of Maxime de Trailles, but harassed him pitilessly, when the count was sent into Champagne as electoral agent of the government. [The Member for Arcis.] He was present at the fête given by Josépha Mirah, by way of a house-warming, in her mansion on the rue de la Ville-l'Evêque; Célestin Crevel and Valérie Marneffe invited him to their wedding. [Cousin Betty.] At the end of the monarchy of July, being a deputy, with his seat in the Left Centre, Ferdinand du Tillet kept in the most magnificent style Séraphine Sinet, the Opéra girl, more familiarly called Carabine. [The Unconscious Humorists.] There is a biography of Ferdinand du Tillet, elaborated by the brilliant pen of Jules Claretie, in "Le Temps" of September 5, 1884, under title of "Life in Paris."

Tillet (Madame Ferdinand du), wife of the preceding, born Marie-Eugénie de Granville in 1814, on of the four children of the Comte and Comtesse de Granville, and younger sister of Madame Félix de Vandenesse; a blonde like her mother; in her marriage, which took place in 1831, was a renewal of the griefs that had sobered the years of her youth. Eugénie du Tillet's natural playfulness of spirit could find vent only with her eldest sister, Angélique-Marie, and their harmony teacher, W. Schmucke, in whose company the two sisters forgot their father's neglect and the convent-like rigidness of a devotee's home. Poor in the midst of wealth, deserted by her husband, and bent beneath an inflexible yoke, Madame du Tillet could lend but too little aid to her sister—then Madame de Vandenesse—in the trouble caused by a passion she had conceived for Raoul Nathan. However, she supplied her with two powerful allies—Delphine de Nucingen and W. Schmucke. As a result of her marriage Madame du Tillet had two children. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Tinténiac, known for his part in the Quiberon affair, had among his confederates Jacques Horeau, who was executed in 1809 with the Chauffeurs of Orne. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Tinti (Clarina), born in Sicily about 1803; was maid in an inn, when her glorious voice came under the notice of a great nobleman, her fellow-countryman, the Duke Cataneo, who had her educated. At the age of sixteen, she made her début with brilliant success at several Italian theatres. In 1820, she was "prima donna assoluta" of the Fenice theatre, Venice. Being loved by Genovese, the famous tenor, Tinti was usually engaged with him. Of a passionate nature, beautiful and capricious, Clarina became enamored of Prince Emilio du Varese, at that time the lover of the Duchesse Cataneo, and became, for a while, the mistress of that descendant of the Memmis: the ruined palace of Varese, which Cataneo hired for Tinti, was the scene of these ephemeral relations. [Massimilla Doni.] In the winter of 1823-1824, at the home of Prince Gandolphini, in Geneva, with Genovese,

Princesse Gandolphini, and an exiled Italian prince, she sang the famous quartette, "Mi manca la voce." [Albert Savarus.]

Tiphaine, of Provins, brother of Madame Guénée-Galardon, rich in his own right, and expecting something more by way of inheritance from his father, adopted the legal profession; married a granddaughter of Chevrel, a prominent banker of Paris; had children by his marriage; presided over the court of his native town in the latter part of Charles X.'s reign. At that time an ardent Royalist, and resting secure under the patronage of the well-known financiers, Ferdinand du Tillet and Frédéric de Nucingen, M. Tiphaine contended against Gouraud, Vinet, and Rogron, the local representatives of the Liberal party, and for a considerable time upheld the cause of Mademoiselle Pierrette Lorrain, their victim. Tiphaine, however, suited himself to the circumstances, and came over to Louis Philippe, the "revolutionist," under whose reign he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies; he was "one of the most esteemed orators of the Centre"; secured his appointment to the judgeship of the court of first instance of the Seine, and still later he was made president of the royal court. [Pierrette.]

Tiphaine (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Mathilde-Mélanie Roguin, in the early part of the nineteenth century; the only daughter of a wealthy notary of Paris, noted for his fraudulent failure in 1819; on her mother's side, granddaughter of Chevrel, the banker, and also distant cousin of the Guillaumes, and the families of Lebas and Sommervieux. Before her marriage she was a frequent visitor at the studio of Servin, the artist; she was there "the malicious oracle" of the Liberal party, and, with Laure, took sides with Ginevra di Piombo against Amélie Thirion, leader of the aristocratic group. [The Vendetta.] Clever, pretty, coquettish, correct, and a real Parisian, and protected by Madame Roguin's lover, Ferdinand du Tillet, Mathilde-Mélanie Tiphaine reigned supreme in Provins, in the midst of the Guénée family, represented by Mesdames Galardon, Lessourd, Martener, and Auffray; took in, or, rather, de-

fended Pierrette Lorrain; and overwhelmed the Rogron salon with her spirit of raillery. [Pierrette.]

Tissot (Pierre-François), born March 10, 1768, at Versailles, died April 7, 1854; general secretary of the Maintenance Commission in 1793, successor to Jacques Delille in the chair of Latin poetry in the Collège de France; a member of the Academy in 1833, and the author of many literary and historical works; under the Restoration he was managing editor of the "Pilote," a radical sheet that published a special edition of the daily news for the provinces, a few hours after the morning papers. Horace Bianchon, the house-surgeon, there learned of the death of Frédéric-Michel Taillefer, who had been killed in a duel with Franchessini. [Father Goriot.] In the reign of Louis Philippe, when Charles-Edouard Rusticoli de la Palférine's burning activity vainly sought an upward turn, Tissot, from the professor's chair, pleaded the cause of the rights and aspirations of youth that had been ignored and despised by the power surrendered into the hands of superannuated mossbacks. [A Prince of Bohemia.]

Tito, a young and handsome Italian, in 1823, brought "la liberta e denaro" to the Prince and Princess Gandolphini, who were at that time impoverished outlaws, living in concealment at Gersau (canton of Lucerne) under the English name of Lovelace—"L'Ambitieux par Amour." [Albert Savarus.]

Toby, born in Ireland about 1807; also called Joby, and Paddy; during the Restoration, Beaudenord's "tiger" on the Quai Malaquais, Paris; a wonder of precocity in vice; acquired a sort of celebrity in exercise of his duties, a celebrity that was even reflected on Madame d'Aldrigger's future son-in-law. [The Firm of Nucingen.] During Louis Philippe's reign, Toby was a servant in the household of the Duc Georges de Maufrigneuse on the rue Miromesnil. [The Secrets of a Princess.]

Tonnelet (Maître), a notary, and son-in-law of M. Gravier of Isère, whose intimate friend was Benassis, and who was

one of the co-workers of that beneficent physician. Tonnelet was thin and pale, and of medium height; he generally dressed in black, and wore spectacles. [The Country Doctor.]

Tonsard (Mère), a peasant woman of Bourgogne, born in 1745, was one of the most formidable enemies of Montcornet, the owner of Aigues, and of his head-keeper, Justin Michaud. She had killed the keeper's favorite hound and she encroached upon the forest trees, so as to kill them and take the dead wood off. A reward of a thousand francs having been offered to the person who should discover the perpetrator of these wrongs, Mère Tonsard had herself denounced by her granddaughter, Marie Tonsard, in order to secure this sum of money to her family, and she was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, though she probably did not serve her term. Mère Bonnébault committed the same offences as Mère Tonsard; they had had a quarrel, each wishing to profit by the advantages of a denunciation, and had ended by referring the matter to the casting of lots, which resulted in favor of Mère Tonsard. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (François), son of the preceding, born about 1773, was a country laborer, skilled more or less in everything; he possessed a hereditary talent, attested, moreover, by his name, for trimming trees, and various kinds of hedges. Lazy and crafty, François Tonsard secured from Sophie Laguerre, Montcornet's predecessor at Aigues, an acre of land, on which he built, in 1795, the wine-shop known as the Grand-I-Vert. He was saved from conscription by François Gaubertin, at that time steward of Aigues, at the urgent request of Mademoiselle Cochet, their common mistress. Being then married to Philippine Fourchon, and Gaubertin having become his wife's lover, he could poach with freedom, and so it was that the Tonsard family made regular levies on the Aigues forest with impunity: they supplied themselves entirely from the wood of the forest, kept two cows at the expense of the landlord, and were represented at the harvest by seven gleaners. Being incommoded by the active watch kept over them by Justin Michaud, Gauber-

tin's successor, Tonsard killed him, one night in 1823. Afterwards in the dismemberment of Montcornet's estate. Tonsard got his share of the spoils. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (Madame), wife of the preceding; born Philippe Fourchon; daughter of the Fourchon who was the natural grandfather of Mouche; large, and of a good figure, with a sort of rustic beauty; lax in morals; extravagant in her tastes, none the less she assured the prosperity of the Grand-I-Vert, by reason of her talent as a cook, and her free coquetry. By her marriage she had four children, two sons and two daughters. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (Jean-Louis), born about 1801, son of the preceding, and perhaps also of François Gaubertin, to whom Philippe Tonsard was mistress. Exempted from military service in 1821 on account of a pretended disorder in the muscles of his right arm, Jean-Louis Tonsard posed, under the protection of Soudry, Rigou and Gaubertin, in a circumspect way, as the enemy of the Montcornets and Michaud. He was a lover of Annette, Rigou's servant girl. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (Nicolas), younger brother of the preceding, and the male counterpart of his sister Catherine; brutally persecuted, with his sister's connivance, Niseron's granddaughter, Geneviève, called La Péchina, whom he tried to outrage. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (Catherine). (*See* Godain, Madame.)

Tonsard (Marie), sister of the preceding; a blonde; had the loose and uncivilized morals of her family. While mistress of Bonnébault, she proved herself, on one occasion at the Café de la Paix of Soulanges, to be fiercely jealous of Aglaé Socquard, whom he wished to marry. [The Peasantry.]

Tonsard (Reine), without any known relationship to all the preceding, was, in spite of being very ugly the mistress of the son of the Oliviers, porters to Valérie Marneffe-Crevel; and she remained for a long time the confidential

lady's-maid of that married courtesan; but, being bought over by Jacques Collin, she eventually betrayed and ruined the Crevel family. [Cousin Betty.]

Tony, coachman to Louis de l'Estorade, about 1840. [The Member for Arcis.]

Topinard, born about 1805; officer in charge of the property of the theatre managed by Félix Gaudissart; in charge also of the lamps and fixtures; and, lastly, he had the task of placing the copies of the music on the musicians' stands. He went every day to the rue Normandie to get news of Sylvain Pons, who was suffering from a fatal attack of hepatitis; in the latter part of April, 1845, he was, with Fraisier, Villemot and Sonet's agent, one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of the cousin of the Camusot de Marvilles. On leaving the Père-Lachaise, Topinard, who was living in the Cité Bordin, was moved to compassion for Schmucke, brought him home, and finally received him under his roof. Topinard then secured the position of cashier with Gaudissart, but he almost lost his position for trying to defend the interests of Schmucke, of whom the heirs-at-law of Pons had undertaken to rid themselves. Even under these circumstances Topinard aided Schmucke in his distress; he alone followed the German's body to the cemetery, and took pains to have him buried beside Sylvain Pons. [Cousin Pons.]

Topinard (Madame Rosalie), wife of the preceding, born about 1815, called Lolotte; she was a member of the choir under the direction of Félix Gaudissart's predecessor, whose mistress she was. A victim of her lover's failure, she became box-opener of the first tier, and also quite a dealer in costumes during the following administration (1834-1845). She had first lived as Topinard's mistress, but he afterwards married her; she had three children by him. She took part in the funeral mass of Pons; when Schmucke was taken in by her husband in the Cité Bordin, she nursed the musician in his last illness. [Cousin Pons.]

Topinard, eldest son of the preceding couple, was a supernumerary in Gaudissart's company. [Cousin Pons.]

Topinard (Olga), sister of the preceding; a blonde of the German type; when quite young, she won the warmest affection of Schmucke, who was making his home with the employés of Gaudissart's theatre. [Cousin Pons.]

Torlonia (Duc), a name mentioned, in December, 1829, by the Baron Frédéric de Nucingen, as that of one of his friends, and pronounced by him "Dorlonia." The d ke had ordered a magnificent carpet, the price of which he considered exorbitant, but the baron bought it for Esther van Gobseck's "leedle balace" on the rue Saint-Georges. The Duc Torlonia belonged to the famous family of Rome, that was so hospitable to strangers, and was of French origin. The original name was Tourlogne. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Torpille (La), sobriquet of Esther van Gobseck.

Touchard father and son, ran a line of stages, during the Restoration, to Beaumont-sur-Oise. [A Start in Life.]

Touches (Mademoiselle Félicité des), born at Guérande in 1791; related to the Grandlieus; not connected with the Touches family of Touraine, to which the regent's ambassador, more famous as a comic poet, belonged; became an orphan in 1793; her father, a major in the Gardes de la Porte, was killed on the steps of the Tuileries August 10, 1792, and her only brother, a younger member of the guard, was massacred at the Carmelite convent; lastly, her mother died of a broken heart a few days after this last catastrophe. Entrusted then to the care of her maternal aunt, Mademoiselle de Faucombe, a nun of Chelles,[1] she was taken by her to Faucombe, a considerable estate situated near Nantes, and soon afterwards she was put in prison along with her aunt on the charge of being an emissary of Pitt and Cobourg. The 9th Thermidor found them released; but Mademoiselle de Faucombe died of fright, and Félicité was sent to M. de Faucombe, an archæologist of Nantes, being her maternal great-uncle and her nearest relative. She grew up by her-

[1] It was perhaps at Chelles that Mademoiselle de Faucombe became acquainted with Mesdemoiselles de Beauséant and de Langeais.

self, "a tom-boy"; she had at her command an enormous library, which allowed her to acquire, at a very early age, a great mass of information. The literary spirit being developed in her, Mademoiselle des Touches began by assisting her aged uncle; wrote three articles that he believed were his own work, and, in 1822, made her beginning in literature with two volumes of dramatic works, after the fashion of Lope de Vega and Shakespeare, which produced a sort of artistic revolution. She then assumed as a permanent appellation, the pseudonym of Camille Maupin, and led a bright and independent life. Her income of eighty thousand livres, her castle of Les Touches, near Guérande—Loire-Inférieure—her Parisian mansion on the rue de Mont-Blanc—now rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin,—her birth, and her connections, had their power of influence. Her irregularities were covered as with a veil, in consideration of her genius. Indeed, Mademoiselle des Touches had more than one lover: a gallant about 1817; then an original mind, a sceptic, the real creator of Camille Maupin; and next Gennaro Conti, whom she knew in Rome, and Claude Vignon, a critic of reputation. [Béatrix. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Félicité was a patron of Joseph Bridau, the romantic painter, who was despised by the bourgeois [A Bachelor's Establishment]; she felt a liking for Lucien de Rubempré, whom, indeed, she came near marrying; though this circumstance did not pevent her from aiding the poet's mistress, Coralie, the actress; for, at the time of their amours, Félicité des Touches was in high favor at the Gymnase. She was the anonymous collaborator of a comedy into which Léontine Volnys—the little Fay of that time—was introduced; she had intended to write another vaudeville play, in which Coralie was to have made the principal rôle. When the young actress took to her bed and died, which occurred under the Poirson-Cerfberr[1] management, Félicité paid the expenses of her burial, and was present at the funeral services, which were conducted at Notre-Dame de Bonne-Nouvelle.

[1] Delestre-Poirson, the vaudeville man, together with A. Cerfberr established the Gymnase-Dramatique, December 20, 1820; with the Cerfberr Brothers, Delestre-Poirson continued the management of it until 1844.

She gave dinner-parties on Wednesdays; Levasseur, Conti, Mesdames Pasta, Cinti, Fodor, De Bargeton, and d'Espard, attended her receptions. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] Although a Legitimist, like the Marquise d'Espard, Félicité, after the Revolution of July, kept her salon open, where were frequently assembled her neighbor Léontine de Sérizy, Lord Dudley and Lady Barimore, the Nucingens, Joseph Bridau, Mesdames de Cadignan and de Montcornet, the Comtesse de Vandenesse, Daniel d'Arthez, and Madame Rochegude, otherwise known as Rochefide. Canalis, Rastignac, Laginski, Montriveau, Bianchon, Marsay, and Blondet rivaled each other in telling piquant stories and passing caustic remarks under her roof. [Another Study of Woman.] Furthermore, Mademoiselle des Touches shortly afterwards gave advice to Marie de Vandenesse and condemned free love. [A Daughter of Eve.] In 1836, while traveling through Italy, which she was showing to Claude Vignon and Léon de Lora, the landscape painter, she was present at an entertainment given by Maurice de l'Hostal, the French consul at Genoa; on this occasion he gave an account of the ups and downs of the Bauvan family. [Honorine.] In 1837, after having appointed as her residuary legatee Calyste du Guénic, whom she adored, but to whom she refused to give herself over, Félicité des Touches retired to a convent in Nantes of the order of Saint-François. Among the works left by this second George Sand, we may mention "Le Nouveau Prométhée," a bold attempt, standing alone among her works, and a short autobiographical romance, in which she described her betrayed passion for Conti, an admirable work, which was regarded as the counterpart of Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe." [Béatrix. The Muse of the Department.]

Toupillier, born about 1750; of a wretchedly poor family, consisting of three sisters and five brothers, one of whom was father of Madame Cardinal. From drum-major in the Gardes-Françaises, Toupillier became beadle in the church of Saint-Sulpice, Paris; then dispenser of holy water, having been an artist's model in the meantime. Toupillier, at the beginning of the Restoration, suspected either of being a Bona-

partist, or of being unfit for his position, was discharged from the service of the church, and had only the right to stand at the threshold as a privileged beggar; however, he profited greatly by his new position, for he knew how to arouse the compassionate feelings of the faithful in every possible way, chiefly by passing as a centenarian. Having been entrusted with the diamonds that Charles Crochard had stolen fom Mademoiselle Beaumesnil and which the young thief wished to get off his hands for the time being, Toupillier denied having received them and remained possessor of the stolen jewels. But Corentin, the famous police-agent, followed the pauper of Saint-Sulpice to the rue du Coeur-Volant, and surprised that new Cardillac engrossed in the contemplation of the diamonds. He, however, left them in his custody, on condition of his leaving by will all his property to Lydie Peyrade, Corentin's ward and Mademoiselle Beaumesnil's daughter. Corentin further required Toupillier to live in his house and under his surveillance on the rue Honoré-Chévalier. At that time Toupillier had an income of eighteen hundred francs, and a house on the rue Notre-Dame de Nazareth, a piece of property that was bought for forty-eight thousand francs; he might be seen, at the church, munching wretched crusts; but, the church once closed, he went to dine at the Lathuile restaurant, situated on the Barrière de Clichy, and at night he got drunk on the excellent Rousillon wines. Notwithstanding an attack made by Madame Cardinal and Cérizet on the closet containing the diamonds, when the pauper of Saint-Sulpice died in 1840, Lydie Peyrade, now Madame Théodose de la Peyrade, inherited all that Toupillier possessed. [The Middle Classes.]

Toupinet, a Parisian mechanic, at the time of the Restoration, being married and father of a family, he stole his wife's savings, the fruit of arduous labor; he was imprisoned, about 1828, probably for debts. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Toupinet (Madame), wife of the preceding; known under the name Pomponne; kept a fruit-stand; lived, in 1828,

on the rue du Petit-Banquier, Paris; unhappy in her married life; obtained from the charitable J.-J. Popinot, under the name of a loan, ten francs for purchasing stock. [The Commission in Lunacy.]

Tournan, a hatter of the rue Saint-Martin, Paris; among his customers was young Poiret, who, on July 3, 1823, brought him his head-covering, all greased, as a result of J.-J. Bixiou's practical joking. [The Government Clerks.]

Tours-Minières (Bernard-Polydor Bryond, Baron des), a gentleman of Alençon; born about 1772; in 1793, was one of the most active emissaries of the Comte de Lille (Louis XVIII.), in his conspiracy against the Republic. Having received the King's thanks, he retired to his estate in the department of Orne, which had long been burdened with mortgages; and, in 1807, he married Henriette Le Chantre de la Chanterie, with the concurrence of the Royalists, whose "pet" he was. He pretended to take part in the reactionary revolutionary movement of the West in 1809, implicated his wife in the matter, compromised her, ruined her, and then disappeared. Returning in secrecy to his country, under the assumed name of Lemarchand, he aided the authorities in getting at the bottom of the plot, and then went to Paris, where he became the celebrated police-agent Contenson. [The Seamy Side of History.] He knew Peyrade, and received from Lenoir's old pupil the significant sobriquet of "Philosopher." Being agent for Fouché during the period of the Empire, he abandoned himself in the most sensual way to his passions, and lived a life of irregularity and vice. During the time of the Restoration Louchard had him employed by Nucingen at the time of the latter's amours with Esther van Gobseck. In the service of this noted banker, Contenson (with Peyrade and Corentin) tried to protect him from the snares of Jacques Collin, and followed the pseudo-Carlos Herrera to his place of refuge on a house-top; but being hurled from the roof by his intended victim, he was instantly killed during the winter of 1829-1830. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Tours-Minières (Baronne Bryond des), wife of the preceding; born Henriette Le Chantre de la Chanterie, in 1789; only daughter of Monsieur and Madame Le Chantre de la Chanterie; was married after her father's death. Through the machinations of Tours-Minières she was brought into contact with Charles-Amédée-Louis-Joseph Rifoël, Chevalier du Vissard, became his mistress, and took the field for him in the Royalist cause, in the department of Orne, in 1809. Betrayed by her husband, she was executed in 1810, in accordance with a death-sentence of the court presided over by Mergi, Bourlac being attorney-general. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Trailles (Comte Maxime de), born in 1791, belonged to a family that was descended from an attendant to Louis XI., and raised to the nobility by François I. This perfect example of the Parisian *condottieri* made his beginning in the early part of the nineteenth century as a page to Napoleon. Being loved, in turn, by Sarah Gobseck and Anastasie de Restaud, Maxime de Trailles, himself already ruined, ruined both of these; gaming was his master passion, and his caprices knew no bounds. [César Birotteau. Father Goriot. Gobseck.] He took under his attention the Vicomte Savinien de Portenduère, a novice in Parisian life, whom also he would have served later as his second against Désiré Minoret, but for the latter's death by accident. [Ursule Mirouët.] His ready wit usually saved him from the throng of creditors that swarmed about him, but even thus he once paid a debt due Cérizet, in spite of himself. Maxime de Trailles, at that time, was keeping, in a modest way, Antonia Chocardelle, who had a newsstand on the rue Coquenard, near the rue Pigalle, on which Trailles lived; and, at the same time, a certain Hortense, a protégée of Lord Dudley, was seconding the genius of that excellent comedian, Cérizet. [A Man of Business. The Member for Arcis.] The dominant party of the Restoration accused Maxime de Trailles of being a Bonapartist, and rebuked him for his shameless corruption of life; but the citizen monarchy extended him a cordial welcome. Marsay was

the chief promoter of the count's fortunes; he moulded him, and sent him on delicate political missions, which he managed with marvelous success. [The Secrets of a Princess.] And so the Comte de Trailles was widely known in social circles: as the guest of Josépha Mirah, by his presence he honored the house-warming in her new apartments on the rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. [Cousin Betty.] Marsay being dead, he lost the power of his prestige. Eugène de Rastignac, who had become somewhat of a Puritan, showed but slight esteem for him. However, Maxime de Trailles was on easy terms with one of the minister's intimate friends, the brilliant Colonel Franchessini. Nucingen's son-in-law—Eugène de Rastignac—perhaps recalled Madame de Restaud's misfortunes, and doubtless entertained no good feeling for the man who was responsible for them all. None the less, he employed the services of M. de Trailles—who was always at ease in the Marquise d'Espard's salon, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, though a man over forty years of age, painted and padded and bowed down with debts—and sent him to look after the political situation in Arcis before the spring election of 1839. Trailles worked his wires with judgment; he tried to override the Cinq-Cygnes, partisans of Henri V.; he supported the candidacy of Philéas Beauvisage, and sought the hand of Cécile-Rénée Beauvisage, the wealthy heiress, but was unsuccessful on all sides. [The Member for Arcis.] M. de Trailles, furthermore, excelled in the adjustment of private difficulties. M. d'Ajuda-Pinto, Abbé Brossette, and Madame de Grandlieu called for his assistance, and, with the further aid of Rusticoli de la Palférine, effected the reconciliation of the families of Calyste du Guénic and Arthur de Rochefide. [Béatrix.] He became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, succeeding Philéas Beauvisage, who had replaced Charles de Sallenauve, at the Palais-Bourbon; here he was pointed out to S.-P. Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Trans (Mademoiselle), a young unmarried woman of Bordeaux, who, like Mademoiselle de Belor, was on the lookout for a husband when Paul de Manerville married Natalie Evangélista. [A Marriage Settlement.]

Transon (Monsieur and Madame), wholesale dealers in earthenware goods on the rue des Lesdiguières, were on intimate terms, about 1824, with their neighbors, the Baudoyers and the Saillards. [The Government Clerks.]

Travot (Général), with his command, conducted, in 1815, the siege of Guérande, a fortress defended by the Baron du Guénic, who finally evacuated it, but who reached the wood with his Chouans and remained in possession of the country until the second return of the Bourbons. [Béatrix.]

Trognon (Maître), a Parisian notary, wholly at the disposal of his neighbor, Maître Fraisier; during the years 1844-1845 he lived on the rue Saint-Louis-au-Marais—now rue de Turenne—and reached the death-bed of Sylvain Pons before his colleague, Maître Léopold Hannequin, though the latter actually received the musician's last wishes. [Cousin Pons.]

Troisville (Guibelin, Vicomte de), whose name is pronounced Tréville, and who, as well as his numerous family, bore simply the name Guibelin during the period of the Empire; he belonged to a noble line of ardent Royalists well known in Alençon. [The Seamy Side of History.] Very probably several of the Troisvilles, as well as the Chevalier de Valois and the Marquis d'Esgrignon, were among the correspondents of the Vendean chiefs, for it is well known that the department of Orne was counted among the centres of the anti-revolutionary uprising (1799). [The Chouans.] Furthermore, the Bourbons, after their restoration, overwhelmed the Troisvilles with honors, making several of them members of the Chamber of Deputies or peers of France. The Vicomte Guibelin de Troisville served during the emigration in Russia, where he married a Muscovite girl, daughter of the Princesse Scherbeloff; and, during the year 1816, he returned to establish himself permanently among the people of Alençon. Accepting temporarily the hospitality of Rose-Victoire Cormon (eventually Madame du Bousquier), he innocently inspired her with false hopes; the viscount, naturally reserved, failed to inform her of his being son-in-law

of Scherbeloff, and legitimate father of the future Maréchale de Montcornet. Guibelin de Troisville, a loyal social friend of the Esgrignons, met in their salon the Roche-Guyons and the Castérans, distant cousins of his, but the intimate relations almost came to an end, when Mademoiselle Virginie de Troisville became Madame de Montcornet. [Jealousies of a Country Town.] However, in spite of this union, which he looked upon as a mésalliance, the viscount was never cool towards his daughter and her husband, but was their guest at Aigues, in Bourgogne. [The Peasantry.]

Trompe-la-Mort, a sobriquet of Jacques Collin.

Troubert (Abbé Hyacinthe), favorite priest of M. de Bourbonne; rose rapidly during the Restoration and Louis Philippe's reign; canon and vicar-general, in turn, of Tours, he was afterwards bishop of Troyes. His early career in Touraine showed him to be a deep, ambitious, and dangerous man, knowing how to remove from his path those that impeded his advance, and knowing how to conceal the full power of his animosity. The secret support of the Congregation and the connivance of Sophie Gamard allowed him to take advantage of Abbé François Birotteau's unsuspecting good nature, and to rob him of all the inheritance of Abbé Chapeloud, whom he had hated in his lifetime, and over whom he triumphed thus again, despite the shrewdness of the deceased priest. Abbé Troubert even won over to his side the Listomères, defenders of François Birotteau. [The Vicar of Tours.] About 1839, at Troyes, Monseigneur Troubert was on terms of intimacy with the Cinq-Cygnes, the Hauteserres, the Cadignans, the Maufrigneuses, and Daniel d'Arthez, who were more or less concerned in the matter of the Champagne elections. [The Member for Arcis.]

Troussenard (Doctor), a physician of Havre, during the Restoration, at the time that the Mignon de la Bastie family lived in that sub-prefecture of the Seine-Inférieure. [Modeste Mignon.]

Trudon, in 1818, a grocer of Paris, in the same quarter as César Birotteau, whom he furnished, on December 17th

of that year, with nearly two hundred francs' worth of wax candles. [César Birotteau.]

Tullia, professional sobriquet of Madame du Bruel.

Tulloye, the name of the owner of a small estate near Angoulême, where M. de Bargeton, in the autumn of 1821, severely wounded M. de Chandour, an unsophisticated hot-head, whom he had challenged to a duel. The name Tulloye furnished a good opportunity in the affair for a play on words. [Lost Illusions.]

Turquet (Marguerite), born about 1816, better known under the sobriquet of Malaga, having the further appellation of the "Aspasia of the Cirque-Olympique," was originally a rider in the famous Bouthor Traveling Hippodrome, and was later a Parisian star at the Franconi theatre, in the summer on the Champs-Elysées, in the winter on the Boulevard du Crime. In 1837, Mademoiselle Turquet was living in the fifth story of a house on the rue des Fosses-du-Temple—a thoroughfare that has been built up since 1862—when Thaddée Paz set her up in sumptuous style elsewhere. But she wearied of the rôle of supposed mistress of the Pole. [The Imaginary Mistress.] Nevertheless, this position had placed Marguerite in a prominent light, and she shone thenceforth among the artists and courtesans. She had in Maître Cardot, a notary on the Place du Châtelet, an earnest protector; and as her lover she had a quite young musician. [The Muse of the Department.] A shrewd girl, she held on to Maître Cardot, and made a popular hostess, in whose salon Desroches, about 1840, gave an entertaining account of a strange battle between two roués, Trailles and Cérizet, debtor and creditor, that resulted in a victory for Cérizet. [A Man of Business.] In 1838, Malaga Turquet was present at Josépha Mirah's elegant house-warming in her gorgeous new apartments on the rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. [Cousin Betty.]

U

Urbain, servant of Soudry, mayor of Soulanges, Bourgogne, during the Restoration; was at one time a cavalry soldier,

who entered into the service of the mayor, an ex-brigadier of gendarmes, after failing to receive an appointment as gendarme. [The Peasantry.]

Urraca, aged Spanish woman, nurse of Baron de Macumer; the only family servant kept by her master after his ruin and during his exile in France. Urraca prepared the baron's chocolate in the very best style. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Urraca y Lora (Mademoiselle), paternal aunt of Léon de Lora, remained a spinster. As late as 1845 this quasi-Spaniard was still living in poverty in a commune of the Pyrénées-Orientales, with the father and elder brother of the artist. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Ursule, servant employed by the Abbé Bonnet, curé of Montégnac, in 1829; a woman of canonical age. She received the Abbé de Rastignac, who had been sent by the Bishop of Limoges to bring the village curate to Jean-François Tascheron. It was desired that this man, although he was condemned to death, should be brought back within the "pale of the Church." Ursule learned from the Abbé de Rastignac of the reprieve that had been given the murderer, and being not only inquisitive, but also a gossip, she spread it throughout the whole village, during the time that she was buying the articles necessary for the preparation of breakfast for the Curé Bonnet and the Abbé de Rastignac. [The Village Parson.]

Ursule, from Picardie, very large; cook employed by Ragon, perfumer on rue Saint-Honoré, Paris, towards the end of the eighteenth century; about 1793 she took in hand the amorous education of César Birotteau, a little Tourraine peasant, just employed by the Ragons as errand-boy. Ill-natured, wanton, wheedling, dishonest, selfish and given to drink, Ursule did not suit the candid César, whom she abandoned, moreover, two years later, for a young Picardie rebel, who owned a few acres of land. He found concealment in Paris, and let her marry him. [César Birotteau.]

Uxelles (Marquise d'), related to the Princesse de Blamont-

Chauvry, and to the Duc and Duchesse de Lenoncourt god-mother of César Birotteau. [César Birotteau.]

Uxelles (Duchesse d'), born about 1769, mother of Diane d'Uxelles; beloved by the Duc de Maufrigneuse, and about 1814 gave him her daughter in marriage; ten years later she withdrew to her Uxelles estate, where she lived a life of piety and selfishness. [The Secrets of a Princess.]

V

Vaillant (Madame), wife of a cabinet-maker in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine; mother of three children. In 1819 and 1820, for forty sous per month, she kept house for a young author,[1] who lived in a garret in rue Lesdiguières. She utilized her remaining time in turning the crank for a mechanic, and received only ten sous a day for this hard work. This woman and her husband were perfectly upright. At the wedding of Madame Vaillant's sister, the young writer became acquainted with Père Canet—Facino Cane—clarinetist at the Quinze-Vingts—who told him his strange story. [Facino Cane.] In 1818, Madame Vaillant, already aged, kept house for Claude-Joseph Pillerault, the former Republican, on rue des Bourdonnais. The old merchant was good to his servant and did not let her shine his shoes. [César Birotteau.]

Valdès (Paquita), born in the West Indies about 1793, daughter of a slave bought in Georgia on account of her great beauty; lived in the early part of the Restoration and during the Hundred Days in Hôtel San-Réal, rue Saint-Lazare, Paris, with her mother and her foster-father, Christemio. In April, 1815, in the Jardin des Tuileries, she was met by Henri de Marsay, who loved her. She agreed to receive him secretly in her own home. She gave up everything for his sake, but in a transport of love, she cried out from force of habit: "O Mariquita!" This put her lover in such a fury that he tried to kill her. Not being able to do this, he returned, accompanied by some other members of "The Thir-

[1] Honoré de Balzac. He employed Madame Vaillant as a servant.

teen," only to find Paquita murdered; for, the Marquise de San-Réal, Marsay's own sister, who was very jealous of the favors granted the man by this girl, had slashed her savagely with a dagger. Having been kept in retirement since she was twelve years old, Paquita Valdès knew neither how to read nor to write. She spoke only English and Spanish. On account of the peculiar color of her eyes she was known as "the girl with the golden eyes," by some young men, one of whom was Paul de Manerville, who had noticed her during his promenades. [The Thirteen.]

Valdez, a Spanish admiral, constitutional minister of King Ferdinand VII. in 1820; was obliged to flee at the time of the reaction, and embarked on an English vessel. His escape was due to the warning given him by Baron de Macumer, who told him in time. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Valentin (De), head of a historic house of Auvergne, which had fallen into poverty and obscurity; cousin of the Duc de Navarreins; came to Paris under the monarchy, and made for himself an excellent place at the "very heart of power." This he lost during the Revolution. Under the Empire he bought many pieces of property given by Napoleon to his generals; but the fall of Napoleon ruined him completely. He reared his only son, Raphaël, with great harshness, although he expected him to restore the house to its former position. In the autumn of 1826, six months after he had paid his creditors, he died of a broken heart. The Valentins had on their arms: an eagle of gold in a field of sable, crowned with silver, beak and talons with gules, with this device: "The soul has not perished." [The Magic Skin.]

Valentin (Madame de), born Barbe-Marie O'Flaharty, wife of the preceding; heiress of a wealthy house; died young, leaving to her only son an islet in the Loire. [The Magic Skin.]

Valentin (Marquis Raphaël de),[1] only son of the preceding

[1] During the year 1851, at the Ambigu-Comique, was performed a drama by Alphonse Arnault and Louis Judicis, in which the life of Raphaël Valentin was reproduced.

couple, born in 1804, and probably in Paris, where he was reared; lost his mother when he was very young, and, after an unhappy childhood, received on the death of his father the sum of eleven hundred and twelve francs. On this he lived for nearly three years, boarding at the rate of a franc per day at the Hôtel de Saint-Quentin, rue des Cordiers. He began two great works there: a comedy, which was to bring him fame in a day, and the "Theory of the Will," a long work, like that of Louis Lambert, meant to be a continuation of the books by Mesmer, Lavater, Gall and Bichat. Raphaël de Valentin as a doctor of laws was destined by his father for the life of a statesman. Reduced to extreme poverty, and deprived of his last possession, the islet in the Loire, inherited from his mother, he was on the point of committing suicide, in 1830, when a strange dealer in curiosities of the Quai Voltaire, into whose shop he had entered by chance, gave him a strange piece of shagreen, the possession of which assured him the gratification of every desire, although his life would be shortened by each wish. Shortly after this he was invited to a sumptuous feast at Frédéric Taillefer's. On the next morning Raphaël found himself heir to six million francs. In the autumn of 1831 he died of consumption in the arms of Pauline Gaudin; they were mutual lovers. He tried in vain to possess himself of her, in a supreme effort. As a millionaire, Raphaël de Valentin lived in friendship with Rastignac and Blondet, looked after by his faithful servant, Jonathas, in a house on rue de Varenne. At one time he was madly in love with a certain Comtesse Foedora. Neither the waters of Aix, nor those of Mont-Dore, both of which he tried, were able to give him back his lost health [The Magic Skin.]

Valentine, given name and title of the heroine of a vaudeville play[1] in two acts, by Scribe and Mélesville, which was performed at the Gymnase-Dramatique, January 4, 1836. This was more than twenty years after the death of M. and Madame de Merret, whose lives and tragic adventures were

[1] Madame Eugénie Savage played the principal part.

more or less vividly pictured in the play. [The Muse of the Department.]

Vallat (François), deputy to the king's attorney at Ville-aux-Fayes, Bourgogne, under the Restoration, at the time of the peasant uprising against General de Montcornet. He was a cousin of Madame Sarcus, wife of Sarcus the Rich. He sought promotion through Gaubertin, the mayor, who was influential throughout the entire district. [The Peasantry.]

Vallet, haberdasher in Soulanges, Bourgogne, during the Restoration, at the time of General de Montcornet's struggle against the peasants. The Vallet house was next to Socquard's Café de la Paix. [The Peasantry.]

Val-Noble (Madame du). (*See* Gaillard, Madame Théodore.)

Valois (Chevalier de), born about 1758; died, as did his friend and fellow-countryman, the Marquis d'Esgrignon, with the legitimate monarchy, August, 1830. This poor man passed his youth in Paris, where he was surprised by the Revolution. He was finally a Chouan, and when the western Whites arose in arms against the Republic, he was one of the members of the Alençon royal committee. At the time of the Restoration he was living in this city very modestly, but received by the leading aristocracy of the province as a true Valois. The chevalier carried snuff in an old gold snuff-box, ornamented with the picture of the Princess Goritza, a Hungarian, celebrated for her beauty, under Louis XV. He spoke only with emotion of this woman, for whom he had battled with Lauzun. The Chevalier de Valois tried vainly to marry the wealthy heiress of Alençon, Rose-Victoire Cormon, a spinster, who had the misfortune to become the wife, platonically speaking, of M. du Bousquier, the former contractor. In his lodging at Alençon with Madame Lardot, a laundress, the chevalier had as mistress one of the working women, Césarine, whose child was usually attributed to him. Césarine was, as a result, the sole legatee of her lover. The

chevalier also took some liberties with another employé of Madame Lardot, Suzanne, a very beautiful Norman girl, who was afterwards known at Paris as a courtesan, under the name of Val-Noble, and who still later married Théodore Gaillard. M. de Valois, although strongly attached to this girl, did not allow her to defraud him. He was intimate with Messieurs de Lenoncourt, de Navarreins, de Verneuil, de Fontaine, de la Billardière, de Maufrigneuse and de Chaulieu. Valois made a living by gambling, but pretended to gain his modest livelihood from a Maître Bordin, in the name of a certain M. de Pombreton. [The Chouans. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Vandenesse (Marquis de), a gentleman of Tours; had by his wife four children: Charles, who married Emilie de Fontaine, widow of Kergarouët; Félix, who married Marie-Angélique de Granville; and two daughters, the elder of whom was married to her cousin, the Marquis de Listomère. The Vandnesse motto was: "Ne se vend." [The Lily of the Valley.]

Vandenesse (Marquise de), born Listomère, wife of the preceding; tall, slender, emaciated, selfish and fond of cards; "insolent, like all the Listomères, with whom insolence always counts as a part of the dowry." She was the mother of four children, whom she reared harshly, keeping them at a distance, especially her son Félix. She had something of a weakness for her son Charles, the elder. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Vandenesse (Marquis Charles de), son of the preceding, born towards the close of the eighteenth century; shone as a diplomatist under the Bourbons; during this period was the lover of Madame Julie d'Aiglemont, wife of Général d'Aiglemont; by her he had some natural children. With Desroches as his attorney, Vandenesse entered into a suit with his younger brother, Comte Félix, in regard to some financial matters. He married the wealthy widow of Kergarouët, born Emilie de Fontaine. [A Woman of Thirty. A Start in Life. A Daughter of Eve.]

Vandenesse (Marquise Charles de), born Emilie de Fontaine about 1802; the youngest of the Comte de Fontaine's daughters; having been overindulged as a child, her insolent bearing, a distinctive trait of character, was made manifest at the famous ball of César Birotteau, to which she accompanied her parents. [César Birotteau.] She refused Paul de Manerville, and a number of other excellent offers, before marrying her mother's uncle, Admiral Comte de Kergarouët. This marriage, which she regretted later, was resolved upon during a game of cards with the Bishop of Persépolis, as a result of the anger which she felt on learning that M. Longueville, on whom she had centred her affections, was only a merchant. [The Ball at Sçeaux.] Madame de Kergarouët scorned her nephew by marriage, Savinien de Portenduère, who courted her. [Ursule Mirouët.] Having become a widow, she married the Marquis de Vandenesse. A little later she endeavored to overthrow her sister-in-law, the Comtesse Félix de Vandenesse, then in love with Raoul Nathan. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Vandenesse (Comte Félix de), brother-in-law of the preceding, born late in the eighteenth century, bore the title of vicomte until the death of his father; suffered much in childhood and youth, first in his home life, then as a pupil in a boarding-school at Tours and in the Oratorien college at Pontlevoy. He was unhappy also at the Lepître school in Paris, and during his holidays spent on Ile Saint-Louis with one of the Listomères, a kinswoman. Félix de Vandenesse at last found happiness at Frapesle, a castle near Clochegourde. It was then that his platonic liaison with Madame de Mortsauf began—a union which occupied an important place in his life. He was, moreover, the lover of Lady Arabelle Dudley, who called him familiarly Amédée, pronounced 'my dee." Madame de Mortsauf, having died, he was subjected to the secret hatred of her daughter Madeleine, later Madame de Lenoncourt-Givry-Chaulieu. About this time began his career in public life. During the "Hundred Days" Louis XVIII, entrusted to him a mission in Vendee. The King received him into favor, and finally employed him as private secretary. He was also appointed master of petitions

in the State Council. Vandenesse frequently visited the Lenoncourts. He excited admiration, mingled with envy, in the mind of Lucien de Rubempré, who had recently arrived in Paris. Acting for the King, he helped César Birotteau. He was acquainted with the Prince de Talleyrand, and asked of him information about Macumer, for Louise de Chaulieu. [The Lily of the Valley. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. César Birotteau. Letters of Two Brides.] After his father's death, Félix de Vandenesse assumed the title of count, and probably won a suit in regard to a land-sale against his brother, the marquis, who had been badly served by a rascally clerk of Maître Desroches, Oscar Husson. [A Start in Life.] At this time, Comte Félix de Vandenesse began a very close relationship with Natalie de Manerville. She herself broke this off as a result of the detailed description that he gave her of the love which he had formerly felt for Madame de Mortsauf. [The Marriage Settlement.] The year following, he married Angélique-Marie de Granville, elder daughter of the celebrated magistrate of that name, and began to keep house on rue du Rocher, where he had a house, furnished with the best of taste. At first he was not able to gain his wife's affection, as his known profligacy and his patronizing manners filled her with fear. She did not go with him to the evening entertainment given by Madame d'Espard, where he found himself with his elder brother, and where many gossiping tongues directed their speech against Diane de Cadignan, despite the presence of her lover, Arthez. Félix de Vandenesse went with his wife to a rout at the home of Mademoiselle des Touches, where Marsay told the story of his first love. The Comte and Comtesse de Vandenesse, who, under Louis Philippe, still frequented the houses of the Cadignans and the Montcornets, came very near having serious trouble. Madame de Vandenesse, had foolishly fallen in love with Raoul Nathan, but was kept from harm by her husband's skillful management. [The Secrets of a Princess. Another Study of Woman. The Gondreville Mystery. A Daughter of Eve.]

Vandenesse (Comtesse Félix de), wife of the preceding;

born Angélique-Marie de Granville in 1808; a brunette like her father. In bearing the cruel treatment of her prejudiced mother, in the Marais house, where she spent her youth, the Comtesse Félix was consoled by the tender affection of a younger sister, Marie-Eugénie, later Madame F. du Tillet The lessons in harmony given them by Wilhelm Schmucke afforded them some diversion. Married about 1828, and dowered handsomely, to the detriment of Marie-Eugénie, she underwent, when about twenty-five years old, a critical experience. Although mother of at least one child, becoming suddenly of a romantic turn of mind, she narrowly escaped becoming the victim of a worldly conspiracy formed against her by Lady Dudley and by Mesdames Charles de Vandenesse and de Manerville. Marie, moved by the strength of her passion for the writer, Raoul Nathan, and wishing to save him from financial trouble, appealed to the good offices of Madame de Nucingen and to the devotion of Schmucke. The proof furnished to her by her husband of the debasing relations and the extreme Bohemian life of Raoul, kept Madame Félix de Vandenesse from falling. [A Second Home. A Daughter of Eve.] Afterwards, her adventure, the dangers which she had run, and her rupture with the poet, were all recounted by M. de Clagny, in the presence of Madame de la Baudraye, Lousteau's mistress. [The Muse of the Department.]

Vandenesse (Alfred de), son of the Marquis Charles de Vandenesse, a coxcomb who, under the reign of Louis Philippe, at the Faubourg Saint-Germain, compromised the reputation of the Comtesse de Saint-Héreen, despite the presence of her mother, Madame d'Aiglemont, the former mistress of the marquis. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Vandières (Général, Comte de), old, feeble and childish, when, with his wife and a large number of soldiers, November 29, 1812, he started on a raft to cross the Bérésina. When the boat struck the other bank the shock threw the count into the river. His head was severed from his body by a cake of ice, and went down the river like a cannon-ball. [Farewell.]

Vandières (Comtesse Stéphanie de), wife of the preceding, niece of the alienist, Doctor Fanjat; mistress of Major de Sucy, who was afterwards a general. In 1812, during the campaign in Russia, she shared with her husband all the dangers, and managed to cross the Bérésina with her lover's aid, although she was unable to rejoin him. She wandered for a long time in northern or eastern Europe. Having become insane, she could say nothing but the word "Farewell"! She was found later at Strasbourg by the grenadier, Fleuriot. Having been taken to the Bons-Hommes near the Isle-Adam, she was attended by Fanjat. She there had as a companion an idiot by the name of Geneviève. In September, 1819, Stéphanie again saw Philippe de Sucy, but did not recognize him. She died not far from Saint-Germain-en-Laye, January, 1820, soon after the reproduction of the scene on the Bérésina, arranged by her lover. Her sudden return of reason killed her. [Farewell.]

Vanière, gardener to Raphaël de Valentin; obtained from the well, into which his frightened employer had thrown it, the wonderful piece of shagreen, which no weight, no reagent, and no pounding could either stretch or injure, and which none of the best known scientists could explain. [The Magic Skin.]

Vanneaulx (Monsieur and Madame des), small renters at Limoges, living with their two children on rue des Cloches towards the end of Charles X.'s reign. They inherited in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand francs from Pingret, of whom Madame des Vanneaulx was the only niece. This was after their uncle's murderer, J.-F. Tascheron, having been urged by the Curé Bonnet, restored a large portion of the money stolen in Faubourg Saint-Etienne. M. and Madame des Vanneaulx, who had accused the murderer of "indelicacy," changed their opinion entirely when he made this restitution. [The Country Parson.]

Vanni (Elisa), a Corsican woman who, according to one Giacomo, rescued a child, Luigi Porta, from the fearful vendetta of Bartolomeo di Pombo. [The Vendetta.]

Vannier, patriot, conscript of Fougères, Bretagne, during the autumn of 1799 received an order to convey marching orders to the National Guard of his city—a body of men who were destined to aid the Seventy-second demi-brigade in its engagements with the Chouans. [The Chouans.]

Varese (Emilio Memmi, Prince of), of the Cane-Memmis, born in 1797, a member of the greater nobility, descendant of the ancient Roman family of Memmius, received the name of Prince of Varese on the death of Facino Cane, his relative. During the time of Austrian rule in Venice, Memmi lived there in poverty and obscurity. In the early part of the Restoration he was on friendly terms with Marco Vendramini, his fellow-countryman. His poverty would not permit of his keeping more than one servant, the gondolier, Carmagnola. For Massimilla Doni, wife of the Duke Cataneo, he felt a passion, which was returned, and which for a long time remained platonic, despite its ardor. He was unfaithful to her at one time, not being able to resist the unforeseen attractions of Clarina Tinti, a lodger in the Memmi palace, and unrivaled prima donna at the Fenice. Finally, conquering his timidity, and breaking with the "ideal," he rendered Massimilla Cataneo a mother, and married her when she became a widow. Varese lived in Paris under the reign of Louis Philippe, and, having been enriched by his marriage, one evening at the Champs-Elysées, aided certain destitute artists, the Gambaras, who were obliged to sing in the open air. He asked for the story of their misfortunes, and Marianina told it to him without bitterness. [Massimilla Doni. Gambara.]

Varese (Princess of), wife of the preceding, born Massimilla Doni, about 1800, of an ancient and wealthy Florentine family of the nobility; married, at first, the Duke Cataneo, a repulsive man who lived in Venice at the time of Louis XVIII. She was an enthusiastic attendant at the Fenice theatre during the winter when "Moses" and the "Semiramide" were given by a company, in which were found Clarina Tinti, Genovese and Carthagenova. Massimilla conceived a violent

but at first a platonic love for Emilio Memmi, Prince of Varese, married him after Cataneo's death, following him to Paris, during the time of Louis Philippe, where she met with him the Gambaras and helped them in their poverty. [Massimilla Doni. Gambara.]

Varlet, an Arcis physician, early in the nineteenth century, at the time of the political and local quarrels of the Gondrevilles, Cinq-Cygnes, Simeuses, Michus, and Hauteserres; had a daughter who afterwards became Madame Grévin [The Gondreville Mystery. The Member for Arcis.]

Varlet, son of the preceding, brother-in-law of Grévin; like his father, later a physician. [The Member for Arcis.]

Vassal, in 1822 at Paris, third clerk of Maître Desroches, an advocate, by whom were employed also Marest, Husson and Godeschal. [A Start in Life.]

Vatel, formerly an army child, then corporal of the Voltigeurs, became, during the Restoration, one of the three guards of Montcornet's estate in Aigues, Bourgogne, under head-keeper Michaud; he detected Mère Tonsard in her trespassing. He was a valuable servant; gay as a lark, rather loose in his conduct with women, without any religious principles, and brave unto rashness. [The Peasantry.]

Vatinelle (Madame), a pretty and rather loose woman of Mantes, courted at the same time by Maître Fraisier and the king's attorney, Olivier Vinet; she was "kind" to the former, thereby causing his ruin; the attorney soon found a means of compelling Fraisier, who was representing both sides in a lawsuit, to sell his practice and leave town. [Cousin Pons.]

Vauchelles (De), maintained relations of close friendship, about 1835, at Besançon, with Amédée de Soulas, his fellow-countryman, and Chavoncourt, the younger, a former college-mate. Vauchelles was of equally high birth with Soulas, and was also equally poor. He sought the hand of Mademoiselle Victoire, Chavoncourt's eldest sister, on whom a god-mother aunt had agreed to settle an estate yielding an income

of seven thousand francs, and a hundred thousand francs in cash, in the marriage contract. To Rosalie de Watteville's satisfaction, he opposed Albert Savarus, the rival of the elder Chavoncourt, in his candidacy for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. [Albert Savarus.]

Vaudoyer, a peasant of Ronquerolles, Bourgogne, appointed forest-keeper of Blangy, but discharged about 1821, in favor of Groison, by Montcornet, at that time mayor of the commune; supported G. Rigou and F. Gaubertin as against the new owner of Aigues. [The Peasantry.]

Vaudremont (Comtesse de), born in 1787; being a wealthy widow of twenty-two years in 1809, she was considered the most beautiful Parisian of the day, and was known as the "Queen of Fashion." In the month of November of the same year, she attended the great ball given by the Malin de Gondrevilles, who were disappointed at the Emperor's failure to appear on that occasion. Being the mistress of the Comte de Soulanges and Martial de la Roche-Hugon, Madame de Vaudremont had received from the former a ring taken from his wife's jewel-casket; she made a present of it to Martial, who, happening to be wearing it on the evening of the Gondreville ball, gave it to Madame de Soulanges, without once suspecting that he was restoring it to its lawful owner. Madame de Vaudremont's death followed shortly after this incident, which brought about the reconciliation of the Soulanges couple, urged by the Duchesse de Lansac; the countess perished in the famous fire that broke out at the Austrian embassy during the party given on the occasion of the wedding of the Emperor and the Archduchess Marie-Louise. [Domestic Peace.] The embassy was located on the part of the rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin (at that time rue du Mont-Blanc) comprised between the rue de la Victoire and the rue Saint-Lazare.

Vaumerland (Baronne de), a friend of Madame de l'Ambermesnil's, boarded with one of Madame Vauquer's rivals in the Marais, and intended, as soon as her term expired, to become a patron of the establishment on the rue Neuve-

Sainte-Geneviève; at least, so Madame de l'Ambermesnil declared. [Father Goriot.]

Vauquelin (Nicolas-Louis), a famous chemist, and a member of the Institute; born at Saint-André d'Hébertot, Calvadts, in 1763, died in 1829; son of a peasant; praised by Fourcroy; in turn, pharmacist in Paris, mine-inspector, professor at the School of Pharmacy, the School of Medicine, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Collège de France. He gave César Birotteau the formula for a cosmetic for the hands, that the perfumer called "la double pâte des Sultanes," and, being consulted by him on the subject of "cephalic oil," he denied the possibility of restoring a suit of hair. Nicolas Vauquelin was invited to the perfumer's great ball, given on December 17, 1818. In recognition of the good advice received from the scientist, César Birotteau offered him a proof, before the time of printing, on China paper, of Muller's engraving of the Dresden Virgin, which proof had been found in Germany after two years of searching, and cost fifteen hundred francs. [César Birotteau.]

Vauquer (Madame), a widow, born Conflans about 1767. She claimed to have lost a brilliant position through a series of misfortunes, which, by the way, she never detailed specifically. For a long time she kept a bourgeois boarding-house on the rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève (now rue Tournefort), near the rue de l'Arbalète. In 1819-1820, Madame Vauquer, a short, stout, languid woman, but rather well preserved in spite of being a little faded, had Horace Bianchon as table-boarder, and furnished with board and lodging the following: On the first floor of her house, Madame Couture and Mademoiselle Victorine Taillefer; on the second floor, Poiret, the elder, and Jacques Collin; on the third, Christine-Michelle Michonneau—afterwards Madame Poiret,—Joachim Goriot, whom she looked upon as a possible husband for herself, and Eugène de Rastignac. She was deserted by her various boarders shortly after the arrest of Jacques Collin. [Father Goriot.]

Vaurémont (Princesse de), one of the most prominent figures

of the eighteenth century; grandmother of Madame Marie Gaston, who adored her; she died in 1817, the year of Madame de Staël's death, in a mansion belonging to the Chaulieus and situated near the Boulevard des Invalides. Madame de Vaurémont, at the time of her death, was occupying a suite of apartments in which she was shortly afterwards succeeded by Louise de Chaulieu (Madame Marie Gaston). Talleyrand, an intimate friend of the princess, was executor of her will. [Letters of Two Brides.]

Vauthier, commonly called Vieux-Chêne, former servant of the famous Longuy; hostler at the Ecu de France, Mortagne, in 1809; was implicated in the affair of the Chauffeurs, and condemned to twenty years of penal servitude, but was afterwards pardoned by the Emperor. During the Restoration he was murdered in the streets of Paris by an obscure and devoted countryman of the Chevalier du Vissard. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Vauthier (Madame), originally, in 1809, kitchen-girl in the household of the Prince de Wissembourg, on the rue Louis-le-Grand; then cook to Barbet, the publisher, owner of a lodging-house on the Boulevard Montparnasse; still later, about 1833, she managed this establishment for him, serving the same time as door-keeper in the house mentioned. At that time Madame Vauthier employed Népomucène and Félicité for the house-work; as lodgers she had Bourlac, Vanda and Auguste Mergi, and Godefroid. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Vautrin,[1] the most famous of Jacques Collin's assumed names.

Vauvinet, born about 1817, a money-lender of Paris, was of the elegant modern type, altogether different from Chaboisseau-Gobseck; he made the Boulevard des Italiens the centre of his operations; was a creditor of the Baron Hulot, first

[1] On March 14, 1840, a Parisian theatre, the Porte-Saint-Martin, presented a play in which the famous convict was a principal character. Although Frédéric Lemaître took the leading rôle, the play was presented only once. In April, 1868, however, the Ambigu-Comique revived it, with Frédéric Lemaître again in the leading rôle. (The play is printed among Balzac's Dramas.)

in the sum of seventy thousand francs; and then in an additional sum of forty thousand, really lent by Nucingen. [Cousin Betty.] In 1845, Léon de Lora and J.-J. Bixiou called S.-P. Gazonal's attention to him. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Vavasseur, clerk in the Treasury Department, during the Empire, in Clergeot's division. He was succeeded by E.-L.-L.-E.-Cochin. [The Government Clerks.]

Védie (La), born in 1756, a homely spinster, her face being pitted with small-pox; a relative of La Cognette, a distinguished cook; on the recommendation of Flore Brazier and Maxence Gilet, she was employed as cook by J.-J. Rouget, after the death of a curate, whom she had served long, and who died without leaving her anything. She was to receive a pension of three hundred livres a year, after ten years of competent, faithful and loyal service. [A Bachelor's Establishment.]

Vendramini (Marco), whose name is also pronounced Vendramin;[1] probably a descendant of the last Doge of Venice; brother of Bianca Sagredo, born Vendramini; a Venetian patriot; an intimate friend of Memmi-Cane, Prince of Varese. In the intoxication caused by opium, his great resource about 1820, Marco Vendramini dreamed that his dear city, then under Austrian dominion, was free and powerful once more. He talked with Memmi of the Venice of his dreams, and of the famous Procurator Florain, now in in modern Greek, now in their native tongue; sometimes as they walked together, sometimes before La Vulpato and the Cataneos, during a presentation of "Sémiramide," "Il Barbiere," or "Moses," as interpreted by La Tinti and Genovese Vendramini died from excessive use of opium, at quite an early age, during the reign of Louis XVIII., and was greatly mourned by his friends. [Facino Cane. Massimilla Doni.]

Vergniaud (Louis), who made the Egyptian campaign

[1] The palace in Venice formerly owned by the Duchesse de Berri and the Comte de Chambord, in which Wagner, the musician, died, is even now called the Vendramin Palace. It is on the Grand-Canal, quite near the Justiniani Palace (now the Hôtel de-l'Europe.)

with Hyacinthe-Chabert and Luigi Porta, was quartermaster of hussars when he left the service. During the Restoration he was, in turn, cow-keeper on the rue du Petit-Banquier, keeper of a livery-stable, and cabman. As cow-keeper, Vergniaud, having a wife and three sons, being in debt to Grados, and giving too generously to Chabert, ended in insolvency; even then he aided Luigi Porta, again in trouble, and was his witness when that Corsican married Mademoiselle di Piombo. Louis Vergniaud, being a party to the conspiracies against Louis XVIII., was imprisoned for his share in these crimes. [Colonel Chabert. The Vendetta.]

Vermanton, a cynic philosopher, and a habitué of Madame Schontz's salon, between 1835 and 1840, when she was keeping house with Arthur de Rochefide. [Béatrix.]

Vermichel, common nick-name of Vert (Michel-Jean-Jérôme.)

Vermut, a druggist of Soulanges, in Bourgogne, during the Restoration; brother-in-law of Sarcus, the Soulanges justice of the peace, who had married his eldest sister. Though quite a distinguished chemist, Vermut was the object of the pleasantries and contemptuous remarks of the Soudry salon, especially at the hands of the Gourdons. Despite the slight esteem "of the first society of Soulanges," Vermut gave evidence of ability, when he disturbed Madame Pigeron by finding traces of poison in the body of her dead husband. [The Peasantry.]

Vermut (Madame), wife of the preceding; life and soul of the salon of Madame Soudry, who, however, declared that she was "bad form," and reproached her for flirting with Gourdon, author of "La Bilboquéide." [The Peasantry.]

Vernal (Abbé,) one of the four Vendean leaders, in 1799, when Montauran was opposing Hulot, the other three being Châtillon, Suzannet, and the Comte de Fontaine. [The Chouans.]

Vernet (Joseph), born in 1714, died in 1789, a famous French

artist; patronized the Cat and Racket, a drapery establishment on the rue Saint-Denis, of which M. Guillaume, father-in-law of Sommervieux, was proprietor. [At the Sign of the Cat and Racket.]

Verneuil (Marquis de), member of a historic family, and probably an ancestor of the Verneuils of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1591, he was on intimate terms, with the Norman Comte d'Hérouville, ancestor of the keeper of Josépha Mirah, star of the Royal Academy of Music, about 1838. The relations between the two families continued unbroken through the centuries. [The Hated Son.]

Verneuil (Victor-Amédée, Duc de), probably descended from the preceding, died before the Revolution; by Mademoiselle Blanche de Casteran, he had a daughter, Marie-Nathalie—afterwards Madame Alphonse de Montauran. He acknowledged his natural daughter at the close of his life, and almost disinherited his legitimate son in her favor. [The Chouans.]

Verneuil (Mademoiselle de), probably a relative of the preceding; sister of the Prince de Loudon, the Vendean cavalry general; she went to Mans to save her brother, and died on the scaffold in 1793, after the Savenay affair. [The Chouans.]

Verneuil (Duc de), son of the Duc Victor-Amédée de Verneuil, and brother of Madame Alphonse de Montauran, with whom he had a lawsuit over the inheritance left by their father; during the Restoration he lived in the town of Alençon and was on intimate terms with the D'Esgrignons of that place. He took Victurnien d'Esgrignon under his protection, and introduced him to Louis XVIII. [The Chouans. Jealousies of a Country Town.]

Verneuil (Duc de), of the family of the preceding, was present at the entertainment given by Josépha Mirah, the mistress of the Duc d'Hérouville, when she opened her sumptuous suite of apartments on the rue de la Ville-l'Evêque, Paris, in Louis Philippe's reign. [Cousin Betty.]

Verneuil (Duc de), a good-natured great nobleman, son-in-law of a wealthy first president of a royal court, who died in 1800; he was the father of four children, among them being Mademoiselle Laure and the Prince Gaspard de Loudon; owned the historic château of Rosembray, in the vicinity of Havre, and close by the forest of Brotonne; there he received, one day in October, 1829, the Mignon de la Basties, accompanied by the Hérouvilles, Canalis, and Ernest de la Brière, all of whom were at that time desirous to marry Modeste Mignon, soon to become Madame de la Brière de la Bastie. [Modeste Mignon.]

Verneuil (Duchesse Hortense de), wife of the preceding, a haughty and pious personage, daughter of a wealthy first president of a royal court, who died in 1800. Of her four children, only two lived—her daughter Laure and the Prince Gaspard de Loudon; she was on very intimate terms with the Hérouvilles, and especially with the elderly Mademoiselle d'Hérouville, and received a visit from them, one day in October, 1829, with the Mignon de la Basties, followed by Melchior de Canalis and Ernest de la Brière. [Modeste Mignon.]

Verneuil (Laure de), daughter of the preceding couple. At the entertainment at Rosembray in October, 1829, Eléonore de Chaulieu gave her advice on the subject of tapestry and embroidery. [Modeste Mignon.]

Verneuil (Duchesse de), sister of the Prince de Blamont-Chauvry; an intimate friend of the Duchesse de Bourbon; sorely tried by the disasters of the Revolution; aunt and, in a way, mother by adoption of Blanche-Henriette de Mortsauf (born Lenoncourt). She belonged to a society of which Saint-Martin was the soul. The Duchesse de Verneuil, who owned the Clochegourde estate in Touraine, gave it, in her lifetime, to Madame de Mortsauf, reserving for herself only one room of the mansion. Madame de Verneuil died in the early part of the nineteenth century. [The Lily of the Valley.]

Verneuil (Marie-Nathalie de).[1] (*See* Montauran, Marquise Alphonse de.)

Vernier (Baron), intendant-general, under obligations to Hector Hulot d'Ervy, whom he met, in 1843, at the Ambigu theatre, as escort of a gloriously handsome woman. He afterwards received a visit from the Baronne Adeline Hulot, coming for information. [Cousin Betty.]

Vernier, formerly a dyer, who lived on his income at Vouvray (Touraine), about 1821; a cunning countryman, father of a marriageable daughter named Claire; was challenged by Félix Gaudissart in 1831, for having played a practical joke on that illustrious traveling merchant, and fought a bloodless pistol duel. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Vernier (Madame), wife of the preceding, a stout little woman, of robust health; a friend of Madame Margaritis; she gladly contributed her share to the mystification of Gaudissart as conceived by her husband. [Gaudissart the Great.]

Vernisset (Victor de), a poet of the "Angelic School," at the head of which stood Canalis, the academician; a contemporary of Béranger, Delavigne, Lamartine, Lousteau, Nathan, Vigny, Hugo, Barbier, Marie-Gaston and Gautier, he moved in various Parisian circles; he was seen at the Brothers of Consolation on the rue Chanoinesse, and he received pecuniary assistance from the Baronne de la Chanterie, president of the above-mentioned association; he was to be found, with Héloïse Bl.setout, on the rue Chauchat, at the time of her house-warming in the apartments in which she succeeded Joséph a Mirah; there he met J.-J. Bixiou, Léon de Lora, Etienne Lousteau, and Stidmann; he fell madly in love with Madame Schontz. He was invited to the marriage of Célestin Crevel and Valérie Marneffe. [The Seamy Side of History. Béatrix. Cousin Betty.]

Vernon (Maréchal), father of the Duc de Vissembourg and the Prince Chiavari. [Béatrix.]

[1] On June 23, 1837, under the title of *Le Gars*, the Ambigu-Comique presented a drama of Antony Béraud's in five acts and six tableaux, which was a modified reproduction of the adventures of Marie-Nathalie de Montauran.

Vernou (Félicien), a Parisian journalist. He used his influence in starting Marie Godeschal, usually called Mariette, at the Porte Saint-Martin. The husband of an ugly, vulgar, and crabbed woman, he had by her children that were by no means welcome. He lived in wretched lodgings on the rue Mandar, when Lucien de Rubempré was presented to him. Vernou was a caustic critic on the side of the opposition. The uncongeniality of his domestic life embittered his character and his genius. He was a finished specimen of the envious man, and pursued Lucien de Rubempré with an alert and malicious jealousy. [A Bachelor's Establishment. Lost Illusions. A Distinguished Provincial at Paris. Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.] In 1834, Blondet recommended him to Nathan as a "Handy Andy" for a newspaper. [A Daughter of Eve.] Célestin Crevel invited him to his marriage with Valérie Marneffe. [Cousin Betty.]

Vernou (Madame Félicien), wife of the preceding, whose vulgarity was one of the causes of her husband's bitterness, revealed herself in her true light to Lucien de Rubempré, when she mentioned a certain Madame Mahoudeau as one of her friends. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Vert (Michel-Jean-Jérôme), nick-named Vermichel, formerly violinist in the Bourgogne regiment, was occupied, during the Restoration, with the various callings of fiddler, door-keeper of the Hôtel de Ville, drum-beater of Soulanges, jailer of the local prison, and finally bailiff's deputy in the service of Brunet. He was intimate friend of Fourchon, with whom he was in the habit of getting on sprees, and whose hatred for the Montcornets, owners of Aigues, he shared. [The Peasantry.]

Vert (Madame Michel), wife of the preceding, commonly called Vermichel, as was the case with her husband; a mustached virago, a metre in width, and of two hundred and forty pounds weight, but active in spite of this; she ruled her husband absolutely. [The Peasantry.]

Vervelle (Anténor), an eccentric bourgeois of Paris, made his fortune in the cork business. Retiring from the trade,

Vervelle became, in his own way, an amateur artist; wished to form a gallery of paintings, and believed that he was collecting Flemish specimens, works of Ténier, Metzu, and Rembrandt; employed Elie Magus to form the collection, and, with that Jew as go-between, married his daughter Virginie to Pierre Grassou. Vervelle, at that time, was living in a house of his own on the rue Boucherat, a part of the rue Saint-Louis (now rue de Turenne), near the rue Charlot. He also owned a cottage at Ville-d'Avray, in which the famous Flemish collection was stored—pictures really painted by Pierre Grassou. [Pierre Grassou.]

Vervelle (Madame Anténor), wife of the preceding, gladly accepted Pierre Grassou for a son-in-law, as soon as she found out that Maître Cardot was his notary. Madame Vervelle, however, was horrified at the idea of Joseph Bridau's bursting in Pierre's studio, and "touching up" the portrait of Mademoiselle Virginie, afterwards Madame Grassou. [Pierre Grassou.]

Vervelle (Virginie). (*See* Grassou, Madame Pierre.)

Vèze (Abbé de), a priest of Mortagne, during the Empire, administered the last sacrament to Madame Bryond des Tours-Minières just before her execution in 1810; he was afterwards one of the Brothers of Consolation, installed in the home of the Baronne de la Chanterie on the rue Chanoinesse, Paris. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Viallet, an excellent gendarme, appointed brigadier at Soulanges, Bourgogne; replaced Soudry, retired. [The Peasantry.]

Victoire, in 1819, a servant of Charles Claparon, a banker on the rue de Provence, Paris; "a real Léonarde bedizened like a fish-huckster." [César Birotteau.]

Victor, otherwise known as the Parisian, a mysterious personage who lived in marital relations with the Marquis d'Aiglemont's eldest daughter, and made her the mother of several children. Victor, while dodging the pursuit of the police, who were on his track for the murder of Mauny,

had found refuge for two hours in Versailles, on Christmas night of one of the last years of the Restoration, in a house near the Barrière de Montreuil (57, Avenue de Paris), with the parents of Hélène d'Aiglemont, the last named of whom fled with him. During Louis Philippe's reign, Victor was captain of the "Othello," a Colombian pirate, and lived very happily with his family—Mademoiselle d'Aiglemont and the children he had by her. He met with Général d'Aiglemont, his mistress's father, who was at that time a passenger on board the "Saint-Ferdinand," and saved his life. Victor perished at sea in a shipwreck. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Victorine, a celebrated seamstress of Paris, had among her customers the Duchesse Cataneo, Louise de Chaulieu, and, probably, Madame de Bargeton [Massimilla Doni. Lost Illusions. Letters of Two Brides.] Her successors assumed and handed down her name; Victorine IV.'s "intelligent scissors" were praised in the latter part of Louis Philippe's reign, when Fritot sold Mistress Noswell the Sélim shawl. [Gaudissart II.]

Vidal & Porchon, book-sellers on commission, Quai des Augustins, Paris, in 1821. Lucien de Rubempré had an opportunity to judge of their method of doing business, when his "Archer of Charles IX." and a volume of poems were brutally refused by them. Vidal & Porchon had in stock at that time the works of Kératry, Arlincourt, and Victor Ducange. Vidal was a stout, blunt man, who traveled for the firm. Porchon, colder and more diplomatic, seemed to have special charge of negotiations. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Vien (Joseph-Marie), a celebrated painter, born at Montpellier in 1716, died at Rome in 1809. In 1758, with Allegrain and Loutherbourg, he aided his friend Sarrasine in abducting Zambinella, with a view to taking him to the apartments of the sculptor, who was madly in love with the eunuch, believing him to be a woman. At a later period, Vien made for Madame de Lanty a copy of the statue modeled by Sarrasine after Zambinella, and it was from this picture

of Vien's that Girodet, the signer of "Endymion," received his inspiration. This statue of Sarrasine's was, long afterwards, reproduced by the sculptor Dorlange-Sallenauve. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Vieux-Chapeau, a soldier in the Seventy-second demi-brigade, known to Jean Falcon, commonly called Beau-Pied; was killed in an engagement with the Chouans, in September, 1799. [The Chouans.]

Vigneau, of the commune of Isère, of which Benassis was creator, so to speak; he courageously took charge of an abandoned tile-factory, made a successful business of it, and lived with his family around him, which consisted of his mother, his mother-in-law, and his wife, who had formerly been in the service of the Graviers of Grenoble. [The Country Doctor.]

Vigneau (Madame), wife of the preceding, a perfect housekeeper; she received Genestas cordially, when brought to call by Benassis; Madame Vigneau was then on the point of becoming a mother. [The Country Doctor.]

Vignol. (*See* Bouffé.)

Vignon (Claude), a French critic, born in 1799, brought a remarkable power of analysis to the study of all questions of art, literature, philosophy, or political problems. A clear, deep, and unerring judge of men, a strong psychologist, he was famous in Paris as early as 1821, and was present, at the apartments of Florine, then acting at the Panorama-Dramatique, at the supper following the presentation of the "Alcade dans l'Embarras," and had a brilliant conversation on the subject of the press with Emile Blondet, in the presence of a German diplomatist. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.] In 1834, Claude Vignon was entrusted with the haute critique of the newspaper founded by Raoul Nathan. [A Daughter of Eve.] For quite a period Vignon had Félicité des Touches (Camille Maupin) as his mistress. In 1836, he brought her back from Italy, accompanied by Lora, when he heard the story of the domestic difficulties of the

Bauvans from Maurice de l'Hostal, French consul at Genoa. [Honorine.] Again, in 1836, at Les Touches, Vignon, on the point of giving up Camille Maupin, delivered to his former mistress a veritable dissertation, of surprising insight, on the subject of the heart, with reference to Calyste du Guénic, Gennaro Conti, and Béatrix de Rochefide. Such intimate knowledge of the human heart had gradually saddened and wearied him; he sought relief for his ennui in debauchery; he paid attention to La Schontz, really a courtesan of superior stamp, and moulded her. [Béatrix.] Afterwards, he became ambitious, and was secretary to Cottin de Wissembourg, minister of war; this position brought him into contact with Valérie Marneffe, whom he secretly loved; he, Stidmann, Steinbock, and Massol, were witnesses of her marriage to Crevel, this being the second time she had been led to the altar. He was counted among the habitués of Valérie's salon, when "Jean-Jacques Bixiou was going . . . to cozen Lisbeth Fischer." [Cousin Betty.] He rallied to the support of Louis Philippe, and as editor of the Journal des Débats, and master of requests in the Council of State, he gave his attention to the lawsuit pending between S.-P. Gazonal and the prefect of the Pyrénées-Orientales; a position as librarian, a chair at the Sorbonne, and the decoration bore further testimony to the favor that he enjoyed. [The Unconscious Humorists.] Vignon's reputation remained undiminished, and, even in our own time, Madame Noémi Rouvier, sculptor and novelist, signs the critic's name to her works.

Vigor, manager of the post-station at Ville-aux-Fayes, during the Restoration; officer in the National Guard of that sub-prefecture of Bourgogne; brother-in-law of Leclercq, the banker, whose sister he had married. [The Peasantry.]

Vigor, manager of the post-station at Ville-aux-Fayes, during the Restoration; officer in the National Guard of that sub-prefecture of Bourgogne; brother-in-law of Leclercq, the banker, whose sister he had married. [The Peasantry.]

Vigor, son of the preceding, and, like the rest of his family, interested in protecting François Gaubertin from Mont-

cornet; he was deputy judge of the court of Ville-aux-Fayes in 1823. [The Peasantry.]

Villemot, head-clerk of Tabareau, the bailiff, was entrusted, in April, 1845, with the work of superintending the details of the interment of Sylvain Pons, and also to look after the interests of Schmucke, who had been appointed residuary legatee by the deceased. Villemot was entirely under the influence of Fraisier, business agent of the Camusot de Marvilles. [Cousin Pons.]

Villenoix (Salomon de), son of a wealthy Jew named Salomon, who in his old age had married a Catholic. Brought up in his mother's religion; he raised the Villenoix estate to a barony. [Louis Lambert.]

Villenoix (Pauline Salomon de), born about 1800; natural daughter of the preceding. During the Restoration, she was made to feel her origin. Her character and her superiority made her an object of envy in her provincial circle. Her meeting with Louis Lambert at Blois was the turning point in her life. Community of age, country, disappointments, and pride of spirit brought them in touch—a reciprocated passion was the result. Mademoiselle Salomon de Villenoix was going to marry Lambert, when the scholar's terrible mental malady asserted itself. She was frequently able to avert the sick man's paroxysms; she nursed him, advised him, and guided him, notably at Croisic, where at her suggestion Lambert related in letter-form the tragic misfortunes of the Cambremers, which he had just learned. On her return to Villenoix, Pauline took her fiancé with her, where she noted down and understood his last thoughts, sublime in their incoherence; he died in her arms, and from that time forth she considered herself the widow of Louis Lambert, whom she had buried in one of the islands of the lake park at Villenoix. [Louis Lambert. A Seaside Tragedy.] Two years later, being sensibly aged, and living in almost total retirement from the world at the town of Tours, but full of sympathy for weak mortals, Pauline de Villenoix

protected the Abbé François Birotteau, the victim of Troubert's hatred. [The Vicar of Tours.]

Vilquin, the richest ship-owner of Havre, during the Restoration, purchased the estates of the bankrupt Charles Mignon, with the exception of a châlet given by Mignon to Dumay; this dwelling, being in close proximity to the millionaire's superb villa, and being occupied by the families of Mignon and Dumay, was the despair of Vilquin, Dumay obstinately refusing to sell it. [Modeste Mignon.]

Vilquin (Madame), wife of the preceding, had G.-C. d'Estourny as lover, previous to his amour with Bettina-Caroline Mignon; by her husband she had three children, two of whom were girls. The eldest of these, being richly endowed, was eventually Madame Francisque Althor. [Modeste Mignon.]

Vimeux, in 1824, an unassuming justice of the peace in a department of the North, rebuked his son Adolphe for the kind of life he was leading in Paris. [The Government Clerks.]

Vimeux (Adolphe), son of the preceding, in 1824, was copyist emeritus in Xavier Rabourdin's bureau in the Finance Department. A great dandy, he thought only of his dress, and was satisfied with meagre fare at the Katcomb's restaurant; he became a debtor of Antoine, the messenger boy; secretly his ambition was to marry a rich old lady. [The Government Clerks.]

Vinet had a painful career to start with; a disappointment crossed his path at the very outset. He had seduced a Mademoiselle de Chargeboeuf, and he supposed that her parents would acknowledge him as son-in-law, and endow their daughter richly; so he married her, but her family disowned her, and he therefore had to rely on himself entirely. As an attorney at Provins, Vinet made his mark by degrees; as head of the local opposition, with the aid of Goraud, he succeeded in making use of Denis Rogron, a wealthy retired merchant, established the "Courrier de Provins," a Liberalist paper, adroitly defended the Rogrons against the charge of

killing Pierrette Lorrain by slow degrees, was elected to the Chamber of Deputies about 1830, and became also attorney-general, and probably minister of justice. [Pierrette. The Member for Arcis. The Middle Classes. Cousin Pons.]

Vinet (Madame), wife of the preceding, born Chargeboeuf, and therefore one of the descendants of the "noble family of La Brie, a name derived from the exploit of a knight in the expedition of Saint-Louis," was mother of two children, who sufficed for her happiness. Absolutely controlled by her husband, rejected and sacrificed by her family from the time of her marriage, Madame Vinet scarcely dared in the Rogrons' salon to speak in defence of Pierrette Lorrain, their victim. [Pierrette.]

Vinet (Olivier), son of the preceding couple, born in 1816. A magistrate, like his father, began his career as deputy king's attorney at Arcis, advanced to the position of king's attorney in the town of Mantes, and, still further, was deputy king's attorney, but now in Paris. Supported by his father's influence, and being noted for his independent raillery, Vinet was dreaded everywhere. Among the people of Arcis, he mixed only with the little coterie of government officials, composed of Goulard, Michu, and Marest. [The Member for Arcis.] Being a rival of Maître Fraisier in the affections of Madame Vatinelle of Mantes, he resolved to destroy this contestant in the race, and so thwarted his career. [Cousin Pons.] At the Thuilliers', on the rue Saint-Dominique-d'Enfer, Paris, where he displayed his usual impertinence, Vinet was an aspirant to the hand of Céleste Colleville, the heiress, who was eventually Madame Félix Phellion. [The Middle Classes.]

Violette, a husbandman, tenanted in the department of Aube, near Arcis, the Grouage farm, that was a part of the Gondreville estate, at the time that Peyrade and Corentin, in accordance with Fouché's instructions, undertook the singular abduction of Senator Malin de Gondreville. A miserly and deceitful man, this fellow Violette secretly aided with Malin de Gondreville and the powers of the day

against Michu, the mysterious agent of the Cinq-Cygne, Hauteserre, and Simeuse families. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Violette (Jean), a descendant of the preceding; hosier of Arcis in 1837; took in hand Pigoult's business, as successor to Philéas Beauvisage. In the electoral stir of 1839, Jean Violette seemed to be entirely at the disposal of the Gondreville faction. [The Member for Arcis.]

Virginie, cook in the household of César Birotteau, the perfumer, in 1818. [César Birotteau.]

Virginie, during the years 1835-1836, lady's-maid, on the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins (at present rue des Mathurins), Paris, to Marie-Eugénie du Tillet, who was at that time engrossed in righting the imprudent conduct of Angélique-Marie de Vandenesse. [A Daughter of Eve.]

Virginie, mistress of a Provençal soldier, who, at a later period, during Bonaparte's campaign in Egypt, was lost for some time in a desert, where he lived with a female panther. The jealous mistress was constantly threatening to stab her lover, and he dubbed her Mignonne, by antiphrasis; in memory of her he gave the same name to the panther. [A Passion in the Desert.]

Virginie, a Parisian milliner, whose hats were praised, for a consideration, by Andoche Finot in his newspaper in 1821. [A Distinguished Provincial at Paris.]

Virlaz, a rich furrier of Leipsic, from whom his nephew, Frédéric Brunner, inherited, about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign. In his lifetime this Jew, head of the house of Virlaz & Co., suspecting Brunner, père, the tavern-keeper of Frankfort, had the fortune of Madame Brunner (first of the name) placed in the coffers of the Al-Sartchild bank. [Cousin Pons.]

Vissard (Marquis du), in memory of his younger brother, the Chevalier Rifoël du Vissard, was created a peer of France by Louis XVIII., who entered him as a lieutenant in the Maison-Rouge, and made him a prefect upon the dissolution of the Maison Rouge. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Vissard (Charles-Amédée-Louis-Joseph Rifoël, Chevalier du), noble and headstrong gentleman; played an important part, after 1789, in the various anti-revolutionary insurrections of western France. In December, 1799, he was at the Vivetière, and his impulsiveness was a contrast with the coolness of Marquis Alphonse de Montauran, also called Le Gars. [The Chouans.] He took part in the battle of Quiberon, and, in company with Boislaurier, took a leading part in the uprising of the Chauffeurs of Mortagne. Several circumstances, indeed, helped to strengthen his Royalist inclinations. Fergus found in Henriette Bryond des Tours-Minières a second Diana Vernon and became her lover. His monarchical zeal was enflamed by Bryond des Tours-Minières (Contenson, the spy), who secretly betrayed him. Like his accomplices, Rifoël du Vissard was executed in 1809. At times during his anti-revolutionary campaigns he assumed the name of Pierrot. [The Seamy Side of History.]

Vissembourg (Duc de), son of Maréchal Vernon; brother of the Prince de Chiavari; between 1835 and 1840 presided over a horticultural society, the vice-president of which was Fabien du Ronceret. [Béatrix.]

Vitagliani, tenor at the Argentina, Rome, when Zambinella took the soprano parts in 1758. Vitagliani was acquainted with J.-E. Sarrasine. [Sarrasine.]

Vital, born about 1810, a Parisian hatter, who succeeded Finot père, whose store on rue du Coq was very popular about 1845, and deservedly so, apparently. He amused J.-J. Bixiou and Léon de Lora by his ridiculous pretensions. They wished him to supply S.-P. Gazonal with a hat, and he proposed to sell him a hat like that of Lousteau. On this occasion Vital showed them the head-covering that he had devised for Claude Vignon, who was undecided in politics. Vital really pretended to make each hat according to the personality of the person ordering it. He praised the Prince de Béthune's hat and dreamed of the time when high hats would go out of style. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Vital (Madame), wife of the preceding, believed in her husband's genius and greatness. She was in the store when the hatter received a call from Bixiou, Lora and Gazonal [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Vitel, born in 1776, Paris justice of the peace in 1845, an acquaintance of Doctor Poulain; was succeeded by Maître Fraisier, a protégé of the Camusot de Marvilles. [Cousin Pons.]

Vitelot, partner of Sonet, the marble-cutter; designed tombstones. He failed to obtain the contract for monuments to Marsay, the minister, and to Keller, the officer. It was given to Stidmann. The plans made by Vitelot having been retouched, were submitted to Wilhelm Schmucke for the grave of Sylvain Pons, who was buried in Père-Lachaise. [Cousin Pons.]

Vitelot (Madame), wife of the preceding, severely rebuked an agent of the firm for bringing in as a customer W. Schmucke, heir-contestant to the Pons property. [Cousin Pons.]

Vivet (Madeleine), servant to the Camusot de Marvilles; during nearly twenty-five years was their feminine Maître-Jacques. She tried in vain to gain Sylvain Pons for a husband, and thus to become their cousin. Madeleine Vivet, having failed in her matrimonial attempts, took a dislike for Pons, and persecuted him in a thousand ways. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life. Cousin Pons.]

Volfgang,[1] cashier of Baron du Saint-Empire, F. de Nucingen, when this well-known Parisian banker of rue Saint-Lazare fell madly in love with Esther van Gobseck, and when Jacques Falleix's discomfiture occurred. [Scenes from a Courtesan's Life.]

Vordac (Marquise de), born in 1769, mistress of the rich Lord Dudley; she had by him a son, Henry. To legitimize this child she arranged a marriage with Marsay, a bankrupt old gentleman of tarnished reputation. He demanded payment of the interest on a hundred thousand francs as a reward for his marriage, and he died without having known

[1] He lived on rue de l'Arcade, near rue des Mathurins, Paris.

his wife. The widow of Marsay became by her second marriage the well-known Marquise de Vordac. She neglected her duties as mother until late in life, and paid no attention to Henri de Marsay except to propose Miss Stevens as a suitable wife for him. [The Thirteen.]

Vulpato (La), noble Venetian, very frequently present in Fenice; about 1820 tried to interest Emilio Memmi, Prince of Varese, and Massimilla Doni, Duchesse Cataneo, in each other. [Massimilla Doni.]

Vyder, anagram formed from d'Ervy, and one of the three names taken successively by Baron Hector Hulot d'Ervy, after deserting his wife. He hid under this assumed name, when he became a petition-writer in Paris, in the lower part of Petite Pologne, opposite rue de la Pépinière, on Passage du Soleil, to-day called Galerie de Cherbourg. [Cousin Betty.]

W

Wadmann, an Englishman who owned, near the Marville estate in Normandie, a cottage and pasture-lands, which Madame Camusot de Marville talked of buying in 1845, when he was about to leave for England after twenty years' sojourn in France. [Cousin Pons.]

Wahlenfer or Walhenfer, wealthy German merchant who was murdered at the "Red Inn," near Andernach, Rhenish Prussia, October, 1799. The deed was done by Jean-Frédéric Taillefer, then a surgeon and under-assistant-major in the French army, who suffered his comrade, Prosper Magnan, to be executed for the crime. Wahlenfer was a short, heavy-set man of rotund appearance, with frank and cordial manners. He was proprietor of a large pin-manufactory on the outskirts of Neuwied. He was from Aix-la-Chapelle. Possibly Wahlenfer was an assumed name. [The Red Inn.]

Wallenrod-Tustall-Bartenstild (Baron de), born in 1742, banker at Frankfort-on-the-Main; married in 1804, his only daughter, Bettina, to Charles Mignon de la Bastie, then only

a lieutenant in the French army; died in 1814, following some disastrous speculations in cotton. [Modeste Mignon.]

Watschildine, a London firm which did business with F. de Nucingen, the banker. On a dark autumn evening in 1821, the cashier, Rodolphe Castanier, was surprised by the satanic John Melmoth, while he was in the act of forging the name of his employer on some letters of credit drawn on the Watschildine establishment. [Melmoth Reconciled.]

Wattebled, grocer in Soulanges, Bourgogne, in 1823; father of the beautiful Madame Plissoud; was in middle class society; kept a store on the first floor of a house belonging to Soudry, the mayor. [The Peasantry.]

Watteville (Baron de), Besançon gentleman of Swiss descent; last descendant of the well-known Dom Jean de Watteville, the renegade Abbé of Baumes (1613-1703); small and very thin, rather deficient mentally; spent his life in a cabinet-maker's establishment "enjoying utter ignorance"; collected shells and geological specimens; usually in good humor. After living in the Comté, "like a bug in a rug," in 1815 he married Clotilde-Louise de Rupt, who domineered over him completely. As soon as her parents died, about 1819, he lived with her in the beautiful Rupt house on rue de la Préfecture, a piece of property which included a large garden extending along the rue du Perron. By his wife, the Baron de Watteville had one daughter, whom he loved devotedly, so much, indeed, that he lost all authority over her. M. de Watteville died in 1836, as a result of his fall into the lake on his estate of Rouxey, near Besançon. He was buried on an islet in this same lake, and his wife, making great show of her sorrow, had erected thereon a Gothic monument of marble like the one to Héloïse and Abélard in the Père-Lachaise. [Albert Savaraus.]

Watteville (Baronne de), wife of the preceding, and after his death of Amédée de Soulas (*See* Soulas, Madame A. de.)

Watteville (Rosalie de), only daughter of the preceding couple; born in 1816; a blonde with colorless cheeks and pale-

blue eyes; slender and frail of body; resembled one of Albert Dürer's saints. Reared under her mother's stern oversight, accustomed to the most rigid religious observances, kept in ignorance of all worldly matters, she entirely concealed under her modesty of manner and retiring disposition her iron character, and her romantic audacity, so like that of her great-uncle, the Abbé de Watteville; and which was increased by the resoluteness and pride of the Rupt blood; although destined to marry Amédée de Soulas, "la fleur des pois"[1] of Besançon, she became enamored of the attorney, Albert Savaron de Savarus. By successfully carrying out her schemes she separated him from the Duchesse d'Argaïolo, although these two were mutually in love—a separation which caused Savarus great despair. He never knew of Rosalie's affection for him, and withdrew to the Grande Chartreuse. Mademoiselle de Watteville then lived for some time in Paris with her mother, who was then the wife of Amédée de Soulas. She tried to see the Duchesse d'Argaïolo, who, believing Savarus faithless, had given her hand to the Duc de Rhétoré. In February, 1838, on meeting her at a charity ball given for the benefit of the former civil pensioners, Rosalie made an appointment with her for the Opéra ball, when she told her former rival the secret of her manœuvres against Madame de Rhétoré, and of her conduct as regards the attorney. Mademoiselle de Watteville retired finally to Rouxey—a place which she left, only to take a trip in 1841 on an unknown mission, from which she came back seriously crippled, having lost an arm and a leg in a boiler explosion on a steamboat. Henceforth she devoted her life to the exercises of religion, and left her retreat no more. [Albert Savarus.]

Welff (called Welff the Great), after eleven years of cavalry service on the Rhine, in Italy and in Egypt under General Bonaparte, he was a gendarme at Arcis-sur-Aube in 1803, at the time of the police raid on Cinq-Cygne. He helped Corentin and Peyrade in their vain undertaking, and became the enemy of Michu, the Hauteserres, and the Simeuses, against whom

[1] Title of one of the first editions of "A Marriage Settlement."

he acted about 1806, when Senator Malin de Gondreville mysteriously disappeared. At that time Welff was a sub-lieutenant. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Werbrust, associated with Palma, Parisian discounter on rue Saint-Denis and rue Saint-Martin, during the Restoration; knew the story of the glory and decay of César Birotteau, the perfumer, who was mayor of the second district; was the friend of the banker, Jean-Baptiste d'Aldrigger, at whose burial he was present; carried on business with the Baron de Nucingen, making a shrewd speculation when the latter settled for the third time with his creditors in 1836. [César Birotteau. The Firm of Nucingen.]

Werchauffen (Baron de), one of Schirmer's aliases. (*See* Schirmer.)

Wierzchownia (Adam de), Polish gentleman, who, after the last division of Poland, found refuge in Sweden, where he sought consolation in the study of chemistry, a study for which he had always felt a strong liking. Poverty compelled him to give up this study, and he joined the French army. In 1809, while on the way to Douai, he was quartered for one night with M. Balthazar Claës. During a conversation with his host, he explained to him his ideas on the subject of "identity of matter" and the absolute, thus bringing misfortune on a whole family, for from that moment Balthazar Claës devoted time and money to his quest of the absolute. Adam de Wierzchownia, while dying at Dresden, in 1812, of a wound received during the last wars, wrote a final letter to Balthazar Claës, informing him of the different thoughts relative to the search in question, which had been in his mind since their first meeting. By this writing he increased the misfortunes of the Claës family. Adam de Wierzchownia had an angular wasted countenance, large head which was bald, eyes like tongues of fire, a large mustache. His calmness of manner frightened Madame Balthazar Claës.[1] [The Quest of the Absolute.]

[1] Under the title of *Gold, or the Dream of a Savant*, there is a play by Bayard and Biéville, which presents the misfortunes of the Claës. This was given at the Gymnase, November 11, 1837 by M. Bouffé and Madame E. Sauvage, both of whom are still alive.

Willemsens (Marie-Augusta). (*See* Brandon,[1] Comtesse de.)

Wimphen (De), married a friend of Madame d'Aiglemont's childhood. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Wimphen (Madame Louisa de), childhood friend of Madame Julie d'Aiglemont in school at Ecouen. In 1814, Madame d'Aiglemont wrote to her companion, who was then on the point of marrying, of her own disillusionment, and confidentially advised her to remain single. This letter, however, was not sent, for the Comtesse de Listomère-Landon, aunt of Julie d'Aiglemont by marriage, having found out about it, discouraged such an impropriety on the part of her niece. Unlike her friend, Madame de Wimphen married happily She retained the confidence of Madame d'Aiglemont, and was present, indeed, at the important interview between Julie and Lord Grenville. After M. de Wimphen's arrival to accompany his wife home, these two lovers were left alone, until the unexpected arrival of M. d'Aiglemont made it necessary for Lord Grenville to conceal himself. The Englishman died shortly after this as a result of the night's exposure, when he was obliged to stay in the cold on the outside of a window-sill. This happened also immediately after his fingers were bruised by a rapidly closed door. [A Woman of Thirty.]

Wirth, valet of the banker, J.-B. d'Aldrigger; remained in the service of Mesdames d'Aldrigger, mother and daughters, after the death of the head of the family. He showed them the same devotion, of which he had often given proof. Wirth was a kind of Alsatian Caleb or Gaspard, aged and serious, but with much of the cunning mingled with his simple nature. Seeing in Godefroid de Beaudenord a good husband for Isaure d'Aldrigger, he was able to entrap him easily, and thus was partly responsible for their marriage. [The Firm of Nucingen.]

Wisch (Johann). Fictitious name given in a newspaper for Johann Fischer, when he had been accused of peculation. [Cousin Betty.]

[1] Lady Brandon was the mother of Louis Gaston and Marie Gaston.

Wissembourg (Prince de), one of the titles of Maréchal Cottin, the Duc d'Orfano. [Cousin Betty.]

Witschnau. (*See* Gaudin.)

X

Ximeuse, fief situated in Lorraine; original spelling of the name Simeuse, which came to be written with an S on account of its pronunciation. [The Gondreville Mystery.]

Y

Ysembourg (Prince d'), marshal of France, the Condé of the Republic. Madame Nourrisson, his confidential servant, looked upon him as a "simpleton," because he gave two thousand francs to one of the most renowned countesses of the Imperial Court, who came to him one day, with streaming eyes, begging him to give her the assistance upon which her children's life depended. She soon spent the money for a robe, which she needed to wear so as to be dressed stylishly at an embassy ball. This story was told by Madame Nourrisson, in 1845, to Léon de Lora, Bixiou, and Gazonal. [The Unconscious Humorists.]

Z

Zambinella, a eunuch, who sang at the Théâtre Argentina, Rome, the leading soprano parts; he was very beautiful. Sarassine, a French sculptor, believing him to be a woman, became enamored of him, and used him as a model for an excellent statue of Adonis, which may still be seen at the Musée d'Albani, and which Dorlange-Sallenauve copied nearly a century later. When he was over eighty years old and very wealthy, Zambinella lived, under the Restoration, with his niece, who was wife of the mysterious Lanty. While residing with the Lantys Zambinella died in Rome, 1830. The early life of Zambinella was unknown to the Parisian world. A mesmerist believed the old man, who was a sort of traveling

mummy, to be the famous Balsamo, also known as Cagliostro, while the Bailli de Ferette took him to be the Comte de Saint-Germain. [Sarrasine. The Member for Arcis.]

Zarnowicki (Roman[1]), Polish general who, as a refugee in Paris, lived on the ground floor of the little two-story house on rue de Marbeuf, of which Doctor Halpersohn occupied the other floor in 1836. [The Seamy Side of History.]

NOTE.

The *Repertory of the Comédie Humaine*, as the reader can see for himself, should include only those episodes introducing characters inter-related and continually recurring. Consequently, the stories entitled *The Exiles*, *About Catherine de Médici*, *Maître Cornelius*, *The Unknown Masterpiece*, *The Elixir of Life*, *Christ in Flanders*, which antedate the eighteenth century, and *Seraphita*, which deals with the supernatural, are omitted, together with the *Analytical Studies*. But *The Hated Son* furnishes some indispensable information concerning a few biographies. The *Dramas* are outside the action of the *Comédie*, so contribute no names.

According to Théophile Gautier, *The Comédie Humaine* embraces two thousand characters. His reckoning is nearly exact; but as a result of cross-references, surnames, assumed names and the like, that number is far exceeded in this work, which, nevertheless, omits many characters outside the action, as: Chevet, Decamps, Delacroix, Finot Sr., the child of Calyste and Sabine du Guénic, Noémi Magus, Meyerbeer, Herbaut, Houbigant, Tanrade, Mousqueton, Arnal, Barrot, Bonald, Berryer, Gautier, Gozlan, Hugo, Hyacinthe, Lafont, Lamartine, Lassailly, F. Lemaître, Charles X., Louis Philippe, Odry, Talma, Thiers, Villèle, Rossini, Rousseau, Mlle. Déjazet, Mlle. Georges, etc.

[1] Probably a given name.